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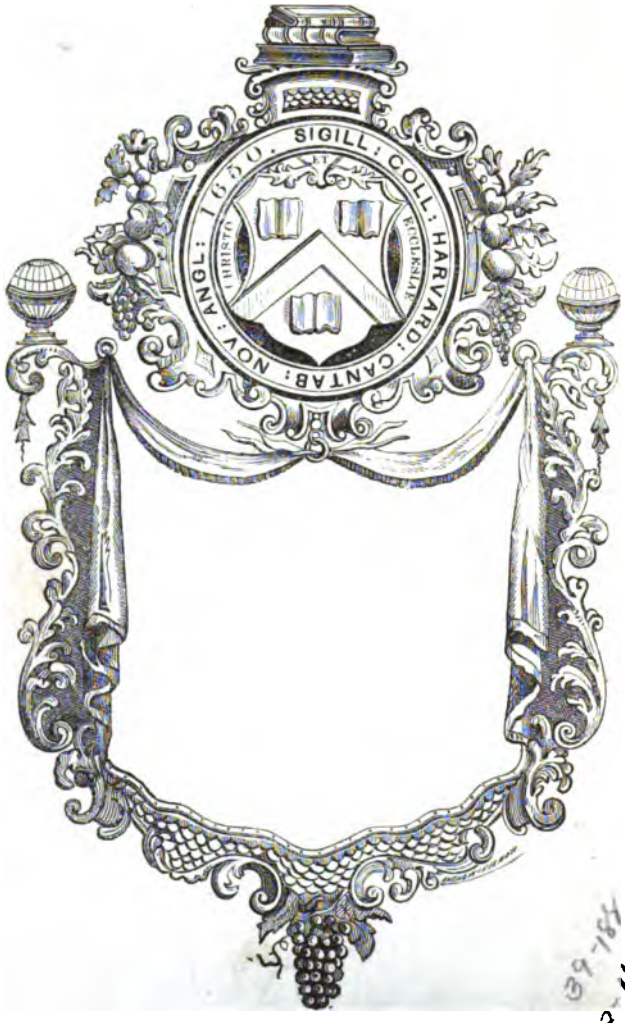
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THE

Knickerbocker.

OR



NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XLVII.

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THE

KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE,

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1864, Jan. 4.

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VOL. XLVII. JANUARY, 1856. NO. 1.

Pleasant Memories of the Old World.

BY JAMES W. WALL

HOLYROOD: EDINBURGH CASTLE: MELROSE: ABBOTSFORD: DRYBURGH.

THERE is hardly a street in the old town of Edinburgh that has not its traditions, and the entire locality is alive with historical associations of the most intense interest: yet there is no student either of romance or history but gives to the time-honored precincts of Holyrood and its ruined Abbey Church the precedence over all others. How many wanderers from every region of the earth have traversed the old thoroughfare of the Canongate to visit these venerable piles! In the words of one of the sweetest of our own poets:

> 'PILGRIMS, whose wandering feet have pressed
> The Switzer's snows, the Arab's sand;
> Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
> My own green forest-land.'

Holyrood Palace is a gloomy-looking structure, with pinnacled turrets and a dark exterior that sends a chill to the heart. The existing palace consists of the north-western towers, (the remnant of the royal dwelling of Queen Mary,) and the more recent structure erected by Charles the Second. The palace built by Charles is a quadrangular building, having a square court in the centre. At either extremity is a massive square tower, four stories high, having three circular towers or turrets at its exterior angles, which rise from the ground to the battlements of the main tower, terminating in conical roofs. These two great towers are connected by a receding screen or range of buildings, of mixed architecture, which is considerably lower than the interior sides of the quadrangle, so that the pediment of the eastern side is distinctly visible to one looking at the western elevation. In the centre of this front is the grand entrance, composed of four Roman Doric columns, over which are sculptured the royal arms of Scotland, below an open pediment, on which are two reclining figures, the whole surmounted by a small octagonal tower, terminating in an imperial crown. Passing

through the gateway, you enter the inner court, which is surrounded by a piazza having nine arches on each side.

For a *consideration*, (the universal 'open sesame,') we were vouchsafed tickets of admission, and soon were ascending the gloomy stair-case, leading to what is known as Darnley's apartments. There is nothing very remarkable in these rooms save some hideous-looking portraits of the Hamilton family, so celebrated in Scottish history. There is in one of these chambers an original portrait of Charles the Second, an ill-looking fellow, upon whose coarse features lust has stamped its unmistakable seal. Returning through Lord Darnley's apartments, and leaving them by the left-hand door of the Audience-Chamber, we ascended a still narrower and darker stair-way, to enter what historians, poets, and novelists have combined to render the most interesting suite of rooms in Europe, the apartments occupied by Mary Queen of Scots. The first is the Presence-Chamber, where, on all state occasions, Mary held her receptions. The roof is divided into paneled compartments, adorned with the initials and armorial bearings of royal personages, and the walls are hung with ancient tapestry, the color of which, however, has been almost obliterated by the uncourtly hand of Time. A few of the old embroidered chairs, that once graced the chamber, still stand against the walls. A large double one is shown, with the initials of Mary and Darnley worked at the top by the Queen's own hands, and which once stood upon the raised platform of the throne of Scotland. There is a painting, suspended near the ancient fire-place, said to be of Mary, and taken in the very dress she wore the morning of her execution; but the face is clearly not hers. It looks in its sharpness, and with the red hair curled so primly at the temples, more like the portrait of her hateful rival and persecutor, Elizabeth. An old state-bed, worm-eaten, and with its embossed velvet curtains now mouldering and moth-eaten, stands in one corner of this room: it is the one upon which Charles the First slept the night after his coronation in Scotland; and on it, some years after, reposed that graceless young scamp, Prince Charles, who set all the Scottish maidens' hearts a-beating, and Scottish claymores flashing. It was in this chamber that stern reformer Knox had his insulting interviews with Mary, when, to use his own language, 'he knocked so hastily upon her heart as to make her weep.' Visions of the many thrilling scenes enacted in this old audience-chamber come thronging upon the mind, as you stand within its precincts. Here Mary received the homage from many a noble Scottish heart; but oftener from hearts that even in the presence of their fair Queen were hatching treason against her realm and person. It was over this old floor of oak the ruthless murderers dragged the screaming Rizzio, torn from the private closet of his sovereign, to breathe out his life in the passage adjoining, just at the head of the stair-case. From the audience-chamber you pass by a low door into the Bed-Chamber of Mary. The ceiling is divided into paneled compartments, of diamond form, adorned with the emblems and initials of sovereigns, and the walls are hung with decaying tapestry. The historical and romantic associations connected with this chamber render it undoubtedly the most interesting chamber in the palace, and

the melancholy and faded aspect of the chamber itself is in admirable keeping with its tale of sorrow and crime. It is a mournful-looking apartment now, with its wretched paintings still suspended over the mantle, its shreds of silken tapestry fluttering mournfully from the walls, and its high-backed and grotesquely-carved chairs attesting its former magnificence. Here stands her bed, where care so often visited the unquiet pillow, its once beautiful canopy in rags, its carved oaken posts worm-eaten, and the richly-embroidered coverlid that once adorned it in shreds. Close by it stands a large round basket, once used by the unfortunate Queen to hold the baby-linen of her son. Upon a stand near the window is her work-box, once no doubt very elegant, as it was a present from the young Dauphin of France, before her marriage, but now bearing but few traces of its former magnificence. I lifted the lid and looked into the tarnished French mirror that had so often reflected her fair face. Those were the only happy days she ever knew. Poor Mary! those days she spent in sunny, vine-clad France, loving and beloved. How often she must have gazed mournfully at this box, recalling, as it did by its presence, those halcyon days of youth and happiness, there, in that gloomy palace of Holyrood, gone, never to return! Doors lead into two small turret-shaped chambers from this bed-room: that on the left, as you enter, leads into a small chamber Mary used as a dressing-room and oratory. Her altar was erected here, and they still show the large and exquisitely-carved candlesticks that held the candles that burned before it. A few articles of the toilet may still be seen upon the table, and an old French mirror, with its silvering gone and frame decayed. The door upon the right opens into that memorable chamber where Mary was seated at supper with Rizzio, the Countess of Argyle, and one or two others, when Ruthven, armed to the teeth, with other conspirators, rushed into the chamber, and in spite of the protecting arms of Mary, one of them (Douglas) stabbed the unfortunate Secretary over her shoulder, then dragged him through her bed-room into the presence-chamber, in one corner of which they dispatched him with fifty-six wounds. The story of that memorable murder I believe to be briefly this: Mary was seated in the little turret-chamber adjoining her bed-room, at one of those small parties, in the easy cheerfulness of which she took great pleasure. Beside her were the Countess Argyle, her sister, and one or two others, with Rizzio. No noise is heard, no suspicion entertained. The palace is surrounded by several adherents of the conspirators, under Morton. A private stair-case leads to Mary's bed-room from Darnley's apartments below, and by this the young Darnley ascends and seats himself by his Queen, and with the easy familiarity of the husband, puts his arm round her waist. Shortly after, in stalks Ruthven, in complete armor, his face ghastly alike with sickness and ferocity. Mary sternly demands the cause of the intrusion, and haughtily orders him to quit the apartment; but ere he can reply, the door opening into the bed-room is crowded with men bearing torches and brandishing weapons. The next instant, Kerr, of Falconside, with George Douglas, a kinsman of Morton's, rush into the little chamber, dash down the table almost upon the Queen, then dart upon Rizzio, who in a moment sheltered himself behind Mary, holding her gown

with the grasp of despair, and screaming out: 'Justice, Madam; spare my life.' For a moment his appeal and entreaties keep them back; but Darnley, seizing the Queen, tries to tear Rizzio's grasp from her gown, upon which Douglas, snatching Darnley's dagger from its sheath, stabs Rizzio over the Queen's shoulder, then left it sticking in his body. Like furious hounds, the rest of the conspirators rush then upon their prey, rudely tear him, shrieking and struggling, from the grasp of the Queen, on through the bed-chamber, stabbing him as they went, until in one corner of the presence-chamber he breathed his life out from fifty-six gaping wounds.

Mary sat trembling and wailing till the cessation of the uproar manifested that the murder was accomplished, and then wiping her eyes, said: 'I will now study revenge.' Shortly after, Ruthven, staggering into the closet, demanded wine. 'It shall be dear *blude* to some of you,' said the outraged Queen. The other assassins escaped from a widow on the north side of Darnley's apartments, fled over the garden, and escaped by a small lodge known as 'Mary's Bath,' (which still may be seen,) and where a few years since a rusty dagger was found sticking in a plank, deeply corroded with what appeared to be blood.

It would be hard now, in looking at the little turret-chamber where the above-described scene was enacted, to imagine it could ever have been the favorite retreat of royalty, although traces of its former splendor are discernible in the fragments of silk-hangings still fluttering from its walls. It is a gloomy-looking spot now, and seems blasted by the dreadful tragedy once enacted within it. A portrait of Rizzio hangs over the door — a sweet, melancholy face, with large, lustrous Italian eyes; and one, in gazing at it, cannot wonder that such a face should captivate the too susceptible heart of Mary. In one corner is a helmet and a breast-plate, very much rusted, said to have been worn by Ruthven when the foul deed was done. As we passed out again through the presence-chamber, in one corner, just by the head of the stair-way, our attention was called to a large stain upon the floor, said to have been caused by the blood of Rizzio. It evidently once was part of the presence-chamber, and has been partitioned off from that room, said to have been by Mary's direction, to hide this terrible memorial of the fate of her secretary from sight. It is a large stain, but not larger than would be produced by the crimson fluid streaming from fifty-six gaping wounds; and when it is remembered that the body lay there all night, one can readily believe this story about the stain to be true.

We passed down from Mary's apartments, through the quadrangle, into the ruin of what was once the Royal Chapel of Holyrood. It is a magnificent ruin, with its long rows of clustered columns, still retaining many of their richly-carved capitals entire. The aisles are literally floored with sculptured grave-stones, some of which belong to the period when the Chapel Royal was converted into the Canongate Parish Kirk; but the most of them have the elaborately-carved cross, indicating the resting-place of the abbots of the old monastery. Many are the historical associations connected with this chapel. Within these walls many kings and queens of Scotland were crowned. At the eastern extremity of the chapel, under the great window, Mary, in an evil hour,

plighted her troth to the foolish and dissipated Darnley. The door-way of the chapel is a noble, high-arched and deeply-recessed one, having eight shafts on either side, with capitals composed of birds and grotesques, with mouldings rich with flowered and toothed ornaments, and belongs to the best years of the early English style in Scotland in the latter part of the twelfth century. Above the door-way, and between the central windows, is a tablet, inserted by Charles the First, bearing the following inscription: 'He shall build ane house for My name, and I will stablish the throne of his kingdom for ever.' The grave of Rizzio is pointed out in that part of the chapel-floor which, by the intrusion of the palace-buildings, has been formed into a passage leading to the colonnade. Here a flat, gray stone, with some faint traces of sculpture, covers the remains of the ill-fated Italian. The masks of the old door-way may still be seen that opened into a private passage leading up to Mary's apartments, and through which the conspirators found entrance. As they passed through that holy place, one would have thought that its sanctity must have overpowered their guilty souls, or at least they would have hesitated before they sent poor Rizzio to his last account,

> 'In the blossom of his sins,
> With all his imperfections on his head,
> Unhouseled, unanointed, unanealed.'

After remaining about an hour at Holyrood, we left for the old Castle of Edinburgh, driving through the Canongate, once so famous in the old town, passing Saint Giles, the house where Knox lived, and from whose window he so often preached to the people; the site of the old Tolbooth, so celebrated in 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,' until we arrived at our destination. From the lofty ramparts of the castle we looked down upon the most beautiful city in the world, surrounded by scenery that cannot be surpassed. Turning our steps towards the castle, we sought immediately for the chamber in which the regalia of ancient Scotland are preserved. Ascending a dark stair-case, we were admitted into a small arched room, without windows; in the centre of this room, upon a velvet cushion, with the light of eight gas-burners flashing upon them, surrounded by a circular railing, reposed in silent majesty the ancient regalia of Scotland — a crown, a sceptre, a sword of state, the Order of the Garter, bestowed by Elizabeth upon James the Sixth. The sceptre fairly blazed with jewels, while the rich diamond circlet of the beautiful velvet crown or cap, flashed back in myriad rays the brilliant light to which it was exposed. We looked with deep interest upon these emblems of the buried majesty of Scotland. That crown had once pressed the fair brow of Mary, and that sceptre felt the grasp of her beautiful hand. It was only a few years since that these regalia were discovered walled up in this very room, and inclosed in an old oaken chest, which is still shown. Descending to the chamber below, we admired the portrait of Mary, taken of her 'in her sweet prime,' when in the lovely land of France, just before her marriage with the Dauphin. It is a sweet face, shaded by the richest nut-brown hair, and lighted by a pair of soft hazel eyes, that suffering had not dimmed. No description can convey any idea of the loveliness of that sweet face.

It was in this room that she gave birth to her son, James the First. An original portrait of the royal pedant hangs here — a long, thin-faced man, with a brow where time and sorrow seem to have driven their ploughshares deeply.

The next morning, we were off for Melrose, Abbotsford, and Dryburgh. The ride to Melrose abounds in scenery of the most varied and picturesque character. Fifteen miles from Edinburgh, we noticed the ruins of Bothwell Castle, where Bothwell held Mary in durance, after her capture. We arrived at Melrose about noon, a most charming village, nestling in the loveliest of valleys. A ten minutes' walk from the station, down a little narrow street, brought us face to face with the celebrated ruin.

'Like some tall rock, with lichen gray,'

it rose before us. Aside from its situation, which is by no means in its favor, it is the loveliest pile of monastic ruins the eye can contemplate, or the imagination conceive of. The windows, and especially the glorious east window, with all its elaborate tracery, are unsurpassed as specimens of Gothic architecture. In the old cloisters are seven niches, exquisitely ornamented with sculptured foliage, and reminding one of those lines of Scott, so life-like in their description:

'Spreading herbs and flowerets bright
Glistened with the dews of night;
Nor herb nor floweret glistened there,
But was carved in the cloistered arch as fair.'

Each glance at the superb east window recalled in like manner the stanza from the same poem:

'The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliage tracery combined;
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand,
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined,
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.'

The carved figures and heads which abound throughout the ruin are many of them very curious. There is the representation of a cripple on the back of a blind man, in which the pain of the former and the crouching of the latter are expressed in stone with a power seldom seen in painting. Close to the south window is a massive-looking figure, peering through the ivy, with one hand to his throat; in the other he grasps a knife, while a figure below holds a ladle, as if to catch the blood from the self-inflicted wound. Not far from this is a group of merry musicians, and blended with some of the most exquisite tracery round the windows, is the figure of a sow playing on the bagpipes.

The form of the abbey is that of a cross; pinnacles terminate the buttresses of finest workmanship, and the rows of clustered columns, among the finest in England. If there is any defect in Melrose Abbey,

it is that it looks too perfect for a ruin. Give it but a roof and pavement, and you have a most perfect Gothic cathedral.

Leaving Melrose, we took carriage for Abbotsford, about five miles distant. It was not long before we came in sight of the poet's retreat. The scenery around is fine, and every mountain and streamlet seemed to tell of the departed bard. There were the Eildon hills; there the Gala water, chafing as it joins the Tweed; and yonder 'the braes of Yarrow,' and the vale of Ettrick.

The house occupies the crest of the last of a broken series of hills, descending from Eildon to the Tweed, whose silvery stream it overhangs. The grounds are richly wooded and diversified with an endless variety of bushy dells and alleys green, while through all the beautiful bright river gives an exquisite finish to the picture, such as needs no association whatever, only its own intrinsic loveliness, to leave its image indelibly impressed upon the mind. Entering the grounds through a lofty archway in the substantial wall that surrounds them, you approach the mansion by a broad and trellised walk, overshadowed with roses and honeysuckles. The externals of the house defy description. At either end rises a tall tower, and the one totally different from the other, while the entire front is nothing but an assemblage of gables, parapets, eaves, indentations, and water-spouts, with droll faces, painted windows, and Elizabethan chimneys, all flung together in the perfect wantonness of irregularity, and yet producing to the mind a more pleasing effect than some perfect samples of architectural propriety. A noble doorway, the fac simile of that once belonging to the royal palace of Linlithgow, where Mary was born, admitted us into the lofty hall, lighted by two large windows, each pane deeply dyed with glorious armorial bearings. This apartment is about forty feet in length and twenty in breadth, which last is also the height. The walls are of dark, richly-carved oak, and the roof is formed by a series of pointed arches, from the centre of each of which hang richly-emblazoned armorial shields. The floor of this hall is paved with black and white marble, brought from the Hebrides. Magnificent sets of armor; a helmet and cuirass of one of the Imperial Guard, with a hole in the centre of the breast-plate where the death-dealing bullet entered at Waterloo; a profusion of swords in great variety, and spears of every shape and pattern, occupy the niches, or are suspended from the walls. Here too, in very bad taste, are the last clothes Sir Walter wore, inclosed in a glass case. From this hall we passed into the private study of the poet, a snug little room, with cases filled with choicest books of reference. There stood the high table upon which so many of his charming works were written, and from the ink-stand towered the pen, made from an eagle's quill, the last he ever used. A small gallery runs round this apartment, leading to the door of his bed-chamber. From this small study of the poet you pass into the Library, a most magnificent apartment, fifty feet in length, and thirty in height and width, with a projection in the centre opposite the fire-place, from which a most charming view is had of the surrounding country. The roof is of richly-carved oak, as are also the book-cases, which reach high up the

walls. The books all appeared to be most elegantly bound, amounting to some twenty-five thousand volumes, and most admirably arranged. I was attracted by a Montfaucon, in fifteen volumes, the gift of George the Fourth to the poet, the royal arms richly emblazoned on the covers. Connected with the library was the Armory. Here was an endless variety of curious weapons: Rob Roy's gun; Hofer's blunderbuss; the pistols of Napoleon, captured at Waterloo; and divers Indian spears and tomahawks. From the armory we passed into the breakfast-chamber, a favorite haunt of Sir Walter's, and I believe the very room in which he died. There are some charming views from its windows of the surrounding hills, and the 'silver-flashing' waters of the beautiful Tweed, meandering through the meadows below. In this chamber my attention was riveted to a painting of the head of Mary Queen of Scots, on a charger, sketched the morning of her execution, shortly after her head had fallen beneath the headsman's axe. The head is laid upon the centre of the charger, and placed in an oblique position, with the ghastly neck nearest the spectator, so that the nose is fore-shortened and the nostrils front you. Such a position is a very difficult one for artistic effect, yet the artist, with all these disadvantages, has accomplished wonders. In spite of the fore-shortening, in spite of the livid hue of death, the face is superlatively beautiful; and in looking at it, one can believe almost any tale of her witchery. The dark hair, parted on the noble brow, rolls downward in luxuriant waves, as if to hide the ghastly evidences of decapitation. The nose, of the finest Grecian form, descends from the broad brow, which bears that 'width of ridge,' Lavater says, 'is worth a kingdom.' The eye-brows are arched and narrow above the closed eye-lids, from beneath which you can almost fancy you discern the gleam of dark, melancholy eyes. The mouth is slightly open, and though somewhat swollen by suffering, is of exquisite formation. The whole picture is terrible yet lovely — a perfect image of death by violence, and beauty unsubdued by pain. An adjoining apartment contains portraits of the Scott family, and two most interesting ones of Sir Walter, when a babe, and a boy of twelve. In the face of the boy, one may read 'that the child is father of the man.'

From Abbotsford we drove through a most charming country to Dryburgh Abbey, some seven miles from Melrose. It is a venerable pile, very much defaced by the hand of time, and hardly worth the visit, save as the last resting-place of the wizard, whose spell had been upon us all the day. The poet sleeps beneath a low table monument, in one of the transepts, and many an 'added stone' beside him shows where, cut off in life's prime, sleep the sons and daughters of his house, that house, he had the weakness to believe, he would establish in glory for countless generations. When one remembers how Scott hungered and thirsted after a title, how he longed to be the founder of a noble house, and then looks down upon the tablets in that ruined transept, the line of the Christian poet comes forcibly home:

'He builds too low who builds beneath the skies.'

A HAPPY HEART.

BY SURREY KERNE.

THE glowing sunset slowly wanes
To faintest purple o'er the bay;
And, like a conqueror, the day
Dies proudly, clothed in crimson stains.

And, wafted soft o'er glimmering fields
The languid south wind whispers low,
Of shadowy dells, where lilies grow,
And faint wild roses incense yield.

In affluence of joy I said:
'We over-rate the ills of life,
Who count it but a passion strife,
And pass the sun-shine for the shade.'

'Oh! let the poet's brow be wreathed
With cypress, not with laurel bright;
For all the moans of grief and night,
And scorn of life, his songs have breathed.

'Rocking us in the lap of life,
With plaintive-dirges, sorrow-stained,
We lose, in rhapsodies of pain,
The joy with which our world is rife.

'The roughest path is never found
So desert-wild, so flinty-sharp,
But some pale ray will gild the dark,
Some blossom shed its sweets around.

'Here in fair Nature's presence bright,
With ecstasy I number o'er,
As nuns upon a convent floor,
The rosary of all delight.

'The careless carol of a bird,
Dew-sprinkled morns and solemn nights,
The stealthy shades and slumb'rous lights,
All things by which the heart is stirred.

'And childhood's fair and tender prime,
Grown glorious in the mist of years;
A rainbow spans the very tears
Remembered in that blissful time.

'And oft, from mountain-heights of truth,
To loiterers in the valley near,
Rings out some song of noble cheer,
That thrills them with the strength of youth.

'As from some old cathedral tower,
The solemn bell that measures time,
Ushers a year of golden prime,
And knells the evils of the hour.

'And shall I sing of world's renown,
Of those who, climbing faint and high,
Breathe freer in a clearer sky,
But find their laurels turning brown?

'Or fickle Fortune's fairy gold,
Which many clutch with eager hands,
And dreams of state and spreading lands,
To see it vanish from their hold?

'Or shall I chant thy praises, Earth?
Ah! no. All impotent and weak,
Before thy might I cannot speak,
I feel my song so little worth.'

My theme is greater than my lay;
I cannot herald weaker joys,
For echoes of a haunting voice,
That pledged true love to me to-day.

Springfield, (*Ill.*,) 1855.

FANTASIE.

'Ægri somnia vana.
'Amabilis insania, et mentis
Gratissimus error.'— Horace.

To dream is common; but to indulge in 'waking visions,' in which the mind, while in the immediate possession of its power, revels in strange fancies, is perhaps rare. Some there are to whom these imaginings have become so familiar, that like friends on equally intimate terms, they are often unheralded, and it may be unwelcome, visitors. With proper cultivation, no habit of the mind is capable of a growth more rapid than the one under notice; while it may be there is none other which, even at the acme of its power, is less easily controlled than this when it has passed the limit of a prudent extension.

In the possession of this faculty, (if we may call it such,) they are happiest whose mental pictures are 'still-life' copies of ideal perfection; for if the mind must be divided in those solemn moments when it were best it should be absorbed in its immediate theme, these certainly would move it least; nay, would perhaps, in their subtile quickening of the spirit, assist it to a deeper feeling of the sacredness of its occupation. And if these Eden-bowers, these Hesperidean gardens, ever-blooming, these Elysian plains, do need celestial peopling, and straightway, when it is done, it shall seem that all were coëxistent, the enchanter is still happy; for only the more certainly will his nature be refined and spiritualized.

Others there be who, if not made more spiritual, are at least rendered happier and more cheerful by gay and mirth-provoking visions, humorous conceptions, and odd fancies. If the proclivity to these be duly

regulated, and does not become morbid through excessive use, (which, from the great temptation to indulgence, may easily be the case,) the possessor of so delightful a power is truly to be envied. To render powerless for the time the sting of disappointment, to dissipate for a season the clouds of melancholy, to banish at will the many cares of life, behold the ever-ready specific! Or be the wish but to amuse one's self or friends, how shall it be accomplished more readily or more acceptably than by so guiding the fancy as to secure the greatest number of pleasing and mirth-pregnant images, to the exclusion of every thing sombre and melancholy?

Other some, haply few in number, shall seem to have been 'born out of due season,' by such strange powers do they seem possessed. Weird phantoms, at their bidding, fill the brain; unearthly shapes do rise, changing ceaselessly; and old, familiar objects seem to add a second nature to their own, fulfilling strangest offices: nothing seems itself. Fatal gift! whose exercise is rarely attended with pleasure, and which, when it shall have become ungovernable, may be the source of the most exquisite misery! *

With that possibly still rarer number whose mental vagaries may be said to embrace all these distinctions, must be classed the writer hereof. Not that his seraphic visions are the envy of angels, nor that his gayer fancies have hastened the demise of his too susceptible friends, nor yet that gloomy and terrible visitations have accelerated his own; but in the course of a life which has not been very long, his 'waking dreams' have worn a complexion so varied, that he is eminently justified in thus asserting the versatility of his 'talents.'

Assuming the first person, I am immediately conscious of an accession of modesty so great as must preclude the citation of many 'illustrations.'

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Febrile affections, more than others, are remarkable for the intellectual phenomena which frequently attend them. Even when the attacks of some of these are not severe enough to disturb the reason, it is easy to perceive, that more or less, they affect the mind — tinging its dreams, and shading, with light or heavy pencil, its conceptions. Often the fancy, which before had seemed to sleep, arouses and springs into active life. Finding its mortal enemy so weak, the spirit, as it were, throws off its chains, and revels for a while in freedom.

One afternoon, while recovering from the prostrating effects of a fever, I sat musing in a ferry-boat, which was crossing New-York bay. Suddenly I looked and saw that the clouds were beautiful. While dense enough to soften somewhat the rays of the sun behind them, still they appeared so airy, insubstantial, and dream-like, and their outlines were so worthy the tracing of the divinest pencil, that I forgot, in the intensity of my enjoyment, this lower world and its grosser forms. Fancy soon endowed that golden vapor with its complement of life. Exalted shapes sprang from their shadowy hiding-places; seraphic faces shone

* Hogarth, who never was excelled in the humorous and grotesque, had so far indulged a passion for caricature that the faces and forms of his most intimate friends appeared to him distorted.

in that heavenly light; beauteous eyes beamed their sweet and soft effulgence; and as through a shining veil, angel-wings did seem to play with the sun-light, and toss it to me in very wantonness.

And I beheld a tableau. There were three divisions; and one showed me a sitting figure — a woman with a countenance blending gentleness and dignity, and worn with watching. One hand was pressed to her forehead, as if in pain; and with the other she held that of a man, whose head, with the face upward, rested in her lap. She was gazing anxiously on his worn features, and marking the slow and feeble pulsation that told of his waning powers. The features of both were noble, and their postures such as a Grecian sculptor would have conceived. Behind them towered threatening cliffs with their craggy peaks: and the surrounding scenery wore a look of gloom, as if in sympathy with the sufferers.

And at a little distance I saw a fuller picture. The position of the two figures had changed somewhat, and there were many accessory ones. The man lay extended on a couch, his head raised upon a pillow, and around him clustered sorrowful-eyed friends. The one who had before appeared at his head was still there; but with face averted and clasped hands, her whole frame revealing the unutterable agony of her soul. Above appeared angel-faces, wondrous in their beauty, some saddened with a sorrowful sympathy, others radiant with loving anticipation. Upon these the eyes of the dying one were fixed earnestly, and his face, in its expression, seemed gradually to put off the earthly and to assume the heavenly, quickened by the touch-stone of a heaven so near.

Glancing aside for a moment, I beheld a sight which filled me at once with awe and wonder and delight. The woman was alone, and still remained in the attitude last described; but above appeared the glorified form of the man, borne heavenward on angels' wings, and surrounded by a countless escort of shining ones. From a place of glory streamed the golden light upon this wondrous throng, and a ray, in passing, touched softly the brow of the grief-stricken mortal below. Oh! what a picture! As I saw it about to vanish, I mustered a strong inclination and turned away, that the whole might be preserved in my heart of hearts, in undiminished and transcendent beauty. I looked about me hopefully, but alas! earth seemed but cold and uninviting. I could then have died.

With thy permission, kind reader, I will here rest a little. True, I had thought to have given thee, with these, some scenes of a cheerfuller kind; but I have a feeling that some other time will serve me better. In the mean time, then, farewell.

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ANOTHER PART.

FANCIES will at times possess me which, from their abruptness and their whimsical nature, I find it impossible to resist. That unfortunate personage who, wandering complacently along the banks of his unruffled simplicity, is the first to laugh at his own intolerable dulness, now comes within the remembrance of the satirical reader. Him,

then, I mean to rival, thanking HEAVEN men were made in various moulds, and that some are not so dull or base as to fail in the detecting or applauding of high merit, even in themselves.

The laughable conceit of *a room-full of babies*, will strike the unbiased reader as one of those happy thoughts which visit but rarely even the most highly favored among men. I own that for the first few ecstatic moments after this unequalled conception was revealed to me, I had much ado to believe myself human. Fortunately remembering the impropriety of laughter in heaven, Milton even failing to reconcile me to the absurdity of the idea, I came back to earth, and, I fear, laughed; yet with an inward and quiet laughter. *You* are laughing, friend, as you stand at the glass-door and behold the ridiculous sight. As two suspicious hens do view each the other, with mild and serious yet unquailing aspect, so gaze that infant pair who have but now approximated. Just when each is about to test the actual presence of the other, the problem is solved by a third, who toddles up, and with the composure natural to his age, visits upon the heads of the combatants the chastisement they so richly merit. This avenger, in retiring a pace or two to view the result of his labors, and perhaps to indulge for a brief while in the self-gratulations which so great and good an act must inspire, falls backward over the 'prone' infant, who is just trailing past. If you have an 'ear,' listen to the harmony that ensues: note with what delicious 'unexpectedness' the 'parts' 'come in,' and the obstinacy with which they decline going out. While thus pleasing one sense, look around and delight another. What a varied and kaleidoscopic scene! Watch the involutions, the convolutions, and the pulling of hair! The combat deepens. How various and manifold are the voices of nature!

Know you, good friend, of a better way than this to keep eight infants out of mischief? Eight boxes are made. When the wondering wandering primitives are seated in these boxes, they are just able to hold their chins above the general level, and illustrate the beauties of the 'natural scale.' Shelled corn having been poured around the confined ones, tends greatly to diminish the freedom of their motions. Why do I say nothing of the appearance of these 'stationary engines?' Ah! already your imagination is feasting itself upon a scene at once so novel and so interesting. How pleasing the thought that these youths are settled so early in life! But hush! hark!

'A deep sound strikes like a rising knell!'

Nell, the matron, rises, strikes a bell, and in a voice deep as the sea, says: 'Feed!' She does not *cry* 'Feed;' for it is a principle with *her* not to pander to the depraved tastes of her charge. Eight assistants appear in the distance, bearing basins of pap. They approach: they feed. The infants cannot swallow. The corn presses on their little abdomens. The awful truth bursts upon all the attendants at once. With one voice they utter an exclamation of horror, and with one hand overturn the boxes. The astonished infants emerge. A fine turn-out. They have become sadder and wiser beings. Instinctively each one is crying for his pap.

One night, having left the light a-burning, I got into bed, and turning my face to the wall, gazed at it steadily, in the hope at last to see slow Somnus stealing through. This is my way. When I feel him coming, I rise, put out the light, and sink easily into his arms. I had stared so steadily, and with such decided ill-success, my eyes began to pain me, and I closed them for relief. Instantly I saw a blue wall, then a yellow wall, then a blue and yellow wall, then a white wall with blue and yellow spots dancing over it; then these blue and yellow spots turned into little trembling worms, which at last stretched across the wall; then many of these fused into one immense serpent, which instantly devoured all that remained, and then, with a good-natured leer at me, formed itself into an 'oval,' through which I saw a landscape. Suddenly the serpent, with the view it inclosed, parted through the middle, as though the whole were a 'scene' in a theatre, and moving slowly to either hand, disclosed a village green, on which appeared a beautiful maiden. Her form was slight, and on her face there sat a troubled look. Soon an ill-favored, dark-featured man drew near, and with beseeching gesture seemed to accost her. She received him with averted face, and a motion as though she would press him away. Again he approached her, and again was he repulsed. Then turning, with a fearful scowl, he stalked away, his lips moving as though he muttered of vengeance. And when he had gone, like a shadow from the place, every thing looked bright again, and little lambs came gambolling about the beautiful lady, and licked her hand. Then a troop of fairies rose from the ground in a circle, she standing in the midst. Then they danced about her, going round and round, faster and faster, until at last nothing but a circle of white and blue could be seen. Then the blue and white changed to the color of blood, and the 'scenes' drew together. The serpent now gazed at me with a melancholy expression, moving his head slowly from side to side. Then, seeming to nerve himself for an extraordinary effort, he became rigid: and the scene once more parted. Horror! The lady was clinging to the brink of a rocky precipice, of awful depth, suspended only by her hands, and looking up, with an agony of terror depicted in her countenance, to where stood the man I had seen before, whose scowling expression seemed intensified into that of a fiend, as he endeavored, undeterred by her beseeching and agonized look, to force her fingers from their precarious tenure by means of a large stick, which he shoved with cruel force against them. Slowly they yielded, the nails splintering and starting away, and the blood flowing. At last, finding that from the energy of her death-grasp, he progressed but slowly, he raised his awful weapon, and as the form of his miserable victim seemed to shrink within itself for very fear, the blow descended. Suddenly the scene drew together, and the murderer stood trembling just beneath the head of the serpent, whose eyes flashed with a newly-awakened and inextinguishable fury. Dropping his head close to that of his wretched prey, he threw back his ponderous jaws, and darting so quickly no eye could have followed him, swept the villain from the face of the earth.

A mist came up, and when it had in a measure passed away, I discovered the serpent passing through a series of the most surprising con-

tortions, in company with several others of a like playful nature. While they were thus frisking about, there descended, from some unknown quarter, all the varieties of edibles in which snakes do delight. First they contended for a rabbit, and in their playful eagerness to secure the delicious morsel, appeared ready to swallow one another. At last the original serpent gobbled it up. Then poultry, in its various kinds, served a similar purpose, and met a similar fate. The first serpent was successful in these encounters, getting every thing which was thrown, and also the infants, which followed. Then young men came tumbling in, and successively failed to appease his extraordinary appetite. As he was laboring with a large-framed man, old and tough, the other serpents, grown jealous of his exclusive success, and ravenous at the nearness of so rich a feast, seized the favorable moment and attacked him in a body. Provoked that their lack of honor should be greater even than their lack of luxuries, he swelled to ten times his natural size, easily swallowing the tedious morsel, and after it, all of his enemies.

Then gambolling playfully, as before, with the aid of his powerful tail, he suddenly sprang high in the air, and, coming down, remained fixed in the shape so admirably represented below.



THE WIGWAM OF KENDEE: AN INDIAN SONG.

BY D. W. C. ROBERTS.

THE fawn that trips the forest glade
Is not more light nor fair than she,
The young, the bright-eyed Indian maid,
Who lights the wigwam of KENDEE.

Not fairer does the violet bloom,
Not comelier does the grape-vine curl,
Than far amid the forest gloom,
Wanders the dark-eyed Indian girl.

She lights the wigwam of her sire,
And bravest warriors humbly woo,
That she may cheer *their* council-fire,
And light *their* gloomy wigwam too.

And happiest he of all his tribe,
And bravest of the braves must be,
Whose heart has proved the strongest bribe,
And robbed the wigwam of KENDEE.

THE TRANSFORMED.

'Auri sacra fames.' — Virgil.

BY LUCY A. RANDALL.

O Gold! thy power is strange!
We marked the wondrous change,
We know his heart is hardened now, and cold.
His smile, so fond and bright,
Has lost its spirit-light:
His soul has bowed before the shrine of Gold.

The sun-set's purple glow,
The wind-voice, faint and low,
That once could thrill him with a strange delight,
Can charm him now no more:
Those happy hours are o'er —
The mists of gold and gain have dimmed his sight.

Once by the deep sea's foam
He loved at eve to roam,
His soul responding to its organ-swell,
Till twilight's closing dim;
But now 't is naught to him —
To all these things his heart has bid farewell.

Fancy, whose magic power
Could wreathe the smallest flower
For him, with bloom and beauty not its own,
And cast a glorious light
Athwart the darkest night,
Has fled, and left a desert, drear and lone.

We bade him mark the tree,
The brook's low melody;
We strove in vain to break the woful charm;
In vain the opening rose,
The day's delicious close,
The awful trumpets of the midnight storm!

O Thrift! O worldly Gain!
Thy hard, relentless chain
Shuts out a thousand glories from the heart!
The trusting spirit sees,
In flowers, and birds, and trees,
The hand of God, and bids all care depart.

The Ocean's mighty hymn,
The star-light, soft and dim,
The dawn of morning in the mountain-glen,
The sun-set, dying bright,
The bird's clear-voiced delight
Wake from the spirit-harp a deep Amen!

THE RAVEN.

BY FRANCIS COPCUTT.

'For ye know not what a day or an hour may bring forth.'

'MOTHER! mother!'

'Well, my child.'

'Mother, I —— May I stay at home, to-day, mother?'

'Are you ill, Marie?'

'No, mother.'

'Then why stay at home, my dear child, when all is prepared? Why avoid an excursion to which you have been looking forward with so much interest? Even now our friends must be waiting for us. What has so saddened you, my own Marie?'

Mrs. Chapelle, as she spoke, placed her arm round the neck of her beautiful daughter, and kissed her pale forehead.

'I — I was awakened ——'

She hesitated, her large eyes filled with tears, and she hid her face in her mother's bosom.

'I was awakened, mother, at day-break this morning by a loud, hoarse cry, seemingly at my very ear: it said, 'Beware! beware!' —at least I thought so. Springing up, startled as if a thunder-bolt had struck the house, I looked round the room, but could distinguish nothing in the gloom. Thinking it the deception of a wild dream, I lay down again, but in a little while again the cry was uttered, louder, harsher than before. Aroused by the startling sound, I sprang out of bed, my heart beating wildly with terror, and there, on the sill of the open window, stood a large raven, black as night, and croaking as if the fiend himself had given it utterance. I moved forward, it turned its wicked black eye full upon me, winked, croaked, and flew away. That's all, mother: if I go to-day, I fear I shall never come back again. Don't laugh at me; indeed I cannot help it: but — but, mother, I *will* go; I will shake off these silly forebodings; let us forget it.'

'The resolution is well formed: do so. The ALMIGHTY FATHER has taught the raven his notes, as well as the nightingale, or your own Canary, and there is music in each, but prophecy in neither, love.'

—

THE curtain was up.

The act had commenced.

The sun had drawn up the curtain from before the scene, the curtain of darkness, studded with stars, and hidden them high in the proscenium. On the mighty stage were visible the Rideau canal, with its hill of granite locks, the magnificent masonry of man; the everlasting mountains and hu[illegible]rocks, the magnificent masonry of GOD; while be-

tween them rolled the beautiful Ottawa, from its source seven hundred miles away in the ice regions; and in the fore-ground foaming, hissing, surging, the 'cataract of real water' dashed on, on the way to its ocean tomb, and sent up everlastingly its cloud of foam and spray toward heaven, like a white-winged messenger to the mercy-seat.

Its dome was the huge vault of the blue ether, frescoed with clouds, whence the sun-lamp hung, and flooded with light the actors, the scenes, and the audience. The birds and winds, and the deep-toned sombre base of the roaring fall made its orchestra. The foot-lights were dancing rain-bows, created by every movement of the sun-lit spray, and in the back-ground were the Indian and bear-peopled forests which reach to the Polar seas. Above and beyond all, for those who had eyes to see and ears to hear, echoes of the sphere-melodies might be caught, and glimpses of that heaven and hell, of which our world-play of 'Life' is but the emblem — the mirror held up to *that* nature.

In a few hours, the 'drop' will fall over this act of a day; in a few days the play will end, the curtain of doom fall, and all the lights be put out. Then with a smile or a shudder, as we have applauded or performed well or ill, we shall look back from the measureless existence beyond the grave to the mimic scene.

Surrounded by all this, and standing on the suspension-bridge that hangs over the Ottawa, graceful and aerial as an inverted rain-bow shorn of its colors, and harnessed for man's use, stood a party gazing at the cataract, as gay a one as the sun shone upon that day, in all the world-wide theatre.

—

The sylph-like 'Meta Bell,' graceful as the white foam and spray; the 'President,' with fifty winters on his shoulders, and fifty summers in his heart, and a vivacity never tiring, that made an atmosphere about him; the 'Editor,' with fusion for his friends, and confusion for his enemies, and whose 'columns' were a stone of stumbling and rock of offence to his opponents; 'Lord Cate,' the practical; 'Lady Cate,' the ideal; 'Diana,' the improvisatrice; 'Marie,' with the musical laugh and gazelle eyes; 'Contractor Thorne,' and his beautiful bride; the 'Fast Man,' whose affection for his pretty friends, pale sherry, and puns, was perennial; and a dozen others, all 'merry as a marriage-bell,' had left their offices, boudoirs, hearth-stones, cares, and native land, to wile away a few days with nature in the far north.

Crossing the broad St. Lawrence, they had been whirled away by the iron horse, whose neck is indeed clothed with thunder, and who laughs at the shaking of the spear, across the Canadas, between primeval forests and half-cleared fields, where the wheat had sprung up, and was trying, after a most vain and melancholy fashion, to bring forth fruit a hundred-fold, by log-cabins that would frighten the romance of the school-girl's cottage-love from her fanciful brain, and past horses that seemed 'fast' indeed, where they stood, beyond the power of moving, and whose fleshless bodies showed 'points' enough to satisfy the fastidious perceptions of a Long-Island horseman.

They had gazed from the 'Barracks' at 'Ottawa City' upon the

beautiful scene where the ALMIGHTY has so visibly made his mark; had gone under the Rideau Falls, where the thin rocks hang over-head like a huge shelf, whence the waters fall like a lace-curtain, graceful and white, and make a chamber fit for the bridal of a water-nymph. From the 'Lake des Chats' they had seen the forest-home of the wolf, the bear, and the Indian, reaching thence onward to Hudson Bay and the ice-regions. In the little Aylmer village, the last home of civilized life, they had danced 'till broad day-light,' and at the witching-hour of night had startled the little place from its propriety with their fire-works and music. Now they were returning toward their homes, and standing face to face with the 'Chaudière,' the mighty cataract of the Ottawa, the 'hell of waters,' the 'smoke of whose burning' ascends evermore toward that ALMIGHTY power which gave it its force, its beauty, and its awe. Mirth, wit, sentiment, humor had been never-tiring companions on their route; but now they were hushed into silence before the scene, where the water in wild wrath boiled, roared, and dashed, and where quietly the beautiful rain-bow hung over it in the white spray ——

'Like a child smiling on a battle-field, or a flag of truce amid its horrors,' said Diana.

'Or,' said Meta Bell, 'like the smile of a woman at a bridal where her lover is married to another.'

'Ah! Meta, have you suffered?'

'No, not *yet;* but the fall and rain-bow seemed to emblem the raging bitterness, that fiction and imagination have taught me, might lie under such a smile.'

'Or,' said the President, 'like an insurance policy in your hand when a conflagration like a destroying angel is consuming your property.'

'Good!' cried the Fast Man, 'and certainly new; or like the moon shining on the 'smash-up' of an express train; or the gas on a 'form' knocked into 'pi;' but a truce to your similes. Look! look!'

—

THE Ottawa, which empties into the St. Lawrence at Montreal, takes its rise beyond Grand Lake, some eight hundred miles away in the far north, and of course is a river of considerable magnitude, in places several miles wide. It contains many rapids and falls, the principal of which are at Bytown, now called Ottawa City, where the river, confined within a rocky channel of half a mile in width, rushes on one hand over rocks and through chasms that seem to have been the work of earthquakes, and on the other, the main body of the river falls a distance of some eighty feet, in a sort of circular basin, the form having given it its old name of 'La Chaudière,' and from this boiler or caldron a column of spray rises, similar to Niagara. It is a most grand, picturesque, and beautiful fall.

The valley of the Upper Ottawa being the best timber-land of the province, and timber being indeed its only produce, the government has been at much expense and trouble in erecting works to facilitate its transportation to market. The principal of these works is at Ottawa

City, where an immense dam has been erected to preserve the rafts from the cataract; and by the side of this cataract, between a rock island and the main shore, a race-way, chute, or slide is formed, which consists of two rapids and three artificial falls, overcoming, in the distance of about half a mile, the entire height of the main fall. On each side of this chute, and for some distance above it, is a double line of string-pieces, formed of huge floating logs, flattened at the upper side, and chained together at the ends. Between these the rafts, or rather sections of rafts, called 'drams,' are rushed down the falls, from the upper to the lower river, and it was one of them, on its seemingly fearful passage, that had attracted the attention of the party.

The Fast Man at once suggested that it would be an amusing and interesting finale to the excursion if they should make a 'voyage' down the falls on one of these drams. The idea was received with acclamations by most, and the timid ones were reassured by the President, who had already been down on one, and assured them of its perfect safety; so the wagons were again in requisition, spirits rose with a new excitement, rapidly as mercury in the sun-shine, and after a pleasant little drive by the river-side to where the rafts were congregated, one was selected, the raftsman bribed into good humor, and the party, all sunshine and happiness, passed on board. The rope, composed of a hickory sapling, was loosened, and the odd oblong log-boat floated out into the stream, when the President, looking round to see if all were there, cried: 'Lady Cate, is your husband aboard?'

'*Probably*,' said the lady quietly; 'I saw him run through a pine saw-mill a little while ago.'

'Ah! Lady Cate, they must have wise saws indeed in that mill to turn out such a board.'

'The proof of which,' said the Fast Man, 'I suppose is, that they out him on his first introduction; but see! he is there, hurrying down to the river; a run on the bank, by the way, Mr. President, and I 'm first teller.'

'Then pay out the rope and check the raft,' said the President.

The raftsman opened his eye, (he had but one,) apparently in a vain effort to comprehend the drift of the conversation, then turned to attend to that of the raft, as Lord Cate sprang on board. He had lingered behind, gathering wild flowers for the bride, and wild mint to flavor some refreshments, the materials for which the Fast Man had been careful to transfer from the wagons to the raft.

The raftsman, their captain, was evidently a plant from the outskirts, if not beyond the pale of civilization. His face was bronzed with extreme heat, cold, and exposure. He wore a skin-cap, surmounted by a fine sable marten-tail, well patched corduroy pants, and flannel shirt, a shoe on one foot, an Indian moccasin on the other, and chewed tobacco incessantly. That must have been a thirsty fish which could swallow the water within yards of him. He seemed in the main good-natured, listened with curious wonder to the conversation, and appeared to be not a little *dashed* at the strange and unusual passenger-list he had taken on board.

The raft moved on.

'Lady Cate,' said the Fast Man, 'a glass of pale sherry with you, old as your grandfather, and bright as your fancies.'

'Wine with such a scene and such a day! No! See the trees in their living green, on those summits embracing the clouds; the wild flowers on those banks, spreading their beauties for almost no one to see, unless it be indeed the angels; and the balmy air too; the day seems to me as if it had been made for paradise, and was lingering here a few hours on its way home.'

'Bravo!' cried the Fast Man; 'the weather returns its compliments for having something unusual said about it. Diana, a glass of sherry, pale as your thoughtful forehead, and exhilarating as your poetry.'

Diana withdrew her eyes from the sky, at which she had been looking, and shook her head.

'What are you thinking of, Diana?' said Marie.

'Thinking of, dear girl, that those little white clouds are like flags of truce, held out by the angels, to bring us to a parley, that they may try and persuade us to leave our sin-war against the HOLIEST, and be one again with our KING, our FATHER, and our GOD.'

The tears stood in Marie's eyes, and she leaned her head upon Diana's arm.

'Marie,' said Diana, 'you have been the gayest of our party, and if I divine rightly, the saddest too. Your merry, echoing, musical laugh has had something in it of strange and weird, that at times has almost made me shudder. It has seemed to me, if I may use the paradox, a beautiful falsehood. Am I not right, Marie? So sad, and at your age! What weighs on your spirits? Why, Marie crying! turn, love, or they will see it. Does the descent of the falls terrify you?'

Marie wept quietly a few moments, then looked up and said:

'At my age! O Diana! the clouds look darkest in spring, they are contrasted with such glowing sun-light; in winter we look for them as a matter of course. No, I am not alarmed at the descent, and would not leave the raft if I could. It is an undefined terror that has hung over me ever since we left home, and darkens my sky, where indeed there are no clouds visible — no cause for the darkness that I can *see*.'

The President here suggested that some one should write an account of the excursion after they reached home, and offered to help the historian by keeping 'a log' himself.

The raftsman said he did n't care who kept a log, if he only paid him for it; and opened his eye wider and took a double quid, when he saw the smiles his observation excited.

'Our Fast friend is very literally making 'a log'-book,' said the President, pointing to where he was cutting names and dates on a stick of timber; 'but Diana will do it better than any of us. Diana, will you not write an account of our trip?'

'No, I would not keep a log of such an excursion; its sayings and doings are too like the children's soap-bubbles in the sun-light, beautifully round and rainbow-tinted perhaps, but attempt to remove them for others' inspection or admiration, and they vanish into thin air;' and she resumed her seat by Marie's side.

They had now reached a point where the channel made by the

string-pieces narrowed, where the current began to be more rapid, and where, beyond the dam, the falls could be seen, and the mass of water gliding over the edge of the rocks, then dashing into the wild, foaming chaos, and in the bright sun-shine, the spray seemed like a column of snow supporting the raiubow arch.

Diana sat on a log gazing at the scene for a time in silence, then, as was her wont when deeply moved by the beautiful, she began to rhyme out her thoughts, while all listened to the deep tones of her sweet voice, and the Editor, drawing out a card, penciled her words in short-hand:

'Thou 'rt beautiful, as is the wile
Of infancy, or its first smile
In mother's eyes; its earliest word,
When by maternal ear 't is heard.
As hope in a young bride, who ne'er
Has dreamed of any but a path of flowers, 'La Chaudière.

'As graceful as the forms we see
Of angels, in dream imagery,
When we 're alone with God and night,
As she through whom the infinite
Of love was first revealed. Compare
All graceful things with thee, and thou art first, 'La Chaudière.'

'But dreadful too as is the sight
Of armies in their fearful fight,
As when the lightning's lurid glare
Flashes its thunder through the air,
The very home of fiends seems there
Are those not groans within thy vortex wild, 'La Chaudière?'

'How like our world, with passion rife,
Filled with war, quarrelling, murder, strife,
With heaven above, around, before us,
And God's own smile of mercy o'er us,
Is thy fell chaos, demon's lair,
While o'er it calmly hang thy spray and bow, 'La Chaudière.''

Diana's improvising was cut short at this moment by some apparent commotion in the distance, near the slide, and a bare-footed Canadian came running along the string-pieces, crying out: 'Stop! stop! there 's a raft fast in the chute!'

The raft of our party was steered by two rough oars some twenty feet long, one at each end. The raftsman cried to those who had hold of them to work in toward the string-pieces; a task of some difficulty, however, as the current had begun to move quite rapidly. The raftsman sprang to the side as it approached, and with his hickory withe caught a fastening, and brought the raft up with a jerk, that nearly threw those who were standing from their feet.

'All our trunks checked,' said the Fast Man, 'although we have no baggage. Have a care, Meta; have a care, Mr. Editor, how you venture on those string-pieces; 'log-rolling,' you know, is dangerous; you will be over-board.'

'We shall all be over-bored,' said Lady Cate, 'if you do n't cease punning.'

'Take the beam out of your own fair eye, lady.'

'I hope we shall not be fastened here long,' said Lord Cate; 'for

since we sat down to breakfast, saints and sinners, seven hours have passed: tied here, we lose our dinners. Such scenery's superb, but satisfying to no one single soul with hunger dying.'

'"Angels and ministers of grace!" rhymes from Lord Cate,' cried Contractor Thorne.

'And as full of hisses as a Gorgon's head, or our Pysche at Aylmer, when she was brandishing the torch of Tisiphone,' suggested his bride-wife.

'That means,' said Lord Cate, 'I suppose, Marie firing off Roman candles.'

'By the way,' said the Editor, 'what a defect it is in our language, the oft-recurring sound of the "S." Have you never noticed in the Episcopal service what a hiss will spread through the house at certain parts of it?'

'That is when they don't like the performances,' the Fast Man observed.

'Diana,' continued the Editor, 'can you not make us some lines without an S in them?' His request was repeated by a dozen others.

Diana turned from Marie's side, and with her usual frank, ready, good nature, after looking down for some time, and contracting her brows, as if she was thinking with an effort, said slowly:

'Girl of the dazzling eye,
Wild and free,
To the greenwood away we'll fly:
Come, love, with me.

'Leave from thy gentle heart
Care, pain, and wo,
And away to the meadow green
And valley we'll go.

'Thy voice will be echoed
By each warbling bird,
And the melody, lingering,
Through the valley be heard.

'No pain will haunt thee there,
Alone, but not lonely;
I will bear all thy care,
Mine and mine only.

'Oh! come to the wild-wood,
Come, love, away;
There make the day holy, love,
And night like the day.

'Why bear the burden, love——

'Oh! indeed I can't go on. Seeking for words without an S, cramps my young fancy like a vice,' said Diana, drawing a long breath of relief.

'It is not necessary,' said the President, amid the applause that followed; 'you have succeeded. How clear, ringing, and musical the words sound!'

'Oh!' said the bride, 'if I had Diana's talent, I would ask for no higher earthly boon.'

'He that sinneth in one is guilty of all; thou shalt not covet. Have a care, Mrs. Thorne, or you will break the decalogue.'

'Break the deck-a-log,' said the raftsman, glad at last to hear something he understood, and observing Mrs. Thorne getting up on a piece of timber that lay across the raft, 'I should like to see any one break that deck-'log. It 's the only sort of deck that will stand going down the slide;' and another mass of tobacco was hid in his capacious mouth.

The Contractor hid his face, the President smiled, the others laughed, all but the Fast Man, who fairly roared, while the raftsman retired to the end of the raft, looking as if he thought that he had a highly improper passenger-list aboard; but not wishing to anger him, the President took a large tumbler full of antique sherry and presented it; he drank it at a draught.

'How do you like that?'

'Well enough, but too weak,' said he, shaking his head.

His palate had been educated with apple-rum and rye-whiskey from the cradle, and the Fast Man sighed as he thought of the twenty years that wine had lain in the cellar, to be so appreciated.

'Too late to call spirits from that vasty deep,' said the President.

A beckoning and waving of hats in the distance told them that the chute was free. The raftsman undid the wooden rope, and the raft, feeling the impulse of the bubbling water, moved rapidly down the stream, going faster and faster each moment, until the first of the falls was but a few yards distant, roaring and bubbling in very respectable imitation of its prototype, that they were leaving behind.

All the voyagers were now gathered on the upper logs, as the water would rush through on the lower ones, and drench, if it did not wash over, any unfortunate below. Some were sitting with their feet on the same level, like a row of squirrels, others standing, some bold, some timid, all excited, all gay.

'Now comes on the tug of war,' said the President, standing in front, and holding Lady Cate by the hand, ready to take the brunt of the battle. The Editor stood next, with his arm round a form of nonpareil type, of timid humanity, and was trying to reässure it. Blue-eyed Thorne said she was almost frightened at the new *rôle* she was performing, and Meta held her so that it might not be a roll into the water. The Contractor said: 'Another moment, and we shoot down the slide;' and the Fast Man observed that 'it ought to be shot down, for it was foaming at the mouth and dangerous,' then cried out: 'Two to one on 2.40! hold hard on! she 'll break up!' and in his enthusiasm he snatched up a bottle of sherry, broke it over the 'decalogue,' and said: 'O Bacchus! pray back us in our perilous descent!' while Diana sprang up, and stood at her full height, her great eyes dilating with excitement at the scene, her arms gracefully extended, and a smile on her lips.

It was strange to see how her moods of feeling seemed almost to *flash* from one to another. The changes were so quick and complete, from repose to excitement, from grave to gay, from serious to fanciful, that

those that did not know the warm and ever-living sun-heart behind these many-colored clouds, sometimes thought her fickle.

Thus she stood a moment, then with a light, elastic tone said:

'GAY as the butterfly floats on the air;
Swift as the tigress springs out from her lair;
Gay as the light-beams come heralding day;
Swift as the charger to battle away;
Gay as float on the white clouds in the sky;
Swift as the proud eagle springs up on high,
Down on a mountain of water we float,
Down like an avalanche rushes our boat;
Down like the deluge we pass through the foam,
Down toward the ocean, the sea-monster's home,
Down like the flash from where thunder-bolts hide,
Down ——'

'Like a raft on a government slide,' said Lord Cate. 'Have a care, Diana, or your 'fine frenzy' will 'roll' you overboard,' and he caught both her hands and held her tightly.

While this was passing, and they were all speaking at once, the raft had moved on faster, faster, balancing itself seemingly for a moment on the edge of the fall, preparatory to the spring, and then down it went with a rush that seemed to take away their breath. The ends of the logs buried themselves in the boiling foam, the waves rolled wildly through on the timber below, and the spray sparkling, hissing, flashing, scattered itself like millions of diamonds over the voyagers. The next moment the raft recovered itself, rose to the surface, and with its merry crew, whose laughter awoke the echoes, passed swiftly as the winds down the rapids.

On, faster and faster they rushed. The huge patriarchs of the woods beneath them tossed along like feathers on the mad water. The second fall was near, and all were bracing themselves for another plunge, when one of the long oars, hung at the side of the raft, was caught at one end in the water, and swinging around as if it was on a pivot, passed over the heads of those who were sitting, but struck the Editor and two others, all of whom fell in confusion to the lower layer of logs just as the raft plunged down the second fall, and the waves came rioting through.

'The Editor's form knocked into pi and distributed over the logs!' cried the Fast Man, as they rose from their plunge, both laughing with those who were making merry over their mishap, while the raft bounded with a fleetness almost fearful down the second rapid.

'Now for the last fall, the highest and deepest of all!' cried the President. 'Sit down every one in the centre, and hold!'

'*Keep back! keep back! to the other side!* QUICK, *for your* LIVES!' almost screamed the raftsman, springing over himself at the same time to the right of the raft at a single bound.

Where the other raft had been wedged in a little while before, the chain which fastened the ends of the string-pieces together had become displaced, and the end of a huge log, some three feet in diameter and sixty feet long, protruded into the stream.

The warning came too late. The third fall was before them, and almost before any one even attempted to move over, the crash came. Like an avalanche upon a cottage, a locomotive against a rock, they

crushed together. The hickory withes that bound them were snapped asunder like threads, and with reports like rifle-shots. The half of the raft was knocked to pieces, and the logs thrown about for a moment as if they had been children's baubles, then the whole mass, chaos-like, rushed down into the vortex.

The President, knocked into the water, held for a moment to a log, then was dragged by the force of the current into the foam. The Editor, feeling the log on which he stood forced from under him, closed his eyes as he fell into the mad waters, and to what seemed certain destruction. Two others clung to a piece of timber, it rolled over, and they went down. Marie, sitting on the side of a great log, absorbed in her own thoughts and feelings, had not even heard the cry, and was thrown head foremost into the 'hell of waters!

As her daughter disappeared, Mrs. Chapelle sprang up to the top of the raft, and stood there as if struck to stone, rigid as marble, one arm stretched at her side, and the fingers closed so tightly that the nails entered the flesh, the other extended and pointing to the foam where Marie had gone down. Her eyes distended frightfully, seemed gazing on vacancy, and there went up to heaven, and echoed back from the hill-tops and rocks, a wild scream of mortal anguish, long, shrill, piercing the soul in its agony, uttering an infinite of woe. The most terrified lost their fears in listening, and tried with their hands to shut out the sickening sound. It died away on the air, then rose again, each scream shriller, wilder than before, as if the earth had opened, and the voices of the doomed came up from their torment. Down into the waves raft, logs, and bodies were hurled, and the next moment they were on the still waters of the lower river beyond the falls.

The President and his friends rose to the surface at different points, and all were swimming apparently unharmed.

'Marie! Marie! Marie! she's lost!' cried those on the uninjured part of the raft. The swimmers balanced themselves in the water, and looked around for the lost one, while others who could swim threw off parts of their dress, ready to plunge toward any place where she might appear.

A few moments of intense suspense and terror, made awful by Mrs. Chapelle's screams, passed and nothing appeared; then the President was seen to catch at something below the surface, and the next moment to dive under; he reäppeared with Marie in his arms. Logs and oars were pushed forward, those who could swim plunged in to his relief; with his strong arm he divided the water; the raft was reached, they were drawn upon it, and Marie laid at her mother's feet *quite dead!* She had struck her head as she went down, and probably died unconscious even of danger. Pale and beautiful she lay there, with her head in Diana's lap, no distortion or mark of terror on her fair face, no answering murmur from her cold heart to the tears that were gushing from the eyes that bent over her, no word for those that were falling alike from the strong man and maiden, no eyes that could see the rough raftsman kneel, as he crossed himself and sobbed out a prayer for which he could find no words, for the repose of her soul.

Mrs. Chapelle's muscles relaxed, and her screams ceased, when her

child was placed before her, and she sank down to the log; but her eyes were still distended, glazed, staring, and she took no notice of the corpse, although her hand rested upon it. Those about her would almost have been glad of her unconsciousness, had not from time to time a sob half-uttered, and choking as it rose, told of the agony within.

The raft was moored to the shore, a rude litter formed, the poor girl placed upon it; and the gay party of pleasure, now a funeral procession, moved on in a silence broken only by sobs, and by the choking sound of Mrs. Chapelle's voice — the groans that were struggling for utterance in her breast. She walked by the side of the garment-body of her lost child, whose soul was even then before the judgment-seat, and so they passed on.

A rude coffin was hastily made, and the body placed therein. Flowers, sent from a neighboring conservatory, were laid about the form of her who had loved them so well. A few orange-blossoms that were amongst them, Meta placed about her brow, saying, with motionless lips, 'for her bridal with the HOLIEST,' as with eyes from which the tears were streaming she looked up toward that home to which the soul of her friend had gone back again.

An entire car was appropriated to the party, the sad, the desolate, the dead, and they entered, and took their places apart and silent. The coffin lay upon the seats, and Mrs. Chapelle sat at its head, but she took no notice of the casket whence her jewel had been stolen; there was no speculation in her eyes, she gazed on vacancy, and spoke no word.

The sun sent its bright beams through the car from beyond the western mountains. The steam-whistle brought back fierce echoes from the hills. The bell rang its last warning, and the groaning, heaving monster of brass and iron rushed on, amidst the same green forest-leaves and wild flowers, cottages and water-courses, where, so light-hearted and merry, they had passed a little while before — the same, yet dull, desolate, meaningless, or unnoticed.

Those who moved, moved stealthily, and shuddered as they passed the hard couch where Marie, her cares all over, her tasks all ended, her tears all dry, and her hopes and aspirations turned into the realities which they emblemed, lay calm as the depths of blue ether through which her soul had passed to its reckoning.

Diana sat apart, distant and silent, but her eyes were upon Mrs. Chapelle, and her heart yearned to offer consolation, to share in some greater degree her wo. Several times she started from her seat, but the glazed, vacant stare in those eyes, where despair was written so visibly, sent her back again. At last she rose, went to the coffin, and looked on Death flower-decked, and as she gazed, her soul expanded with thoughts beyond its reach, and she felt how near was the other world, how its inscrutable mysteries surrounded her, how thin the death-veil between her soul and her GOD. Her heart swelled within her as if it would burst, and she fell on her knees before Mrs. Chapelle, saying: 'Speak, dear friend, suffering mother, speak, and let us too share the despair that is killing you!' and she hid her face and her passionate burst of tears in the childless mother's lap; but there was no look from

the stricken one, no word save her choking, half-uttered sobs; and so they passed on.

—

THE curtain of darkness descended, and hung there full of cloud-emblems and bright-glancing stars, bringing tidings to the weary soul from where the wicked cease from troubling, and hinting with their silent eloquence, of peace perpetual to the saddened heart. Another act of a day was ended, another of the audience had gone home to her FATHER'S mansion. So the play goes on, comic or serious, gay or sad, solemn or humorous, all ending in the tragedy of death: and in the fall of the curtain at the general doom, when players and applauders will be weighed by OMNISCIENCE, and the treasury of everlasting life opened to those who have played *not* to be seen of men — to those who have applauded as conscience dictated, and not because the multitude said, it is well, it is well!

—

WOODBINE, clematis, and roses hung about the verandah of the beautiful cottage that had been Marie's home; and beneath them, slowly and solemnly, the coffin and soulless form were borne and laid by the hearthstone, where the household gods had been so rudely thrown down and broken for evermore.

The few who had accompanied Mrs. Chapelle home, proffered their services, and sought to win her back to consciousness; but her nervous agitation at their presence was so apparent, the greater calm as one after another left so visible, that they all retired, but near by watched with and over her through the long, weary night; beneath the stars, and amongst the flowers that Marie had tended and loved so well; and Mrs. Chapelle was alone with night, GOD, and the temple from which the immortal spirit that made it holy had departed. She stood for a few moments near Marie's coffin, after the last of her friends had left, The same strange unconsciousness still possessed her. There was the same gaze on vacancy from her distended, burning, aching eyes, the same groan—sobs half-uttered were trying to burst their way from her heart, and choking her as they rose. She moved slowly across the room to where Marie's Canary hung: it was dead! To whom the drawings were that Marie had done so skilfully, and tore them slowly from their frames; bit by bit the fragments fell from her fingers to the ground. Then with her hands pressed tightly on her chest, as if there was suffering there, she paced the floor again, still avoiding, as she moved, the door that led to Marie's chamber. The piano was open; *Casta diva*, the last thing that Marie had sung, was on the desk; Mrs. Chapelle touched mechanically a few notes of the melody, then taking up the music, tore it, and the pieces fell to the floor. Then she passed near a rose-bush full of flowers, from which Marie had gathered one to put in her hair as she left her home. Mrs. Chapelle broke a rose from its stem, held it a moment, and it fell from her fingers; another and another were gathered, until the bush was stripped, and the flowers were scattered about the floor; then she broke the stem, and the flowerless bush hung over

lifeless. Approaching the coffin, she touched the body of her child, took up some of the orange-blossoms that Meta had placed on her brow, held them up before her eyes, and burst into a laugh, wild, weird, fearful, mocking, such as the doomed might turn upon the HIGHEST as he told them to 'depart,' such as would make the strong man tremble and shrink with fear. The flowers fell from her fingers, and lay scattered about the corpse: the groanings that could not be uttered went on.

She turned toward the door of Marie's chamber, she touched it and shuddered, opened it and went in. She approached the window where the raven had stood, a tremor passed over her frame, a convulsive shuddering shook her body, her features worked fearfully, frightfully; she clasped her hands over her head, then over her breast, then stretched them up toward heaven, and cried as if the agony of a demon had burst from a human heart: 'O GOD! kill me or awaken me!'

A note lay on the dressing-table, in Marie's hand-writing, addressed to her mother. Mrs. Chapelle took it, tore it open, and read:

'THE warning, mother, weighs upon my soul. I may hereafter smile at it, but it presses on me now, and tells me I shall never see my happy home again, nor my pictures, flowers, and all these memories of my little life. I have prayed to our FATHER that HE would spare me yet awhile, that I might teach my heart to say THY will be done; but no 'still small voice' answers, and all is dark. In this hour of gloom, my life comes back to me in fitful gleams, memories crowd in and make me tremble. I have not, mother, could not love you as I should; I have been a too thankless child. Oh! if you have found me wayward, careless, selfish, forgive, forgive me! My heart yearns to feel your clasping arms, and to ask forgiveness at your feet. Now, when the hand-writing seems on the wall, my soul measures for the first time the height and depth of that love which has been like an atmosphere round me from my cradle. If the warning be a warning indeed, do not weep for me. If my little life is cut off in the beginning, mother, do not mourn. Yet a little while and we shall meet again at the mercy-seat of our FATHER and our GOD.

'MARIE.'

As she read, her distended eye-lids gradually resumed their natural shape, and tears fell from her eyes. As she finished, she looked up toward heaven, pressed the letter to her bosom and lips again and again, as if some living part of the lost one had returned, and the grief which had been killing her, welled from her heart in floods of passionate tears: the fountains of the great deep were broken up. She sank to the floor, placed the precious note in her bosom, and hour after hour her surcharged heart relieved itself at her eyelids, as if the fountain of her tears was perennial and exhaustless. So she mourned on, her soul yearning to pierce the darkness that envelopes the tomb, and join her idol beyond its mysteries, until it expanded within her, and she lost sight of her corporeal being, her inner consciousness became for the time her only life, and her body and senses, to her perception, ceased to have an existence. She looked up, and the ceiling of the room divided and disappeared, the walls about her fell away, a glory, light, clear, calm, filled the heavens and surrounded her, and in the bright light above, with her arms folded

over her breast, her large eyes looking down on her mother, with calm, holy earnestness, floated Marie, in white drapery, that covered her form in its graceful folds. She looked at her mother long and silently, then floated up higher, higher, pointing with one hand toward the heaven to which she was ascending. The glory became brighter as she went up, and she disappeared in the 'excess of light.' Mrs. Chapelle's tears ceased as she gazed, she clasped her hands and held them up toward her child, cried: 'Marie! Marie!' said, 'the LORD gave and the LORD hath taken away; blessed be the name of the LORD!' and fell upon the floor in a swoon.

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DAYS, months, years rolled on, and added their mite to the eras, to be swallowed up in the measureless past; and Mrs. Chapelle, her hair all white, whitened in a single night, and lines of premature age in her fair, calm face, went on her way. She had learned that we may suffer and grow strong, her soul had been taught that sorrow may be blessed, and that a divinity may be hidden therein. What there had been in her of severe and harsh had been softened; of pride, subdued; of thought and reflection, deepened; and of love of the world, annihilated. She rejoiced with few that rejoiced, but there were none too lowly for her to weep with when they wept; and when night came, as her knees were bent and her head was bowed before her GOD, she asked that the 'little while' before she joined her child might be shortened, and tears fell as memory and imagination brought before her the angel-face that she had seen floating upward toward the heavens.

The years went on their way, and she felt less sad as the end of each approached. The mile-stones in her life-journey were left behind, some but marking the distance she had come, others with death's head and cross-bone sculpture, making her tremble; flowers grew near few of them, none were covered with garlands; and so she passed on toward her FATHER'S mansion, children loving, the poor blessing her: but she never smiled again.

SONNET TO MY PIPE-PHANTOM.

WHILE I sit here, in this vine-covered nook,
Turning the pages of my STARKIE o'er,
And to my ear, in chastened hum, the roar
Of old Penobscot comes, my fixéd look
In drowsiness relaxes, and my book
Slips from my knee, neglected, to the floor.
Now in wild dreams my wayward fancies soar:
Starting, I wake. I take my pipe and smoke.
I like its volumes best. Their legends queer,
Their shapes grotesque, and odd suggestions oft
Than all my cumbrous tomes instruct me more.
Even as I speak, out of these clouds comes near
A dim but angel form. In whisper soft,
'Fair woman's heart,' she says, 'shall teach thee wisest lore.'

Orono, (Penobscot Co., Me.) G. H. F.

THE BATTLE OF FRIEDLAND.*

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

In Poland's savage forest
A solemn sound pervades:
Is it the tumbling water-fall
That shakes those lonely shades?
Or rather the hoarse, muffled roar,
Where hosts in long procession pour,
The rattle of the cannon-wheel,
The clash and clang of steel!

Troop after troop the horsemen ride,
Their sabres clanking at their side:
The cuirassiers, in long parade,
Dazzle the eye with brandished blade,
While polished helm and harness gleam,
Like glancing ripples on the stream.
The gay-garbed hussars swing the lance,
Their snorting charges bound and prance;
The dragoon clatters on his track,
With carbine buckled at his back;
The Polish Hulan scours the plain,
With gory spur and jingling rein;
While the swart Cossack of the Don
With lashing whip careereth on;
Frantic to curb with valiant spear,
The Gallic Emperor's career.
Brave conscripts from the Seine and Rhone,
Vine-dressers from the blue Garonne,
Stand stoutly in your ranks to-day;
For like an angry stag at bay
The Russian threatens your array.
And Prussian cohorts round ye wheel,
An iron girdle, sharp with steel.
The Hettman PLATOFF heads his troop,
His Tartars o'er their saddles stoop;
BAGRATHION'S black artillery 's here,
And LESTOCQ'S bayonets glitter clear:
The feast of death is near!

Crash after crash! In thunder comes
The rattle of a thousand drums,
Blent with a stunning cannon-peal,
That makes the very earth to reel;
While the red musketry the while
With iron hail sweeps rank and file!
Crash upon crash! The mortars grim
With shell and shot crush life and limb,
And sweep through splintered bone and brain,
As winter hail rends casement-pane.

* FOUGHT between the allied Russian and Prussian armies, against the French, under NAPOLEON.

Fast through the lurid battle-smoke
Descends the gashing sabre-stroke,
As when the sooty armorer's hand
Upon the anvil welds the brand.
Ah! many a banner, stained and torn,
Ah! many a helm-plume, rent and shorn,
Ah! many a gory corse laid low,
Tell where the reaper Death doth mow!

Heroic LANNES and fierce MORTIER
Press on with their avenging cheer;
And breast to breast, in manful fight,
Confront the Russian vanguard's might;
While o'er the bridge of Friedland pours,
In bright defile their famous corps.
Well for those gallant Marshals then
That MURAT'S horse and VICTOR'S men,
And DAVOUST'S daring legions came
To quell the Russian's line of flame.

Crash after crash! The ranks of NEY
With shattering volleys clear the way.
With levelled steel they dash aside
The chasseur and the Cossack's pride,
And fast o'er blazing bridge and street
Push back the Russian in retreat.

The strife is o'er! The field is spread
Thick with the dying, thick with dead!
The virgin grass and Alle's pure tide,
Alas! with gore how redly dyed!
And well the Russian host that day
Sustained their fame in battle-fray;
Though in retreat, no arm would yield,
Unvanquished marched they from the field;
Not one square broken, not one gun
As trophy by the Frenchman won.

That strife is o'er. Long since the gore
Of the brave thousands there that fell
Hath vanished from the grassy moor,
And from the rocky pass as well;
Nor rises o'er each crumbling bone
The sacred shaft or funeral stone.
The boorish peasant saunters by,
Nor heeds what relics 'neath him lie;
But spurneth with his clumsy heel
The crumbling bone and rusted steel.

The sheep-boy drives his bleating charge;
The angler treads that river's marge;
The milk-maid leads her lowing herd
Above them; and their dust is stirred,
Where the sharp plough-share cleaves its way;
But none lament, none kneel to pray,
And none come thither with the tear
To consecrate the soldier's bier!

New-York, Nov. 4, 1855.

LU ZU PEPE.

'Put me in mind of it at another time, and I will tell you how I managed once to come off unscathed from some of our Sicilian banditti.'

'Oh! tell me now; I have some more eating to do, and have no doubt your story will flavor finely these unpretending viands.'

'Well, as you choose.'

'I was once on a hunting excursion with two friends, and we had with us two *cacciatori* (hunters) to show us where there was game, and to save us the trouble of loading our guns. There was also a vetturino, who had charge of an ass, that did us the honor to carry our provisions and our game.

'As we were going along, near the centre of a little valley, shut in by high hills, one of the *cacciatori* exclaimed: 'There are people on the hills.'

'We stopped and looked around.

'There were eight men, with each his gun in hand, descending the hills around us in a leisurely manner, in lines converging to the centre.

'It was a clear case we were surrounded and at their mercy, for we had but four guns, the vetturino carrying only his knife.

'A few hurried exclamations were made by the different members of our small party, and then my comrades looked to their guns and loosened in their sheaths the long hunting-knives we usually wore on these distant excursions, evidently getting ready for a fight.

''Stop!' said I. 'These are desperate men, and though we might shed a good deal of blood, we should pretty certainly be overcome. In this case, diplomacy is better than war. The risk is about the same either way, and I have a plan in my head that will, I think, get us clear without any great loss.'

'My companions listened to my plan, and at length agreed to follow my directions. There was a large flat rock not far from us. I told the vetturino to lead thither our sumpter-ass, and then to lay the cloth and spread out our provisions.

'First came forth a portly flask of wine, then a goodly ham, then some fine white bread, then some cold fowls, then some *salami*, (a kind of large smoked sausage, some three inches thick,) then some knick-knacks and condiments, in short every thing necessary for a very satisfactory hill-side banquet.

'Those who were approaching us could see distinctly every movement, and these appetising preparations had therefore full time to penetrate their souls, and call the water to their mouths.

'My companions had at my request put off their warlike looks, and we sat down quietly upon the rock, keeping our guns, however, between our knees, so as to be ready, if necessary, for the last resort.

'When the nearest bandit came within ear-shot, I called out as loudly as I could, 'Viva Maria!' the usual country salutation. The man stopped astonished; but I followed up this first attack with:

'Come on, my brave fellow; come up here and sit down. Here 's enough for us all; do n't be afraid to take hold.'

'Then, as the others came nearer, I rose and called out: 'Come on, friends; take your seats around; there 's room here.'

'The one who seemed their chief stepped forward and saluted me with gravity; then approaching an angle of the rock, he placed his gun against it. The rest all followed his example, notwithstanding that we still retained our arms. Each also drew forth his knife and pistols and placed them on the rock. Then unbinding the sashes from their waists, they unbuckled the broad leathern belt which held their cartridges, and laid them carefully down together. Saluting us again with the ordinary expressions of politeness, they took their places around the viands, while we, having of course laid aside our guns, played the part of hospitable hosts, and all fell to with a will like men whose appetites had been thoroughly developed by the keen mountain air.

'Two of our formidable guests were under-sized, but quite stout men. Their stoutness did not, however, consist of fat, but of thick layers of powerful muscle. One of these two had lost his left hand and the lower half of his left fore-arm. There was also an ugly scar over the outside corner of his left eye, which appeared to have been made by the passage of a bullet.

'His eyes were light-colored, but bright and piercing; his nose large. His mouth looked like a gash in his face, so tightly were the bloodless lips compressed, and his somewhat protruding chin was covered with a heavy black beard. His skin, like that of all his band, from constant exposure to sun and wind, resembled dark bronze.

'Their dress was such as the men of the country usually wear, breeches of cotton velvet, blue, green, or brown, according to the taste of the wearer; a sort of frock-coat of the same, reaching almost to the knee; heavy shoes, and woollen stockings an inch thick; a cravat of black silk about the throat, and a broad belt of pliable leather at the waist, the upper half forming a flap to cover the lower, and protect from rain the cartridges which were set closely, side by side, in little tubes of brass, sewed fast to the leather. A broad red sash held the pistols and the knife, and on their heads they wore the usual *berretta*, or cap of the country. This is knit of strong, thick woollen stuff, and resembles a huge purse, with a woollen tuft at either end. When put on, one tuft is thrust in, so as to make a hollow, and it is thus pulled as far on the head as suits the convenience of the wearer, the other end hanging down behind, or on the left side.

'The two shorter ones, it appeared, were both chiefs, and called each other brother, though they were not relatives. The rest were tall, strong men, some of them deeply pitted with the small-pox, and some bearing on their scarred visages the indelible marks of battle, or of broil.

'When 'the wild rage of hunger was appeased,' and 'our souls had lost the desire of eating and of drinking,' we talked of hunting, and each one told some story of wolf-hunts, of good shots, of tumbling into pits or ancient excavations, whose mouths were overgrown with bushes, and other haps and mishaps of a hunter's life, all parties of course avoiding the most distant allusion to the peculiar profession of our guests.

'My intercourse with my countrymen of the interior had taught me that they almost all like a pinch of good snuff; so pulling out the large, oblong black box, in which I usually carried a good supply to humor this little weakness, I offered it to our guests, who appeared to enjoy the powdered weed. Then, as I knew that half-confidences only do harm in such a case, I pulled out my own little snuff-box of gold, and offered it to them, saying:

''Try this; this is better still.'

''No, Signore, *mille grazie*, (a thousand thanks,) this is good enough for us.'

'And I quietly put back the gold that glistened in their eyes, without the slightest movement on their part.

''But,' said the one-armed chief, 'excuse me; has your Excellency any powder to spare?'

''Oh! yes. Here, bring out that large flask of powder and pour out half of it on this piece of paper for our brave friends here.'

'So said, so done. Half of our reserve of powder was made over to them, and it was received with many thanks.

'As the day was now coming to a close, we rose to depart. Our mountain friends walked on along with us, quietly conversing. As we were passing over a small table-land, one of the chiefs stopped and said:

''Come, let us fire at a mark. Of how many points is this powder of yours?'

'I ought perhaps to explain to you that our mode of comparing the force of powder is to put some of it in a small brass tube, which answers as a charger. The inside of this little tube is set with small points at equal distances, and with newly-purchased powder we make several trials to find out what quantity of powder gives most force to the ball.

'I told him it was of six points

''Then it must be very good.'

''*Ya fratello mettermi la merca*,' (go, brother, make me a target,) said he to *Il Monco*, (the maimed.)

'We looked about us, but could not see either any rock or any tree that would answer for that purpose. Our one-armed friend, however, quietly paced off two hundred paces, and then pulling down his woollen cap over his ears, and straightening up the top, so as to make of it a regular cone, terminating in a tuft, he stood upright, as immovable as a rock.

'The other slowly raised his gun, appeared to take careful aim, and fired.

'Whereupon the target came walking quietly toward us, and showed us, without any emotion, where the bullet had cut away a part of the woollen tuft.

''Adesso, va tu fratello mettermi la merca a me,' (now, go you, brother to make a target for me.)

'The other went off to the same distance and turned his back to us; then taking off his *berretta*, (cap,) he placed his feet about a yard apart, and turning the cap upside down, held it so that the tuft just appeared between his legs.

'In spite of our conviction that *Il Monco* must be as good a shot as the other, we could not repress a thrill of horror at the thought of a

man with whom we had just 'broken bread' being exposed to such terrible danger.

'But the one-armed bandit was just as calm and collected as he was while munching our provisions. Supporting his gun on the stump of his left arm, he pointed it at first to the ground, then raising it gradually, so as to get the true line of aim, he touched the trigger.

'As we saw the wool fly from the tuft, we all breathed more freely, and saw with pleasure the second target come toward us as composedly as the first.

'There was no more shooting after that; for no one cared to measure himself with such marksmen, and it requires men of this temper to manage a 'branco di banditi.'

'Some of these chiefs are indeed men originally of estimable character, whom the unendurable oppressions of a bad government have driven to the mountains, and there is among them generally a rude sense of honor, so that he who has drank of the same cup with them is not only safe from all wrong on their part, but may count upon their friendly offices with others.

'Not long after the shooting-match, we came as near the village, where we were 'making villegiatura,' as it was perhaps *wholesome* for our friends to come. Here the chief stopped, and as he courteously lifted his cap from his head, I thought they might still wish to levy tribute upon us, and that it would be wiser to forestall their wishes than to wait for their demands.

''Are you in want of any money, my friend?'

''Oh! no, Signore. You have given us powder and tobacco, the two things most difficult for us to obtain, and we thank you. We are sorry that we cannot accompany you any further: but if you should be stopped or interfered with at any time, either by day or by night, among these mountains, just say (laying his hand upon his breast) that Lu Zu Pepe (Uncle Joe) is your friend, and no man will harm you.'

'We bade each other a friendly 'adio,' and parted in peace.

'I have but to add that 'Lu Zu Pepe' is country Italian for 'Lo Zio Guiseppe.' The terms 'Uncle' and 'Aunt' are applied to almost every man and woman in the villages, and we had already heard of 'Lu Zu Pepe' as the most resolute and renowned among the bandits of these mountains.'

JOHN MACMULLEN.

STARS.

'Those everlasting blossoms of heaven elevate the soul from the visible to the invisible.'
BASIL'S HOMILIES

The distant stars that faintly gleam
Through the misty evening air,
Come like sad and mournful strains
To me as I ponder here:
Telling of their lonely wandering
Through the voids of Nature's power,
Of their ancient, lonely wandering
Through the first primeval hour.

But the stars that brightly glitter
In the still and silent night,
Come as songs of joyous praise
From creation's infinite:
And though wandering ever distant,
In the darkness they unite,
Join to sing in nature's choral,
Ancient choral song of light.

C. M.

MY WORK.

I.

I HAVE a work to do,
A work I may not shun;
One path I must pursue
Until my life be done.
What others do I need not ask;
Enough for me I know my task.

II.

'T is not to seek for wealth —
I covet no man's store;
I thank my GOD for health —
I ask for nothing more.
My daily wants are soon supplied,
Or what I do not not need, denied.

III.

Let others seek for fame,
The homage of an hour,
I care not for a name,
For glory, or for power.
The race I leave to others free —
Such transient bliss is not for me.

IV.

Pleasure, that syren fair,
Has lost her power to charm:
Her joys are empty air,
I own no more their charm;
For other accents seem to say,
'Stay not, but work while yet 't is day.'

V.

To wipe the trembling tear
From the pale mourner's eye;
To soothe the anxious fear,
Or hush the rising sigh;
This is a bliss for which to live,
A joy that wealth can never give.

VI.

To strive against the wrong,
Which takes the name of right:
To battle with the strong,
And conquer in the fight,
Brings truer happiness than could
The warrior's wreath, if bathed in blood.

VII.

Work, then, from day to day,
Nor pause for praise or blame;
Care not for what men say,
Duty is still the same:
The rest which all at times would crave,
To none is distant — in the grave.

Reading, (Pa.,) *Nov.* 17, 1855. J. S. R.

SKETCHES FROM THE COUNTRY.

BY W. L. TIFFANY.

A TRIP TO CAPE ISLAND.

JULY 25. — Now-a-days the well-known watering-place Cape Island City, Cape Island, or Cape May, (for either of these names will apply to the locality in question,) which is situated on Poverty Beach, at the extreme end of Cape May, forms the great topic of conversation and thought throughout the whole of southern New-Jersey, inasmuch as the crowds of citizens, both male and female, that (according to the mid-summer custom) are there gathered, have so many wants to be supplied, get into so many scrapes, and display so much fashion and gayety withal, that nearly every oyster-man, gunner, farmer, butcher, chicken-vender, stable-keeper, washer-woman, squire, constable, doctor, rural beau and belle, and village philosopher, living within twenty or even thirty miles of the place, is fain to be either continually hurrying thither, or nervously retiring therefrom; and to be in fashion, dear reader, we must follow the general example, if but to look in for awhile.

Starting from the farm immediately after breakfast, a ride of some three hours brings us to the place of our destination at nine o'clock. We find ourselves in a straggling village, consisting of numerous long four and five-story, yellow-painted hotels, that greatly resemble smart but cheaply-built hospitals and lunatic asylums; and around which are ranged pistol-galleries, dram, milliner, and barber-shops, eating-houses, cottages, book-stalls, and dry-goods stores. Beside a few diseased Pride-of-China trees, little or no vegetation meets the eye; and the burnt, yellow soil in the unappropriated spaces about you, glimmers in the hot July sun, like the sands of a desert. But notwithstanding the general look of aridness and inhospitality, a sweet freshness and a pleasant sighing, like that of a distant water-fall fills the air, and at length, at the end of the streets, you gladly discover the white-tipped surf, and the cool, blue ocean rolling beyond.

As yet, the gay world is slumbering; but preliminary to its wakening, numerous black waiters are engaged in sweeping off the hotel piazzas; while for its physical support during the day, the farmers, butchers, and chicken-merchants briskly rattle their carts from one hotel to the other, and at each stopping-place deposit more or less of their wares.

Ere long the ringing of a hundred bells and gongs is heard, and a wide-spread stir at once manifests itself. Strings of pale gentlemen, dressed in gaudy wrappers and embroidered slippers, burst from the hotels and hurry to the barber-shops, while the simultaneous withdrawal of a hundred window-curtains discloses myriads of white apparitions flitting uneasily to-and-fro in the sleeping-rooms. At the lapse of a half-hour, more gongs are heard, and a thousand male and female fig-

ures, dressed mostly in white, descend from their chambers to some endless waste of a hotel dining-hall, and seat themselves at the breakfast-table. Behind the guests stand numerous smirking and bowing negroes, who serve the table with fish, ham, bread, and coffee. This is certainly no epicurean repast, but such as it is, it is partaken of with thankfulness and in comparative peace.

Breakfast over, the order of the day seriously begins, and every body lounges to some pistol-gallery or ten-pin alley, to be disported with flirting, chatting, pistol-shooting, and ball-rolling, until twelve o'clock, when, with one accord, each man, woman, and child triumphantly produces a suit of bathing-clothes, and makes for the beach with all speed. This is the time when the company displays its greatest strength; and the main avenues leading to the water are blocked up with crowds, wherein you distinguish lovers of both sexes, sentimentally draped in white; gamblers, elegantly moustached, and ravishingly arrayed in black coats, white trowsers, kid gloves, and watch-chains; fashionables of the first water, dressed with exceeding plainness; Quakers in drab; Irish nurses leading children by the hand; flirts and dandies, both male and female; high boys, aged twenty, and high boys aged forty-five and fifty; pompous ladies and gentlemen with ink and tan-colored skins, sexagenarian in appearance and experience, who are aged, however, but thirty-five; old maids, old bachelors, and old misers; brokers, swindlers, speculators, and 'unfortunate females;' rich and poor tailors, tavern-keepers and undertakers; invalids, who will ere many days lie calmly in their graves; lawyers, politicians, editors, literary men, opera-dancers, negro-serenaders; and, in short, there is scarcely any civilized species of man or woman kind that is not here represented, and on its way to the ocean to wash and be clean.

Upon reaching the beach, each individual retires for a moment to the interior of one of the myriad board-built bathing-houses erected thereabout, and presently issues forth, dressed from head to foot in red or blue flannel; which arrangement at once entirely obliterates all signs whereby you are enabled to distinguish the lady from her maid, the millionaire merchant from his clerk, or the blackleg from the divine; and in the place of so many personages, of either high or low degree, you have a shame-stricken, woollen-swathed army of 'forked radishes, with heads fantastically carved,' who hasten as quickly as possible to hide their wounded sensibilities in the surf.

Beside ourselves, there are many spectators on the beach, the most conspicuous of whom are the chicken-venders, who survey the spectacle before them with a general contempt, and the unalterable conviction that all these *elegantes* and millionaires are in every way inferior to themselves, (so equal is the distribution of vanity in this world!) the negroes, whose delight and laughter at the fun is according to the usual extravagance of their race, and high boys of all ages, who decline bathing, that they may the better enjoy the marine fortunes of such of their female friends as can be detected.

When they have sufficiently cooled and disported themselves, the bathers leave the surf, and resuming their ordinary costume, return to their respective rooms in the hotels. Now follows a universal season of

julep-drinking and toilet-making, and scarcely has this drawn to a close ere the gongs sound again, and every body rushes to their rightful dinner tables, flashing in the most brilliant apparel that money can buy. A dinner at Cape Island, although appointed with a fair portion of edibles and an abundance of artificial flowers, wine-glasses, pressed napkins, and plated silver, is not nearly so well devised to appease the appetites of the guests, as to gratify the vanity and military predilections of the waiters; for directly the company take seats in the dining-hall, a band of music strikes up a spirited air, and simultaneously a white-jacketed battalion of blacks, armed with covered platters, charge into the room, and, defiling along on either side of the table, come to a sudden halt. Ere long, at a word from the captain, each soldier leans gracefully forward, and, having poised his platter in the air most valorously for a moment, brings it down on the table with a crash of such unanimity and precision, as to excite the surprise and admiration of every lady. With the dishes well out of their hands, the infantry are ordered to bow and scrape, hither and thither, for perhaps some five minutes, at the end of which period the platters are again laid hold of, and the soldiers march out of the hall in the same figure as they entered it.

At any time during this impressive performance, should a guest succeed in appropriating the contents of a dish to his own use, the blacks apparently encourage the act by tittering, and making him favorable motions with their hands: nay, in the innocence of his heart, a newly-recruited Ethiopian may perhaps endeavor to assist some famishing beauty to the wherewith to stay her pain; but these cases at best are rare, for the captain of the troop (who you may be sure has not been appointed to his post at hap-hazard) keeps the soldiers steadily marching and counter-marching, through successive courses of meat and pastry, until fatigue and abundant perspiration (which disfigures their jackets) overtakes them, when they disband, and the guests are at liberty either to drown their hunger in wine or forget it in sleep.

At four o'clock the streets and the beach are lined with carriages, filled with ladies and gentlemen, who in passing salute each other, as if quite overcome with happiness and good-feeling. This amusement continues until supper-time, when the guests are permitted to eat their fill of crackers and dried beef; and with the close of this meal, the halls are cleared of tables and other furniture, a band of music again strikes up, and a ball sets in to complete the felicity of the day. As this diversion is open to all who have a spare dollar in their pockets, and in whose garb no particular short-coming can be discerned, the ball-rooms are never known to be otherwise than thronged; and as the bands discourse most seductive music, crowds of dancers incessantly tempt the hot intoxication of polkas and redowas to its utmost.

Of course the fairer portion of the company constitutes the chief attraction of these assemblages; and of this portion of our race, with all its characteristic airs, puffs, braids, and skirts, there is no lack whatsoever. Beside a generous sprinkling of elegant married ladies, and gay widows, here are girls of all styles, conditions, and prices, from the very highest to almost the very lowest; and those whom the general voice declares to be cheap at any man's plum, are indeed most marvellously

beautiful creatures, whether of face, figure, or array; and so independent of all weak, old-fashioned prejudices withal, that one wonders why, with their mountains of piasters, the Sultan Abdul and his Pashas fail to come this way when seeking to recruit their harems. Here, also, are girls of perhaps less gaudiness but of equal loveliness with any, and who, thank HEAVEN, are not to be bought, and who are not sold. The unpretending qualities of these placid but timid-eyed creatures, attract but little notice in contrast with the flashiness of their gayer sisters, and the stream of their beautiful, womanly natures flows on all unnoticed by superficial and vulgar eyes. But though no silken dandy, or plum-gifted heir, shall bow his knee to these maidens of retiring, unpolluted ways, theirs is still the gain, for they are forgotten by no earnest heart, and beside dwelling with peace on earth, and leaving their pathway marked with flowers, they furnish the only types of their sex that the sense of ages will accept to be either lovable or true.

Notwithstanding the general glitter and tumult, it becomes plain at last, that true pleasure or felicity is by no means abundant at Cape Island. The gamblers and swindlers find themselves too fine for their company by half, and thus are received with general and incessant suspicion. The higher classes of belles are too full of schemes to be at their ease, and the lower, as we have seen, are too much neglected. The millionaires are so endlessly courted and flattered as to become sickened; while the men of pleasure too often proclaim by lack-lustre faces, that they have long out-lived their tastes. The merchants and brokers eventually acknowledge that amusement is even more irksome than hard work, and the misers are bled of their gold too profusely. In brief, after one way or other, every body experiences some disappointment or drawback, save the lovers and high boys; but these enjoy themselves as much as human beings commonly may.

Stacy Graham, who, during his earlier youth, has been a notoriously 'tip-top' fellow, and who, what is more, will be one again in time, suddenly finds himself greatly tamed at the age of twenty-two, and a slave to the beautiful Emily Price. As Stacy will succeed to a handsome business in the ale and porter line, Miss Emily's parents encourage the growing attachment of the young couple by every allowable and well-bred stratagem, and at length contrive so cunningly, that during one summer-week Stacy, Emily, and her brother Jack, find themselves forming a little party at Arcadian Hall, which, as every body knows, is the crack hotel at Cape May. Brother Jack, though but nineteen years of age, is a confirmed old bachelor, and spends all his time in billiard-playing, smoking 'cameratas,' and drinking brandy-and-water. Thus, with no impediment in the way, the lovers make the most of the golden opportunity, and their full-fed passion strengthens every hour. Having dreamed of each other all night, they meet at the breakfast-table with sly but sweetest billing and cooing, and, to the infatuated Stacy, this dalliance changes a meagre meal into a more delicious banquet than any emperor ever tasted. What cares he that the eggs are hard, and the beefsteaks leathery, when every now and then a worshipped ringlet tickles his cheek? What though the fish *is rechauffé*, and the butter rancid, when from her love-lit eyes his sweetheart continually shoots

the most sparkling and ravishing glances straight into his soul? O most happy and sweetly deluded fool! And his insanity is so perfect, furthermore, as to attract the notice of a hundred watchful gossips; and while some ridicule, others quite envy his spell-bound lot; for beside being exceedingly fair to the eye, Miss Emily is as kind and sweet-lipped as any love-lorn maiden you ever knew. But let others even joke or laugh their worst, our lovers, one and both, know nothing more than mere momentary discomfiture thereat, for the intoxication of their passion ever offers sweeter and more abundant compensation; each lives only in the other's favor; the men and women who surround them are but dim, transitory figures; the world in which they dwell is all their own, and its sole history, worthy of record, comprises the loves of its king, Stacy Graham, and its queen, Emily Price.

Even in the noisiest and most irreverent ten-pin alleys, the earnestness of the lovers suffers no abatement, and Stacy selects the largest and smoothest of the balls, and hands them to his lady-love with the same significance as if each and every one of them was a bleeding heart, torn distractedly from his bosom; while she, ere casting them at the pins, hesitates a moment, as if fain to drop them one after the other in *her* bosom, as so many tokens eternally hallowed simply by her Stacy's touch.

Before being in love, Stacy was one of the most venturesome swimmers ever known at Cape May, or any other watering-place. He repeatedly swam outside of the breakers, (much to the terror of such old ladies as witnessed the feat,) and upon one well-remembered occasion, he even madly followed a school of porpoises for a quarter of a mile out to sea. But now, as bathing with his Emily by his side, he is as timid and apprehensive as though he had never been in the water before in all his life. He continually warns his darling against going far into the surf, declaring the bottom to be full of deep holes, wherein frightful sharks, measuring ten and twelve feet in length, have their lurking-places; and every stick or straw floating on the surface of the water, his quickened imagination magnifies into the dread weapon of some sword-fish or sting-ray. At times, however, huge breakers sweep along the shore with such force as to throw all the bathers flat on their backs; and these apparent mishaps serve to change Stacy's solicitude into a feeling of deep rapture, since, when he has risen to his legs, etiquette demands that he should clasp his angel to his breast, and there sustain her until, by giving vent to a few faint screams, she catches her breath and gains her feet again. And Emily, we may rest assured, is extremely fond of this bathing with her Stacy; and when these 'good big' breakers 'come,' which float her into the paradise of his arms, she gratefully swallows many a mouthful of salt water, and hopes that the paradise beyond the skies may prove even half as blissful.

At dinner, Stacy does his utmost that his sweetheart shall be well supplied with all manner of sugar-plums, and other niceties; and though up to this period he has been as eager for sheepshead and oyster fritters as any ravenous youth well could be, he suddenly finds his stomach to have forgotten no little of its habitual craving, and from the heights of his calm rapture looks with downright contempt upon the various gentlemen

about, who wax so exceeding red and wroth, as they vainly call for replenished plates of beef and chicken. It is probably during their afternoon drive, however, that our lovers taste their most solid enjoyment; for having sped along the breezy beach for a season, they turn into the retired woodland roads and by-ways, to fall into the most delicious and confidential talks that can possibly be imagined. Indeed, so earnest and fascinating do these discourses prove, that the drive seldom comes to a close until night has well set in; when, after a hasty supper, (obtained as it best may be,) and several hearty polkas, Emily insists upon retiring for the night, thus leaving Stacy for segars, cobblers, and bewitching retrospection, until he chooses to follow her example.

In this heavenly fashion our lovers pass the most of their time at Cape Island, but at last (just before they are to return to town) a momentary gloom befalls their happiness; for it happens one morning, as Stacy is sitting in his room, and finishing the last of the half-dozen cobblers that constitute his usual refreshment after bathing, that his passion suddenly gathers to a head, as it were; and being overtaken by one of the hottest bursts of that frenzy to which love-lorn youths are ever liable, he resolves (as in honor and duty bound) that his present state is dreadfully insupportable, and that his destiny is no longer in his own hands. Devotedly, ay, most madly indeed, (he furthermore ejaculates and reflects internally,) as his very soul bears witness, does he love his divine Emily; but what evidence has he that she as devotedly loves him? Certainly he is unable to flatter himself that his passion has as yet been met with a plain, verbal acknowledgment, and perhaps she — yes, even she, the queen of his heart, the goddess of his life — may be deceiving him after all! Horrible conjecture! But notwithstanding their attendant awfulness, Stacy decides that these doubts must be solved, that this big crisis must be speedily and manfully met; and should he find that his affections have indeed been trifled with, thank HEAVEN, from the first apothecary's shop he can obtain laudanum, strychnine, and fifty other drugs, any one of which will give him an instantaneous relief from his woes, and insure him the eternal quiet of the grave.

In the midst of the misery induced by these agitating and painful thoughts, the dinner-gong sounds, and having nervously thrust himself into a clean, white linen coat and pair of trowsers, Stacy flies downstairs; and finding Emily coolly and smilingly waiting for him at the dining-room door, he leads her to their accustomed seats somewhat reassured. Up to this time, as we already know, Stacy has not been altogether unmindful to supply himself and lady-love with creature comforts at the dinner-table; but now, while pressed by the one feeling of harrowing suspense, he utterly forgets every thing like bodily refreshment, and while nervously thrusting the rim of his water-glass between his teeth, and making bread pills with his fingers, he keeps a troubled eye on Emily, and sorely puzzles himself as to how he shall best discover the index of her mind.

At length, seeing the dear creature mildly eating some mashed potato with the utmost relish, and satisfaction sitting upon her rosy lips, he gives way to the sudden impulse that overtakes him, in spite of the

manifest unfitness of time and place, and ridiculously stammers forth: 'Miss Emily, for a long time you must have been — in fact I cannot any longer help —' at this juncture a grinning, saffron-colored waiter thinking to further matters, thrusts his woolly head between the lovers, with: 'What was it, sah, that you was wanting the lady to help you to sah? clam-pie, sah?' 'Y-e-s,' the staggered Stacy at length retorts, 'I believe I will take some clam-pie;' while without knowing the cause of her lover's agitation, but nevertheless sympathizing deeply therewith, poor Emily hides her blushes and confusion as best she may in her handkerchief. Having assisted Stacy to clam-pie, the fiendish, grinning black remains standing and *salaaming* behind the pair for full fifteen minutes, during which time Stacy delivers himself over to so much awkwardness in the way of upsetting dishes and breaking wine-glasses, that Emily is fain to retire to her room.

With Emily absent, Stacy finds himself utterly unequal to the task of sitting out the dinner, and thereupon withdrawing to the bar-room, he falls to swearing, pacing back and forth, drinking cobblers, and madly biting his nails, until four o'clock, when with forced momentary composure, he sends a servant to Miss Emily's room to say that the carriage is ready. Presently, floating upon a perfumed sea of white muslin, and looking more beautiful than ever, Emily descends the stair-way, and Stacy hands her into the carriage, and starts up the horses with the determination to make the most of the hour and settle matters out of hand. But though his cobblers have not failed their due effect, he is nevertheless unable to find the coveted use of his tongue; and the lovers have been borne along the beach for a couple of miles or more without a dozen words being spoken on either side. At last, as about to turn the horses, Stacy hesitatingly forces himself to commence again, after one and the same boyish and absurd manner: 'Miss Price, for a long time I have been wanting to let you know —' 'Oh! my!' suddenly exclaims Emily, interrupting Stacy, and pointing to an advancing figure on horseback, 'do look there, will you? Why, that gentleman is my cousin, Lieutenant Meredith! Oh! how delighted I am!' In a second or so more the horseman joins the carriage, and the cousins exchange so many how do you do's, and where have you been's, etc., that poor Stacy finds himself a mere no body; but, resolved nevertheless not to give up the field without a valorous struggle, he gradually urges the horses to their topmost speed, and turning from the beach, guides them through the narrowest lanes and by-paths, and across the muddiest marshes he can discover, in hopes by this means to force the hostile Meredith from the field. All is in vain, however; for the Lieutenant is not to be baulked by a little rough travelling, and beside keeping his face affectionately under Emily's bonnet during the whole drive, when the party reach Arcadian Hall once more, he gallantly assists her out of the carriage and into the house before Stacy has even recovered his breath.

This Meredith is the sorest sorrow Stacy has ever known. What does he want, and how is he to be gotten rid of? To solve these queries, Stacy repairs to the bar-room, and briskly attacks 'brandy-smashes' until supper-time; but even now there is no relief, for Meredith hands Emily to the table, and sits by her side, as if these were matters of his

own peculiar privilege; and when Stacy has at length found a spare seat at another part of the table, he hears the cousins laughing so loudly and chatting so merrily, that he is ready at any moment to feel the bursting of his heart.

With feelings such as these, it would be strange indeed if Stacy gave much heed to his supper, and in fact his stay at the table is exceedingly short; and leaving the same he desperately resolves to speak to Emily no more, and further, to break her heart as soon as the ball begins, by making most violent love to the elegant Mary Conover. With this cruel intention, he adorns himself in his costliest garb and when the ball opens, securing Miss Mary's hand for the polka-quadrille, he attempts his best to be most fascinating. But success on this point is not so easy as he at first imagined; for in his anxiety to catch Emily's eye, and mark the effect of his present manœuvre, he continually forgets to mind the music, and thus performs his most elaborate but reckless figures either when all the other dancers have stopped, or before any of them begin. Instead of addressing Miss Mary by her proper name, he frequently calls her Miss Emily or Miss Price; moves about her so awkwardly as to tear the train of her dress in a dozen places, and at length attracts so much of the general attention, and makes himself so thoroughly ridiculous, that Miss Mary is forced to feign indisposition, and retires to a seat.

All this time Emily and the Lieutenant are chasing and dashing across the floor with most ecstatic delight, and what, with this stinging circumstance and his failure with his new flame, it is but little wonderful that Stacy now hurries off to the bar-room for more liquor, and to conjure up resolutions of taking advantage of the first steamer, to leave the false-hearted Emily and Cape May for ever. Ere long, however, his distraction and uneasiness drive him to the ball-room again, where he makes sundry unsuccessful attempts to procure fresh dancing partners, (the girls naturally preferring better-demeanored swains,) and filled with complete sickness of heart, and no little rage withal, at his accumulation of griefs, he turns (as he internally swears) to leave the place for the last time; and of course, as effecting his exit, he diverges somewhat from a direct route, in order that he may cast a pair or more of most withering frowns upon Emily and the Lieutenant, who are standing together in a corner, engaged in the most innocent and delightfully nonsensical chat possible to be conceived. Albeit, Emily has certainly and greatly enjoyed the society of her dashing cousin, yet she has not failed, nevertheless, to keep a steady but covert eye upon her lover, and being utterly unable to divine the cause of his singular conduct, whether in his general manner or particular devotion to liquor, she has at times felt no little disquiet thereat. Therefore as an opportunity now offers of at least addressing him, she playfully advances toward our hot-headed friend, saying: 'Don't you intend to dance with me to-night, Mr. Graham?'

'No!' tartly returns Stacy; 'I don't intend to dance any more to-night; and what's more, I don't ever intend to dance again in the world. I expect to go to town to-morrow morning; and I was looking for Jones, who wants me to take a letter home for him. Have you seen him anywheres hereabout?'

'No,' answers Emily, with nervousness and surprise that she can but ill conceal. 'I haven't seen Mr. Jones — but what are you going away for? Has any thing happened?'

'Nothing particular,' retorts Stacy; and with this he hurries off to the bar-room, exulting in the idea that he had now made one telling shot, at least.

In less than five minutes, Meredith enters the bar-room to bring Stacy tidings, that Miss Price sends her compliments to Mr. Graham, and would be happy to see him for a few moments on the piazza. Having joined his sweet-heart once more, Stacy feels greatly softened in heart, but keeps up a grim expression nevertheless; while Emily immediately and hurriedly exclaims: 'Why, Stacy, what are you going to town for? Tell me!'

'No matter,' replies Stacy; 'it makes no difference to you what I do, or you would n't act so.'

'Act how?' inquires Emily, earnestly.

'You know very well what I mean,' rejoins Stacy; 'I did n't expect to be treated in this manner by you, at least.'

'Why you 're certainly not jealous of Meredith!' exclaims Emily; 'why, my child, Meredith is not only my cousin, but he is also a married man, with four half-grown children. Why, I 'm astonished! and just because he was a little civil to me, you 've seen fit to go on in this most scandalous manner. And that was n't the worst of it either, for you 've been drinking, too, most shamefully. O dear Stacy! you wouldn't act so if you knew how painful it was to me!'

Dear Stacy! This phrase, although consisting of but three syllables, had of itself been quite sufficient to settle Master Graham for this life; but in addition to uttering so delicious an expression, Miss Emily seized her lover by the button, as they reached the end of the piazza, and turned her imploring eyes upon his own, just long enough for the moon-beams to light up a pair of diamonds coursing down her beautiful cheek. If Stacy was ready to capitulate with the first, of course he is completely prostrated by this last appeal, and in the place of anger or bitterness, love, tenderness, and remorse so completely fill his heart and soul, that in less than three minutes he has told a long and most incoherent story of his agonized passion, and heard enough from Emily in the way of sobs and sighs to assure him that it is returned with interest. But while tasting his due of the sweetness of her freely-offered lips, he is suddenly forced to relinquish his amusement by hearing the voice of brother Jack (who, you may be sure, has stumbled upon the lovers most unwelcomely in this nick of time) exclaiming:

'Why, Stacy, what the devil are you trying to do now?'

'Nothing,' replies Stacy, relinquishing his hold upon Emily, (and thereby permitting her to retreat to her own room.) 'I 'm not trying to do any thing; I 'm engaged to her, that 's all.'

'Honor bright?' inquires brother Jack, with the *sang froid* of a thorough man of the world.

'Honor bright,' answers Stacy, wringing brother Jack's hand.

'Well, then I guess we'd better take a drink,' remarks brother Jack.

Scarcely have brother Jack and Stacy finished their libation, than

Baymore, Croker, Spenlow, and Easterman, (all 'tip top' fellows, and the 'most particular friends' of every body at Cape May,) enter the bar-room. So big is the elation of Stacy's heart, that in spite of all efforts to the contrary, he at last finds it positively uncontainable, and thereupon calling friend Baymore aside, he swears him to eternal secresy, and with all due flourish, discloses the heavenly fortune with which he (Stacy) has but just been blessed. Friend Baymore is of course greatly affected at the tidings, and wringing Stacy's hand, he loudly congratulates him upon being 'the *happiest* as well as the best boy in the world;' and as a more substantial mark of his friendship and regard, he treats the whole bar-room to champagne.

Beside Mr. Baymore, Stacy takes each of the other gentlemen into his secret confidence in turn, and the discharge of champagne corks is so heavy that the bar-tenders recall what the late newspapers may have said concerning the prospects of the coming turnip-crop, with no little solicitude. While the revel is at its height, the musicians (having ceased operations in the dancing-hall) also enter the bar-room to be refreshed. When Stacy has treated each of these latter gentlemen (who are of the German nation) to a bottle of Cognac and a Bologna sausage, he leads the moustached and spectacled 'leader' to a corner, and by dint of sharp practice in pantomime, acquaints that personage that he entertains the desire of honoring his betrothed with a serenade. It is with no small difficulty that the 'leader' is made to comprehend this wish of Stacy's; but at last a bank-note which Stacy thrusts into his hand clears up all doubts and uncertainties; and ere long the band is stationed beneath Emily's window, performing popular ballad and polka tunes so inspiringly, that Stacy and all the other gentlemen are unable to keep from singing and dancing to the very top of their powers. During the finale, which consists (at Stacy's particular and reïterated request) of the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' Miss Emily lights a candle, and permits herself to be seen *en dishabille* for a moment at her chamber-window, when Stacy rapturously and repeatedly kisses his hand to her, and the other gentlemen explode in exulting cheers. In a few moments more the music ceases, and every body withdraws to the bar-room: but while the most of his companions proceed to 'make a night of it,' Stacy, quite overcome with his liquor and other late experiences, is fain, with many vagaries of body and speech, to permit brother Jack to conduct him to his bed, where, until awakened by an early headache, he will dream of being in a drunken, musical paradise, surrounded by a hundred or more angelic but uproarious Emilies, all dressed in the height of the fashion, with snowy, rustling skirts and white arms, and all wearing most tender and love-lit eyes.

In the course of time the hopes of our lovers are consummated, and they actually get married. But their honeymoon (like all other honeymoons, alas!) is destined to wane into the dull, common-place of matter-of-fact matrimony; and as various beef-colored babes vent their successive clamor on Emily's lap, Stacy falls into the routine of a sober, dyspeptic man of business. Many long, monotonous years roll away in this wise, but by the time Mr. Graham reaches the age of forty, he begins to accumulate stocks, mortgages, and other symbols of property so

abundantly, that the peace of his mind and epigastrium is greatly enhanced thereby; and at length, upon attaining his forty-fifth birth-day, his weight of one hundred and eighty-five pounds, (accruing principally from his large stomach, thick calves, and moon face;) his rosy gills, rich, oily laugh, and keen eye for the girls, all proclaim him to be in full enjoyment of that second youth, which is sure to possess all naturally jolly middle-aged gentlemen, as they succeed in conquering the rebuffs and difficulties encountered in winning a comfortable position in the world.

At this time Mrs. Graham, very full-blown also, (and let us hope with selfishness and assurance no tougher or more unyielding than the costly brocade which she wears,) has taken Emily junior on a summer jaunt to Paris; and for want of something better to do during the hot weather, 'old Graham' repairs to Cape May to join in the pastimes of Messrs. Easterman, Croker, and Spenlow, all of whom, like himself, have safely weathered the dull old age that befel them in middle-life, and now rejoice in a high and pot-bellied rejuvenescence. But though the renewed Mr. Graham is called, and firmly believes himself to be a happy man, and furthermore, though he is the model by which very many gentlemen at Cape Island shape their aspirations and conduct, yet the tastes which mark this second flowering of his youth will scarcely strike us so pleasantly as the love-beguilements of his earlier life, and for this reason we shall now concern ourselves with him as briefly as possible.

'Mrs. G. is in Paris, thank HEAVEN, and so you see I 've got a loose foot, Sir,' he tells every body with a ringing laugh; and his steady devotion to the fair sex, good living, and good liquor, proves that he fully appreciates his freedom, and intends making the most of it. When he awakens in the morning, he rings for a half-dozen tumblers of 'brandy-smash,' and having appropriated a couple to himself, he desires the servant to carry the remainder successively to Messrs. Easterman, Croker, and Spenlow, (who occupy adjoining rooms,) with Mr. Graham's compliments. Dressing himself neatly in white, he now descends to a beef-steak breakfast, which the servant who followed him from town is careful to provide, and afterward walks with Mr. Spenlow about the hotel-grounds, amorously ogling the nurses and ladys'-maids, and following them into all manner of nooks and corners, very much to those fair ones' apparent alarm, but still more to their real delight. This and a chance game of ten-pins, combined with steady incursions to the bar-room, constitute his usual occupation until the bathing hour arrives, when, as we may be sure, he is among the foremost of the blades that hasten to the beach, to the end of enjoying the 'studies' that are sometimes disclosed by such nymphs and Venuses as too bravely dare the robustious embraces of the surf. In addition to a keen and well-practised pair of eyes, Mr. Graham sometimes presses a pocket-glass also into service, and thus rarely failing to discover every thing of interest, the chuckling, and nudging Mr. Spenlow, which escape him and mark his delight, are almost incessant.

When the dinner-gong sounds, if sufficiently acute, you will find that Mr. Graham and friends meet with far better fortune than most of the

guests at the same hotel; for instead of putting such 'tip-top' fellows on the short allowance of the general table, the landlord slyly conducts them to a private apartment, where their own servants serve an abundant feast of sheepshead, lobsters, terrapin, and delicious wines from their own cellars. Many free jokes and scandalous stories, chiefly relating to adventures with the women, enliven the repast; and with the removal of the cloth, a couple of hours are so diligently devoted to cards, segars, and fancy brands of champagne, that while some members of the party lose every cent of their pocket-money, others are overtaken by so strong a desire for repose that they are fain to fall full length upon the floor.

At the approach of sun-down, if Mr. Graham be not too much fatigued by his previous exercises, he orders his splendidly-appointed carriage (which of course came from town with him) to be brought to the door, and starts off for a drive; not alone, however, for his turn-out is so handsome and attractive that the gayest of the widows and belles continually offer to be his companions on the road; and should these perchance fail, on the outskirts of the village he takes up a veiled lady, whom no one knows or cares to mention.

Returning from the drive, Mr. Graham makes his toilet most elaborately, and in a glorious blue coat and new pair of patent-leather boots, proceeds in due time to the ball-room, of whose festivities himself and Mr. Spenlow are the standing managers. Here he is in his glory. He knows all the handsomest ladies, and eyes the belles with an insatiable longing. While taking this gorgeous widow's hand, he makes her so many amorous speeches that the roses on her cheeks out-vie those in her hair; and while whispering in the ear of that deep-bosomed maid, he presses her bare, fat shoulder with his fingers in the most admiring and lustful manner possible. At odd intervals he does plenty of dancing, too; and after a waltz of more than ordinary vigor, he calls Mr. Spenlow aside, and eagerly recounts how his soul enjoyed the luscious plumpness of his first partner, Mrs. B., or the burning langour of his second, Miss A. He is also careful that plenty of refreshments shall be provided, and in place of the customary thin lemonade, he delights the ladies with ample stores of stout cordials and rich old wines.

At the close of the ball, he promenades up and down the piazza with his favorite widow for an hour or more, doing his best at rhapsody and compliment; and when his fulsomeness at length drives his companion to her apartment, he joins his male friends in the bar-room to boast of his victories among the women, sing songs of questionable burden, and drink champagne until he is forced to be carried to his bed, like a sad old scapegrace as he is.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

An Album! — p'rithee what is it?
A book like this I 'm shown?
Kept to be filled with others' wit,
By people who have none?

MY FRIEND THE 'FRIEND'

I.

My friend the Friend, of humble birth,
Of sober garb and sect austere,
In all the traits of manly worth,
And all its tests, has no compeer.

II.

The brow that modest broad brim hides,
With sculpture's grandest antique suits,
And well the mind that there presides
Reflects divinest attributes.

III.

A mind, before whose searching light
The mists of doubt and error fly,
As flee the spectral glooms of night
When Morning opes her golden eye.

IV.

But nobler far than noblest mind
Impalaced yet in mortal clay,
The great, warm, genial heart enshrined
Within that quaint drab cut-away!

V.

A heart so prone to pity's throe,
To angel kindness so akin,
The faintest sigh of human wo
Is answered ere it well begin.

VI.

My friend the Friend you 'll seek in vain
Where fashion flaunts in noise and glare:
But search the haunts of want and pain,
You will not fail to find him there.

VII.

Yet he, alas! for three-score years
Beneath a grievous cross has bent:
But never weak, unmanly tears
Have marked the doleful way he went.

VIII.

My friend the Friend — nay, Muse, be dumb
Or worth its broadest title give:
Remember TERENCE' 'Homo sum,'
And call him Friend of all that live.

New-York, 1855. W. P. P.

LETTERS TO ELLA.

NUMBER FIVE.

When Father Green and James arrived at Nathan's, they found the table neatly spread and a frugal supper prepared. There is ground to suspect that a hint of the probability of a guest had been given to Emily. She cheerfully and chattily poured the tea. As usual, she had decorated the table with flowers, whose fragrance and beauty could not be unwelcome to the most indifferent person, and were to her a source of delight. There was an air of tidiness about the house, and a relish of purity and contentment, which in any condition of life are of the unpurchasable graces of home. James found himself eating his plain bread-and-butter and his slice of cold meat with an appetite often wanting to a more expensive repast. Except in one thing Emily achieved in her little theatre a perfect success. There was a constant, but perhaps unconscious, effort on her part, to appear to be erect, and to conceal her deformity. Her manner showed that she did not forget her misfortune, but that she vainly flattered herself it might not be noticed. Poor, gentle Emily! Disguise is so impossible, that her effort at concealment was almost, if not quite, pathetic. She so far mistook herself as to throw out some of those adventurous words, which in her more beautiful but less happy days, had been wont to return to her like rich argosies, laden with the bounty of personal admiration. In her effort to be entertaining, she might, probably, have made herself unhappy, but for the timely and genial protection of Father Green, so extended, that she felt its kindness while it led her back to perfect security and gratified resignation.

'Speaking of personal appearance, Emily,' said he, 'brings up pleasant recollections. I recollect the morning you were married. Brides seldom look well. The most beautiful girl in her bridal-dress some how or other loses herself. But you were one of the few exceptions. In those days you were as fresh and beautiful as a rose. You seemed on that occasion to be calm and glorious with a great joy.'

'I know not *seems*,' said Emily archly, her face radiant with the brightness of the recollection, and a tear dropping from her glad eyes.

'And yet,' continued Father Green, 'I believe that Emily, the wife, who lost her beauty by an heroic exploit in saving her husband from death, and who bears all trials with sweetness of temper, is more cherished, honored, and loved, than was our Emily, the beauty. You will observe, James, that here is a new variety of heliotrope. Is this the same variety, Emily, which won the medal?'

But if I go on repeating all that was said, it will be more than was bargained for. I shall get forward faster by stating in general terms, that before going to bed Father Green had established a confidence between himself and James, on terms as intimate as if they had been father and son. James had told his story, and been won over to a pro-

mise to abandon his loose associates, and pursue a sober life. In fact he kindled rather too much with his new purpose. He uttered maxims and defined an immoderate number of rules to be obeyed. He got along so fast that he spoke without charity of persons who would allow their passions to mislead them. The encouraging part of the matter was, that he consented to seek the means of earning an honest support: in doing which there was a chance to hope that he might strengthen his self-control, and after awhile be able to go home to his distant friends with a new song in his mouth. How matters fell out with him will by-and-by appear.

I come now to my client, the Old Hunker, about whom you are curious. He belongs to a class of men almost gone. A few years more will make them as scarce as Hippopotami.

You know that our War of Independence was carried on chiefly east of the Alleghanies. At its close, portions of the western country, and especially of Ohio, were set apart as bounty-lands for the officers and soldiers of the Revolutionary struggle. These lands could not, of course, travel to the soldiers, and many of the soldiers would not come to the lands. There sprung up for the occasion a code of laws and a set of land-merchants. Some of these merchants, expecting for their services a share of the land, acted as agents, seeking eligible ground in the wilderness, and covering it with the soldier's title. They searched out Indian trails, springs, and water-courses. They weighed the chances for roads, villages, and cities. Others, or indeed the same persons in a different capacity, followed the crooked trail of the old soldier; traced his line of descent from generation to generation; buying in for a mere song from him or his scattered progeny the evidence of his country's gratitude. In all sorts of public and private conveyances they travelled up and down. They swam and forded rivers, and at log-cabins, or wherever shelter could be found, they rested, They played like shuttles between the new and the old States, and were familiar with the manners of both. They were so many travelling colleges of heraldry, and knew more than will ever be written of the family history and personal traits of our revolutionary characters. It was their business to know what generals, subalterns, privates, had been engaged in the service; to what neighhood they retired after the conflict was ended; which of them had wives or children; to what quarters of the globe these children or their descendants had wandered; to follow them if need be to Poland, to France, or elsewhere; to know their habits, their means, their foibles, their wants; to procure the evidence of deaths and marriages, and whatever circumstances go to make up title. The lives of these land-merchants were lives of hardihood and adventure. They wore no 'sandal shoon' such as poets attribute to the old troubadours and pilgrim-crusaders, but they were equally at home in the woodman's hovel, or the costly mansion of the older settlements. With tact and address, acquired from the study of character, and with great store of anecdotes and incidents by flood and field, they were seldom under any roof unwelcome guests. Some of them were persons of extensive information. Most of them were unflinching politicians. It resulted, as a matter of course, from their pursuits, that they were shrewd and apt at expedients. They heard

plays, hymns, and ballads; and they carried in memory a variety of literary scraps. Some of them were men of reading, by many degrees more extensive than it was choice or accurate. They were many-sided men. They would probably bear about the same comparison with the thoroughly-accomplished travellers and scholars, whom the Germans call many-sided, as common crystal quartz bears to the true diamond. But this comparison must be understood as applying only to outside appearances and literary acquirements. Our land-merchants were not unfrequently men of scope and genius. Many of the large fortunes of this valley were founded by them. In the war of eighteen hundred and twelve, with Great-Britain and the border savages, they were well represented at the head of companies and regiments. Some of them have filled with credit the Governor's chair, and not a few have answered to names, of which their children and neighbors were proud, at the calling of the rolls of the State Legislatures and of Congress.

If I wished to write a novel, I could find in the adventures of such men, enough well-authenticated material for as many volumes as the Waverley series. They open a field as yet unoccupied, capable of furnishing a richer variety of scenes and characters than that chosen by Cooper or Irving. These legends are fast passing away. He who should clothe them with pleasant fancies, and embalm them in the clear amber of a pure English style, might twine his hopes of being 'remembered in his land's language.' From the touch of rude and unskilful pen, from the unchastened taste, from all uncleanness and mixture of tongues, may angels and ministers of grace defend them! Not for me is the pleasant task of weaving the golden threads, and of leading the musical flow of the rich old Saxon among events so stirring and romantic. Were the impulse stronger than it is, or the timidness less, I could not be free from causes to interrupt and hinder. The perplexity of the lovers would be thus painfully prolonged, and the marriage thus unreasonably delayed. So, my daughter, let us return to sober and homely truth,

Our Old Hunker's name is Heminway, and he used to be one of the land-merchants. By reason of having been greatly pleased with the character of the young Indian portrayed by Mr. Cooper, in 'The Last of the Mohicans,' he named his youngest son Uncas. This young gentleman, about nineteen years old, is not well pleased with his name, and consequently writes it U. Heminway. He is rather a large young man for his age, and is not a favorite with younger boys. The ruder sort amuse themselves by calling to him:

'Hello, there U!'

'What do you want?' says Uncas with dignity. 'Who are you calling?'

'U! U. Heminway: no body but U!'

Mr. Heminway, as I told you in a previous letter, has the reputation of being a hard man. His wealth is very large, and he lives on an expensive scale. His hospitalities are free enough, and the only criticism that has occurred to me in regard to them, is that they are rather elaborate. His wealth exposes him to much teasing for help to plans for charity. It is not clear that he gives less than he ought, but he necessarily refuses many, and his manner of doing it is the cause, or at

least one of the causes of the common notion of his stinginess. It has come to this, that when a person goes to see him on a plea of charity, it is called entering the leopard's cage. He assures me that he meets with entire respect and frankness suggestions modestly presented, and gives or refuses his aid in a manner to leave no sting.

'But, Sir!' says he, warming up, 'these beggars come in droves; men, women, and children, Bloomers and philanthropists; there is no end! Their long ears cast a shadow that depresses me. You might as well satisfy the hunger of shoats. They come, Sir, to bully me and to threaten! They brandish texts of Scripture over my head. They menace me with public opinion. They seem to think public opinion is a beast of prey, which they have got tied up in a bag, and that all that is needed is to untie the string and let him out. They batter me with societies. The unworthy scoundrels! Every woman afflicted with rights; every man who thinks he has a mission to bloat himself up with cold water; every whey-blooded spooney who has taken to hating his own race and loving niggers — the whole caluboodle hover around me like swarms of mosquitoes. They make me feel as Dr. Watts did when he saw the coon — wasn't it Dr. Watts? — or some body who exclaimed:

> 'The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced coon!
> Where did you get that goose-look?'

They talk about sustaining principles. Sir, I 'd as lieve see a snake as to hear one of 'em say 'principles.' I hate principles. I never seen a 'man of principle' who was n't a bore and a humbug. The most disagreeable thing the Lord ever made is a woman of principle, Sir! Naturally and on Scripture, what the devil has a woman to do with principles? They bore with a dreadful auger. They have 'spheres' and things of that sort. They are for elevating something or other, elevating Indians, drunkards, niggers, and what not. They want to get a lever under something all the while to pry it up. Why, Sir, it 's a fact, a woman came to get me to help her pry up, or as she called it, elevate, the Hottentots. She had the rights, the worst way. They had struck in, Sir! She had found out that the Hottentots had no shirts. How they must suffer without shirts! She portrayed the sufferings of a single Hottentot; then produced a compilation of statistics. I would as soon see bed-bugs at any time as statistics. I make an inviolable rule never to give a penny to any person who makes me hear statistics; I would see them in Tophet first. She brought statistics to prove how many Hottentots thar was in all: I forget how many now, but thar was an outrageous lot of 'em, and not one of 'em had a shirt. She did n't think it would be at all right to cease crying aloud and spare not till these poor brethren had the dry goods. Then she said something about 'spheres.' 'My dear friend!' said I, 'you surprise me. I am uncommonly busy to-day, and must be excused in a moment, but will you please explain what are Hottentots? It strikes me I 've heard of 'em, but my notions are vague. They skin them, do n't they, for fur, and put on shirts afterward?'

It would be natural to infer from his mode of speaking of these applications, and from the way the persons applying talk about him and

his hardness, that he treats them bluntly, and harshly shuts all avenues of approach. But that is not his way. He makes a show of courtesy and sympathy. He affects dulness of understanding, and bewails his early lack of opportunities for study, His mind is eager for knowledge, and he is interested to hear explanations. When the application is presented, it is of course grounded upon some fact or principle, which the applicants suppose to be commonly acknowledged; and from this starting-point they draw their argument. His common method is to be smooth and demure, and suggest doubts of the truth of the fact or principle upon which they found their reasoning. Whatever it may be, he doubts or denies it. It is not unusual to begin with the idea, that, individuals possessing wealth are but stewards of GOD'S bounty, and responsible for a faithful application of it to the benefit of mankind. This he denies; and wants to have it explained. He claims to be able to show a good title in fee-simple for every thing he owns except one piece of ground. There is an outstanding right of dower, but the widow is in Germany, and not likely to return to him. The evils of intemperance one would suppose sufficiently apparent; but when urged as a reason for a contribution which he does not choose to make, he cannot take the meaning. He has always been fond of good liquors, and wonders what objection there can be to them. 'O Sir! I grant you thar is great quantities of bad liquor, not fit to use, certainly not fit for a gentleman, much less for a Christian, but John! I say — John!'

'Yes, Sir!'

'Open that cupboard, John; take that decanter nearest the corner, go down cellar and fill it with Old Rye from cask No. 1. Mind you do not touch the one I bought this year or the one I bought last year, but draw from the old cask No. 1. We will see then what this gentleman thinks about liquors being poison. I will send a bottle over to your house, Sir! Take a glass first before dinner, and see what you think of it.'

On the negro question he is, at times, and to certain kinds of people, a strange man. He denies all kindred or brotherhood, and wonders how the notion got started that negroes were whites or brethren. One fact alone, he affects to think shows the fallacy of this idea. 'Niggers never enjoy or behave themselves to the best advantage without being flogged. Now, Sir, that's not the case with white folks. How can you explain *that?*' His manner is so studiously deferential and polite, he puts on an air so frank and sympathetic, that he frequently draws his besiegers into an argument — an argument of course extremely perplexing to them, because of his darkness and delusion touching first principles. I heard of a highly-esteemed but somewhat pressing agent of one of the Boards of Foreign Missions who urged him to contribute toward a mission to the Pacific Islands, where the natives kill and eat each other, and are especially fond of eating strangers. Mr. Heminway was much interested to know the manner of cooking, and finally, to know what would happen if nothing should be done to convert the savages. The gentleman feared they would be lost; that their souls would be sunk in dreadful punishment, and condemned to eternal torments. Mr. Heminway said it was a new subject to him, but he

rather thought if half that was told about them was true, they deserved it, and it was the best thing that could be done with them. 'Better let 'em slide.'

These earnest and well-meaning persons, after laboring hours without success to throw light upon their subject and to convince his slow mind, leave him under an uncomfortable sense of insufficiency; and by degrees they open up their minds to a consciousness of having been played upon. They scold about him, and wonder what his heart is made of.

Such is my new client the Old Hunker. Saving his prejudices and his oddness upon certain topics, his character, for the most part, is clever. He is an entertaining talker, a kind neighbor, a good husband, and a devoted father, and, upon the whole, a man not without staunch and useful qualities.

It happened not long before the time I refer to, that an effort was made to get up a company to build a rail-road between this city and ——. The company was called The Grand Trunk Inter-Oceanic Rail-Road Company. Mr. Heminway was pleased with the project, but at his age and with his fortune secure, he did not intend to embark actively in it. He intended to subscribe to the stock and encourage it, but to let others, more actively inclined, bear the labor. I suppose this may be the truth of the matter. But some of the shrewder sort hinted that his motive was to stand back until the project was launched. Then when its available means should be 'short,' as they say it commonly happens in the history of every road, that its means are 'short' at some time or other, Mr. Heminway would come forward and 'help' it; that is to say, he would buy in stock and bonds at a low figure, take the control of the company, appoint his friends to snug situations, receive praise from the newspapers as 'the great capitalist Heminway, who had generously come forward,' and whose connection with the road secured its being finished at an early period. It was further imagined that while this proceeding was going on, Mr. Heminway would suck out the juice of the concern, and leave it as dry as the rind of an orange; that is to say, would make all the profit the project was capable of yielding; that meanwhile, by means of fictitious bids at the public sales of stock, and by well-considered statistics, published in the money articles of the commercial newspapers — a purely figurative affair — he would run up the prices of stocks and bonds in market, and sell out his interest. It was thus imagined that Mr. Heminway's health and age would imperatively demand repose; that he would long for the sweets of domestic happiness, too much neglected for public duties; that he would retire to the bosom of his family, and there striving to wean himself from the cares of this world, direct his thoughts toward the shining pathway which leads to a better.

This was the view of Mr. Heminway's probable purposes, rather hinted than spoken by Mr. Blodget, a man who has had great experience in helping forward the public improvements of the country, and who has been counted upon as an important person in the Grand Trunk Inter-Oceanic Rail-Road Company. I have expressed my impression that these suspicions were not just. How far my feelings may be swayed

by the fact that Mr. Heminway is my client, I do not know. Mr. Blodget is a man whose slightest hint in such a matter is worth more than my opinion. His little finger, so to speak, weighs more than my whole hand. His acres have been stretching while mine have remained the same. He is, as it were, a man for the age. At an early period of the rail-road movement, Mr. Blodget's mind was enlisted in it. He saw at a glance its untold importance, both to the material and moral aspects of his country.

His mind seems to dwell with the most pleasing emotions upon its influence on religion and the fine arts. To be whirled with speed from one locality to another must open out and enlarge the mind. It exposes it to new and various trains of thought, and must lift it up to say with the Psalmist: 'What is man that THOU art mindful of him?' The arts, and particularly the fine arts, must, he thinks, share the impulse. One frequently thunders along on the cars past scenery which stamps itself upon the memory. 'A thing of beauty,' Mr. Blodget says, 'is a joy for ever.' You sometimes on the cars behold a head, such as the old masters never equalled; a strong old man, full of grace and truth; a radiant child; a pair of lovers; a serene old lady with her body in this world, but her soul laughing like a young blossom in the dews and sun-shine of heaven, and things of that sort. The art impulse must, under such appeals, push its way through hindrances to a more stately growth; such idyls, such cliffs, such heads, such groups; such a demand upon memory for their reproduction; and such a market!

Mr. Blodget at an early age entered an engineer's corps, and soon rose to be an assistant-engineer on a rail-road. He had the over-sight of the construction of several miles of road, and although his position was subordinate, his genius was editorially spoken of in the village newspapers. Such was his system that the contractors on that part of the road achieved more yards of embankment and excavation, in addition to well-certified extras, than any other contractors on the line with the same amount of labor, or within the same distance. The other contractors were ill-disposed, and hinted a purpose to show up some sort of fraud to the president and directors in the measurements and certificates; but on Mr. Blodget's suggestion, the successful contractors got up a public testimonial to the president of the road, and selected Mr. Blodget to express to him in a speech their high appreciation of his merits as a public man. There was a handsome gathering on that eventful occasion. Mr. Blodget presented, on behalf of the contractors, a beautiful silver pitcher, with an inscription. His speech was published: it was good. The pitcher was costly. I have understood it cost sixty dollars, and had the name of the silver-smith engraved upon it directly under the inscription to the president. Other contractors under other engineers on the same road lost money. It was said that this sixty-dollar pitcher had put investigation to sleep, and saved the donors many thousands. They did pocket a comfortable sum, but their liberality was such that the public sympathized with their good fortune. Mr. Blodget's salary at that time was small, but his genius overcame depressing influences. It was not long before he rode a fine horse.

His dress became more costly. Upon the whole, he gained reputation and money on the road.

Mr. Blodget's next success happened thus: A rail-road had been projected through a rich country, and on a route which could not fail to command success. Large subscriptions had been made to the stock, but there yet lacked a round sum. Gentlemen were at length found who could command money, and who were willing to contract to build the whole road for an amount of cash but little more than the whole amount subscribed. They would take the rest of their pay in the stock and bonds of the company. But before they could do this, it would be necessary to have the opinions of an engineer known to them. Mr. Blodget, they took the liberty to say, was a man in whom capitalists had confidence, and if Mr. Blodget should be appointed engineer, and should report favorably, they would engage to build the road. It was also hinted that it would in any event be worth while to secure Mr. Blodget's influence. Mr. Blodget was accordingly made engineer. It filled common people with awe to behold the number of maps and profiles made for that road. He reported favorably of the route. The upshot was, that those gentlemen-contractors agreed to build the road at the prices fixed by the engineer in his estimates. It was also agreed that the route could be varied at the discretion of the engineer; all extra work to be paid for at the price fixed by the engineer; all work to be done to the satisfaction of the engineer, and when accepted by him, it was to be considered accepted by the company. Any disagreement arising between the contractors and company, on any subject, to be mutually submitted to the engineer, and his decision to be final.

Mr. Blodget was thus placed in a position of great usefulness. Were it possible to imagine an engineer to be influenced by his private interests, and were it possible for his private interests to be those of a partner with the contractors, it would give a chance to make profit, or as business men say, it might be made 'a nice thing.' Because you will understand it was in the power of the engineer to make the contract just what he pleased. I am merely supposing a possibility. Mr. Blodget was liberal to all except the contractors. It was noticed that he was very watchful over the contractors, and it was frequently said that every cent they made on *that* contract would be well earned. The contractors, however, rather liked him. They finished their job with profit. Mr. Blodget also became wealthy. On a salary of two thousand dollars a year, for three years, he bore his expenses, and cleared a net profit of over one hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Blodget was now a capitalist, and had the ear of capitalists. In one instance I believe he was so highly esteemed that he acted openly in three capacities at once, financial agent of the company, chief-engineer, and contractor. It was a hard struggle. He succeeded in making a 'good thing' of it for himself, but even his genius failed to make it profitable to the company. His connection with rail-road companies has of late been less apparent. It is rather understood than known. The rise of a doubtful stock happens soon after he buys; it falls soon after he sells. He goes up, while the companies go down. The finan-

cial difficulties of the country are so great that Mr. Blodget is unwilling to connect his fortunes with a road further than to give it a temporary lift. But with his even good fortune he propitiates providence by liberality. His name can be seen any day on subscription-papers for benevolent objects. He helps to celebrate the Fourth of July: he lives in generous style: he turns no one away empty: he is popular, and his word goes far. Why he made the suggestions I have named about Mr. Heminway, in connection with the Grand Trunk Inter-Oceanic Rail-Road, I cannot explain. Mr. Heminway had subscribed as much as Mr. Blodget. When Mr. Blodget made his great speech to the citizens, and proved that the Grand Trunk Inter-Oceanic Rail-Road would draw over it all the travel and commerce between London and Canton, Mr. Heminway was gratified, and said so. There is something between them I do not quite understand. I think I shall find it out.

Mr. Heminway, as usual, fell under suspicion; but Mr. Blodget was looked to as the man for counsel and public service. It happened when the engineer returned with his surveys that the only desirable route he could find cut two of Mr. Heminway's farms. In one it would require a deep cut diagonally from corner to corner: in the other, which was a stock farm, it would require a high embankment so as to cut the principal part of it off from access to water. It happened also that it was likely to damage Mr. Blodget. A tract of ground on the border of the city, which he had cherished, he said, as the apple of his eye, and upon which he had fondly intended to build a family mansion, was required as a depot. True, it might enhance other property owned by him in the vicinity, but what was that to him? It robbed him of his dearest, his holiest; in short, it disturbed him; but if the public good required it, he must give way. He was afraid Mrs. Blodget would cry her eyes out.

Mr. Heminway found out what was going on, and came to my office in a rage. He declared Blodget to be a humbug. The fact was, he said, that it would cost the company an immense sum of money to build the road on the line spoken of, more than it would to build it on another line. It would be waste and ruin. It was all contrived to make the dépôt on Blodget's ground, and by a rise of property, to put a hundred thousand dollars in Blodget's pocket. He would expose the engineer as an impostor; he would blow up Blodget as —— But all at once his countenance relaxed, his eye glistened with a peculiar intelligence, he slapped his palm against his thigh, and said: 'I have it! Keep your own counsel. I 'll — keep cool!'

He laid stress upon and often repeated his warning to me to keep cool, who had not been excited. He finally went off, and as to his plans, left me as wise as he found me. I knew, however, that they would soon develop themselves; for a meeting was to be held the next evening to hear the engineer's report. I heard nothing more until late in the afternoon before the meeting, when a boy handed me a note from Mr. Heminway, and a package containing a charter of the Grand Trunk Inter-Oceanic Rail-Road Company, covering thirty pages in close print. The note requested me to examine the charter carefully, and send him by the bearer in a half-an-hour a written opinion whether it

would be entirely safe to invest five millions of dollars in building the road on the line about to be recommended by the engineer, under *that* charter, which, he suggested, seemed to contemplate a different route. I replied that the question was one which naturally presented itself, and the amount to be involved was so large, it ought to be well thought of. I could not on so short notice take the responsibility of giving an opinion. It did not occur to me at the time but that he was quite in earnest in expecting my opinion; but I can see now that he has studied my habits as well as I have studied his. I am satisfied he did not want my opinion. He knew that I would not give a legal opinion on such a matter without time for examining the subject, and for rolling it over and over in my mind, and he knew that I would write him a reply in substance like the one I did write.

The meeting assembled, the report was read, and Mr. Blodget followed it with statements and estimates of an interesting character. He was satisfied the route recommended was the only one to be found that would answer the purpose. If a different point of entering the city could be chosen so as not to disturb his plans touching his property, he would be entirely satisfied with the report. Individual interests and convenience, however, must yield on occasions like this.

Mr. Heminway rose. He had foreseen Mr. Blodget's objections to the location of the dépôt, but there was always some compensation in submitting to the public good. In this case Mr. Blodget would lose his building spot, but would gain at least one hundred thousand dollars. There was no man whom the public would be more glad to see derive an advantage from the road; for no man had been more active in promoting its organization. He was generally pleased with the report of the engineer: it showed labor and judgment; but many years ago he had travelled much through that part of the country, and perhaps knew the general features of it as well as any man living. There was one other route he wished to have explored. It might not, he feared, relieve Mr. Blodget from the dépôt, but he had reason to believe that some hills could be avoided. He spoke of the necessity for prudence, and read your father's letter, bestowing upon its author a degree of praise which I suspect was not wholly disinterested. Should the survey proposed by him not turn out to be of service, he would himself bear the expenses of it. He would go with the engineer and point out peculiarities of the ground, and the result would prove whether he was right. He would say, in closing, that he yielded to no man in his anxious wish for the early completion of this great work. He would once more put on the harness and take the field. If it should be found that he could remove any hindrance to it; if he could even inspire others with some share of the confidence felt by himself; if, said he, I can aid to place it on solid foundations and secure its prospects, then, in the language of Shakspeare,

> 'I'LL bid farwell to every fear,
> And wipe my weeping eyes.'

I had never seen Mr. Heminway more bland and affable, more smooth, and, so to speak, oleaginous, than at this meeting. He made

the rough places smooth, turned the flank of many prejudices, and as some of the people said, 'broke out in a new spot altogether.' When he closed his speech, with a manner half-serious and half-comic, it was acknowledged by applause. They voted the survey he asked for. For myself, I began to see what he was aiming at. He had hit Mr. Blodget's plans a blow, and in such a manner that if that excellent man had been disposed to take the alarm, his best way was not to show it. There is yet to be a contest between Heminway and Blodget over the location of that road, fought perhaps under disguises, but with weapons not apt on either side to miss their aim. Rail-road men, like the ancient gods, sometimes fight under a cloud; but I flatter myself I shall be able to pierce disguises and see the sport. I may perhaps hereafter describe to you the Battle of the Giants.

I may now state a fact, which, without the previous explanation, you might not understand. Father Green, on the morning after his adventure at Ellasland, entered the leopard's cage. He went to secure for James a situation in Mr. Heminway's exploring company. Mr. Heminway had intended Uncas to fill the situation sought. Father Green said that Uncas, he was sure, was engaged. He had observed for some time that Uncas appeared to have a load upon his mind, and he had fortunately discovered what it was. He was in love, and was also raising a moustache. There could be no mistake about it. Father Green said he had beheld him in a favorable light, and could see hairs growing on his face. Would Mr. Heminway please to call in Uncas, and ask him, Uncas would say that he could not leave town. Uncas was called in, and said he had laid some plans for the next few weeks, which he would prefer not to break up, if his father would please to excuse him.

'And what may those plans be?' inquired his father.

'I have undertaken a course of reading,' said Uncas, 'to improve my mind. I am now engaged in reading 'Locke on the Understanding,' and 'Rollins' Ancient History.''

'Any thing else?' said his father.

'Nothing else, except the 'Newcomes' occasionally for amusement, for mental relaxation.'

'Well, my son,' said Mr. Heminway, 'I suppose I must excuse you.'

When Uncas had left the room, Father Green said:

'I told you so.'

It was finally arranged that James was to be a member of the engineering corps. The more he 'thought of it,' Mr. Heminway said, the more he thought he could make James useful in a variety of matters, in which Uncas would be good for nothing. 'That boy, Sir, perplexes me. I really do n't know what to do with him. Are you sure that he is in love?'

'There is nothing more certain. I unintentionally over-heard him make a set speech to the damsel, in which he hinted the importance of marriage to persons of their age. He would have given it an oratorical turn, but his voice cracked and squealed, and broke him up. There is no danger in it. She likes him; but she is eighteen, and as he is only

nineteen, she regards him as a mere boy. She pets him and laughs at him. This is very precisely the Locke on his understanding.'

Mr. Heminway, amused and perplexed, paced the room for some moments.

'Father Green,' said he, 'you have always taken an interest in Uncas, and it is right. I am obliged to you for telling me this. What shall we do with him? Is there any way to — to manage him, to make a man of him?'

'I think there is,' said Father Green. 'I have an idea on that subject.'

SMILE UPON ME.

'Smile upon me, and death will be easier for me.' — Lady Huntingdon's Life.

Smile upon me — now the shadow
Stretches longer o'er life's meadow,
While the ripple of time's river
Falleth faint and fainter ever.
Smile upon me.

We have lived and loved together,
Sharing fair and stormy weather;
All our griefs were shared, save one —
This, that thou must bear alone.
Canst thou smile?

Will thy heart grow sad and heavy
Looking on thy path so dreary?
Would my smile had power to throw
As bright a gilding o'er thy wo
As thine o'er mine.

Smile upon me — one by one
Break the links that hold me down,
And the grave awakes my fears:
Heaven I cannot see for tears;
Yet smile upon me.

Yes, I know thy heart is breaking,
By my own's sad heavy aching;
I dare not think how lone 't will be
When thou art here, yet wanting me.
Canst thou smile?

Now the shadows like a pall
Gather closer over all;
Yet I pray thy smile may be
The last of earth, of love, I see.
Smile but once more.

Derby, June 27th. Fausta.

THE OUTLAWS.

HURRAH for the OUTLAWS! who battled and bled,
And battered the jewels of MONARCHY'S crown!
Who 'mid thunder and gore have arrested the tread
Of the despot, and trampled his pride to the ground:
Whose vows have gone up in the days of the past
Like rich holy incense to HEAVEN and GOD,
To wed them to FREEDOM, or pour out the last
Of the heart's crimson wealth on the home-hallowed sod!

II.

Whose swords have been dyed in the 'miscreant-veins'
Of the fiercest and foulest of men who oppressed;
Who have purged a few places of TYRANNY'S stains,
And reared a few nations where wrongs are redressed.
Their blades have flashed high on the fields of the East,
Where rank ARISTOCRACY'S surges still roar;
Where creed and contention make food for the beast,
There LIBERTY'S Eagle still struggles to soar!

III.

While the sun rises bright on the land of the SWISS,
And the Alps in their grandeur still heavenward swell,
The FREEMAN'S glad anthem their echoes shall kiss,
And the valleys resound with the praises of TELL.
While GREECE bears a name on the heart-stirring page,
That ROMANCE has touched with her pencil of flame;
When the memory of kings shall evanish with age,
BOZARRIS shall shine in the songs of his fame!

IV.

While the brow of Ben Lomond is swept by north gales,
And Highland and border lie spread to the view,
Will the harp of the SCOT, 'mang his mountains and vales,
Sing the scion of BOTHWELL, bold RODERIC DHU;
While the crags of Kirtlane and Dumbarton shall stand,
And the waves of the Solway roll on to the sea,
The great deeds of WALLACE all ears shall command,
And his glories be sung by the brave and the free!

V.

And the GRAEME, the DOUGLAS, and BRUCE, and ROB ROY,
Caledonia's guardians, her bulwark and boast,
Shall the piper's gay notes through auld Scotland employ,
While the broad ocean beats on her granite-girt coast!
While the sun makes the west his sweet place of repose,
And Columbia's rich vales are baptized in his light,
Shall the incense that with INDEPENDENCE first rose,
Make the name of our WASHINGTON holy and bright!

VI.

And MARION, MACDONALD, 'Mad ANTHONY WAYNE,
And the heroes who met the proud Briton with scorn;
Who these hills with their life-blood so nobly could stain,
To purchase a birth-right for millions unborn:
Long life to their memories, who battled and bled,
And battered the jewels of MONARCHY'S crown;
Who, 'mid thunder and gore, have arrested the tread
Of the despot, and trampled his pride to the ground!

Killaraney, November 1, 1855. GEORGE ADAMS.

ELEANOR MANTON; OR, LIFE-PICTURES.

MY FIRST LOVE

CHAPTER FIRST.

The first time I remember of thinking and looking forward into the far future is as present to my mind as if it were yesterday. It was the first warm, sunny day of spring — the spring that completed my fifth year in this world of sorrow. It had been indeed a world of sorrow to me, and I had felt it keenly and wept bitterly, but do not remember to have thought about it beyond the passing moment of suffering. My tears were like the April showers, and my face like its sunny sky.

I did not then know the difference between feeling and thinking, but I could afterwards see it very plainly, as I recorded the different states of my mind before and after this period.

The influence of the sun's genial rays was something new upon my childish spirit. A new kind of sadness stole over me. I strolled into the garden alone, and new sensations were awakened within me, as I looked around on the beautiful landscape, which lay like a picture before my eyes. The mountains seemed to rise up with a loftier grandeur, and the meadows to stretch away at their feet into a broader expanse. The snows had nearly all melted away, and the streams had burst their icy bonds, but there was no verdure yet. The evergreens were still in their dark winter robes, but the trees of the forest were naked, and all around on the grass-plats I could not discern a single green blade, and I remember thinking how wonderful the manner in which they would soon be clothed.

My thoughts were all in childish language, but they had a maturity beyond my years.

I seated myself on a little knoll, and folded my arms, and began to dwell on the scenes of the past, and to imagine the scenes in the future.

I was motherless, and the old house-keeper embittered every hour of my life. I felt toward her a strong dislike, and had a dread of coming into her presence; but now I framed this feeling into an opinion, and looked forward to the time when I should take care of myself.

I had one brother, but he was so much older than myself that he was very little of a companion for me, and took so little interest in me that in all my plans for growing up, he was never mingled: and my associations with human beings could not have been very pleasant; for I determined to live alone, and the room in which I sit is not more plainly before my eyes than the one Fancy fitted up for my lonely dwelling-place.

I had never heard of fairy castles, and was not familiar with the luxuries and elegancies of the abodes of wealth; so my little domicil was furnished with none of these.

But it was to stand under the big elm tree, whose long branches were to shade it in summer and defend it in winter, and it should be painted

white, and have a little garden in front, where then the orchard bloomed.

The interior was not to be divided into rooms, for I should have need of but one; and every article for my comfort was arranged, and the routine of my daily life settled with the utmost precision, and I was taking possession with a sweet feeling of independence, when the house-keeper's sharp voice fell on my ear, awaking me so suddenly from my reverie that I trembled in every nerve.

I was commanded to 'come into the house, and not sit there moping on the damp ground, catching my death of cold.' I obeyed, for I had never dreamed of disobedience; but I had entered a new world, and from that time, when disgusted with all around me, I fled to dream-land, and brighter and brighter grew its sunny skies and green fields, and fairer and fairer the homes I created.

Now that I began to think about her, the old house-keeper grew more and more disagreeable in my eyes. I sat hour after hour, as she went about scolding and working, and commented in no very flattering terms on her physiognomy, her form and motions. Her head was small, though I did not then know how to measure it phrenologically, and her eyes gray, with small white streaks across the pupil and iris, which assumed the flash of the lightning or the darkness of the thunder-cloud, according to her mood. Her nose was long and peaked, and her chin nearly of the same form. Her cheeks were of a pan-cake color and texture, her form thin, and her motions a living illustration of all the angles.

But these particulars would not have formed theme for censorious comment, had they not been associated with qualities of mind and heart more repulsive still.

I was capable then of detesting the character I saw developed, and of being disgusted with the conversation she delighted in.

Her favorite position was in a low chair, tipped back till it rested on two posts; one foot upon the upper round, her elbow resting on her knee, and her chin upon her hand; and when thus prepared, any one who was present might expect to be regaled with a feast of gossip.

There was not a family or person within the compass of ten miles whose whole history she did not know; and if there was any thing to be told detrimental in any way to their interest or reputation, every circumstance was minutely recounted and dwelt upon, till even the most interested listeners to such tales yawned with tediousness, and gladly escaped a repetition.

And yet there was not a person within the compass of ten miles whom she would not at any time have greeted with the most cordial friendliness, and for whom she would not have professed the sincerest attachment.

I could not then account for the strange paradox; but I have been a thousand times struck dumb with wonder as I heard her unqualified aspersions of a neighbor's character, and when that neighbor suddenly entered, saw her greeted with unaffected welcome, and in a few moments the slanderer as earnestly engaged in entertaining *her* with some marvellous account of the evil practices of some other of her friends.

I did not pity those who were thus deceived as I should have done, had they not seemed to feed with such evident relish upon misfortunes and humiliations, concerning which their lips should have been for ever sealed and their ears stopped, and their hearts, instead of swelling with triumph, should have been filled with pity.

I was astonished to see how skilfully the old lady contrived to shield herself from censure, and impress upon every body her sincerity; how much angry feeling she promoted; how many neighborhood quarrels she excited between those who would have lived peacefully all their lives, and yet never be suspected, never betray her dark designs; and more than all, I wondered to see her esteemed as an eminently Christian woman.

That she took little care of me, was perhaps not at all to my disadvantage. When I had performed my tasks, which she never allowed to be omitted, I was free to run wild, and, provided I did not play at cross-purposes with her, the tongue so merciless to all offenders, confined its reproaches to the older and wiser. When at liberty, I fled as far as possible from the sound of her voice and the glance of her eye.

Sometimes she would mourn that I did not love her, and would relate to me all the instances of her care and kindness; and then it was that I did not doubt she felt kindly, and pitied her that there were none to cling to her in fondness, but I could never in the greatest emergency assume a shadow of hypocrisy.

Though she was seldom harsh and coarse to me, I shrunk from her with inexpressible loathing, which was manifest in all my intercourse with her, while at the same time my little heart was bursting with its weight of suppressed emotions and love, which it longed to pour out, and feelings which found no relief for want of expression, and my little head was aching for some gentle bosom on which to rest.

It is many years since then, and she is now resting quietly in her grave, and I have heard that she was 'disappointed' in her youth. This was the world's way of accounting for all her strange and crooked ways; but I still think she had naturally a crooked disposition, though I do not doubt that disappointments of various kinds are capable of destroying the equanimity of more amiable tempers; for I have seen 'the strong man bowed,' and 'the wise man become almost a fool,' by the failure of his plans or the loss of his long-accumulated gains.

Riches and honors are seldom the portion of woman, and so she is seldom tried by having them taken away. The objects of her love constitute her all, and when these are plucked from her embrace, life seems to her an arid desert; her feet are upon the burning sand; there are no running streams or cooling fountains to renew the freshness of her fainting heart.

I was seven years under the guardianship of a spirit which had been most thoroughly embittered by some process, and have often wondered that I was not turned to gall.

I remember of envying all the little girls who had mothers. I would give all the world beside, I thought, for the privilege of lisping that sweet name. Mine died, they told me, when I was only a few days old; but though I asked many questions about her, and would

eagerly have listened all the day to any story that gave me any conception of her looks, or knowledge of her character, I was seldom gratified; for it did not seem a pleasant theme to her who was endeavoring to fill her place to me.

I had a father, who, I was often told, was very fond of me, and loved me as fathers seldom love their children; but it some how always seemed to me a strange way of showing it, that he should leave me to the guidance and companionship of such a woman — one so destitute of refinement and all the gentle and kindly sympathies so necessary to a heart like mine.

I had food and clothes, and was sent to school, but regarding all the instruction so essential to the right training of an infant mind, I might as well have been in a heathen land, or on a desert isle.

A motherless childhood! I thought then there could be no greater wo

But there was one bright sun-beam ever in my lonely path — my cousin Sammy. How I loved him! how we loved one another! He was just my age, and as I thought, and still believe, the nicest little boy in the village-school. How well I remember his rosy cheeks with the deep dimples, that gave such a sweet expression to his frank, open countenance; his dark blue eye and golden locks, which hung in rich glossy curls all around his neck and temples.

He lived half-a-mile from me, but I had to pass his house on my way to school, and he was always waiting for me at the little gate. As soon as he saw me at the top of the hill, he came to meet me, when we took hold of hands, and ran quickly along the narrow pathway, talking as fast as we could of all that had happened since we parted the night before.

The benches in that old-fashioned school-room were arranged very differently from what benches are arranged in these days, but quite as pleasantly for those little folks who could not be expected to study, when they were hardly initiated into the mysteries of bread and butter.

Sammy sat opposite to me, and to look at each other was far more natural than to confine our eyes to the unmeaning pages of an old book, and surely we could not be expected to look at the wall!

We studied the same spelling-lesson, and stood beside each other in the class, and whispered, in spite of the Argus eyes which watched us so closely. At noon, we ate our dinners together on the same seat, always sharing when one had pie and the other only bread and cheese; and then we went out to play, in the summer, upon the green, and to pick 'ivy plums' in the field; and in the winter to slide upon the glare ice. If I fell down, how quickly was his gallantry displayed in helping me up, and brushing the snow from my frock, and asking if I was hurt!

Well do I remember the whipping I received for going home with him to supper one night, and staying to spelling-school without leave. I was considered very smart to learn, though not so precocious as to put my life in jeopardy; but I should feel quite guilty not to leave on record, that orthography had very little attraction for me, and nothing at all to do with my fondness for spelling-schools.

Logic was far more fascinating, and when skilfully used, as it was that night, irresistible. Sammy said there was a nice place to slide in

the door-yard, and his mother would like to have me come to supper, and it was only a little while; I should hardly have time to go home and get back again before dark.

I hesitated a little, but alas! for woman's reason when her heart is concerned, my consent was too readily won. I remained, and was not reproved by the good minister's wife, Sammy's mother, who perhaps did not fulfil her whole duty on this occasion; but was treated to some delicious cakes and raspberry jam, which I thought was nicer than any thing I had ever tasted; and it was certainly nicer than any thing I was ever permitted to taste by her who provided more sour things than sweet, or else turned sweet things to sour, as I had heard could be done by looks, as well as by thunder, and of this I have since learned not to entertain a doubt.

And a fine slide we had in the door-yard, and were sorry enough when the boys and girls from the neighborhood came along, whom we were to join on their way to school, though by this time my happiness was beginning to be dampened by the anticipation of the reception I should meet on returning home. I had a little fear and trembling, not caring so much whether I had done right, as whether I should experience the consequences of doing wrong.

It was nothing derogatory to the wisdom or skill in communicating knowledge, of the master of that memorable winter, that I did not make astonishing progress in arranging letters into words. I spent the evening in whispering, and making monkeys and rabbits on the wall, and came away as wise as I went, and in this respect do not think I differed much from the 'big scholars.' I remember well to this day their conversation on these occasions, and do not think it savored much of wisdom, and I am inclined to think their motives in going were very much like my own.

But their pleasure had not so tragical an end. I was greeted by the stern frown of my father, and the scorpion-tongue of the house-keeper, and after a few strokes from the little rod that reposed on two nails over the kitchen fire-place, was sent to bed in the dark alone, and shivering with cold.

Then followed other consequences, still more sad. I awoke in the morning with a burning fever in my veins, and for several weeks, doctor's nauseating medicine and blisters were all of which I had any distinct consciousness, and these only are now jumbled in dim confusion in my memory.

It was when I was recovering from this illness that I strolled into the garden, and the long confinement I had experienced prepared me for the genial influence of sunny days — the bursting buds, and springing grass, and singing birds.

And never has spring dawned since without a return of that delicious feeling, when I first became conscious of loving 'the hills and woods and silvery streams.' I have never ceased to love them. They are companions of whom I never weary, in whom there is no change.

Those mountains with their lofty peaks are always there; they have a thousand varying hues in sun-shine and in shower, and how firmly are they linked with every association of childhood and maturer years!

But a mournful interest is added to all these cherished scenes by the death of the little play-mate, with whom alone I had shared the pleasure derived from every rural sight and sound.

We had no name then to give to the delight we felt; we did not even know we were happy; and yet it was not a mere animal existence, but a happiness far higher than those around us were capable of understanding.

For two years — and how long the years seemed to us then! — every hour of freedom which was permitted to us we enjoyed together. The most cherished of the haunts we loved was in the shadow of the great rock by the meadow brook, on the sloping bank over which hung the massive foliage of a butter-nut tree.

Here we reclined for hours, screened from the noon-day sun, and watched the fishes sporting in the stream, and listened to the insects humming in the golden sheaves, and the reaper singing gayly at his toil, scarcely speaking ourselves, yet each knowing full well the thoughts of the other's heart.

We welcomed the first robin, and knew the days on which we might expect the marten, for whom we had built a house on the highest roof overlooking the garden; and the swallows, who burrowed in the river's bank. How many hours we hunted for the whip-poor-will, who never rewarded us with a single glance of her sly retreat! How long we nestled at evening under the gray old fence, to mark the countless cadences from the little pond! We sported with the lambkins on the mead, and rambled early through the long, wet grass, with our tiny, naked feet, to find the first bright butter-cups and daisies, to wreathe in a golden crown for our brows.

In summer, we went with our little tin-pails to pick strawberries, and however ripe and plump might be the first we found, never failed to throw it over our heads to propitiate good luck, a custom I have since learned to have been derived from the superstitious and heathen tribes on the banks of the Niger, the '*fetish*' of that benighted race.

It was not the only one nor the most detrimental that influenced our childish fears.

In the summer, we revelled among the full-blown flowers, filled our pinafores with the largest rose-leaves, to sit upon the piazza and make them snap upon our foreheads, wove together the broad, shining leaves of the oak and maple for a canopy, which reached from bush to bush, and sheltered us while we sat beneath and strung blue-berries on the long stems of grass, and then ate them slowly, one by one, to make them last. We bounded on the new-mown hay, and played hide-and-seek among the tall oats and wheaten sheaves.

In autumn, we luxuriated among golden pippins, and even then had learned to tell fortunes by the seeds we took from the juicy fruit, and, like many others who have trusted to similar predictions, confidently believed the far-off future would kindly conform to our hopes, gilded as they were with a brightness which reality in her most gracious mood never fails to dim.

Never did we dream of aught but spending life together. We had no names for links or vows, but we had a thousand plans to be executed

when we should grow up, in all of which there was never a thought of separation.

Sometimes we mingled with other children, but there seemed in all others a boisterous mirth, which did not accord with our dreamy quiet happiness, and we stole away from the merry groups of the play-ground to talk in whispers in the waning shadows of some favorite tree, or the solemn stillness of some deserted hall.

When the bright red and yellow leaves were gathered in rich masses in the deep hollows by the road-side, we delighted in the rustle made by our nimble feet, as we ran backward and forward, scattering them in every direction; and when weary, we sat on the roots of an oak and wove them into fantastic wreaths, or patch-work, or gay dresses. Then we gave parties, and made cups of acorn-shells, and imagined the fairies at our feast.

Oh! that was the fairy time of our lives, but it lasted only a little while for us.

We were seven years old. I had not seen Sammy for several days, and was wondering why he did not come, often going to the window to see if I could not get a glimpse of him running down the hill, when one day his father came to tell me he was sick, and wished I would come to see him. I easily obtained permission, and in a few moments was by his side.

I can never forget how he put forth his little arms to clasp me to his bosom, and how hot his cheek seemed as I kissed it again and again, while the scalding tears fell upon the golden curls and snowy neck. We had never known how we loved one another till this separation.

Every day I repeated my visit, though I was not allowed to remain long, lest he should become excited and the fever increase, and my anxiety was often lulled by the assurance that he would soon be well, and able to play again.

But one morning I was told that the doctor thought Sammy would die, 'and then he would have to be buried up in the ground, and I should never see him again.' I had never seen death, and had a very indefinite idea of what it could be; but that I should never see my little play-mate, that he would be cold and stiff, and lie in the dark grave, needed no explanation to add to its bitterness. I wept long and passionately. I had felt sad and sorrowful, but this was my childhood's first grief.

In the afternoon I was permitted to go to him, and found friends already gathered around his bed, without a gleam of hope upon their countenances. He was tossing from side to side in burning fever, and writhing with pain, and, what was more dreadful to me, murmuring in unconscious delirium.

He did not know me. I softly spoke his name, and took his little hand in mine, but he did not answer. I compressed my quivering lips in silence, and the big drops rolled down my cheeks. A moment more and the heaving breast was still: he had ceased to breathe. For an instant it seemed to me I was dying too, a chill so cold crept through my frame. I trembled like the aspen, and could not move from the spot.

But the affliction of those to whom he was nearer and dearer was so overwhelming that I was not noticed, and in a little time I stole away and wandered slowly home.

The next morning I went to see him in his coffin. How sweetly he looked! The sunny curls were lying about his temples, his little hands were crossed upon his breast, and in one I placed a bunch of fresh spring violets, which I had gathered, and such as he had so often plucked for me.

Timidly I asked for one of those bright curls, to lay away and keep, and the kind woman who led me into the room and held me in her arms that I might look in his face, granted my request. What a treasure it was to me! and I have it yet. Every time I unfold the paper which contains it, how many precious memories rush quickly to my mind! That dear little golden curl! I would not part with it for the wealth of rubies.

I went to the funeral, and followed with the mourning train to the grave. How could I see that lovely form let down into the earth? My brain swam; I felt the clods falling upon me; I was taken up senseless and carried home.

It was many weeks before I was again able to move about. Grief and exposure to wet and cold had infused the fever into my veins, and the name I had been so long in the habit of lisping was ever on my lips.

A WREATH FOR THE BROW OF THE BRAVE.

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

THE battle was o'er, and the fierce god of war
Left the red field of carnage and mounted his car,
And swift to Olympus his fiery steeds drove,
Alighted and stood at the throne of great JOVE.

'A boon, mighty Sire, for the victories won!
A boon I would ask for my favorite son,
That his wisdom and valor may ne'er be forgot,
And COLUMBIA rejoice in the fame of her SCOTT.

'An unfading wreath for the brow of the brave!
This, this, mighty Sire, is the boon I would crave.'
The God then assenting, bade PALLAS straight find
A bright wreath of glory his temples to bind.

All Olympus rejoiced: each delighted to aid,
And brought some bright gem in the wreath to be laid:
While JUSTICE and MERCY selected with care
The laurels befitting the victor to wear.

And straightway 't was borne by the goddess of war
To the tent of the chief, in her cloud-covered car.
He slept while she placed it, with touch light as air,
And he wears it, unconscious the glory that 's there.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Rose Clark. By Fanny Fern. In One Volume, of Four Hundred and Seventeen pages. New-York: Mason Brothers, Park Row.

We have sometimes thought, and sometimes heard a similar thought expressed by others, that Miss Sedgwick — in our estimation the very first of our American women of genius, whose only near counterpart is Mrs. Kirkland — created her exemplars of goodness so *very* good — so self-denying, virtuous, heavenly-minded — that those of her readers who might, through her beautiful and forceful inculcations, have been tempted to try to imitate them, must have found all emulation out of the question, and have despaired of ever attaining to such excellence in a merely human character. And yet, who does not honor the motive of setting forth these high examples? Might but a little part of these great excellences steal into the heart of the reader, and transform his grosser impulses into purer aspirations, surely a great end would be gained. In the work before us, Miss Sedgwick's characteristic, as a creator, or depicter of human character, is reversed. We are at once introduced to characters so unnaturally repulsive, so infamously, so *very bad*, that we at once say to ourselves: 'Surely, this *must* be an exaggeration: there never *was*, there never *could* be such a female 'Quilp' as 'Aunt Dolly;' there never was a real 'Mrs. Markham;' there never lived such a cool, hypocritical, cruel, *religious* tyrant-husband and father as Stahle.' Fair, famous Fanny Fern! forgive us if we doubt. In the language of Betsey Prigg to the immortal Mrs. Gamp, (in the case of 'Mrs. Harris,' *et al.*,) we 'do n't believe there ain't no sich persons!' But let us, in all fairness, give a specimen-passage, descriptive of the somewhat kindred character of each. In the following extract, it is to be premised that the child, Rose Clark, has been sent to the Orphan-Asylum; that Timmins, a subordinate 'help,' has sympathy with and sorrow for her; and that Mrs. Markham, an *officeress* of the institution, has *no* feeling at all in common with either. The poor little girl Rose has just arrived at the Asylum, and the annexed extract follows directly after her introduction:

"'Beg your pardon, ma'am; sorry to wake you,' said Timmins, with a very flushed face; 'but I can't do nothing with that young one, though I have tried my best. I went up-stairs to wash her all over, according to rule, before I put on the school-uni-

form; and when I began to strip her, she pulled her clothes all about her, and held them tight, and cried, and took on, saying that no body ever saw her all undressed but her mother, and all that sort of thing.'

"'The affected little prude! — and to break up my nap, too!' said Mrs. MARKHAM. 'I'll teach her: come along, TIMMINS!'

'True enough: there stood ROSE in the corner, as TIMMINS had said; her dress half-torn off in the scuffle, leaving exposed her beautifully-moulded shoulders and back, while with her little hands she clutched the remaining rags closely about her person. With her dilated nostrils, flushed cheeks, and flashing eyes, she made a tableau worth looking at.

"'Come here,' hissed Mrs. MARKHAM, in a tone that made ROSE's flesh creep.

'ROSE moved slowly toward her.

"'Take off those rags, every one of them.'

"'I cannot,' said ROSE; 'oh! do n't make me: I cannot.'

"'Take them off, I say. What! do you mean to resist me?' (as ROSE held them more tenaciously about her;) and grasping her tightly by the wrist, she drew her through a long passage-way, down a steep pair of stairs, and pushing her into a dark closet, turned the key on her and strode away.

"'Obstinate little minx!' she said, as she passed TIMMINS, on her return to her rocking-chair and to her nap.

"'Hark, Mrs. MARKHAM! Mrs. MARKHAM! what 's that groan? Had n't I better open the door and peep in?'

"'That is always the way with you, TIMMINS: no, of course not. She can affect groaning as well as she can affect delicacy; let her stay there till her spirit is well broken. When I get ready, I will let her out myself.' And Mrs. MARKHAM walked away.

'But TIMMINS was superstitious, and that *groan* haunted her; and so she went back to the closet to listen. It was all very still: perhaps it was not ROSE, after all; and TIMMINS breathed easier, and walked a few steps away: and then, again, perhaps it was; and TIMMINS walked back again. It would do no harm to peep, at any rate; the key was in the lock, and Mrs. MARKHAM never would know it. TIMMINS softly turned it; she called:

"'ROSE!'

'No answer. She threw open the blind in the entry, that the light might stream into the closet. There lay the child in strong convulsions. TIMMINS knew she risked nothing in calling Mrs. MARKHAM now.

"'Come quick, quick — she is dying!'

"'Pshaw! only a trick,' said Mrs. MARKHAM, more nervous than she chose to acknowledge, as she consulted her watch and thought of the visitor she was expecting.

"'Take her up, TIMMINS, said she, after satisfying herself the child was senseless, take her into my room, and put her on the bed.'

"'Gracious! how can I?' asked TIMMINS, looking with dismay at the blood flowing profusely from a wound in the temple, occasioned by her fall; 'she looks so dreadful, Mrs. MARKHAM!'

"'Fool!' exclaimed that lady, as she snatched up the little sufferer in her arms, and walked rapidly through the entry.'

Take, if you please, another scene, in which Mrs. MARKHAM bears a part, and a not less agreeable one, and ask yourself, and ask your friends to ask *themselves*, if it really seems to be natural — to be authentic:

'IT was the day for the committee to make their stated visit of examination at the Asylum. TIMMINS had swept the school-room floor very carefully, scoured off the black-board, dusted the benches, and placed a bunch of flowers on Mrs. MARKHAM's desk, just as that lady entered on her tour of inspection.

"'How on earth came that green trash on my desk?' asked the offended matron.

"'I did it, ma'am, to make it look kind o' cheerful-like,' said TIMMINS, a little abashed at exhibiting such a weakness in such an august presence. 'It looks so dry and hard here; and children, poor things! is fond of flowers.' And TIMMINS sighed as she thought of poor TIBBIE.

"'Are you in your dotage, TIMMINS, to bring such a frivolous thing as a bouquet into a school-room? Who ever heard of such a folly?' And Mrs. MARKHAM sent it spinning through the nearest window.

'TIMMINS sighed again, and rubbed off one of the benches with a corner of her apron; then looking up, as if a bright thought had struck her, she said:

"'They say, ma'am, that this world is nothing but a school for us; and yet GOD has strewn flowers all over it. HE must have done it for something.'

"'Pshaw!' exclaimed Mrs. MARKHAM, in extreme disgust; 'go, bring in the chairs for the committee, and then ring the bell for the children.'"

Now let us introduce the reader to another pleasing character, 'Aunt Dolly,' sister to the mother of Rose, the heroine of the book. *Some* of our readers know an 'Aunt Dolly' so perfectly different, that they can never be made to believe that the present limning was not copied from a lay-figure, 'out of drawing' and out of joint:

"'For mercy's sake, what are you thinking about,' asked Dolly, 'with that curious look in your eyes, and the color coming and going in your face that way?'

"'I was thinking,' said the child, her eyes still fixed on the silver lake, 'how beautiful God made the earth, and how sad it was there should be ——'

"'*What* now?' asked Dolly tartly.

"'Any sorrow in it,' said Rose.

"'The earth is well enough, I s'pose,' said Dolly. 'I never looked at it much; and as to the rest of your remark, I hope you will remember it when you get home, and not plague my life out when I want you to work. Let 's see: you will have the shop to sweep out, the window-shutters to take down and put up night and morning, errands to run, sewing, washing, ironing, and scrubbing to do, dishes to wash, beside a few other little things.

"'Of course, you will have your own clothes to make and to mend, the sheets and towels to hem, and be learning, meanwhile, to wait on customers in the shop; I shan't trust you with the money-drawer till I know whether you are honest.'

'Rose's face became crimson, and she involuntarily moved further away from Dolly.

"'None of that, now,' said that lady; 'such airs won't go down with me. It is a pity if I can't speak to my own sister's child.'

'Rose thought this was the only light in which she was likely to view the relationship; but she was too wise to reply.

"'There 's no knowing,' said Dolly 'what you may have learned among those children at the Asylum.'

"'You put me there, Aunt Dolly,' said Rose.

"'Of course I put you there; but did I tell you to learn all the bad things you saw?'

"'You did n't tell me not; but I never would take what belonged to another.'

"'Shut up now — you are just like your mother, ex-actly.' And Dolly stopped here, considering that she could go no further in the way of invective.'

. . . . . .

"'Aunt Dolly,' said Rose, timidly, about a month after the events above related, 'Aunt Dolly ——' and here Rose stopped short.

"'Out with it,' said Dolly, 'if you 've got any thing to say. You make me as nervous as an eel, twisting that apron-string, and Aunt Dolly-ing such an eternity: if you have got any thing to say, out with it.'

"'May I go to the evening-school?' asked Rose. 'It is a free-school.'

"'Well, you are not free to go, if it is; you know how to read and write, and I have taught you how to make change pretty well — that is all you need for *my* purposes.'

"'But I should like to learn other things, Aunt Dolly.'

"'What other things, I'd like to know? That 's your mother all over. She never was content without a book at the end of her nose. She could n't have earned her living to have saved her life, if she had n't got married.'

"'It was partly to earn my living I wanted to learn, Aunt Dolly: perhaps I could be a teacher.'

"'Too grand to trim caps and bonnets, like your Aunt Dolly, I suppose,' added she, sneeringly; 'it is quite beneath a charity-orphan, I suppose.'

"'No,' said Rose; 'but I should like to teach better.'

"'Well, you won't do it — never, no time. So there 's all there is to that: now take that ribbon, and make the bows to old Mrs. Griffin's cap. The idea of wanting to be a school-teacher when you have it at your fingers' ends to twist up a ribbon so easy — it is ridikilis! Did Miss Snow come here last night, after I went out, for her bonnet?'

"'Yes,' answered Rose.

"'Did you tell her that it was all finished but the cap-frill?' asked Dolly.

"'No; because I knew that it was not yet begun, and I could not tell a — a ——'

"'Lie! I suppose,' screamed Dolly, putting her face very close to Rose's, as if to defy her to say the obnoxious word; 'is that it?'

"'Yes,' said Rose, courageously.

"'Good girl! good girl!' said Dolly; 'shall have a medal, so it shall;' and cutting a large oval out of a bit of pasteboard, and passing a twine string through it, she hung it round her neck: 'Good little Rosy-Posy — just like its conscientious mamma!'

"'I wish I were half as good as my mamma,' said Rose, with a trembling voice.

"'I suppose you think that Aunt Dolly is a great sinner!' said that lady.

"'We are all great sinners, are we not?' answered Rose.

"'All but little Rosy-Posy,' sneered Dolly: '*she* is perfect — only needs a pair of wings to take her straight up to heaven.'"

We must have a little more of this unnatural 'Aunt Dolly;' and premising that her sister's child, Rose, the beautiful, artless, innocent child, *did* want to go to Sunday-school, *did* love flowers, *did* love little children, of whom she had herself scarce ceased to be one; premising all this, the reader will be able to appreciate the following scene between 'Aunt Dolly' and her minister, who had called to see her early on Monday morning, 'all on a washing-day:'

"'Why, in the name of common-sense, could n't he have called Saturday?' asked Dolly hastily, wiping the suds from her parboiled fingers. 'Then I had on my green silk, and should as lief have seen him as not; but ministers never have any consideration. Daffy! Daffy! here — where 's my scalloped petticoat, and under-sleeves? I dare say now that the sitting-room centre-table is all awry. Daffy, is the Bible on the light stand? — and the hymn-book, too? Hand me my silk apron trimmed with the pink bows, and get my breast-pin quick, for goodness' sake: men prink for ever themselves, but they never can wait a minute for a woman to dress. How do I look, Daffy? I do wish people had sense enough to stay away of a Monday-morning. Do n't let these calicoes lie soaking in the tub, now, till I come back: give 'em a wring, and hang 'em out.'

"'Good-morning, Mr. Clifton,' said Dolly, dropping a bobbing courtesy; 'it is quite a pleasure to see you.'

"'Thank you, Miss Dolly,' replied the minister, with a gravity truly commendable, when the fact is taken into consideration that he had heard every syllable of the foregoing conversation through the thin partition; 'thank you, Miss Dolly.'

"'Yes: I was just saying to Daffy,' resumed Dolly, 'how long it was since you called here, and how welcome you were at any time, when you felt *inclined* to come. I do n't think it at all strange that you should prefer calling oftener at Lawyer Briggs' and 'Squire Beadle's than at my poor place. I know it is hardly fit to ask a clergyman into.'

"'Lawyer Briggs and 'Squire Beadle are my wife's relatives, you know, Miss Dolly.'

"'Oh! I was n't complaining at all,' said Dolly; 'they are eddicated people; it is n't at all strange. How 's your folks?'

"'Very well, I thank you; the baby is getting through his teeth bravely.'

"'I saw Mrs. Clifton go into Mrs. Messenger's the other day,' said Dolly. 'I see she has her *favorites* in the parish.'

"'Mrs. Messenger's little boy was taken in a fit,' said Mr. Clifton, 'and they sent over in great haste for my wife.'

"'Ah!' said Dolly; 'well, I did n't blame her, of course not; I would n't have you think so. Mrs. Messenger is considered very genteel here in the village; Mrs. Messenger and I are two very different persons.'

"'I see you brought me a new parishioner last Sunday,' said Mr. Clifton, glad to change the conversation.

"'Yes; she is a poor child, whom I took out of pity to bring up; her mother is dead, and so I offered her a home.'

"'That 's right,' said Mr. Clifton, who had his own views about Dolly's motives. 'I hope she will attend the Sabbath-school; Mrs. Clifton, I know, would like her to be in her class.'

'Dolly's countenance fell. 'Well, I do n't know about that, though I 'm obleeged to Mrs. Clifton. I do n't think Rose would be willing to go.'

"'She might be shy at first,' said the minister; 'but my wife has quite a gift at drawing out children's hearts. I think little Rose would soon love her.'

"'I do n't think she will be able to go,' said Dolly, coldly; 'but I 'll think of it.'

"'Do,' replied Mr. Clifton; 'and perhaps you would allow her sometimes to run over and see the baby and the garden. Children are sociable little creatures, you know. Is she fond of flowers?'

"'I guess not,' said Dolly. 'I am sure I never could see any use in them, except to make artificial ones by, to trim bonnets.'

'Mr. Clifton smiled, in spite of himself, at this professional view of the subject. 'Well, the baby, then,' he added; 'it is just beginning to be interesting. I think she would like the baby.'

"'She do n't seem to have much inclination to go about,' answered Dolly, 'and it is not best to put her up to it; home is the best place for children.'

"'Ay, *home*,' thought Mr. Clifton, as Rose's sweet sad eyes and pale face passed before him.

"'Well, good-morning, Miss Dolly; perhaps, after all, you will change your mind about the little girl.'"

There *is* one thing in this that is drawn to the life; and that is, the mean, sneaking, contemptible style of *insinuation*, adopted by 'Aunt DOLLY' in the conversation with her minister: and reader, whenever you hear this style employed by any body, take our word for it, that the person who uses it is alike unworthy of fellowship or of friendship. With us, it is *a test*: and its impression is wholly inerasable. If men or women, professing to be friends to you, cannot *say* what they wish to *convey* to you, 'trust them not.' But here is another specimen of 'Aunt DOLLY.' It must be understood that the unnatural aunt has been very ill of a wasting fever, and reduced to childish helplessness; that poor little ROSE has been in attendance upon her, during all her long and wearisome illness; gliding gently, tirelessly up stairs and down, bearing burthens under which her feeble frame totters; running to the doctor's and the apothecary's; spreading a napkin over the light stand, that no rattle of spoons, glasses, or vials may disturb the chance naps, or jar the nerves of the invalid; submitting, all the while, with lamb-like patience to the querulous fretfulness of disease and ill-temper. However, at last 'Aunt DOLLY' is convalescent: she begins to 'get about' once more:

"'DEAR me!' she exclaimed, one morning, as she crawled round the shop, enveloped in a woollen shawl, 'how every thing *has* gone to rack and ruin since I have been sick; one month more sickness, and I should have had to fail. See that yellow ribbon, all faded out, a-lying in that window: when I was about, I moved it from the show-case to the window, and from the window to the show-case, according to the sun — three shillings a yard, too, bought of BIXBY & Co., the last time I went to the city; and there 's the dress-caps put into the bonnet-boxes, and the bonnets put into the dress-cap boxes. Whose work is that, I 'd like to know? And as I live, if there is n't a hole in the cushion of my rocking-chair, and the tassel torn off the window-shade! O-h! — d-e-a-r — m-e!' and DOLLY sank into a chair, and looked pins-and-needles at the helpless DAFFY.

"'You forget how much we have had to do, do n't you, DOLLY? I have hardly sat down half-an-hour at a time. What with waiting on customers and looking after housekeeping matters, I am as tired as an old horse. I tried to do the best I could, DOLLY.'

"'That 's what people always say when they have left every thing at sixes and sevens. But that do n't put the color back into BIXBY & Co.'s yellow ribbon, nor mend the shade-tassel, nor the hole in my chair-cushion. For mercy's sake, did n't you have ROSE to help you? You make such a fuss about being tired.'

"'It took about all ROSE'S time to wait on you,' answered DAFFY.

"'That 's a good one!' exclaimed DOLLY. 'All on earth I wanted was to be kept quiet, take my medicines, and have a little gruel now and then. You can't make me believe that.'

"'It takes a great many steps to do even that,' said DAFFY, meekly; 'but you are weak yet, DOLLY, and a little thing troubles you.'

"'Do you mean to tell me that sickness has injured my mind?' said the incensed milliner. 'That 's a pretty story to get about among my customers. I could trim twenty bonnets, if I chose. I am not so far gone as you think for. Perhaps you was looking forward to the time when DOLLY SMITH would be taken off the sign-board, and DAFFODIL put up instead; perhaps ROSE was to be your head-apprentice — perhaps so.'

"'O DOLLY!' said DAFFY, shrinking away from her cutting tone, 'how can you?'

"'Well, I 'm good for a *little* while longer,' said DOLLY, 'any how. Now see that child,' said she, pointing to ROSE, who had just entered the door; 'I bought those shoes just before I was sick, and now her toes are all out of 'em. See there, now. Do you suppose I can afford to find you in shoes at that rate?' And she seized ROSE by the shoulders, pressing her thumb into her arm-pit in a way to make her wince.

"'I 'm very sorry, Aunt DOLLY, but I had so much running to do. Had I thought of it, I would have taken off my shoes.'

"'And worn your stockings all out,' said DOLLY; 'that would have been a great saving, indeed.'

"'I would have taken them off, too, had I thought you would have liked it, Aunt DOLLY.'

"'And gone bare-foot here, in my house, so that the neighbors might say I did n't half-clothe you. You never will pay for what you cost,' said DOLLY, pushing her roughly away. 'You are just like your mother, ex-actly. Now begin to cry — that 's mother, too, all over.'"

Is this natural? 'Sickness,' says Sir THOMAS BROWNE, 'pulls us by the ears, and makes us *know* ourselves:' 'There is something in sickness,' adds WASHINGTON IRVING, 'that breaks down the pride of manhood, and carries us back to the feelings of infancy.' 'The heart,' remarks BYRON, '*must* leap kindly back to kindness.' And so it must, and so it will: and we are certain there never was an 'Aunt DOLLY' in GOD'S world that could have returned kindness, gentleness, devotion, with such reproaches as these. Let us repeat, that we hold with BETSEY PRIGG: '*There ain't no sich a person!*' Let it not be supposed, however, that all are bad characters in the work. ROSE CLARK herself is a beautiful creation; and there are scenes of true pathos in the volume. But what we complain of, what the public, we think, will be most likely to condemn, is exaggeration of character, *melo-dramaticism* in the incidents, and in the grouping of the same. But 'ROSE CLARK' will be *read*, and *widely* read: and every reader will judge for himself, or herself. For ourselves, we 'do n't exactly like it.'

POEMS BY JOHN HOWARD BRYANT. In One Volume of Ninety-Three Pages. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, Numbers 346 and 348 Broadway.

THE author of this thin and unpretentious volume possesses many of the best elements of a true poet. His love of nature is deep and fervent; his power and skill in description are noteworthily akin to that of the illustrious American poet whose name he bears; while his versification is characterized by great ease and harmony. Take, for example, the lines entitled '*My Native Village.*' Even that great master of verse, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, might be well pleased to have written it:

'THERE lies a village in a peaceful vale,
With sloping hills and waving woods around,
Fenced from the blast. There never ruder gale
Bows the tall grass that covers all the ground:
And planted shrubs are there, and cherished flowers,
And brightest verdure born of gentle showers.

'T was there my young existence was begun;
My earliest sports were on its flowery green:
And often, when my school-boy task was done,
I climbed its hills to view the pleasant scene
And stood and gazed till the sun's setting ray
Shone on the height — the sweetest of the day.

'There, when that hour of mellow light was come,
And mountain shadows cooled the ripened grain,
I watched the weary yeoman plodding home
In the lone path that winds across the plain,
To rest his limbs, and watch his child at play,
And tell him o'er the labors of the day.

'And when the woods put on their autumn glow,
And the bright sun came in among the trees,
And leaves were gathered in the glen below,
Swept softly from the mountain by the breeze,
I wandered, till the star-light, on the stream,
At length awoke me from my fairy dream.

'Ah! happy days, too happy to return,
Fled on the wings of youth's departed years:
A bitter lesson has been mine to learn,
The truth of life, its labors, pains, and fears.
Yet does the memory of my boyhood stay;
A twilight of the brightness passed away.

'My thoughts steal back to that sweet village still;
Its flowers and peaceful shades before me rise:
The play-place and the prospect from the hill,
Its summer verdure and autumnal dyes:
The present brings its storms; but while they last,
I shelter me in the delightful past.'

Let us record '*The Wanderer's Return*' to the early home thus forcibly and happily described. The style is different, but a kindred feeling and sentiment are well preserved:

'Oh! for the days of youth again,
The days of peace and plenty,
Before I left my father's house,
When I was one-and-twenty.

'When, on the grass-plot by the door,
I sported with the spaniel,
And life went merry as a brook
Along its stony channel.

'But now to me the times are changed,
And I am sad and weary;
I've proved the world, the smiling world,
And found it cold and dreary.

'I've wandered far upon the land,
And far upon the ocean,
When the dark waves were tempest-tossed
In fierce and wild commotion.

'I've climbed the Andes' rocky heights,
And viewed the realms below me,
And mused upon the loveliest scenes
Those lofty heights could show me.

'I've passed to earth's remotest isles
Across the mighty waters;
I've greeted Asia's wildest sons,
And seen her fairest daughters.

'When we had spread our swelling sail,
And homeward were returning,
The light of hope within my breast
Was warm and brightly burning.

'I clomb the mast, I strained my eye,
To catch the distant landing,
The misty mountain, and the wood
Upon its summit standing.

'And when they met my sight at dawn,
What pleasure thrilled my bosom;
Gay-colored woods before me lay,
Like one unbounded blossom.

'And I have reached my childhood's home,
And found it all deserted;
Have wept beside its roofless walls,
Like one that 's broken-hearted.

''T is fourteen summers since I left
The birth-place of my fathers,
Where now his wreath of wilding flowers
The truant school-boy gathers.

'The wild brier and the cherry tree
Are growing in the cellar,
And in the wall the cricket chirps,
A solitary dweller.

''T is noon, calm noon — the yellow woods
In autumn light are sleeping:
As if for playmates passed away,
Yon little brook is weeping.

'All, all is changed, save the brown hills —
They hold their wonted station;
But in my aching bosom reigns
A deeper desolation.

'O God! I live without a friend,
A dreary world before me.
My parents' eyes are closed in death,
That bent so kindly o'er me.

'Twilight is deepening, and the hills
Look distant, dim, and sober:
I'm sitting by my ruined home
In bleak and brown October.

'All sounds of day have left the air,
The grass with frost is hoary,
And I have staid alone to write
This brief but sorry story.

'Staid till the winds have chilled my blood,
On these dim hills benighted;
Staid, but no friend my coming waits,
No hearth for me is lighted.'

We agree with an able contemporary, who says: 'Mr. BRYANT has the high gift of rendering the moral sentiments, suggested by the manifold phases of the

material world, in chaste and melodious verse. He writes with little display of passion, but with a calm spirit of contemplation that is congenial with the better hours of life.' The volume, which is well printed, is introduced by a brief and very modest preface.

SKETCHES AND BURLESQUES BY JOHN PHŒNIX, *al.* 'SQUIBOB.' With a Portrait of the Author. In one volume: pp. 256. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, Numbers 346 and 348 Broadway.

WE have already sent forth, in our November number, an *avant-courrier* of this work, armed *cap-à-pie* with weapons of fun and satire, which we are glad to perceive have made JOHN PHŒNIX welcome to scores of large and small sheets among our exchanges, and we dare be sworn, to all their readers. In respect of the volume before us, it may suffice to say, that it is gotten up in the usual excellent style of the publishers who issue it; that it is 'as full as an egg of meat' of fun, broad burlesque, and telling satire; and that it has been assisted through the press by a friend of the writer's, Hon. Judge J. JUDSON AMES, of San-Diégo; the author himself, an officer in the United States Army, being in California. Premising thus much, we simply renew our enjoyment of the work, adding another passage or two from its pages, as still further confirmatory of our expressed opinion of its merits. Mr. PHŒNIX appears as a traveller, a philosopher, a *savant*, a lecturer, an editor, a reformer, and a general observer, in the different portions of the volume. We will follow him from the great city of Benicia, where we found him in our last number, permitting him to give us his own reflections, in a letter to a friend in San-Francisco, as he is about leaving 'town.' 'As I sit here,' he writes, 'looking from my airy chamber in the Solano Hotel, upon the crowds of two or three persons thronging the streets of the great city; as I gaze upon that man carrying home a pound and a half of fresh beef for his dinner; as I listen to the bell of the MARY (a Napa steam-packet of four-cat power) ringing for departure, while her captain, in a hoarse voice of authority, requests the passengers to 'step over the other side, as the larboard paddle-box is under water;' as I view all these unmistakable signs of the growth and prosperity of Benicia, I cannot but wonder at the infatuation of the people of your village, who will persist in their absurd belief that San-Francisco will become a *place*, and do not hesitate to advance the imbecile idea that it may become a successful rival of this city!'

It was doubtless Mr. PHŒNIX's experience of the depredations of fleas in this flourishing place, which led to the following efficacious recipe for their discomfiture, if not annihilation: 'Boil a quart of tar until it becomes quite thin. Remove the clothing, and before the tar becomes perfectly cool, with a broad, flat brush apply a thin, smooth coating to the entire surface of the body and limbs. While the tar remains soft, the flea becomes entangled in its tenacious folds, and is rendered perfectly harmless: but it will soon form a hard, smooth coating, entirely impervious to his bite. Should the coating crack at the knee or elbow-joints, it is merely necessary to re-touch it slightly at those places. The whole coat should be renewed every three or four weeks. This remedy is

sure, and having the advantage of simplicity and economy, should be generally known.' He mentions a still simpler method of getting rid of the annoyance: 'On feeling the bite of a flea, thrust the part bitten immediately into boiling water. The heat of the water destroys the insect, and instantly removes the pain of the bite!' But letting the vermin pass, as most readers, or no-readers, are usually only too glad to do, we must next accompany Mr. PHŒNIX, *alias* 'SQUIBOB,' to a Phrenologist, who is going to examine his head. In the chart which is given him, 'self-esteem' is put down at a 'low figure,' which somewhat belies his portrait, supposing it to be an exact likeness. There, it will be seen, this organ rises to a sublime cone-like height upon the intellectual and most *expressive* head:

'DURING the past week, my attention was attracted by a large placard embellishing the corners of our streets, headed in mighty capitals with the word 'PHRENOLOGY,' and illustrated by a map of a man's head, closely shaven, and laid off in lots, duly numbered from one to forty-seven. Beneath this edifying illustration appeared a legend informing the inhabitants of San-Diégo and vicinity that Professor DODGE had arrived and taken rooms (which was inaccurate, as he had but one room,) at the *Gyascutus House*, where he would be happy to examine and furnish them with a chart of their heads, showing the moral and intellectual endowments, at the low price of three dollars each.

'Always gratified with an opportunity of spending my money and making scientific researches, I immediately had my hair cut and carefully combed, and hastened to present myself and my head to the Professor's notice. I found him a tall and thin Professor, in a suit of rusty, not to say seedy black, with a closely-buttoned vest, and no perceptible shirt-collar or wrist-bands. His nose was red, his spectacles were blue, and he wore a brown wig, beneath which, as I subsequently ascertained, his bald head was laid off in lots, marked and numbered with Indian-ink, after the manner of the diagram upon his advertisement. Upon a small table lay many little books with yellow covers, several of the placards, pen and ink, a pair of iron callipers with brass knobs, and six dollars in silver. Having explained the object of my visit, and increased the pile of silver by six half-dollars from my pocket, the Professor placed me in a chair, and rapidly manipulating my head, after the manner of a *sham pooh*, (I am not certain as to the orthography of this expression,) remarked that my temperament was 'lymphatic, nervous, bilious.' I remarked that 'I thought myself dyspeptic,' but he made no reply. Then seizing on the callipers, he embraced with them my head in various places, and made notes upon a small card that lay near him on the table. He then stated that my 'hair was getting very thin on the top,' placed in my hand one of the yellow-covered books, which I found to be an almanac containing anecdotes about the virtues of '*Dodge's Hair Invigorator*,' and recommending it to my perusal, he remarked that he was agent for the sale of this wonderful fluid, and urged me to purchase a bottle — price two dollars. Stating my willingness to do so, the Professor produced it from a hair trunk that stood in a corner of the room, which he stated, by the way, was originally an ordinary pine-box, on which the hair had grown since the 'Invigorator' had been placed in it, (a singular fact,) and recommended me to be cautious in wearing gloves while rubbing it upon my head, as unhappy accidents had occurred — the hair growing freely from the ends of the fingers, if used with the bare hand. He then seated himself at the table, and rapidly filling up what appeared to me a blank certificate, he soon handed over the following singular document:

'PHRENOLOGICAL CHART OF THE HEAD OF M. JOHN PHŒNIX, FLATBROKE B. DODGE, Professor of Phrenology, and Inventor and Proprietor of DODGE'S Celebrated Hair Invigorator, Stimulator of the Conscience, and Arouser of the Mental Faculties:

'TEMPERAMENT: *Lymphatic, Nervous, Bilious.*

Size of Head, 11.	Imitation, 11.
Amativeness, 11½	Self-Esteem, ½.
Caution, 8.	Benevolence, 12.
Combativeness, 2½.	Mirth, 1.
Credulity, 1.	Language, 12.
Causality, 12.	Firmness, 2.
Conscientiousness, 12.	Veneration, 12.
Destructiveness, 9.	Ignorance, 18.
Hope, 10.	Philoprogenitiveness, 0.'

'Having gazed on this for a few moments in mute astonishment, during which the Professor took a glass of brandy and water, and afterward a mouthful of tobacco, I turned to him and requested an explanation.

'"Why," said he, "it's very simple: the number 12 is the maximum, 1 the minimum: for instance, you are as benevolent as a man can be: therefore I mark you, Benevolence, 12. You have little or no self-esteem: hence I place you, Self-esteem, ½. You've scarcely any credulity — don't you see?"

'*I did see!* This was my discovery. I saw at a flash how the English language was susceptible of improvement, and, fired with the glorious idea, I rushed from the room and the house, heedless of the Professor's request that I would buy more of his 'Invigorator;' heedless of his alarmed cry that I would pay for the bottle I'd got; heedless that I tripped on the last step of the Gymnasium House, and smashed there the precious fluid; (the step has now a growth of four inches of hair on it, and the people use it as a door-mat:) I rushed home, and never grew calm till, with pen, ink, and paper before me, I commenced the development of my system.'

This 'New System of English Grammar,' and the description of the causes which led to its adoption, are very ingenious and very amusing; but the reader must seek them among the thousand-and-one other small matters contained in the volume. And now, Mr. PHŒNIX, we 'hold it meet that we shake hands and part.'

CONVERSATION: ITS FAULTS AND ITS GRACES. Compiled by ANDREW PEABODY. In One Volume: pp. 130. Boston and Cambridge, Mass.: JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

UPON glancing at the title of this little book, we at once inferred it to be a vain attempt, if not a failure altogether. It struck us as doubtless an effort to direct the manner and character of conversation; a thing as absurd as the frequent works upon manners; '*manners*,' which can never be taught, and which no gentleman at heart ever can, or ever need to, learn. But upon perusing the work, we find that our first impressions were wrong. The compiler of the volume under notice has only attempted to bring together the *principles* which should govern conversation among persons of true refinement of mind and character, and to point out some of the most common and easily besetting vulgarisms, occurring in the colloquial English of our country and our day. The volume is divided into five 'Parts;' and we commend to especial observation 'Part Third,' which is a re-print from the fourth English edition of '*A Word to the Wise on the Current Improprieties of Expression in Writing or Speaking.*' The following brief passage, from an 'Address before the Newburyport Female High School,' is worthy of heedful note:

'LET me beg you to shun all the ungrammatical vulgarisms which never fail to grate harshly on a well-tuned ear. If you permit yourselves to use them now, you will never get rid of them. I know a venerable and accomplished lawyer, who has stood at the head of his profession in this State, and has moved in the most refined society for half a century, who to this day says *haint* for *has not*, having acquired the habit when a school-boy. I have known persons who have for years tried unsuccessfully to break themselves of saying *done* for *did*, and *you and I* for *you and me*. Many well-educated persons, through the power of long habit, persist in saying *shew* for *showed*, while they know perfectly well that they might, with equal propriety, substitute *snew* for *snowed*; and there is not far hence a clergyman, marvellously precise and fastidious in his choice of words, who is very apt to commence his sermon by saying: 'I *shew* you in a recent discourse.' A false delicacy has very generally introduced *drank* as the perfect participle of *drink*, instead of *drunk*, which alone has any respectable authority in its favor; and the imperfect tense and perfect participle have been similarly confounded in many other cases.'

The work does not *teach* conversation — no work could; but it points out much to be avoided.

MODERN PILGRIMS: Showing the Improvements in Travel, and the Newest Methods of reaching the Celestial City. By GEORGE WOOD. In two volumes: pp. 690. Boston: PHILIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY. New-York: J. C. DERBY.

NOT a few of our readers will be glad to hear again from the author of '*Peter Schlemihl in America*,' a work which appeared originally in these pages, and a large portion of which was characterized by great descriptive power, and no small amount of various learning and quiet thought. We think the present volumes may prove less popular with a certain class of readers than their predecessor; for the reason that their design, independent of the interest of an under-plot, would seem to be to ridicule certain sectarian denominations of religious believers, who are supposed not to belong to a faith inferred to be 'standard' by the author. Thus he 'strikes indiscriminately at Puseyism, High-Churchism, Romanism, the Phalanstery, the Camp-meeting, doctors of divinity, reformers, editors, strong-minded women, Pantheists, Fashionists, Princeton and Cambridge, Andover and New-Haven men, come-outers à la EMERSON, THEODORE PARKER, Hard-Shell Baptists,' etc. If the friends or adherents of all these seek to know what has been said of them in these volumes, the first edition thereof will be likely soon to be exhausted. Look for some sharp criticisms upon the work; for where so many are levelled at, with a gun so profusely charged with pungent pepper-corns, it will go hard but some shot must 'tell.' Meanwhile, directing the reader to the volumes themselves for farther evidence of the character of their contents, we are compelled to content ourselves with two extracts from the same. The first embraces an anecdote, illustrating the *désagremens* which may sometimes attend the acceptance of political office by those whose 'sphere of duty' has been in quite another direction: a clergyman, in brief, has accepted office from the State:

'WHAT a charming incident at a dinner-table, when the dessert is on the table, is *the first hearty laugh!* All little conflicts are forgotten; and the entire company at once rise to the summit-level of the last story. So it was now. The host was warmed up to a bright, happy look, and, in a cheerful tone, said:

"My friends, I must tell you an anecdote related to one of our deserters, if I may so call them, who once rose to a cabinet appointment. You are all aware that there is nothing they wish so much to for ever sink in oblivion as their relations to the pulpit.

"Soon after this eminent person had been initiated into office, with which he was wonderfully pleased and elated, an old friend of mine, a plain Berkshire farmer, who happened to be at the Federal City, thinking it would gratify the new-made secretary to meet an old acquaintance, called at the department and sent in his name by the messenger. He waited a long time in the ante-chamber, till at last the messenger came and told him the secretary was ready to receive him. He found the great man sitting at a table covered with papers and letters. The *naïve* manner in which he told the story I fear I cannot give you. Indeed, it is hard to hit ——'

"'Do let us have it!' said FRANK.

"'I will do my best,' said the host: 'and you must have in your minds a plain, honest farmer, in contrast with the uppish, dandyfied, newly-made secretary, in his navy-blue broadcloth coat and extra gilt buttons. My Berkshire farmer said:

"'After I seated myself, I told him I thought I would call, being as how as I was in the city, and pay my respects and congratulate him on his *appointment*, which was just as gratifying to his friends as to himself. The secretary bowed and said he was obliged to me; the honor was equally unsought and unexpected, and the duties arduous, tasking his poor abilities to the utmost; but he hoped to satisfy his friends and the country, so that they should not regret that this high honor had been conferred upon him. Here,' said the farmer, 'I was at a loss what next to say. Perhaps you

do n't remember me, Mister Secretary? Your father and mine were in the ministry together.' 'Yes, Sir,' said the secretary in a hard, dry tone. 'And Sir,' continued my friend, 'I remember, just as well as if it was only yesterday, the first *sarmon* you preached in father's pulpit; the text was ——' and here he said he was bothered an instant. 'Ah! yes! it was from the twenty-eighth chapter of Proverbs, and the twenty-first verse: 'To have respect of persons is not wise; for, for a piece of bread that man will transgress;' and I recollect, just as plain as day how much my father was pleased with it, for he said, while mother was pouring out the baked beans into the dish, it was a capital sarmon, and, like a sword, it pierced between the jints and the marrer. Old Deacon SIMON GREENLEAF squirmed under it, considerable. Father did n't name him; but he said there was a good deal in that sarmon, which, if he had preached it, would have been called pinted; and the deacon was a good deal riled, only he did n't like to say so, or he would have made a fuss about it. Now, you know, Mr. Secretary, if there ever was a man that had respect to persons, it was the old Deacon. Why, he went down to town on purpose to call on KIT GORE, when he was made governor, just to say so when he come back to hum; for a governor was some body, in them times. Now the deacon was one of your old-times, black-cockade, ADAMS-and-Liberty Federalists, and hated TOM JEFFERSON as he did pisen! But no matter for that. What I was going to say was this: you divided your text into three parts, and closed with a practical application of the whole subject. And first what it is to have respect unto persons; secondly ——'

'The poor cabinet minister found his patience utterly exhausted, and rose from his chair in a passion. 'Sir,' said he, 'I've no time to hear my old sermons rehearsed; and as you have so good a recollection of my preaching, I hope you have profited by my discourse. Sir, I bid you good-day.'

'My farmer-friend rose astonished. He found himself in the entry, and, to the day he told me the story, he never fairly comprehended how it happened that their interview came so suddenly to an end.'

Our second and only remaining extract for which we can make room, is from a very graphic description of the funeral of a 'rich man who died and was buried,' but as to whose previous history we must refer the reader to the work from which we quote:

'INASMUCH as Major HARDIMAN was 'one of the oldest inhabitants,' and a man of large wealth, it was fitting his funeral should be well attended. When such men died it mattered not whether there were any intimate relations subsisting or not; it was an act of courtesy for the wealthy in the vicinity to send their carriages. OLIVER and FRANK not only sent their carriage, but, what was unusual, they went in it; and, though, of all wretched displays of vanity, that in which the undertaker acts as marshal is the most wearisome, they endured it to the end.

'As they were on their way to their carriage they passed a venerable old man standing on the pavement, holding himself up by the iron railing of the mansion of Major HARDIMAN. OLIVER politely invited him to a seat within, which, with some little show of reluctance, the old gentleman accepted.

'The distance to the cemetery was some six miles; and the conversation, which commenced concerning Major HARDIMAN, went off to other topics. They were gratified to find their companion a gentleman of various learning; and before they reached the grave, a variety of subjects had been touched upon, with pleasure and profit to our pilgrims.

'At the grave, the clergy did their best. It was not often they buried a *millionaire*, and the solemnity of the occasion was improved accordingly. Deacons GRIPEM and GRABALL acted as pall-bearers, and they might be said to act as chief-mourners; for, although the widow and daughters wore very deep veils of crape, and the sons and grand-sons held up their white handkerchiefs to their eyes in a very affecting manner, it was to conceal their satisfaction rather than to hide their tears.

'After our party were seated in their carriage and fairly on the way home, the old gentleman asked: 'Do you hear any thing of the Major's will, and what disposition he has made of his property?'

'FRANK, in reply, told the story of the will. The old man was greatly gratified. 'Hah!' he said, 'I am glad of it! His wife does but justice to herself and children. He has had his way all his life long; and, in this life, he had one instant of conviction that his god was torn out of his grasp. It was just, and I am glad of it!'

''Have you known him and his children?' asked FRANK.

''Oh! yes; we were boys together. He commenced his life with a fixed purpose, from childhood, to die a rich man. He used to say he never should be happy till he had made his hundred thousand. I told him then, when we were school-boys, I never could wait to be happy, and I would n't; nor have I.'

'After a silence of some time, as they rode on at a rapid rate, the old man continued: 'The Major was a very able man. He commenced life under very happy auspices, and his great sagacity gave him the advantage over most men. He held it right to use his faculties for his own good; that to make a good bargain was all fair, provided he acted in strict accordance with law and commercial usages. I denied it. I denied that he had the right to use his superior wisdom to overreach the unwary and unskilful. He had the world on his side, and I stood alone. His plans prospered; but the leaven worked its way into his own soul. His wife and children very soon became the subjects of that unsparing will, which would have its way, at whatever sacrifice of home-happiness, and repression of every gushing forth of youthful loves and desires. They have never been the happier for his wealth; but, dwarfed of their fair proportions, they live to curse his memory as often as they are made to feel their inferiority to others, no better born, but better bred than themselves. And so he has lived to an old age, wise only to one end; and he died, as all such men die, still climbing, and never attaining to the top of the hill.'

'There was another pause; for both FRANK and OLIVER hoped the old man would go on, and he did:

''Where is such a soul to go? To what sphere in GOD's universe is it fitted? For heaven? *He* go to a heaven of love! A man who, if the theory of SWEDENBORG be true, would ceaselessly strive, with enlarged powers of soul, to be farmer-general of the fields of Paradise, and sole proprietor of the river of life, which he would, if it were in his power, bottle up and sell by the box or dozen!''

It has struck us forcibly, in the somewhat hasty perusal which we have been obliged to give this work, that if its satire had been less general and sweeping, it would have been not only more attractive in itself, as a narrative of interest, but very much more effective, regarded in the light of a reformer of the follies and abuses of society.

THE WORKS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: Containing Several Political and Historical Tracts not included in any Former Edition, and Many Letters, Official and Private, not hitherto Published. With Notes, and a Life of the Author. By JARED SPARKS. In Ten Volumes: pp. 5,569. Boston: TAPPAN AND WHITTEMORE.

THIS comprehensive and complete work appeared many months ago; but until recently we have not had the volumes before us. If we could be surprised at *any* amount of research by the author and compiler of this collection, the present series would certainly excite wonder in no less a degree than admiration. Mr. IRVING, in his 'Life of WASHINGTON,' pays a deserved tribute to the indefatigable historical labors of Mr. SPARKS: nor indeed can any writer follow him on a kindred or cognate theme without finding much of their research anticipated, and authentic and guardedly-presented facts plainly and effectively set before them. Although not a work 'damp from the press,' we propose to speak of these volumes as fresh and new, as doubtless they will prove to be to thousands of our readers: for we hope so to set forth their merits that they will be considered as calculated to supply a desideratum in all private American libraries. And first, let us begin with the appeal which, at the outset, the work makes to the *eye* of the reader. Its *physiognomy* is most prepossessing and engaging. Printed with large clear types, upon firm white paper, with abundant margin to convenient-sized pages, it leaves nothing to be desired in its typographical characteristics. The volumes are illustrated with twenty-two finely-executed engravings. There are three portraits of FRANKLIN, taken severally when young, middle-aged, and old, together with his bust by HONDON;

a fine likeness of Mrs. FRANKLIN; a fac-simile of the Philosopher's hand-writing, in the famous letter to STRAHAN, Member of the British Parliament; numerous engravings of electrical and other scientific apparatus; with marine charts, astronomical illustrations, domestic chimneys, fire-places, stoves for burning pit-coal, etc., etc. Pass we now to a syllabus of the contents embraced in the letter-press of the volumes.

The work here presented to the public forms a *complete collection* of the writings of FRANKLIN, as far as they are known to exist, with numerous notes and explanations, which will prove of great service to the reader. All previous collections have been carefully examined by the EDITOR, and every piece contained in them has been inserted, except a few, concerning which Mr. SPARKS had doubts, from internal evidence, whether they were really written by FRANKLIN. He searched, however, with his accustomed industry, in all the printed books, magazines, pamphlets, and newspapers, in which it was deemed probable that any of the author's writings would be found, in the form either of essays, political tracts, or letters. In brief, no printed paper has been omitted which is *known* to have been written by FRANKLIN. Materials in manuscript were unexpectedly rich as well as abundant. The EDITOR's researches in the public offices of London, Paris, and the United States, and in many private collections, brought into his hands numerous original and unpublished letters of FRANKLIN, of which he has liberally, and with excellent taste, availed himself, in the volumes before us; while he has also been greatly indebted to individuals, in different Atlantic towns and cities, for very many valuable original papers.

These are the materials, and these the sources whence the contents of this great work have been derived; and the former are thus classified by the EDITOR: *First*, the Autobiography; *Second*, 'Essays on Religious and Moral Subjects and the Economy of Life;' *Third*, 'Essays on General Politics, Commerce, and Political Economy;' *Fourth*, 'Essays and Tracts, Historical and Political, before the American Revolution;' *Fifth*, 'Political Papers during and after the American Revolution;' *Sixth*, 'Letters and Papers on Electricity;' *Seventh*, 'Letters and Papers on Philosophical Subjects;' and '*Eighthly* and lastly,' FRANKLIN'S Correspondence. Under each of these heads all the articles have been placed in the order in which they were written, with the date of each prefixed, whenever it could be ascertained. The correspondence is also printed in chronological order, from beginning to end, without regard to the contents of the letters. The EDITOR's notes, throughout the work, and the historical remarks at the beginning of the essays and political treatises, are merely illustrations of the author's text, and not commentaries, or critical disquisitions, the substance of which is mainly drawn from manuscripts. In continuing the life of FRANKLIN, from where it was left by the Philosopher's own pen, Mr. SPARKS has, with great faithfulness and artistic skill, followed out the author's own plan, confining himself strictly to a narration of the principal events and incidents of his life, as far as they could be ascertained from his writings, his public acts, and the testimony of his contemporaries. Such is the character of the work under notice: volumes that will long remain a monument not only to their renowned subject, but to their learned and accomplished author.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Festival of Saint Nicholas.



In goodly numbers the SONS OF SAINT NICHOLAS assembled to celebrate the Festival of their Patron-Saint, on Thursday evening, December 6, 1855, at DELMONICO'S. After the usual business had been transacted, Mr. JOHN JAY proceeded to instal, with appropriate ceremonies, the officers of the Society elect into their respective offices. Subsequently, about one hundred and seventy-five gentlemen sat down to the festive board, provided by the accomplished caterer DELMONICO, under the direction of the Committee of Stewards. The chair was occupied by the President of the Society, J. DE PEYSTER OGDEN, Esq., supported on either side by the chaplains and invited guests.

The PRESIDENT, assuming the cocked-hat, opened the intellectual portion of the feast in part and substance as follows:

'GENTLEMEN OF THE SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY: On reassuming this emblem of authority, my best acknowledgments are tendered for the honor conferred. It was an office not to be sought, not to be declined, nor yet to be assumed without a proper sense of its responsibilities. I have only to add, that in the discharge of its duties, I shall again rely upon your kindness and consideration.

'SONS OF SAINT NICHOLAS! the members of our Society, on behalf of this goodly city of New-Amsterdam, are bound by every consideration of pride and duty thus to assemble to commemorate the virtues of its founders. We owe them our obligations; not alone because they were the pioneers on this portion of the Western Continent, or that they purchased the land on which they settled from the natives whom they found in possession, and with whom they traded, laying at once the foundation for that commerce for which Holland was then so famous, and which thus became the birth-right of New-York: we are indebted to the principles they established, to the spirit of independence they bequeathed, and to the seeds of civil liberty and religious toleration which they planted for our use and benefit, the fruits of which it is now our lot and portion to enjoy.

'Our Republic now hardly knows its own bounds, and is unconscious of its strength; while from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the two great oceans of our globe, there is hardly a portion or district of any extent where the footsteps of man have not trodden, where

enterprise has not left its mark, where civilization has not extended its blessings, or where Art or Science or Commerce has not established a votary or collected a treasure. What are nations, and what do they become, unless a proper foundation is laid, in their early days, for the superstructure of their greatness? Where, when the earth is bound in icy fetters, are the flowers that bloom and bear in spring and summer? 'Deep in the frosted earth sleep the summer-flowers:' the seeds are there, to be revived with the returning spring. What was man himself until the breath of life was breathed into the inanimate clay? So with the spirit that lent its vivifying influence to the founders of our city, and to the work of their hands. They sprung from a great Republic. Holland conquered her independence, and, having achieved, maintained it; and whatever arts and arms, and science and literature, and commerce and laws and liberty could confer or bestow, was hers; not hers in common with the powers of the olden world, but, in most respects, hers above and beyond the nations around her. From such a source, and on this spot, our ancestors planted the tree of civil and religious liberty. Here its roots were nourished, here its youth matured, and here its first fruits were gathered; while now its shadow is seen on every hill, its branches are spread over the wide extent of our favored land, and its towering cone is seen to rise in simple but colossal strength and grandeur.

'We must never forget that our Society is not only an intermediate, but an important link between a glorious past and a mighty future; that it clings to our city, and looks up to it for support, as tendrils climb around the lofty oak. Remember that our city is not only the commercial emporium of our land, but is also the bulwark of that Union which is alike the pride, the hope, the glory of us all.'

The PRESIDENT then gave the condition of the finances of the Society, and the state of its *foreign* relations, and with a few brief words of welcome to the representatives of other societies, read the first of the following Regular Toasts:

'1. SAINT NICHOLAS: The Genial Patron of Cosmopolitan New-York. Music: '*Mynheer Van Donck.*'

2. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Music: '*President's March.*'

'3. THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. Music: '*Governor's March.*'

'4. NEW-AMSTERDAM: Good Seed in Good Soil — Who can count the Glory of the Harvest? Music: '*Home, Sweet Home.*'

'5. THE ARMY AND NAVY. Music: '*Hail Columbia,*' and '*Yankee Doodle.*'

'6. THE FATHERLAND: The Greatest Fact in Industrial History; its Intellect has given Laws to Nations, its Virtues Examples to Mankind. Music: '*Wilhelmus Van Nassauwen.*'

'7. THE MEMORY OF HENDRIK HUDSON, THE DISCOVERER OF NEW-YORK: COLUMBUS found the Oyster, HUDSON picked out the Pearl. Music: '*Wien Neerlandsch Bloed.*'

'8. OUR UNION OF BLOODS AND OUR UNION OF STATES: One Heart for the People, One Life for the Nation. Music: '*The Star-Spangled Banner.*'

'9. THE DAUGHTERS OF EVE: The Mother tempted One Man out of Paradise; the Daughters make for All Men a Paradise of the World. Music: '*Here's a Health to all good Lasses.*'

'10. OUR BROTHER-SOCIETIES: Saint NICHOLAS bids them a cordial welcome. Music: '*We're a Band of Brothers.*'

To the Fifth Toast, '*The Army and Navy,*' Colonel SWORDS responded. He remarked that these social courtesies, so freely extended to the profession to which he belonged, and the kind remembrance of their fellow-citizens therein implied, went very far toward reconciling them to the discomforts and privations that they encountered when stationed on the frontiers, surrounded only by Indian tribes, and cut off entirely from the endearments of family and the allurements of civilized life. Their profession had many hardships; but there were many pleasures, also, connected with it, one of the chief of which was, that wherever they went they were sure to find kind friends, and receive the hospitalities of the most refined society;

attentions which, while they tended to incite a spirit of emulation and pride, were the grateful evidence that they were not regarded as drones, feeding at the public hive without making any adequate return, but as a useful and necessary institution of the country. For himself, individually, he could not refrain, as a native to the manor born, from expressing his great gratification at being present at the Festival, and meeting many of the associates of his boyhood, from whom the incidents of service had separated him many years, and with others, whose names were the pride of his native city and the glory of his country. Like a true New-Yorker, go where he might, his sympathies were always to be found with the home and the friends of his youth. As his profession had a reputation for gallantry, though perhaps undeserved, he gave as a toast:

'The Knickerbocker Frows: Most worthy Mothers of worthy Descendants.'

To the Tenth Toast the Presidents of the several Societies responded.

Mr. Young, President of Saint George's, remarked that he hardly knew what to say in reply. Sometimes he had essayed the grave when every thing assumed the joyous vein; again he had replied in a jocose manner when every thing would be grave. He found that there was no rule to guide in such a joyous assemblage. He would therefore be content with expressing himself freely, cordially at home, in spite of Dutch sympathies and Dutch associations, feeling that the true bond of the patriot is his home, and where the home is, there must the heart be also. He was pleased to hear, from the President's speech, that the financial condition of the Society was so flourishing, but did not consider it quite right that a charitable Society should be without one pensioner. He would therefore, in behalf of Saint George, take the opportunity to commend to their consideration a long train of widows and orphans, who would with grateful hearts receive their bounty. He concluded by giving as a toast:

'The Van Tromps of New-York: Worthy imitators of the Dutch Admiral, with a difference — he swept one narrow channel; they compass every sea. His standard was the broom of defiance: their flag is the symbol of commerce.'

Mr. Norris, in behalf of Saint Andrews, cordially thanked the Society for the welcome so kindly given. It was a privilege he had often enjoyed to be present with them, and the amount of his gratitude was not to be measured by the manner or measure of his thanks. The members of Saint Nicholas enjoyed a great advantage over their brethren of the sister societies, in that they celebrated their festival in their own home, while theirs was far away — a home that was an unquestionable attestation of the energy and perseverance of their ancestors. The daughter had far outgrown the mother, but the glory must be attributed also to the virtues of the mother. He gave as a toast:

'Old and New-Amsterdam: May the virtues of the former ever be remembered and cherished in the latter.'

Mr. Dillon, Vice-President of Saint Patricks, responded in behalf of that Society. As representative of a Saint, he might be tempted to indulge in pride. The saintly character was valid by authority, not to be despised, and he could boast of Saint Patrick. He was not, however, disposed to be patronizing. He represented a Saint who of late had been somewhat disparaged; his character had been assailed. He would not, however, defend him; he possessed a kind heart, and appreciated and gratefully remembered hospitality.

Mr. Schwab, President, replied in behalf of the German Society. He did not like

the expression that fell from the President in his opening address, that while they welcomed the Germans as emigrants, they would much rather that they should leave their language at home. He would inform the President that in his country English law was taught, and the English language in their schools. One of the first books in which the student takes his stumbling walk in English literature is the 'Sketch-Book,' one of the finest pearls in the diadem of beauty that WASHINGTON IRVING has bound around the temples of America, and the State of New-York in particular. It was all very well to keep up cocked-hats, and other reminiscences of a father-land, but a nobler way was in keeping up its language. He gave as a toast:

'GEOFFREY CRAYON: The noble son of Saint NICHOLAS! It would be superfluous to add, 'May he live a thousand years,' as the civilized world has long since decided that he shall live for ever.'

Mr. MILES, President of Saint DAVID'S, briefly returned his thanks for the hospitality of the evening. He felt that there was a tie that bound them closely to Saint NICHOLAS. Their first President, DAVID C. COLDEN, a name revered by every member of Saint DAVID, was also a son of Saint NICHOLAS. He offered as a toast:

'THE WOMEN OF HOLLAND: Mothers of a race of good men.'

Mr. DRAPER, President of the New-England Society, after the many severe rubs Saint JONATHAN had received during the evening, tendered what was left of him at their service. His claim in the calendar had been disputed, but he contended that Saint JONATHAN was as legitimate as any of their Saintships, and if his age did not make him as venerable, he had the advantage of having nothing mysterious about his birth. He had this year reached the age of half a century, and it would be well for Saint NICHOLAS if he could give as good an account of himself fifty years hence. He gave:

'MAY the Saint NICHOLAS Society of the City of New-York, in joining hands with the other Societies, be able to double the good they have done, and represent themselves fifty years hence the worthy successors of worthy ancestors.'

In proposing the health of the EX-PRESIDENT of the Society, the President read the following toast, sent by his predecessor in office, Mr. FREDERIC DE PEYSTER, who was unavoidably absent:

'THE SONS OF SAINT NICHOLAS: May they ever exhibit the high moral character, sterling good sense, and strong love of justice which distinguished their forefathers of New-Amsterdam.'

Mr. JOHN A. KING, Ex-President of the Society, replied briefly, and gave as a toast:

'THE DUTCHMEN who first founded New-York, and the laws by which we live and flourish.'

Mr. DUER, formerly President of Columbia College, being called upon, spoke as follows:

'MR. PRESIDENT: The honor, Sir, you have ascribed to my presence here, I feel to be conferred on *me*, not, as you were pleased to say, on the Society. I presume I owe my invitation to the circumstance of my forming a connecting link between the last and present generation of the sons of Saint NICHOLAS. It may not therefore be irrelevant to the occasion to pass in review some of our predecessors with whom I had the good fortune to be acquainted, and who were the ancestors of many here present; and then to pay the tribute due to some of our cotemporaries.

'The oldest of the former class was ROBERT LIVINGSTON, proprietor of the manor of

that name, whence he was generally called 'Lord Robert,' but addressed more familiarly by his relatives and friends as 'Uncle Robert.' It is from a common source with him that I derive the slender stream of Dutch blood which on this day especially trickles in my veins; for you will remember, Sir, that the Livingstons, though originally Scotch, removed to Holland, where they were naturalised for a generation or two before emigrating to this country. Indeed this head of the family in America was much more familiar with the Dutch than with the English language. Notwithstanding the immense stake he hazarded by the side he espoused at the Revolution, he was one of the earliest and most unflinching of its patriots; and I remember hearing my maternal grand-mother, who was his sister, relate that when General Burgoyne was on his march from Canada, a half-pay British officer, a son-in-law of the old gentleman's, residing in his family, urged him to seek protection for them in this city, before Burgoyne should advance below Albany. 'No! no!' replied the staunch old prophetic Whig, 'No! no! Colonel *Burgoyn*e,' as he called him, 'never gets to Albany!'

'The next person of Dutch lineage whose name naturally suggests itself, contributed materially to verify the prophecy of 'Uncle Robert.' His friend, General Philip Schuyler, who, though superseded in the command of the northern army, after making every necessary arrangement for repelling the invasion, remained in camp, and in the spirit of the patriots of those days, gave the most important information and advice to his successor, and thus enabled *him* to reap his laurels as the 'hero of Saratoga.' This noble conduct is most significantly commemorated in Trumbull's picture of the 'Surrender of Burgoyne,' in which the real hero is represented to the life in his plain suit of snuff-colored broadcloth. There *was* a Dutchman, however, in the battle itself, who, at the head of the State Militia, aided Arnold in determining the fortune of the day, General Tenbroeck, lineally descended no doubt from him of the *ten breeches*, immortalised by our distinguished associate Diedrich Knickerbocker, in his veritable 'History of New-York.' The General's son Dirck was Speaker of the Assembly, but degenerated sadly from his father's *habits*, by substituting pantaloons for his patronymic garments, and wearing his cocked-hat only in the Speaker's chair. At that time there presided in the other House, in virtue of his office of Lieutenant-Governor, a man of fame more enviable than any derived either from military glory or civil services, although he attained celebrity in both. Need I mention Stephen Van Rensselaer, the statesman, the soldier, the philanthropist, the Christian gentleman? As senior Major-General of the State Militia in the war of 1812, he promptly repaired to the defence of the Niagara frontier, accompanied by another Dutchman as his aid, his kinsman Solomon Van Rensselaer, who had served with distinction under General Wayne in the Indian war, and left the army in consequence of the severity of his wounds.

'They, as well as the Tenbroecks, were residents of Albany, which was also the abode of Chief-Justice Yates and Chancellor Lansing, who had both been delegates to the Continental Congress; of Egbert Benson, the first Attorney-General of the State, a member of the first House of Representatives of the United States, and subsequently a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State; of Abraham Van Vechten, equally distinguished at the bar and in the Senate; and of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, while he held the office of Attorney-General; and who, after his removal to New-York, was successively Recorder of the city and a Judge of the Supreme Court. He died in the harness of the latter office, leaving an inheritor of his name and talents, an ex-President of this Society, who now adorns the station first held by his father.

'In passing down the Hudson toward this city, there lived at Kinderhook a man remarkable for all the virtues incident to the Dutch character, Peter Van Schaack, a lawyer among the most eminent of his own or any other day, and the earliest Reviser of the Statutes. Becoming blind in middle life, he thenceforth confined himself to chamber practice and the instruction of students, many of whom attained eminence in their profession and in the public councils, and afforded testimony that the loss of their instructor's eye-sight was amply compensated by the vigor of his mental perceptions. Farther down, at Poughkeepsie, were Jacob and Peter Radcliff, the one a Judge of the Supreme Court, and after his resignation and removal to this city, appointed Mayor. He was followed by his younger brother, who entered into practice here, and some

years after was elected to the State Senate. To return to the State at large. The ancient city of Schenectady was the residence of JOSEPH C. YATES, who, after serving as its Mayor, was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court, and subsequently elected Governor of the State. There were also of the same race two Judges VAN NESS, one of the Supreme Court of the State; the other, of the District Court of the United States. Nor was the Dutch blood unrepresented in Congress; for before the VAN RENSSELAERS, already mentioned, there was their cousin KILLIAN, from Schenectady, BARENT GARDINIER, from Æsopus; and last, but by no means least, as a representative of the genuine breed, HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER, of Scaghtikoke. The brave, eloquent, and witty GARDINIER will especially be remembered for the spirit with which he met an attack made upon him in debate by some half-dozen members of the Administration party for his withering exposure of the embargo policy of Mr. JEFFERSON. In the House he had the best of the argument, and was consequently summoned to the field, where he fared the worst; but the wound he received did not alter his opinions upon the main question. As for that real Knickerbocker, HERMAN, such was his hearty nature, good temper, and genial humor, that it was impossible even for a fire-eater to quarrel with him. When asked by President MADISON the difference between the Dutch Reformed and Presbyterian churches, he said he did not exactly know, but believed one sang long metre and the other short. In this style were his speeches in Congress.

'Thus much for the departed worthies of the race. Now for its surviving notabilities, who, as public men, are legitimate subjects of remark. To prove that they have not degenerated from their predecessors, I have only to name them. MARTIN VAN BUREN, whose energy and perseverance, good temper and unassisted talents overcame the formidable obstacles he had to contend with at the commencement of a career which terminated in the attainment of the highest honors of the State and Union; GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, renowned equally in the literary, political, and financial worlds; and JAMES J. ROOSEVELT, who, formerly in Congress and now on the Bench, illustrates the position I have undertaken to maintain, that the sons of Saint NICHOLAS merit veneration and respect.

'Such was and is the Dutch dynasty, and such may it continue. Nor is it likely to become extinct so long as you, Sir, preside here as its prominent and constitutional representative. To avert the danger of its failure, I would propose a measure which, not your gallantry, but the modesty to which your bachelorhood must be ascribed, will prevent your resorting to, a *coup d'état* by the Society, declaring you President for the remainder of your *single life*.

'Permit me, in conclusion, and in return for the compliment you paid me, to offer as a toast: 'Your continuance in health and office.'

Dr. BEALES, Ex-President of Saint GEORGE, being called upon, responded. He could not claim to-night to represent the great powers with whom he was pleased to hear Saint NICHOLAS maintained such friendly relations. He was merely a private guest. While President of Saint GEORGE, it was his privilege to attend the festive boards of the several Societies. He had frequently attended the New-England Society dinner: they claimed to have peopled the whole continent. He came here, and the claim was contested, and he found that it was the Dutch who did it. In one case, Plymouth Rock was the idol; here it was the Cock. One thing, however, was certain, that belong the honor to whom it might, the union of the two had blended them into an energetic, powerful race.'

Mr. JOHN D. VAN BUREN, being called upon by the PRESIDENT, answered the summons, and said:

'He had been requested to toast the Stewards, a task which he undertook with great pleasure — with peculiar pleasure, and with peculiar pride. For the chairman of the Stewards, Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, was a near relative of his. A relation of whom he was, as he ought to be, very proud. And yet, it is proverbial that nine-tenths of our

troubles in this world come from our relations. He had suffered, like the rest of the world, from that cause. His relation had given him a great deal of trouble: particularly within the last few months. He had been much distressed by uncertainty about the fate of his relation. He feared he was lost. At one time he thought of advertising for him. But he found he could not describe him. He had never been able to find out the precise degree of relationship between them. One of his neighbors whispered that the other man was his, the speaker's, shadow.

'It might be that this expressed the true relationship between them; for a short man may make a very long shadow. This would account for a sort of unreal Presence, bigger and greater than himself, which seemed to accompany him wherever he went. If in travelling, he, with common prudence, put his name upon his carpet-bag, all eyes were opened wide, looking out for a tall, well-proportioned, fair man, with a handsome, intellectual face, and a head with which Professor FOWLER himself could find no fault — a head which Nature, as if proud of her handiwork, had honestly laid bare for inspection.

'His distress might be conceived when he supposed this valuable shadow of his to be lost. It would be awkward to do without it on a sunshiny day. He had been troubled about where to find it. In fear that this relation of his might have grown even thinner than a shadow and become a shade, he had applied to the spiritualists, to procure him a talk with him. He naturally sought him among the spiritualists, for he knew that this distinguished relation of his was himself a very great spiritualist. He had accomplished a feat which all the other spiritualists in the country had never been able to accomplish. They all knew that this distinguished relation of his had, only a few years ago, in this very State of New-York, succeeded in raising the Devil. He had found him. He found him very busily engaged in trying to lay the Devil. He hoped he might succeed. He was glad to have found him. That 'clarion voice' which he feared was silenced for ever, had been heard again, with its old game-cock crow, uttering defiance to all the cocks in the vanguard, be their stripes and colors what they might, red, white, blue, or black. Only as it turned toward the blacks, it grew a little soft. And he found him, like a true game-cock, wearing the steel at times, and striking at the same time, both right and left. He had found him not only alive, but kicking.

'This distinguished relation of his was to-night at the head of the most illustrious band of stewards yet known in the history of the Society. Of the meats and drinks they had furnished he, the speaker, was too full to speak. But their literary efforts could not be passed over without a few words of just praise. Never, Sir, have you presided at the birth of so fine a family of toasts. And no doubt, in producing them, the stewards endured great pains. How well have they expressed that estimate of all native New-Yorkers, sanctioned by St. NICHOLAS, that this city, our own home, is a home for all who choose to come to it! How truly have they valued that pearl of great price, Manhattan Island, which HUDSON so sagaciously picked out from a vast hemisphere, and which he delivered into the keeping of your long line of predecessors and yourself! How justly have they given a Dutchman's estimate of woman! Dutchmen alone know how to value woman. Holland has always been woman's Paradise. History attests it. There, and there alone, women have women's rights. There, and there alone, women have a supreme control in all affairs, public and private, such as our Woman's Conventions never dreamed of. Dutchmen are always hen-pecked; and they like it. Let all young women take notice. And fairly and truly have they told the story of Holland's greatness — in the toast to the Father-land. 'Holland — the greatest fact of industrial history.' Yes, Sir, the Dutch, and the Dutch alone, of all the human race, dared to undertake, and succeeded in accomplishing what would seem to be the work of the ALMIGHTY. I say it with reverence; as they did it in reverence. The voice of the Dutch people said: 'Let the dry land appear.' And there the dry land is.

'In the composition of these toasts every one of the Seven Stewards have had a hand, and the hand of each one is seen in the work. The toasts are full of life. That life comes, as does the life of all living things, from *Breath*. The toasts are spicy — that

comes from an infusion of *Curry*. The toasts are strong — whence should come their strength but from *Van der Voort?* Van der Voort! You cannot utter that name without thinking of Sebastopol. The toasts fall sweetly and tenderly upon our ears, because they are full of *Holmes*. Full of our own homes; of the old homes of our infancy; the homes of our fathers. Full of this great, glorious mass of homes, New-York. Full of that noble home, our city, which no native New-Yorker ever forgets to love, though fate or fortune may cast him to the uttermost parts of the earth. And this our living home has been fitted up, by the munificence of another of the stewards, to be our permanent home, our long home. Mr. HAIGHT, out of his own capacious pocket, and without asking the Society to contribute a cent, has already erected our monument. A huge, vast, noble white marble monument, right on Broadway, where all the passing world may see it. A monument befitting us. No dark, damp, gloomy vault. But a monument within which is always life and gayety and merriment and eating and drinking. On it is carved a simple epitaph, comprehensive enough for all of us, 'ST. NICHOLAS.' The toasts have another quality. They are economical. There is no waste of words in them. This we owe to Mr. COTHEAL. Thanks to him, they are economical also in another sense. They have been produced at a very small expenditure of money. I am assured that, owing to his individual efforts, the expenses of the present Board of Stewards will be less than those of the last, by something between one-and-three-quarters and one-and-seven-eighths per cent.

'All these qualities have been mixed and blended by the skilful hand of the Chairman, Mr. VAN BUREN. He is trying his hand, just now, at mixing together matters of opposite qualities. He, I understand, takes the whole responsibility of these toasts. I am glad to see him taking the responsibility so early in life. It is good practice for him. Practice that will fit him, in due time, for his manifest destiny.

'I give you, Mr. President: 'The Seven Stewards.'

Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, Chairman of the Committee of Stewards, responded:

'He humorously depicted the herculean labors to which the Stewards were subjected. The toast did no more than justice to them. They had left no efforts untried, and he was glad to find that the Society appreciated them. Their first object was to look to the comforts of the inner man. The Saint NICHOLAS was a charitable Society; and this was a charity, since charity begins at home — and not only begins, but ends at home. Moreover, having an over-flowing treasury, they had refused no applications to them. The Tasting-dinner, about which so much had been said, was a very serious matter; and there was a tremendous responsibility resting upon the Stewards, requiring all the intellect they could bring to bear, both as regards the toasts to be submitted and the wines that were most suitable to be drunk. He must admit, however, that the best of the toasts originated with the Rev. Dr. BETHUNE and CHARLES F. HOFFMAN. He had a few words to say in regard to his name-sake. He found his name constantly in the papers in connection with subjects he knew nothing about. The other day, he was publicly accused of having promised a political party fifty thousand majority. When applied to, he told his friends that he was not the man. He referred them to this JOHN D. VAN BEUREN. Who is this JOHN D. VAN BEUREN? they would ask. He replied, JOHN DAVID VAN BEUREN; and he would now confront him, and say, as the Prophet said to DAVID of old: 'Thou art the man.' He had also read that he had lost one thousand dollars in the result of the election; but it was this same JOHN D. VAN BEUREN, and he felt no pity for him. Continuing for some time in this amusing vein, he concluded by giving the Health of Mr. DELMONICO.'

The following letter was read, from Hon. MARTIN VAN BUREN, Ex-President of the United States:

'LINDENWOLD, *December* 1, 1855.

'MY DEAR SIR: I have been highly gratified by the invitation with which your Society has been pleased to honor me, and am deeply mortified that it has not hitherto been in my power to testify in person my gratitude for your persevering attentions.

'The season of the year, my advanced age, and my remote residence, must plead my apology; and with minds as liberal as those I address, I allow myself to hope they will not fail to make it satisfactory. Having spent some time in Holland during my recent visit to Europe, and enjoyed ample opportunities to observe and admire the indisputable virtues of the Dutch character, I feel the more thankful to the Saint NICHOLAS Society of New-York for their praise-worthy efforts to keep fresh and fragrant the memory of our ancestors in the minds of their descendants. Allow me, as one who feels a pride in his Dutch blood, to express that feeling here, and to accompany it with my earnest wishes for the prosperity of your Society, and welfare of its individual members. I am, Sir, very respectfully, yours, M. VAN BUREN.

'A. B. HOLMES, Esq., Chairman, etc.'

In reply to the Eighth Toast, Dr. Chaplain VERMILYE spoke with his wonted eloquence, and gave, in truthful and glowing language, the advantages we have derived from the principles of our ancestors, and the future that is in store for our Republic, growing up under such auspices, and prospering under the influence of the spirit of the founders of our city. Dr. VINTON, being called on to reply to the toast, wondered why he should be asked to reply to a Dutch toast; nor did he exactly understand the allegory in regard to good seed in a good soil; nor could he answer by attempting to anticipate what the harvest might be. One thing he heard with satisfaction, that the annual expenses of the Society were but half the annual income. He was also rather astonished to hear that as yet there was no applicant on the bounty of the Society. Why not, then, distribute the surplus among the needy and destitute of other societies? Saint GEORGE and Saint ANDREW could, no doubt, use and apply, faithfully and advantageously, the accumulated store; while, he was sure, Saint JONATHAN would not turn away from any offer of this kind. About mid-night, the members separated, after enjoying one of the most delightful reünions which has ever distinguished the Festival of SAINT NICHOLAS.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Little did our friend Professor MAPES think, when, as 'Consulting Engineer,' we made known to him the main principle of our invention of the '*Patent Back-Action Self-Operating Hen-Persuader*,' (one mellow October afternoon, at the Fair of the American Institute at NIBLO's Garden, a dozen years ago,) little, we say, did the learned Professor think that that invention would attain to the celebrity which it has since acquired: that it would be imitated: that attempts would be made by unprincipled parties to rob us of the results of patient research into the habits and proclivities of general Hendom. Well do we remember, that on that day we dined, by invitation of the PROFESSOR, with the Committee of the Institute. Then, as now, we were modest: and when, at dinner, he spoke of the invention of 'his young friend;' explained its principles, and the simplicity of its action, to the Committee; and we saw some of them smile, as we thought, and what was more trying still, others averting, with great difficulty, a *disposition* to do so, out of regard to our feelings; when we saw all this, we felt that we had placed our friend in a position which he would rather have avoided. But time has proved us right, and justified his vaticinations as to the final result. Read the following, from the pen of M. SIOGVOLK, an eminent Russian-Pole, whose acquaintance, as a personal friend, and an always-welcome correspondent of the

KNICKERBOCKER, we shall always be proud of having made; whose '*Schediasms*' have delighted thousands of our readers; and whose perceptions of our invention the world will 'not willingly let die:'

'DARK HOLLOW, *November*, 1855.

'FRIEND CLARK: I have been amazed at the wonderful invention — the P.B.A.S.O.H.P. I have procured a skilful draughts-man (one JOHANNES HUNTERUS, of this place) to prepare plans and specifications, and diagram giving a bird's-eye view of the apparatus, and of its *modus operandi*. The invention is just the thing for these times, and now is the occasion to bring it out. You must keep dark (allow me to suggest) until enough of the machines are prepared to supply the market at once, or the infringements will ruin us. I say 'us;' for I need not say I heartily embrace your magnanimous offer to allow me (by furnishing all the capital) to have one twenty-fourth of the profits. You must not let any body see the diagram. The exposure, imprudently made, would be 'fraught with danger,' as the newspapers say. If farmers see it, they 'll think it a satire, slily referring to the prices they squeeze out of the poor citizens this season for their superabundant crops and 'garden-truck.' If Wall-street men see it, they 'll fancy it refers to their customary mode of treating money-borrowers: if lawyers see it, they 'll prosecute you for a libel on their much-abused profession, and say you mean to expose, with more than a legal degree of truth, their manner of dealing with their clients. If publishers see it, they 'll imagine you are hitting off their fashion of putting a poor devil of an author on the 'anxious-seat.' If aldermen see it, they 'll at once take for granted it is a pictorial Bill of Indictment, framed to anticipate some unhatched villainy of their illustrious body. I might go on *ad infinitum*. But in one word, it will never do, I fear, to publish the diagram. Still, I do n't mean to restrict you. If you think it would benefit our friend HUESTON, or make a better number of the Magazine, to '*take in* the country,' why, go ahead. Print as many copies as will sell; and if prosecuted, we 'll get my friend JAMES T. BRADY, Esq., to defend us. As I am now advised, 'as the law stands,' it is more than likely he would be able 'to go to the jury' upon 'the ground' that the prosecution had omitted to prove there were twenty-four hours in the day of publication, or some other equally good 'legal point;' and then I think we could safely trust ourselves to 'our peers.' I believe, as things go, we should get a verdict in our favor.

'I apprehend there will be a rush for the purchase of rights to use the Patent in various States of the Union, and other empires of the world. I have accordingly procured a lawyer (whom I paid 'by the folio') to prepare a brief form of assignment, which I inclose. It is 'drawn stronger' than usual, he says, owing to the intricate nature of the subject; and he assures me 'it will hold water,' which is much for any thing to do in these days of '*lager-bier*.' There is left a space to fill in the name of the INVENTOR, which I thought I would not have printed: *first*, because all the world who care to know any thing, will soon know who is the inventor; and *secondly*, because I thought he might not like to have his name in every body's mouth — a not very savory place sometimes. I believe the cunning lawyer has ante-dated the invention a little; but he said the British had stolen the credit of all our early inventions, and he meant to put the merit of this beyond controversy. Fancy a lawyer 'putting a thing beyond controversy'! I am persuaded the P.B.A.S.O.H.P. will achieve a wonderful popularity. I dare not trust myself to enlarge upon its merits. It would be idle to do so to you. In the dim future, I foresee it will yet be the typical emblem of this nineteenth century: yes, it will be taught in our primary schools as an illustration of the wonders of modern science — perhaps even superseding 'the use of globes'!

'With sentiments of distinguished consideration,

'PAUL SIOGVOLK.'

'Know all men, women, and children by these Presents, *for* That WHEREAS in the United States of America, State, City, and County of New-York, heretofore to wit, *on the first day of April*, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and five, one ——— of the said State, city, and county, gentleman, and Editor of a certain Periodical Pamphlet-Publication, generally known as "*The Knickerbocker, or New-York Monthly Magazine: New-York: Samuel Hueston, 348 Broadway*," did, of his own original genius, unaided and unassisted, without

suggestion or hint of any person or persons whomsoever, male, female, or adult or infant, devise, originate, plan, make, compose, contrive, conjure, strike out, and invent the thoughts, invention, notion, idea, and contrivance hereinafter mentioned and referred to, and did afterwards to wit, on the said afore-mentioned first day of April, in the said herein before-mentioned and referred-to year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and five, at and in said United States of America, in the said State, city, and county of New-York aforesaid, cause, and procure to be perfected, finished, set up, erected, furnished, and put into palpable, tangible, and practical shape, a certain mechanical device or machine, contrivance, and apparatus, called 'The Patent Back-Action Self-Operating Pen-Persuader,' as is more fully, fairly, explicitly, clearly, and distinctly shown, illustrated, and pointed out in and by the diagram, plans, and specifications hereto annexed, and forming part of this Deed-Poll: Now Know Ye That the undersigned, self-same identical Inventor aforesaid, hereinbefore above mentioned, for and by reason of, and moved thereto by the just and full sum of ——— dollars lawful money of the United States of [America, Canada, or Cuba] to him duly paid by ——— of ———, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged and admitted, Hath granted, bargained, sold, assigned, aliened, released, quit claim, set over, and conveyed, and by these presents doth grant, bargain, sell, assign, alien, release, quit claim, set over, and convey unto the said, self-same, identical, aforesaid ——— of ———, a certain right, or share, or interest, or an aliquot part or portion of a right, or share, or interest, of, in, under, and out of all that certain mechanical *Device, Machine, Contrivance*, and *Apparatus* aforesaid herein before mentioned and expressed, described, and referred to, known as 'The Patent Back-Action Self-Operating Pen-Persuader,' with full and ample and unrestricted and unlimited power and authority the same to make, manufacture, and set up and put in working order to work in the same, to cause and permit to be worked or used or employed by any person or persons soever, at any place or places, at any time or times, (Sundays and Fourths of July excepted,) within the territorial limits of the county of ———, in the State of ———, [or Canada or Cuba,] and not elsewhere, To Have and To Hold and to Keep unto him the said ——— of ———, his heirs, executors, administrators, widow, and children, and the overseers of the poor, and men licensed to sell gunpowder and liquor in said county for ever and ever, that is to say nevertheless except as hereinafter mentioned, to wit, for the full and only space and term and period of one year and one day, fully to be complete and ended from the day of the date of these presents.

'In witness, etc., etc., etc.'

Our correspondent has furnished us with a finely-drawn plate, representing the details of the '*Persuader*,' which we shall present hereafter. We shall enter a *caveat* in the mean time against the infraction of our rights, in the matter of certain improvements. - - - A NEW correspondent, who will please accept our thanks, sends us the following *Original Letter from John Randolph of Roanoke*. He says: 'The following letter of JOHN RANDOLPH, accepting an honorary membership of the Philoclean Society of RUTGERS College, (N. J.,) contains some good 'hits,' quite as appropriate now as then; for an evil 'bred in the bone' sticks like death. The letter has never been published; and as it might be interesting to some of our modern politicians to know his opinions on the 'ELECTIONEERING PRINCIPLE,' and consequent 'universal corruption,' of that day, I send it to your Magazine for preservation. It is copied *verbatim et literatim*:'

'*Charlotte C. H, Virginia 9 April* 1828.

'SIR: Your letter, announcing my 'unanimous Election as an Honorary member of the Philoclean Society of RUTGERS College,' has lain unanswered upon my table since the 12th of December last on which day it was received by me at Roanoke. It bears date the first and is post-marked on the 6th of that month. During this tedious Time I have been disabled by a cruel Disease from answering a very great number of letters, many of them on urgent business, and some of them of great consequence to my best Interests — pecuniary as well as of a higher character.

'I seize the first moment which a favorable Change in my Disease affords to make to the Society a suitable acknowledgment of the Honor conferred upon me; & if unable to announce my '*ready* acceptance' I can at least give the Society & to yourself, Sir, it's President the sincere assurance of my cordial acknowledgment of the Honor done me by the appointment & by the kind and flattering Terms in which the Intelligence is conveyed by it's 'presiding officer.' Heretofore when I have been so fortunate as to procure an amanuensis I have been compelled to employ him in answering my most urgent letters of business: &, when able to write myself, to employ all the leisure that I could procure in doing that which I could not trust except to a person of the highest and nicest Sense of Honor. Such Characters — rare at all times — were never more

so than now when the Electioneering Principle, 'bred in the Bone' of our government has brought on an almost universal Corruption, & the State of Society & Manners threatens to leave us nothing worth living for out of our immediate domestic Circle, & even there its baleful Influence is not unfelt. It has invaded the Fire-side, and Friendships of long standing and supposed Inviolability have withered before it like the Simoom of the Desert, blasting all that comes in its way.

'I have the Honor to be, sir, your obliged and faithful servant

'John Randolph.

'To the President of the Philoclean Society.'

This strikes us as very characteristic. - - - In a discourse by an eloquent prelate of the Episcopal Church upon a dreadful rail-road accident in an adjoining State, we find the following passage, if it can properly be called a passage: 'Those nearing trains. The signal to 'break up.' That carriage on the track. The crash. The crush. Car mounted upon car. Car rushing through the midst of car. The cloud of dust. The storm of splinters. The groan. The shriek. The wail. The wounded. The mutilated. The crushed. The torn-asunder. The buried-alive. That fearful row upon the bank. The hurt. The dying. The dead.' We know not how it may strike others, but to us this appears to be a mere memorandum of the clergyman, to be enlarged upon in his sermon, rather than an actual extract from the sermon itself. Certain it is, that either the reporter or *himself* has done the distinguished prelate injustice. It is a 'feast of scraps.' - - - If our metropolitan or distant readers require at this festive season a champaigne, delicious, pure, rich, and sparkling, with 'not an ounce of headache in a hundred baskets of it,' we commend to their palates the *Champaigne of G. H. Mumm and Company, of Reims*, of which Mr. Frederick De Bary, at A. Bininger and Company's, Numbers 90 and 94 Liberty-street, is the American agent. It is the best champaigne we ever tasted. It must not be confounded with the champaigne of *Jules* Mumm and Company, whose *labels* resemble those of the wine you 'read of' at this present. - - - 'H. P. L.' is not only the writer of 'good things' himself, but in the following promises to evoke a kindred clever story from a fowling-friend, to whom we have just been reading the manuscript, so that we shall have two good birds with one shot — not 'decoys,' either:

'There is no doubt whatever concerning Audubon's correct description of ducks in general, and wood-ducks in particular. We are inclined to believe that the species which our friend Hart Halloway tried to shoot last winter, are not enumerated in Audubon's splendid work. To fill up this *hiatus*, here 's at them.

'On the New-Jersey side of Delaware Bay, just before its waters bay at the Atlantic, large meadows, everywhere intersected by streams from cedar-swamps and other sources, skirt its waters. These meadows, covered with long grass or sedge, at times nearly covered by high tides, are again left bare by the receding waters, and offer, in the rank luxuriance of the tall sedge, a good cover for the duck-shooter. Here, safely ensconced, with his boat artfully concealed, he awaits with becoming patience and resignation the advent of the wild-fowl, as they come in to feed in the still waters of the creeks. Especially during the heavy winds that ruffle the bay are the ducks wont to resort to the meadows, and the wary sportsman, well knowing the proper time, selects the proper position, places his stool-ducks or decoys correctly, draws his boat into the sedge, and concealing himself skilfully behind the high grass, patiently waits the coming of the web-footed game. Nor has he long to wait. Toward sun-down, as he peers cautiously out of the tall sedge, he sees perchance, slowly winging their way up from

the bay, a flock of wild fowl. Instantly lying down at full length in his boat, he awaits their coming. The moments seem almost hours to him as he lies, his gun carefully kept in a horizontal position, until at last over his head he hears the rush of wings; the ducks have seen his decoys, have taken them for mates feeding on tranquil waters, and as they circle round, ere finally settling near them, the watchful sportsman, carefully aiming his trusty double-barrel gun, selects the best shot, and with unerring precision pours the deadly contents of both barrels into the devoted victims.

'Having thus given 'the way they do it,' we may as well proceed to our story.

'HART HALLOWAY having received an invitation to give the ducks particular fits, provided himself with one of KEIDER'S A No. 1 guns, and forthwith took conveyance for down Jersey, in order to bring back to the city his *spolia opima*, a lot of ducks. Arrived at the ground, HART was by no means loth at once to enter into the manly sport, but was deterred by bad weather from indulging in his propensity; so that at last, having fretted and fumed for two days, he determined, will he nil he, to 'pitch in' and do something on his own account. Having secured a staunch boat and a few 'stool-ducks,' HART started alone one afternoon, and after rowing down a long creek, at last as he turned his head, espied in the distance a wide opening of water, or pond, in which he believed he could set his 'stools' to advantage, and wait the coming of the ducks.

'But what made him so suddenly bob his head and lie low? Why, he saw, at the further end of the pond, six as handsome ducks as he wished to see, in his present excited state of mind.

"'By thunder!' said he inwardly, 'there's a chance! No stools to set, no time to wait. All chalked out ready for me to pitch in!'

'So he drew his boat up to the side of the creek, waded out into the blue mud nearly up to his thighs — gracious! how cold the water and mud felt! — seized his gun, which he had loaded before starting, and then commenced his mud-wading. Slowly as an Indian after a scalp, or a stile-hunter after a deer, our friend HART wormed his way through the high grass and deep mud; more than once he felt his heart fail, but as he saw ever and anon, far up at the head of the pond, *those* ducks, he kept up his spirits and went bravely on.

'At last, he is within shot; he levels his gun; takes deliberate aim. 'Rip bang!' goes the right-hand barrel. 'Flip-chong!' goes the left.

"'I say, hello! What the devil are you about? Just say now?' roar out two Jerseymen, just as the reports take place.

'HART jumped back in horror. There were the ducks, just as tranquil as ever, only one had his head shot off, and the tails of two others were terribly mangled.

"'What air ye about, firing at our stools?' yelled the Jerseymen.

"'All right!' shouted HART, necessity adding to his invention. 'Just practising, that's all. What's the damage? How much to pay?'

"'Wal now!' they shouted back, 'are you goin' to pay for 'em?'

"'Certainly,' says HART. Then over the pond came the two Jerseymen. All idea of shooting other ducks was lost in sight of the present game before them. Shoving the nose of their boat into the mud near where HART stood, they held a consultation, resulting in the thinnest-figured but 'thickest-skinned' one of them wading out of the boat.

"'We do n't want to be hard on you,' says the messenger, 'but I tell you wot, you 've ruinated at the werry least three of the most beautifullest stools as ever were sot. Now, wot do you gin for stools up to town?'

"'Have n't the least idea!' says HART. Hereupon Jersey's eyes began to sparkle, and a bright speculative thought shoots through his brains. 'Wot if I could make a five-dollar note out of him!' thought he; but he said:

"'We want to act all fair and square. Now, suppose you gin us ten dollars and call it even, that's about the most evenest way we know of settling for 'em.'

"'Ten dollars! Ten devils!' says HART. 'Why, I can buy a farm down here for ten dollars.'

"'Mebbe you kin, but you can't stock it for that. Can't get no creeturs for no ten

dollars. We're gwine to lose money, but rather than make a row, we'll take five dollars. Come now.'

"'Five dollars!' says HART. 'May-be you see something green about here. Five dollars! Why, all the ducks you'll shoot this winter, if they're black ducks, won't fetch five dollars.'

"'Aint you gwine for to count the musk-rats?'

"'Yes, but what have musk-rats got to do with stool-ducks?'

"'Why, you see they're all just one and the same thing to us who progue round here in the mash. But we don't want to be hard on you if you are a city feller; so jest gin us three dollars, and we wont say nary a word more about it.'

'Then HART 'rose up.' 'Now,' says he, 'you're a miserable set of low blackguards. I'll fight you both, and give you the very best thrashing you ever had in your lives! Three dollars! I won't give you three cents! If you had come out in the first place like men, and put a fair value on your stool-ducks, I would have paid you every cent, but as it is, you may sing for your money. Do you hear that?'

'Both the Jerseys heard this, and their wrath waxed great.

"'Aint you gwine for to give us three dollars?'

"'Nary a red!' sung out HART, as he imitated the dialect of the 'Bath-tub State.'

"'Wal, then, by thunders! we'll jest give you the most infernalest licking ever you heerd on!' And suiting the action to the word, the palavering Jersey aimed a round swinging blow at HART's head, leaving his body and face entirely unguarded. HART warded the blow with his left arm, and bringing in a shooting shoulder blow with his right, knocked Jersey head over heels into the soft, squshy ooze and liquid mud. The other Jersey, seeing in the mean time that it was 'goin' to take two to lick the city feller,' no sooner saw his noble brother wallowing in his native slime than he too pitched at HART in the real dung-hill style of cock-fighting, rolling one arm over another, as if winding up a clothes-line, and looking 'despurtly wickid' out of his white eyes. His style of tactics was the most amusing HART had ever seen. He would jump up in the mud as well as the depth and stickiness of it would allow, make a feint to finish winding up the clothes-line, by striking an arm up to Heaven, but all the time keeping well out of harm's way, or HART's arm. HART, finding that unless he changed his position, his legs would soon be entirely embedded in the mud, essayed to get a new standing spot, but just as he had hauled one leg half-way out, Jersey, seeing his helplessness, struck in two swinging blows, one of which taking HART on one side of the head, staggered him.

'Settling down into his old tracks, and quite content to stick in the mud, HART waited for a good opportunity, taking one or two blows on purpose, and then put in a terrible punishing blow under Jersey's left ear, knocking him senseless. First Jersey, rising from the mud, presented such a sight that HART nearly choked with laughter, as he looked at him, mud, dirt, wrath, vengeance. He stumbled along till he got near HART, and then struck at him with both hands wildly, one after another; but the first round had sickened him, and when HART just polished him off with a few more telling blows, Jersey was fain to holla enough. 'Nuff, nuff!' Second Jersey had conveyed his goods and chattels to his boat, and sat there evidently satisfied; so HART, picking up his gun, just bade them good afternoon, with:

"'The next time a man fires into your stool-ducks, charge him a fair price, and get it. It's much better than to get nothing, and a thrashing thrown in.' And travelling back, HART entered his boat and rowed back, wishing from his heart that the fight had been on hard ground, where there would have been some chance for the Jerseymen.

'And this, my reader, is the story of wood-ducks, as put down in an Un-natural History, not by AUDUBON:

——'DICIMUS integro
Sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi,
Cum Sol Oceano subest.' HORACE

'THIS is the tale we tell,
In morning, when we're sober; this is the tale we tell,
At night when half-seas over' TRANSLATION AS IN A TRANSLATION

A 'perfect brick' is 'H. P. L.' - - - It won't do for us to say that we were not gratified when we read the following, because we *were:* and it gives us pleasure to add, that such tributes, reaching us from near and *very* distant points, as they frequently do, create in us a renewed desire truly to deserve such unwavering interest in our humble labors:

'I AM a 'constant reader' of your Magazine; and once, in travelling at the South, I stopped in an out-of-the-way village, where I was compelled to remain a day for the stage-coach. The hotel was as bad as bad could well be: the people were ignorant; and I was never at a greater loss as to how I should get through the day. I found two or three old country papers which I read through, advertisements and all; and was much struck with a laughable advertisement of a run-away negro, who was represented as 'making tracks' with a stick over his shoulder and a bundle at the end of it. I then admired some old prints on the walls; 'The Jolly Flat Boatmen,' and a head of WASHINGTON. I was almost worn out. I was lonely and 'hipped;' and 'devils' of the bluest tinge were beginning to lay violent hands upon me, when I accidentally came across a recent number of 'OLD KNICK.' It overpowered me with joy; and I thought of those miners in California who danced with such delight round the woman's bonnet that they found in the wilderness. It was a well in the desert; and I feasted my intellectual lips upon its waters. I read it steadily and unintermittingly, until I left my wretched hotel. I read the 'Contents,' and the advertisements, and even the covers. And never did any picture charm me more than that of the venerable old gentleman, who sits so gracefully in his easy chair, evidently thinking of something clever for the next EDITOR'S TABLE. I have never missed reading your periodical from that day to this.'

ANOTHER correspondent, a lady, writing from an opposite direction, thousands of miles away, is kind enough to say: 'The KNICKERBOCKER was one of my favorite works in early childhood, before I could fully appreciate the character of its style and matter; yet its contents pleased and satisfied me even then; for the productions of true Genius, like the words of Inspiration, are alike simple to the child, and wonderful to the learned. Another cause of my interest in the Magazine, is my regard for the memory of the departed Poet, WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. I have given many a tender thought to his pure life and early death, while his lines, 'Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,' was the first effectual summons that won me from the vanities of the world, to the hope of a treasure in Heaven.'

We hope to be pardoned for quoting these passages. Our readers know that such is not our wont — but we could n't help it *this* time. We shall not soon trespass in like manner. - - - THERE *are* some things done by 'men of the baser sort' in Gotham, which almost make one, for the moment, ashamed of his species. Passing along the 'Brick-Church,' the other morning, on the Broadway side, we saw a modest-looking Irish girl accost two persons, arm-in-arm, with big canes, big cigars in their mouths, and big dread-naught over-coats enveloping their persons: 'Can you tell me how far, Sir-r-r, it is to Twentieth-street?' 'Eight miles'! was the reply: 'it 's the first street this side of Harlaem: you turn the corner by a big *green* house, that stands there by a big bull-pup. That 's Twentieth-street'! We stopped the girl, and set her right, while her 'informants' went on past an apple-stand, from which had blown off several apples, which the woman-proprietor was stooping over to pick up. As they passed her, one of these 'b'hoys' dropped suddenly the crooked end of his cane, pulled her clothes over her head, and herself into the gutter, and passed on laughing, as if they had performed a magnanimous deed. This propensity to deceive street-inquirers, strangers, seems specially inhospitable and brutal. But it is a custom, (certainly 'more honored in the breach

than the observance,') which seems sometimes to prevail on the other side of the water as well as on this. When poor DAVID COPPERFIELD, foot-sore and travel-worn, dusty, sun-burnt, and half-clothed, entered the town of Dover, in search of his aunt, his inquiries for her whereabouts received various answers from the boatmen: 'One said she lived in the South-Foreland Light, and had singed her whiskers by doing so: another, that she was made fast to the Great Buoy outside the harbor, and could only be visited at half-tide: a third, that she was locked up in Maidstone Jail for child-stealing: a fourth, that she was seen suddenly to mount a broom, in the last high wind, and make direct for Calais!' - - - WE have read, with very great interest, the following '*Reminiscences of Stephen Burroughs*,' which we derive from a distinguished friend and correspondent in Vermont. One of the first criminal narratives we remember ever to have seen, was a sketch of the life of STEPHEN BURROUGHS, written by himself, in a style of FRANKLIN-like simplicity and truthfulness. Well do we recollect, even now, his account of his extempore pulpit-services; his being imprisoned in the Northampton (Mass.) jail; his escape thence; his secretion in a hay-mow, in a barn; his final discovery, and re-capture, etc. It was a book well calculated to make a strong impression upon a boyish mind:

'THE country has produced few men of equal or similar capacity, to the late STEPHEN BURROUGHS, who after a long life of turmoil and commotion, and not seldom of vice and wickedness, and a few years comparatively of quiet and penitence, was laid to rest in the communion of the Roman Church, upon the banks of the majestic monarch of waters, the mighty St. Lawrence, in a small Canadian town, where he had made a quiet and hopeful close of a most eventful life. We chanced to meet him there, in the summer of 1833, and in the winter of 1838. He seemed altogether absorbed in his studies, and in the contemplation of his speedy departure to a better life; but never sober, certainly not sad, and not often grave or solemn, but more commonly playful, and always cheerful. But he never, save once, in the remotest allusion, referred to his former course of life. In one of our first interviews, when conversation took rather a sombre direction, with reference to my own broken health at the time, he said he thought I need not be discouraged. He did not expect to live out half his days at my age, but was now nearly seventy! I inquired if his health was feeble at that period of life. 'No,' said he, 'but every one then said I should be hanged before I was forty!'

'At my last visit to Three Rivers, where he spent all his reformed life, I was often at his rooms, and derived much satisfaction, and no little advantage, from his conversation. He had an extensive library of choice books, seemed to be a busy student, and much employed in writing, but nothing has ever been published from his pen since his conversion to the Romish Church. His room was hung round with copies, or originals, of the master-pieces of some of the distinguished painters of Christian life and suffering, and every thing about him indicated, very convincingly, the genuineness of his repentance and reformation. Few men possessed such extraordinary powers of conversation. His manners were courteous and dignified, without being distant or affected, and he possessed the happy faculty of communicating vast stores of knowledge, which his extensive reading, and long and varied experiences of life had accumulated, without any apparent consciousness of his being the instructor or yourself the pupil. After some days of gratifying acquaintance, I left him, with sincere regret and most unaffected admiration of his strongly-diversified talents, and most extraordinary conversion from sin and crime to a life of penitence and devotion.

'There has been a great deal said and published of his history and that of his family, most of which is purely fictitious, or so much travestied as scarcely to be recognised by the side of the simple truth. His early life is sufficiently described in the two vol-

umes published nearly half-a-century since. But little authentic is really known of his later history. There were really many strange providences in his decline and death, which, as they did not result in any hair-breadth 'scapes, or thick-coming accidents by flood or field, are scarcely deemed of sufficient consequence to be rehearsed. One of the most striking of these is in regard to his eldest son, the particulars of which I gathered from eye-witnesses many years since, and some portion from the father himself, but nothing which concerned himself!

'While STEPHEN BURROUGHS resided in one of the eastern townships in Canada-East, he maintained the chief deposit of counterfeit-bills of the State banks, and finally sent his eldest son into the United States upon some mission connected with this illegal traffic. The son was arrested, and committed to prison, and bailed by some friends of his grand-father, the Rev. EDON BURROUGHS, of Hanover, (N. H.,) a most exemplary minister of the Gospel. These friends persuaded this son, then a mere lad, to abandon his father, and shift for himself in a life of virtue. He went immediately to Three Rivers, passing his father's home almost without calling, and entered the employ of the Chief-Justice of the Province, SEWALL, as a chore-boy. He soon manifested such genius and aptitude for professional pursuits, that his employer placed him in a position to become a notary-public, (which is a subordinate rank in the profession of law in the Canadian Provinces, similar to a conveyancer in England,) and finally an advocate at the bar. While employed in this last capacity, the Court were constantly annoyed by delays in the trial of causes, consequent upon the absence of files of former cases in the prothonotary's office, there being at that time no printed reports of the former decisions of the King's Bench Court of the Province. During one of these perplexing interruptions, in a cause in which young BURROUGHS appeared as counsel, he took occasion to speak severely of the confused manner in which the papers were kept in the prothonotary's office; whereupon that officer, in a rage at being thus handled by a young advocate, rose, and desired the Court to employ Mr. BURROUGHS to arrange the papers in his office! BURROUGHS, nothing daunted, replied he would be glad to do it. This resulted in an arrangement between him and the prothonotary, then somewhat advanced in years, by which BURROUGHS, for compensation, undertook to re-arrange all the papers in the office, which had then become massive, almost beyond conjecture, to the clerk of a Court where trials are had according to the course of the common law.

'The next term of the Court the judges noticed a wonderful change in regard to papers called for being immediately forthcoming, and inquired of the prothonotary how this change came about. This gentleman rose in open court, and declared that he deemed it his duty to declare that it was owing altogether to the wonderfully perfect arrangement of his papers, by Mr. BURROUGHS. The curiosity of the judges was so excited, that they immediately adjourned to the prothonotary's office, in another portion of the building, and examined for themselves. Their admiration of young BURROUGHS' work was such, that in the course of the term they told the old prothonotary they deemed it proper to make some marked notice of such a distinguished service to the Province, and had concluded, with his consent, to appoint BURROUGHS an assistant prothonotary, with the right to half the emoluments of the office, which were enormous, amounting to about £25,000 currency, or one hundred thousand dollars annually. To this the incumbent readily acceded, and in consequence, BURROUGHS in twenty or thirty years became the wealthiest man in Quebec, having been sole prothonotary after the decease of his colleague, not long after his own appointment.

'The result of this change in the son's circumstances, and his liberal use of his wealth, brought about a strange metamorphosis in the fortunes of his father's family. At the time of which I speak, his father was living in comfort and quiet and Christian purity at Three Rivers, maintained exclusively by himself. He had one brother, a highly respectable merchant in Montreal, and one sister, a useful teacher of girls in that city, and one sister the Lady Superior of the Ursuline Convent at Three Rivers, and all seemingly induced by his own change of purpose at a period in life when most persons scarcely begin to reflect. If this narrative is worth any thing, it is chiefly, perhaps, from the consideration that it is altogether authentic.

'The strangest fictions in regard to the course of STEPHEN BURROUGHS' life, after he conformed to the Romish Church, have been manufactured and circulated chiefly, it is possible to conjecture, to prejudice the public mind against the belief in the merits of conversions to that Church from Protestant communions, or Protestant families and education. It was long believed, in all simplicity, that STEPHEN BURROUGHS immediately became a high dignitary in that Church, and accumulated both wealth out of the fees and perquisites of his office, but chiefly in pardoning sins, and granting absolution, and acts of indulgence; than which nothing is further from the truth or more absurd to one who learned the facts upon the ground by personal observation. Instead of holding high position in the Church, he only entered the portals of her sacred precincts as a penitent himself, seeking, in great humility, pardon for the multiplied offences of a long life of sin and wickedness. Instead of lolling in wealth and luxury, he subsisted upon the bounty of a son, whom he was pained to reflect he had labored to seduce from virtue and truth, and who had been snatched from the burning cinders as by a miracle. Instead of being attended by a retinue of strangers, he was himself the servant of all his personal wants, and patiently waiting his departure from a life of pain and sorrow and penitence, to one which, in the eye of faith, he saw as more consoling, more quiet, more abiding; but which was sadly dimmed and darkened to his earthly vision by the recollection of grievous sins and atrocious crimes. L. F. R.'

Who has a copy of BURROUGHS' 'Life?' - - - Wishing all our readers, in all quarters of our great, and prosperous, and happy country, '*A Happy New-Year*,' and many of them, we ask their attention to these timely lines, by the quaint old English poet, EDMUND SPENSER:

'THE weary yeare his race now having run,
The new begins his compact course anew:
With shew of morning mylde he hath begun,
Betokening peace and plentie to ensew:
So let us, which this chaunge of weather vew,
Chaunge eke our myndes, and former lives amend:
The old yeare's sins forpast, let us eschew,
And fly the faults with which we did offend.
Then shall the new yeare's ioy forth freshly send
Into the gloaming world his gladsome ray,
And all those stormes, which now his beauty blend,
Shall turne to calmes, and tymely clear away.'

This quaint philosophy and good advice are quite as worthy of 'heedful note' now as they were two hundred years ago. - - - WE have *nine* pages of various 'Gossipry,' in type for the *present* number, awaiting insertion in our *next:* including acknowledgments to kind friends, 'good things' from correspondents, with much scribblement of our own, which, to tell the truth, it did irk us much to leave out. But bringing up the lee-way in new publications, the proceedings of our good old Saint NICHOLAS, and communications, have swelled our department to the full.

LITERARY HONORS TO A NOR'MAN FROM THE NORTH. — We are right well pleased to remark the following paragraph in a late number of the '*New-Orleans Commercial Bulletin*.' Our friend and erewhile correspondent well deserves the high distinction which has thus been accorded him from a very high source:

'IN a recent report of the transactions of the Royal Society of Antiquarians of Copenhagen, Denmark, we have noticed with pleasure the name of a citizen of New-Orleans as having been enrolled among the members of the Society's Fellows. This Society is one of the ablest, and probably the most important in the present age, having among its members not only the *savans*, but several of the crowned heads of Europe, who are active members. But few of our countrymen, we believe, enjoy the high privilege of membership in this honorable Society; the late lamented Col. BLISS was the appointment previous to the one of which we now make honorable mention. Mr. B. M. NORMAN is the gentleman to whom we allude.'

New Publications, Art-Notices, &c.

'THE MYSTIC,' AND OTHER POEMS. — It may be an improper expression: perhaps it is not elegant: but we wish to make use of the following remark: we could desire that Mr. PHILIP JAMES BAILEY would '*dry up.*' In his '*Festus*' we found many things to admire. These were vague, to be sure, but in their very vagueness they were not unfrequently sublime. Old readers of the KNICKERBOCKER will remember how copiously we quoted from this unique and unequal performance. But in 'The Mystic,' the author of 'Festus' has out-BAILEY'D BAILEY. Such forced transpositions and distortions of language; such new and strangely-employed words and forms of expression, we never encountered before. Let us present a few of these latter, taken almost at random from various portions of the book: 'The god of *psychopompous* function;' the base-toned and *reboant* earth: '*Lip* them not aloud:' (as when a tall negro says to another in Anthony-street, whose nether lip would weigh a half-pound, 'Do n't give me any *of* your *lip!*') 'conspheerate harmonies.'

> ——'NAKED ghosts of maddening beauty, lamped
> By green and glistering gryphon's lidless eyes.'

'Lamped' like the 'mobled queen,' is good, but perhaps 'candled' would be even more forced and unnatural: 'in massive ease and power *languescent.*' Farther on, it is said of 'The MYSTIC' that

> 'His poor and ignorant kin, the kings of earth,
> He piteously remembered ere he passed
> Through death-land to the ultimate realm of light,
> And shared his *orts* among them.'

As this may be a misprint for *oats*, (of the wild species,) we pass it without comment; for even as it stands it is quite striking: but to go on: 'The 'tree of knowledge, by vital wind *impregned:*' 'tinct with the sun's infinite *aureols:*' 'TIME's arid runnel through its glassy gorge *glode* ceaseless:' 'the *interstitial* net of death:' the 'errant babe, in *orbital aphelion* with his sire:' 'the '*asselins starlets*' and 'the manger dim' of the REDEEMER: 'Sacro-sanctities of the wise:' 'his soul, compatient with the life of time, rose kosmical:'

> 'ONE who erases from the face of earth
> The *sanguine wrinklet*, so the universe
> *Contentlously divaricate*, he shows,' etc.

Then we have '*interspheral orders*,' and other the like terms, *ad nauseam.* Now 'these be affectations, look you,' and as far from the true utterances of poetry as day is from night. Yet not *all* of the poem is of this 'highfalutin' description. Many of Mr. BAILEY'S expressions, moreover, are highly effective, and very beautiful. Of such is this:

> ——'SPAKE to the earth the love of stars,
> *The mother-tongue of Heaven, our* FATHER-LAND.'

And the following lines:

> 'To give to all the hope of bliss reserved,
> And *ultimate certainty of angelhood.*'

Is there not something sublime in the manner and scope of the subjoined? — something akin to the better and more impressive portions of 'Festus,' which we quoted aforetime? And yet it is the 'sublime-obscure:'

> 'THERON, hawk-like, through the purgatorial air,
> And many-regioned æther, peaceful, pure,
> Soul-quickening, soared he to the crescent moon,
> And sailed the sky's abysmal sea of suns
> In ark crystalline, manned by beamy gods,
> To drag the deeps of space, and net the stars,

Where, in their nebulous shoals, they shore the void,
And, through old night's Typhonian blindness, shine.
Then, solarized, he pressed onwards to the sun,
Lord of the living, guardian of all good;
And, in the heavenly Hades, hall of GOD,
Whose eye begat the sun, whose mind the moon,
The goodness and the wisdom of their sire,
Had final welcome of the firmament.
The true, triunal GOD, thrice-greatest, one,
Man, man-god, GOD, who symbolled, led him through
The sky-arched, GOD-built temple of the world.'

. . . . .

'Through the star-gates of the high luminous land
Came down the immortal aspirant of life,
With royal abnegation of all power
Prior, all motion, many a million years
He had suffered as a mountain, and to heaven,
In fiery heart-floods, for a thousand moons
Without pause, preconfessed his sins, *and then*
Eternal Silence laid her snow-cold hand
Upon his lips, and they were iced for ever.'

There are typographical affectations, which will strike the reader unpleasantly; such as 'ætherial,' 'æternal,' 'cœlestial,' 'cohæring,' etc., which evince a design to be singular, if not poetical or felicitous.

HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF MEDFORD, MASS. — We could well wish that there were in America more of what might be termed young 'OLD MORTALITY's, like Mr. CHARLES BROOKS, of Medford, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, the author of the present work, to preserve and brighten up anew the passing or fading records of present and past generations. Few of the older states of our union but demand this, of some public-spirited citizen of each ancient town in their limits. We have been so well pleased with the various and interesting features of the elaborate, carefully-prepared, and liberally-illustrated volume before us, that we propose, on an early occasion, to notice the work more at large in another department of this Magazine. The pleasant style in which it is written, and the valuable facts which it condenses and presents, demand this at our hands. Meanwhile, we shall briefly indicate the prominent characteristics of the book, inviting our readers at the same time, if they have faith in our literary judgment, to secure its early perusal. The author remarks very happily, in his preface, what may be truly averred of all other old geographical sections of the United States: 'When the history of New-England shall be written, *the true data will be drawn from the records of its towns.*' In humble imitation therefore of those States in our Union which have contributed each its block of granite, marble, or copper to the National Monument at Washington, Mr. BROOKS has offered 'Medford's historical contribution to the undying pyramidic monument which justice and genius will hereafter rear to the character and institutions of New-England. From the year 1674, our author has followed those excellent guides the town-records. For the forty years previous, the date of the town, he has relied upon authentic documents in the General Court; several monuments of the first settlers; authentic traditions, which were early recorded; and collateral histories of the neighboring towns. The good sense of the annexed we trust may find many imitators. Beyond cited authorities, where a *subject*, briefly quoted in the text, is treated in other works at large, brief foot-notes are appropriate and necessary; but 'otherwise, otherwise.' A writer who uses many long foot-notes always appears to us like a person who is continually interrupting himself in conversation, by the introduction of matters mainly irrelevant to what he is narrating: 'There are no foot-notes in this volume. My reason for incorporating such matter with the text is this: whenever notes are printed at the bottom of a page, it is expected that they will be *read in* at the place where the asterisk in the text directs. If the note is put there *to be read in there*, why not put it into the text at that place, and thus save the eye the trouble of wandering down to the bottom of the page to hunt up the note, and then wandering back again to find the spot whence it started on its search?' Surely enough: and we look to see Mr. BROOKS' sensible method widely followed hereafter by other writers. In the opening chapter of KNICKERBOCKER'S veracious 'History of New-York,' the foot-notes

were exceedingly multiplied: but even in *that* case the careful historian, with a good memory, and writing from a full mind, only made them notes of reference to rare and curious works, many of which were so abbreviated in the designation, that it has been impossible to find them in the best-endowed libraries, even to this day! But read the 'History of Medford.'

BEAUTIFUL BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON. — The counters of our neighbors below, Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY, are brilliant with the souvenirs of this happy season. We have never seen more costly, elegant, and tasteful works than some of them. First in order, we should name:

'THE HOLY GOSPELS ILLUSTRATED.' — This truly superb volume, in imperial folio, is illustrated with forty finely-engraved original designs by the great German artist, OVERBECK. Its cost is twenty dollars, and even at that price, the Messrs. APPLETON have not so truly cheap an illustrated work in all their vast establishment. It has been pronounced to be, and *is* unquestionably, 'the most magnificent *Religious Gift-Book* ever published. The sublime designs of OVERBECK are the truest conception of the Scriptures ever painted by any artist.' The whole history of our SAVIOUR, from 'The child JESUS in the work-shop of JOSEPH,' to 'HIS ASCENSION,' with HIS 'Parables,' and the scenes where HE wrought 'all His wonderful works,' are illustrated in the very highest manner of creative genius and celaturic art.

'THE REPUBLICAN COURT.' — Our readers will remember the elaborate review which we have already given in these pages of the superb volume entitled, '*The Republican Court, or American Society in the Days of Washington.*' It is richly bound and admirably executed, and embellished with twenty-one portraits of distinguished women, of the era of which it treats, from original pictures by WOLLASTON, COPLEY, GAINSBOROUGH, STUART TRUMBULL, MALBONE, and other contemporary painters. The subject of the work, as we have heretofore stated, is to present to the readers and to admirers of art of the present day, pictures and descriptions of the noted ladies who were present and occupied conspicuous positions in society during WASHINGTON'S Administration. Among the portraits, engraved for the most part by London artists, are those of Mrs. WASHINGTON, Mrs. ADAMS, Mrs. HAMILTON, Mrs. SAMUEL ADAMS, Mrs. JAY, Mrs. BINGHAM, Mrs. HARRISON GRAY OTIS, (the elder,) Mrs. THEODORE SEDGWICK, Mrs. CARROLL, Mrs. LEWIS, (grand-daughter of Mrs. WASHINGTON,) Madame GENET, (daughter of General GEORGE CLINTON,) etc., etc. This volume is engraved in the highest style of art, and will be found to be the most original American Illustrated Volume ever issued from the press.

'SABBATH-BELLS, CHIMED BY THE POETS.' — There is very much in the title to a book, and this strikes us as being unusually well-chosen. Moreover, it expresses exactly the character of the work, as a literary production. But pending a few remarks on this point, let us advert to the tempting artistical and external attractions of the volume. It contains *Sixteen Engravings, Printed in Colors*, which are so effectively produced, that they have all the charm and delicacy of small pictures in oil, or delicate and elaborate water-color compositions. The result produced is sometimes exceedingly impressive. Atmospheric effects, of the dawn, at mid-day, and the evening gloaming, are made to convey great truthfulness of feeling from the inner mind of the artist, while the compositions are, in almost every instance, not only picturesque and pleasing, but eminently suggestive. There is a great variety of pictorial Sunday scenes presented, and each one is a pastoral story, either from the *locale*, or some peculiarity of parish-church architecture, the whole reminding one of Miss LANDON'S lines upon '*English Churches:*'

'How beautiful they stand,
Those ancient altars of our native land!
Amid the pasture-fields and dark green woods,
Amid the mountain solitudes;
By rivers broad, that rush into the sea;
By little brooks that with a lapsing sound,
Like playful children, run by copse and lea;
Each in its little plot of holy ground;

How beautiful they stand,
Those old gray churches of our native land!'

There are sixty Sabbath-pieces in the volume, from early and later English bards, intermingled among whose productions are effusions from certain American poets, as LONGFELLOW, Mrs. SIGOURNEY, etc. Each poem is commenced with an illuminated letter, printed in subdued yet brilliant colors; the type is quaint and olden; and the thick, dark cream-colored paper is as grateful 'to the feel' as to the eye. 'Delicious,' as applied to a book, may not be the proper phrase; but *we* call this book a *delicious* one: and we are quite sure that its readers will entirely agree with us.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. — Ah! did the children and youth of this our day know what advantages they possess over those who were children too, in their time, but are now fathers and mothers, happy in the possession of numerous little books, which, while they convey important instruction, are at the same time full of amusement and *entertainment* of a still higher order. Such are the admirable works published by the BROTHERS HARPER, under the supervision of Mr. JACOB ABBOTT; books replete with interest; skilfully, intelligently, profusely illustrated; and written in that plain and simple style, which cannot fail to gain the attention and win the admiration, not only of young readers, but that of 'children of a larger growth.' The BROTHERS APPLETON, also, are performing a kindred service to 'YOUNG AMERICA.' Illustrated with equal liberality, excellently well printed upon good paper, their little books for little people may be most cordially and justly commended. '*The Mysterious Story-Book*' receives, in a brief preface by Miss CATHARINE SEDGWICK, the warm encomiums of that gifted and popular authoress. '*Cousin Alice*' furnishes another well-told narrative, '*Out of Debt out of Danger*,' which embodies an excellent moral, well worked out. Then there is '*Richard the Fearless, or The Little Duke*,' by no less a writer than 'The Heir of Redclyffe.' Not to be behind in works of good for the 'little folk,' Boston comes in for a share of the honor. Messrs. CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY send us '*Molly and Kitty, with other Tales: translated from the German.*' A beautiful little book, profusely illustrated with engravings painted in brilliant colors. From Messrs. WETMORE, NILES AND HALL, we have two charming books, pronounced by little JOSE (almost as good a judge, in her parents' eyes, as the best critics of such books) to be '*very* pretty stories, and the pictures be-yew-ti-ful.' '*Saint Gildas, or the Three Paths*,' by JULIA KAVANAGH, is the name of one; '*The Blue Ribbons*,' by ANNA HARRIET DRURY, that of the second. And now there 'doth appeareth unto us' another author, long beloved and welcomed by children. 'PETER PARLEY' is he hight, who reads the hearts of the young as if they were the page of an open book — with white paper and large type, let us add, 'at that.' And he calls his book '*The Balloon; Travels of Robert Merry and his Young Friends over Various Countries in Europe.*' There you see them, in numerous pictures, (from original designs,) sailing over great cities, across wide arms of the sea, occasionally dropping down toward the earth, to see the wonderful objects it presents to their view; talking all the while in a most instructive manner, of what passes before their observation. Something of the same character, too, is the similarly-illustrated book, by the same author, entitled '*The Travels, Voyages and Adventures of Gilbert Go-Ahead in Foreign Parts.*' Mr. Go-Ahead is 'cousin german, on the Scotch and Yankee side,' to Mr. PETER PARLEY, who 'edits' his volume. His descriptions of countries, scenery, manners, and customs are strictly accurate; and he carries his readers into portions of the world but little known, and yet highly exciting to their curiosity. Mr. DERBY, the popular publisher, is also a near relative of the Go-AHEAD family, and has brought out his kinsman's books in the very best style. MASON BROTHERS must not be forgotten in this connection. They publish '*The Indian Fairy-Book*,' from original legends, furnished by HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Esq., the very first of authorities. In this book, which is well printed and liberally illustrated, are embodied 'a number of fairy and magical stories, resembling in romantic interest, and quaint extravagance of fancy, the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' 'CINDERELLA,' 'Little Red Riding Hood,' and other world-renowned tales of Europe and the East.'

'THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF MAJOR-GENERAL PUTNAM.'—An Address upon this theme was delivered in early October last, before a called meeting of the descendants of Major-General ISRAEL PUTNAM, at Putnam, Connecticut, by L. GROSVENOR, Esq. The address is an able one, and was listened to by descendants of 'Old PUT.,' who came not only from New-England and adjacent sister-States, but 'from the banks of the 'Father of Waters,' from the shores of the beautiful Ohio, from the mountains of the North, of our own 'Empire State,' and the sunny plains of the South.' Moreover, it was delivered in the flourishing town which bears the patriot's name, and within sight of Pomfret, the town where the old hero achieved his wolf-reputation; near the farm on which he settled in his early manhood, and which still bears trees of his planting; near the house where he 'slept his last sleep, and fought his last battle;' and near the cemetery where his remains sleep in their eternal earthly rest. The address claims to 'contain some important facts never before published: it affixes dates to important events in PUTNAM'S life which have hitherto remained dateless in all published biographies:' and last, not least, it exposes 'the ungenerous conduct of Colonel PRESCOTT toward General PUTNAM, in relation to the honors of the Battle of Bunker-Hill.' We remark, that the late General DEARBORN, the historians PRESCOTT and BANCROFT, and the venerable author of the article, '*Old Put.' at the Bar*,' in the KNICKERBOCKER for 1842, are all taken to task for underrating the heroism of PUTNAM at the battle of the seventeenth of June, 1775, on BUNKER and BREED'S Hills. Differences of opinion in authorities, as to individual battles, however, will not change *one* impression. The time is far distant when 'Old PUT.' will be considered to have been any thing short of a brave man, and a true and tried patriot. May the proposed monument to his memory 'rise till it meet the sun in his coming: let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play upon its summit!'

'FLORA'S DICTIONARY.'—We have both pride and pleasure in indorsing, to the fullest extent the encomiums passed upon this work by our friend and contemporary, of '*The Albion*' weekly journal. We have spoken elsewhere of English engravings printed in colors, but the two specimens in the work before us actually exceed them in beauty and delicacy of tint. Think of each plate receiving twenty-eight impressions, each one imparting a different and intermingled color, or shade of color! The publishers of the book are Messrs. LUCAS BROTHERS, Baltimore, and in our city Messrs. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. The authoress is Mrs. E. W. WEBB, who has performed her work as lovingly as artistically:

'THE approach of the holiday season is indicated by the appearance of what are properly called holiday-books; and surely never was the title more appropriately bestowed than on the superb quarto volume before us. It is at once FLORA'S Dictionary, Gazetteer, Expounder, and Illustrator; for it lays Botany and Poetry and Art under contribution, and seasons the admixture with a current play of Fancy. The authoress — who is the widow of a former distinguished Attorney-General of the United States — has executed her task most lovingly and tastefully; but the embellishments of a work of this kind are of course its main attraction. These consist of sixty large and richly-colored plates of flowers and plants, including a charmingly-designed title-page, and another that may be called a presentation-page, both delicately printed in water colors by the lately-invented process. To these two we would invite particular attention; as also to the exquisitely-designed borders that run through the whole work, engraved on wood by Messrs. J. W. ORR AND COMPANY, of this city. These, and the flower-pieces that occupy, throughout, the column of each page *vis-à-vis* to the text, are perfect gems of drawing and wood-cutting; and we should certainly pay a compliment to the artist employed in getting them up, if we did but know his name. FLORA'S Dictionary will be, we presume, the boudoir-book of the season.'

DICKENS' COMPLETE WORKS: MRS. SOUTHWORTH.—We would commend to Christmas and New-Year's book-buyers, the *Complete Illustrated Works of Charles Dickens*, published by Mr. T B. PETERSON, of Philadelphia, and noticed in this department of the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER. This series, we are informed on the best authority, cost the enterprising publisher over *eighteen thousand dollars*. And what a treasure to possess are *all* of DICKENS' works! 'Picture it — think of it!' They form, in and of themselves, a library of the deepest and most varied interest. We could only wish the types had been a *little* larger; although in narrow double columns, the reading is certainly convenient. From the same publisher we receive four volumes from the pen

of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, entitled respectively, '*The Curse of Clifton*,' '*The Wife's Victory*,' '*The Deserted Daughter*,' and '*The Deserted Wife*.' Not one of these volumes have we found leisure as yet to read; wherein, if we may trust the verdict of several critics, we have lost much. The justice of that verdict we propose soon to test. Here ensues what one reviewer has said of Mrs. Southworth, as a writer, which must certainly be regarded as very high praise: 'Her style is free from insipidity on the one hand and bombast on the other; and although we meet with forcible, we are never startled with inflated language. Her characters are rarely under, but never overdrawn. Her scenes are life-pictures, her incidents founded on facts, and her sentiments are characterized by a singular purity, both of conception and expression. She has the rare faculty of saying what she means, and of saying it in such a manner that her meaning cannot be misinterpreted. In short, she possesses in an eminent degree those qualifications which are the peculiar prerogatives of a good writer: while she delights the reader's imagination with her descriptive beauty, she applies home truths to his understanding with the force of rational conviction.'

'The Churchman's Diary:' 'The Holy Land.'—Very tasteful, very useful, and replete with interest, are severally two small publications which we have received from the 'General Protestant Episcopal Sunday-School Union and Church Book Society,' Number 637 Broadway. The first, '*The Churchman's Diary*,' is one of the most comprehensive and convenient manuals of the kind we have ever seen — well arranged and beautifully executed. The second is an aëronautic '*View of the Holy Land*,' exhibiting, to the number of eighty-five, the places and cities mentioned in the Old and New Testaments: the whole breadth and extent of that sacred land

> —— 'Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
> That eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
> For our redemption to the bitter cross.'

Lives of the British Historians. — There can be little doubt that this will be a work of permanent value; and for the following reasons: 'The authors of history,' says a forcible English writer, 'are *themselves* history, in the most condensed form; for it is to them that we are indebted for a *living*, moving panorama of events which has long ceased to pass before the eyes of nations or of men.' The lives of the elder historians, embraced in the two handsome volumes before us, are evidently the result of great research, and of no common skill in the selection and arrangement of his materials by the author. The general reader will welcome them; and the student of history will find in them a clear and careful review of the progress of the art. They have been composed with care, and from facts and data drawn from the most authentic sources. In the first volume we have Sir Walter Raleigh, Camden, Bishop Burnet, Fuller, Echard, Brady, Oldmixon, Carte, Robertson, Lord Lyttleton, and Smollett. In the second, Hume, Rapin de Thoyras, Catharine Macaulay, James Ralph, James Macpherson, Nathaniel Hooke, Adam Ferguson, Gibbon, Robert Orme, Oliver Goldsmith, Charles James Fox; and of 'Fragmentary Historians,' More, Bacon, Milton, and Swift. The careful and sagacious author of these volumes is Eugene Lawrence, Esq., of our city; and he has appropriately, and with great simplicity and good taste in the manner of his inscription, dedicated them '*To the Hon. Alexander W. Bradford, the distinguished Jurist and Scholar*.' We look to see this work well received abroad. Certain we are, that it deserves to be welcomed, for various merits, which we regret that we have neither space nor leisure to particularize.

The British Essayists. — We have to thank Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, well-known, extensive, and judicious publishers of Boston, for the first four volumes of '*Chalmers' British Essayists, with Prefaces Historical and Biographical*.' These four embrace the entire series of '*The Tatler*,' with exquisite portraits of Steele and Swift. This edition is an exact reprint of the beautiful one published in London, edited with many corrections and improvements. It is now first issued in America, and is most excellently printed upon fine white paper.

'SCENERY OF THE UNITED STATES.'—A large imperial octavo, the letter-press in large clear types, upon firm paper, of good texture and color, illustrated in a series of forty engravings. This book, to speak literally, must commend itself to a *wide* acceptance; for the Eastern, Northern, Middle, Western and Southern States, are all represented, and well represented, by eminent painters and skilful engravers, in the pictorial contents of the volume, which are liberal in number and excellent in execution. The descriptions are plainly and unambitiously written; so that, taken as a whole, the work will prove quite as attractive to strangers abroad, or travelling among us, as it will to the residents of those portions of the country whose attractions have been here preserved by the pencil and the printing-press.

KEATS' 'EVE OF SAINT AGNES.'—This exquisite poem has found fitting garb and illustration in the very charming volume before us. The engravings, twenty in number, are by EDWARD H. WEHNERT, a German artist of fine genius. Some of them are indeed gems of art. We could instance at least ten of the entire number that for ease, grace, and naturalness, both in character, scene, and accessories, we have seldom seen excelled. For the poem itself, little need be said. Its 'harmony of numbers, its chastened imagination, and its artless manner,' says an English critic, 'have perhaps won more admirers than any other effort of the writer, of a kindred extent.' The quaint typography, creamy paper, and externals generally, of 'The Eve of Saint AGNES' are the same as we have commended in the 'Sabbath-Bells.' It is altogether a most charming gift-book, of the medium-class.

'FRANK LESLIE'S PORT-FOLIO OF FANCY NEEDLE-WORK.'—Dame KNICK writes as follows of this elaborately-patterned work: 'We would advise all of our lady-readers to purchase and read *'Frank Leslie's Port-Folio of Fancy Needle-Work,'* published by STRINGER AND TOWNSEND. They will not only be told that many leisure moments may be gracefully and usefully employed, but they will be taught *how* to so employ them, from the beginning to the ending. They will find many beautiful suggestions regarding the numerous little gifts they take pleasure in making to their gentlemen as well lady-friends, at the approaching season.'

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*** THE following, among other works, have been received by the EDITOR, and await examination: PUTNAM'S 'Home Cyclopedia;' HEDGE'S 'Prose-Writers of Germany;' SHERWOOD'S 'Self- Culture;' "Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated,' by Professor ROBERT HARE; 'Ghostly Colloquies;' 'Winnie and I;' 'Elm-Tree Tales;' JOHNSTON'S 'Instructions for the Analysis of Soils,' etc.; 'Les Messagers du Roi,' par LE REV. W. ADAMS, M.A., author of 'Shadow of the Cross,' etc.; 'Village and Farm Cottages,' (most exquisitely executed, and as *practically* valuable as it is beautiful;) Volume Nine of HUDSON'S SHAKSPEARE; STERLING'S 'Onyx Ring,' a volume replete with beauties; 'HORSFORD'S Indian Legends and Other Poems;' 'CASTE, a Story of Republican Equality;' POST'S 'Skeptical Era in Modern History;' 'ETHEL, or the Double Error;' 'Letters of Mad. DE SEVIGNE;' BARTLEY'S Poems, etc.; 'Hill Side Flowers,' with an Introduction by Rev. BISHOP SIMPSON, D.D., published by CARLTON AND PHILLIPS; CUMMING'S 'Scripture Reading;' 'India, Ancient and Modern;' 'Meister KARL'S Sketch-Book;' 'Christmas Wreath for Little People,' by ELLA RODMAN; Plate of *'The Albion'* Newspaper; with several Reviews, Periodicals, and new journals, Medical, Scientific, Literary, Illustrated, Comic, Artistical, etc.

OUR ADVERTISING SHEET.—An advertising sheet will hereafter be a component part of this Magazine. These pages are to be occupied entirely by our friends the publishers, and our readers one and all will particularly note that they will always find there the latest announcements of the principal publishers in New-York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities.

CLOSING UP OF THE COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION.—We again call the attention of our readers to the notice on the cover, by which they will see that the books will positively close on the 31st instant. Subscriptions received at this office up to the 26th instant.

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A Specimen Number of this splendid and popular volume is now ready. To show how it has been appreciated by the public, and the numerous friends of the veteran editor of the KNICKERBOCKER, we subjoin from a few of the many notices which the work has received and favorably abstracted:

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XLVII. FEBRUARY, 1856. No. 2.

THE LADIES' DINNER.

WE were very aristocratic in Summerfield—oh! very. We were a New-England society, with very many reminiscences of the 'Mayflower,' every house having some article from that heavily-freighted craft. We almost all of us had an old brocade, that had belonged to some ancestress of wonderful beauty, and some of us had a picture of a gentleman in powdered wig, broad cuffs, and other insignia of respectability. We were not rich; but then we were high-born, and that was a great consolation to us, as we sat in our little back-parlors and turned our old dresses, and spoke of the magnificence that *had been*.

So we watched with jealous and suspicious eyes all new-comers into our village. We did not wish to see the old aristocracy broken up. So when handsome Mrs. Ames, the rail-road contractor's wife, came to town, we pronounced her vulgar and low-born, and would not call upon her. But her handsome face showed itself so frequently at the doors of the poor and the sick, that we began to suspect the existence of virtues even among the lower classes. Then she wore very pretty collars and dresses, the patterns of which we admired and wanted, but would have died rather than asked for. At last, Dr. Ingersoll, our rector, asked us to call upon her, saying she was very intelligent and agreeable.

We called an especial tea-party to consider of the matter, and having all adopted our best sponged and turned black silks, reported ourselves at Mrs. Pendleton's, who was the *siné qua non* of Summerfield aristocracy.

Mrs. Pendleton was a stern, uncompromising old aristocrat, poorer and prouder than any of us. She had waged a fierce war with Summerfield society when she entered it herself, having been suspected of having *sewed* for lucre at one period of her youth. But this may have been a slander. At any rate, once in, she defended the barriers of the order with spirit and acrimony worthy of Oliver Cromwell himself. She had ruled us all with a rod of iron for many years. Church and State alike bowed before her mighty nod. The Church suffered particularly, for wo be unto the new rector if his wife did not become Mrs. Pendleton's slave; his pillow was one of thorns, carefully picked and stuffed for him by Mrs. P. State fared better, for the men could vote

and legislate somewhat as they pleased; but even here her power was felt, and Mr. Peirson always attributed the loss of his election to her, because she had a son-in-law who wanted his place, and got it.

This formidable female convened, therefore, a tea-party, to take into consideration Mrs. Ames's case.

Mrs. Hanson came early. She was our wit and woman of letters. We always regretted that she could not in some way reach the throne; for virtuous as we were, we felt that she would have been a Pompadour, had she had the chance. The evil whispered that Mrs. Hanson liked a flirtation, and there had been a chronic one in progress for many years. Still Mrs. Pendleton affected Mrs. Hanson, so we bore with it in silence, and really admired her wit and talent very much.

Then came Mrs. Stearns, who was somewhat richer than the rest of us, and therefore (such is the weakness of even the most exalted characters!) quite deferred to by the younger and least aristocratic of the villagers, (Summerfieldians, forgive me! I should have said, *community.*) It required (as Sydney Smith said) a surgical operation to get a joke into Mrs. Stearns's understanding, and I think that had any such operation been undertaken, even with the influence of chloroform, it would have been fatal, as almost any sizable idea would have distended her mind entirely beyond the natural dimensions. Her literal interpretation of any remark made it sometimes awkward to talk with her on general topics, but she was aristocratic to a great degree, and her ancestors, in some remote age, came from Boston.

Then came Mrs. Wentworth, whom we thorough aristocrats looked upon with suspicion. She was one of us by birth and position, but she was always breaking out and doing improper things, like calling on new people, and we felt that if such people as Mrs. Wentworth were encouraged, anarchy and confusion would come next. Some of us had said as much, and had remonstrated with her; but she said, 'Humbug!' and went on her way, with her bright blue eyes full of mischief and determination.

She was the only woman in the village who did not dread Mrs. Pendleton, and the occasional rebuffs which that monarch met with from Mrs. Wentworth, were, perhaps, the only instances of downright rebellion she had ever had to contend against.

We had tremendous talk at the tea-party. After exhausting the interesting events of village news, and after listening to two or three well-told anecdotes from Mrs. Hanson, Mrs. Pendleton majestically commenced making tea, and giving out the law at the same moment.

'Ladies, I presume you have all heard of the advent in our village of a Mr. and Mrs. Ames, and I am not ignorant that our worthy rector, or rather I should say, our late rector, Dr. Ingersoll, has requested all the ladies to call and see her. I have inquired about the woman, and have seen her, and I unhesitatingly pronounce her vulgar and low-bred, and I need not say that I presume none of you will call upon her.'

Mrs. Pendleton paused and looked around on her quaking subjects until her eye reached Mrs. Wentworth, who was trotting her cup up and down and looking from the window and smiling.

Now Mrs. Wentworth was very tall and handsome, and could by no

means do any thing that was not noticed. So Mrs. Pendleton's attention was arrested immediately, and a look of alarm ran round the room, for we knew 'the hour of battle was near, and the trumpets sounded even to the combat.'

'May we inquire what amuses Mrs. Wentworth?' said Mrs. Pendleton, with knitted brows.

'I was bowing to poor Mrs. Ames,' said that undaunted individual.

'May I inquire how you happen to know Mrs. Ames?' said the autocrat, paling with wrath.

'I called yesterday, and found her a charming person, and I intend to know her better, and I trust all of you ladies will hasten to cultivate her, and give yourselves the great pleasure of knowing her,' said Mrs. Wentworth, still smiling, and looking about with her bright courageous eyes.

Mrs. Pendleton was a skilful general; she knew that a dignified silence was more impressive than a vigorous denunciation, so after a pause, she asked Mrs. Wentworth to take another cup of tea.

Although it seemed almost impossible to touch pitch and not be defiled, yet we all wanted to hear about Mrs. Ames, and Mrs. Hanson, presuming on the protection of Mrs. Pendleton, asked a few questions.

'She has an English way of speaking,' began Mrs. Wentworth; 'she is very well educated, and I particularly noticed the beauty of her hands. She asked me if there were any young ladies who wished to take lessons on the piano; she says she should like a few scholars; she was trying to mend an old coat when I went in ——'

'Whose coat was it?' asked literal Mrs. Stearns.

'Her husband's, I suppose. She laughed very prettily, and asked me to show her how it was done, saying she didn't know very well how to mend old clothes.'

'Very creditable to a poor man's wife,' growled Mrs. Pendleton.

'I wonder if she ever heard of Burns's mother, who made 'auld claithes look 'maist as gude as new,'' sighed Mrs. Hanson.

'Do you know,' burst out impetuous Mrs. Wentworth, 'she looks to me as if she had a history!'

'What history?' interrupted Mrs. Stearns. 'I have Robertson's and Gibbon's.'

'No, a story, a romantic story. I think she has seen better days. I wonder if any body knows any thing about her.'

'Dr. Ingersoll,' suggested a modest voice in the corner.

Now Dr. Ingersoll was a character. He was a man of great talents, but had not applied them much. He had been educated abroad, and perhaps that unfitted him for the duties of his New-England parish. Certainly, though for many years our rector, he had *not* corrected some very important faults in our community, but was whimsically fond of bringing them to light; he was a man of great humor, learning, and eccentricity, and having enough to live on, he had retired from the ministry, being a little lazy withal, and had been succeeded in turn by several young men, to torment whom was the honey of Mrs. Pendleton's existence.

Just at the moment of this last question, Dr. Ingersoll was announced.

He was evidently much amused internally, and had dropped in to hear the result of the ladies' congress.

Mrs. Pendleton had retired from the Ames conversation, and was talking with Mrs. Hanson with dignified contempt, every now and then catching a remark of ours, but appearing stone deaf to the whole thing. She did not dislike Dr. Ingersoll; he was an ancient institution, an aristocrat, and treated her with profound respect. She had an innate suspicion that he laughed at her, but as she frequently said, 'Dr. Ingersoll had a vein of levity in his composition which prevented his becoming a distinguished man,' she probably comforted herself in that way.

At length Mrs. Wentworth found an opportunity to ask the Doctor about Mrs. Ames. He pleaded profound ignorance, except that he believed she was of English birth. 'But I have some startling news for you, ladies,' said the Doctor, taking his spectacles from his pocket; 'we are to have another neighbor.'

To quiet the storm of 'When?' 'Who?' 'How?' that followed, the Doctor read us a letter, dated May first, Granton Vicarage, D—shire, England:

'Dear Sir: I want to ask your kind services and attention for my friend and parishioner, Miss Lydia Hedd, who has taken the eccentric determination to go to your country to reside, owing, perhaps, to the sad associations which surround her home, lately a very happy one, but now desolated by the death of her father, and the ill-conduct of a relative. I have advised her to try your village at first, as I entertain agreeable remembrance of it, and I know you will receive her with a welcome. She is elderly, quite rich, and connected with some of the best families in the county. What she is mentally and morally you will soon discover — one of the wittiest and wisest of women, and when not too much prejudiced, one of the best. She wishes me to add, that if it is not too great an effort, she wishes you would take a house for her for one year, as she always travels with a retinue.

'How is my friend Rose? Blossomed yet? Not plucked from the parent stem, I trust, though my ungallant memory informs me that she approaches the sere and yellow leaf of sixteen. Ah! old friend, when you and I measured wits at Edinboro' we did not feel as stiff as we do now; but one of us, at least, has kept the stiffness from the vital organs, and still is yours, as of yore,

George Sinclair.'

We immediately began to run over in our minds the houses in the village which would suit a lady 'connected with the best families in the county.' There were but two empty ones. One was the Crampton-House, a large red brick house, with stiff rooms on either side the hall, a stiff yard, and fence in front. It had belonged to a gentleman lately deceased, and was waiting for a purchaser. Another was the little rambling cottage at the end of the street, with rooms in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, built by some low-bred man who delighted in prospects; we immediately concluded that the high-born lady would prefer the Crampton-House, as that was much nearer a ducal residence in our minds than any other attainable.

Dr. Ingersoll, with his usual obstinacy and eccentricity, decided upon the cottage.

By the first of July we had all called upon and seen Miss Lydia Hedd. She was forty or more, tall, thin, and not handsome. We thought we saw traces of noble blood in her sallow countenance, but we felt a little offended at her *freedom of speech*. For instance, when we suggested that we thought the Crampton-House would have been a more fitting residence for a lady of her importance, she called it a miserable-looking, stiff, nonsensical house, with no views from it except the opposite stable; while she spoke of her cottage as an ugly, ill-contrived little *bungalow*, but with pretty views, and quiet, and away from the village.

'*Bungalow*' puzzled us for some time, but at length we discovered that it meant something East-Indian, but why it should be applied to a Christian cottage, in the highly-intelligent town of Summerfield, we could not imagine, or at least Mrs. Stearns could not.

Still we liked her very much. She was witty, well-informed, and hospitable. She instituted a very agreeable custom of giving a dinner once a week to seven ladies, herself being the eighth. No gentleman was allowed to show his head at these entertainments, though Dr. Ingersoll was permitted to come in the evening, for we staid to supper. Sometimes one or two gentlemen were permitted to follow the Doctor, but Lydia preferred to have the gentlemen save themselves for her whist-parties, which were semi-weekly.

These dinners were great events in Summerfield. The dishes were very new and very delicious, but we ate them with commendable self-respect, and pretended to have eaten them all before.

Lydia enjoyed Dr. Ingersoll very much, and Rose, his only daughter, was her especial favorite. She took much notice of her; drove her frequently in her little carriage; read with her, and did much to add to the very good education the Doctor had given his darling: and one of our most delightful dinners was given by Lydia, on the occasion of the recovery of Rose from a fit of illness, during which, Lydia had nursed her with the greatest affection.

Perhaps we should state that Miss Hedd had requested many of us to call her by her Christian name, before she had been long with us. Among the privileged persons were Dr. Ingersoll and Rose, and, from hearing them so call her, we all followed, when speaking *of* her.

Lydia received us — the fortunate seven — in a pretty little room looking out on the garden. She had now been with us nearly a year. The lilacs were in full bloom about the cottage, and Rose Ingersoll sat on the sofa, in her sweet white dress, looking beautifully delicate and convalescent. Mrs. Wentworth had arrived. Mrs. Hanson came, in great outward adornment and much manner, with juvenile vivacity and kittenish buoyancy, which hardly fitted her five-and-forty years. She rushed at poor Rose, embraced her violently, called her her dear lily of the valley, her white Rose, and other endearing terms.

'You must *excuse me*, dear Miss Hedd, I am so enthusiastic. I never could contain myself.'

'Heaven forbid that you should, Madam,' said Lydia, in her rough way. 'I always think if people feel so, it is best to let it out.'

The party being complete we went to dinner. We had to descend two steps to the dining-room.

'Here we go, *Hedd* foremost,' said our hostess, who loved a pun.

'Why, no one has fallen!' said Mrs. Stearns, with a frightened air.

We forbear to mention the delicacies which tempted us on that occasion. Women are supposed not to eat; and for fear some budding Byron may read these pages, and find his theory disturbed, we will not refute that belief.

But no one ever believed that women remained silent, so we may narrate the conversation.

'Rose, try these sweetbreads,' said Lydia.

'Ah! that reminds me of poor Mrs. Ames,' said Rose. 'Lydia, you must let Williams carry one of those to poor Mrs. Ames.'

'Yes, Rose, but you must explain it; for you know I have never seen her yet, and I fear it might seem officious.'

Poor Mrs. Ames, indeed. Early in the winter a little Ames had made his appearance in this cold and wicked world, and the young mother had passed a weary winter of illness and trial. Kind Mrs. Wentworth, with her great heart, had been all that she could to the poor stranger, and many other ladies had forgotten aristocracy and Mrs. Pendleton, and watched by her sick bed. But owing to these causes, Miss Hedd had never seen our bone of contention. Rose, too, had been a prisoner nearly all winter, so that Mrs. Ames had one comforter the less.

Mrs. Hanson told us a very romantic but rather improbable story about Mrs. Ames's husband, whom we rarely saw, as he rose early and drove to the rail-road, which was being constructed near Summerfield. She said he was throwing a stone one day out on his works, when a ring came off his finger, and was lost. He showed a great deal of anxiety, and said he would have rather lost five pounds than that ring, and immediately hired an Irishman to look for it.

'Now that shows me that he is English,' said Mrs. Hanson. 'Yankees don't talk about five pounds.'

Mrs. Wentworth said, 'Why shouldn't he be English?' She had never asked Mrs. Ames about herself, for there was a sort of reserve about her that forbade it, but she had no sort of doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Ames were English people, and she almost thought they had run away and been married clandestinely, for she was sure Mr. Ames did not look at all like a working-man, or seem to know much about common life.

'Williams, pour me a glass of wine,' said Miss Hedd, looking distressed.

We all remembered that Dr. Ingersoll's letter had spoken of the ill-conduct of some of Miss Hedd's relatives, and we concluded this remark had caused unpleasant recollections.

She shook them off, as one of the ladies began rallying Rose Ingersoll on the subject of the young rector, who was rather inclined to admire her.

'What a charming tableau you made the other morning, Rose, with Mr. Thurston sitting at the head of your sofa, and your papa looking benignly on,' said Mrs. Wentworth, laughing.

Lydia did not like Mr. Thurston.

'What! Rose Ingersoll! did you allow that Mr. Thurston to sit and talk to you?'

'Yes, Lydia; dear, sentimental Mr. Thurston!' said Rose, for she liked a joke. 'The window was open, and the lilacs peeped in and filled the parlor with fragrance. I reclined on a sofa, looking delicate and interesting. The humming-birds flew about, the very bees sang and buzzed in a loving manner: why should not Mr. Thurston and I join the voices of the season, and sing and buzz of love!'

'Nonsense, Rose. I see you don't care for that silly fellow; but if I ever hear of your talking under any description of lilac-bush, and encouraging stupid young clergymen, I will write to Lord John directly and tell him not to come.

'Did Rose ever tell you of Lord John?' addressing us all.

'Never,' burst from twelve anxious lips.

'Well, Lord John C —— is my near relative, and the finest young man in England. He is not only handsome and accomplished, but he is good and great. He entertains the belief that some peerless woman is growing up for him somewhere, and so do I. He is in this country now, and is coming here to see me. If Rose behaves herself, I intend to marry him to her, and raise her to the peerage — but no more flirtations with young clergymen, Rose! I will not stand it!'

Now Lydia had no more idea of marrying Rose to Lord John, than she had idea of marrying him herself. She knew very well that my Lord John's papa would not relish the idea of an unentitled daughter-in-law, and in many a conversation with Rose had she talked of the feeling which existed in England against *mésalliances*. With her it was merely a joke, and she perhaps had a whimsical idea that when she brought these young people together, they *might* inconveniently fall in love, and all this joking of hers would prove Rose's effectual safeguard in case they did.

Fate had provided a more certain heart-armor for Miss Rose than even Miss Lydia had been able to construct, and that was an undefined sentiment of regard which that young lady felt for one Mr. Gordon Lee, a dark-eyed young gentleman, who had passed one of his vacations in Summerfield, and made some use of it, in cultivating the acquaintance of Rose.

They were both extremely young, but that has not always prevented people from being extremely fond of one another; and although no one knew, of course, 'how far' matters had gone, we all married Rose to Gordon Lee, in our imaginations.

Fate, however, interfered once more in Miss Lydia's plans, and sent Dr. Ingersoll and Rose to the sea-side, for the better building-up of the health of the latter. And the first day at dinner, Rose's neighbor pointed out to her Lord John C ——, who had come down with a party of young men to the hotel where they were staying.

Dr. Ingersoll immediately made his acquaintance, on the strength of

mutual regard for Miss Lydia. Lord John desired an introduction to his lovely daughter; and very many walks, sails, and talks, was the natural result.

Alas! there was no Lydia, no Gordon Lee present. 'Both were young, and one was beautiful.' Rose was a very attractive girl; she had an American face, with an English figure. It was a combination Lord John had not met with; her grace, her tact, the almost inseparable accompaniments of the independent, self-reliant education she had had, charmed and surprised the young Englishman. He, too, was very agreeable; he was not as handsome as Gordon Lee, so Rose observed to herself, as they returned from a boating party, as the young Lord's healthy English face glowed with the exercise and enjoyment; nor was he *quite* as intellectual: but how manly he was! how athletic, how strong!

One day he brought down his book of drawings to show her. She was astonished to find how accomplished he was; he, so modest, so silent on all that related to himself. She turned over the leaves, one by one, and came to some female heads.

'Why, certainly, this is a picture of some one I have seen! Why, this is Mrs. Ames! No, it cannot be; but how like!'

Lord John turned pale. 'I did not know that was in existence; but whom did you say it resembled?'

'Mrs. Ames; the dearest, sweetest woman; she has lived in Summerfield a year or so, and has been very ill. No one knows her or her husband; that is, no one did. But papa and I, and a Mrs. Wentworth, have been to see her; and her husband came to see papa when they first came to our village; I don't know why, perhaps because he is a clergyman; and I believe he told papa about himself, but papa never would tell.'

'Resemblances are curious sometimes: these were mostly sketches made in Spain;' and Lord John took his port-folio and left the room.

Before the young people parted at the sea-shore, one soft summer twilight, Lord John took his ring from his finger, and showed the design carved on it. It was an arrow transfixing the stem of a rose, and apparently flying through the air with its fragrant prize.

'This is my crest, dear lady; my brave ancestors had to win their roses with more deadly weapons than we are called to use; but I trust we are to be no degenerate ancestors, and that we may win our roses with devotion and love, instead of arrows!'

Rose did not reply; she certainly liked Lord John very much, but did she love him? Did not a pair of dark eyes sometimes come in and destroy the pleasant picture of sailing off to England, and living in a turreted castle, like those she had seen in landscapes?

He took her hand, and gently slipped the ring on it. 'Wear it, at least, dear lady, till we meet again: I shall see you before many weeks. You do not make any promise by consenting to wear it; you will but remember the owner, and this evening, when you see it.'

That evening Lord John had a long interview with Dr. Ingersoll; but there was not one word spoken about Rose.

The first person Rose saw when she reached home was Gordon Lee, the second was Lydia, the third was Mrs. Ames.

Lydia was overwhelmed with confusion, delight, and wonder, at the account of Lord John. Rose was a woman, and therefore quite capable of throwing dust in her (Lydia's) eyes, on the subject of Lord John's admiration; beside, a walk with Gordon Lee had quite convinced her that Lord John's ring must be returned.

Sweet Mrs. Ames was very happy to see her friend, and listened to the account of her visit with pleasure. She had her little son in her arms, and was walking up and down the room with him, while Rose described Lord John, and the remarkable resemblance which that picture of his bore to Mrs. Ames.

'It was fuller than you, Mrs. Ames, and more smiling, and was dressed in a riding-habit; but so like you!'

Mrs. Ames hid her face on the baby's little white shoulder, and walked up and down silently. Rose talked on, admired the baby, and got up to go home. As she shook hands at parting, Mrs. Ames screamed with delight, as she saw Lord John's ring.

'My husband's ring! Where was it found, dear Rose? The very one I gave him before we were married! Poor George! how he sorrowed when he lost it; almost the last relic of happier days! Did that Irishman bring it to you?'

Rose was very much confused. A whole history came out with these words, and she had not time to connect the links, nor did she want to tell the romantic story of the ring. Mrs. Ames looked anxiously at her, never doubting that the ring was the one lost by her husband, and wondering at her confusion.

Rose at length found voice and courage to say: 'Mrs. Ames, this is not yours; it is one that Lord John C —— put on my finger.'

It was now Mrs. Ames's turn to be confused. What had she done? What a dreadful disclosure she had made!

'Rose, dear, you have unfortunately become possessor of a secret: may I depend upon you? Will you keep it secret? You shall know more soon; but, dear Rose, what have I to hear — can it be possible? What strange links bind us all together!'

Rose walked home, bewildered and almost stunned. She was not particularly imaginative, and her mind was very much disturbed with her own affairs. The Ames mystery perplexed her greatly. She walked up to her own little room, and tried to unravel the complicated affair.

The next day, on returning from a walk with Gordon Lee, she ran in to see Lydia, who was sitting in her little parlor, crying.

'O Lydia!' said Rose, 'don't do that, I beg of you! Every body is in trouble; every body is saying and doing strange things, and I came in to see *you*, hoping that *you* at least were all right! Papa is walking up and down in great perturbation; I am walking up and down in great distress; you are crying, and Mrs. Ames——!'

She had nearly forgotten her promise!

'Go home, dear child, go home! I can't tell you any thing, but your papa will!'

Rose walked home; went to her papa's study. There stood Lord John, with his arms around Mrs. Ames!

The Doctor was 'walking up and down,' as Rose had described him, wiping his eyes and working off an immense deal of feeling.

'Come in, Rose,' said Mrs. Ames; 'come in! The days of mysteries are over!'

Lord John disengaged himself, and came forward to receive the lady of his heart.

'Mrs Ames is my sister, dear Miss Ingersoll; and one day she chose to run away with a certain Captain A——, whom her papa and brother did not approve of. I came to America, partly to learn her fate and to take care of her, if she needed it; but I did not mean to see her. Your few words, when you saw her picture in my port-folio, the compassion which your face expressed, awoke the brother in me so keenly, that I have altered my intention, as you perceive.'

'And you, papa, have known this lady's history from the first?'

'Yes, my dear, and a dreadful time I have had of it; but then it was great comfort to hear the ladies determine not to call on her, on account of her *low birth!*'

'And Lydia?'

'Is Mrs. Ames's aunt; and when she was sent here by that curious fatality which always brings people together who wish to stay apart, I had to tell her that her runaway niece, whose conduct was the reason of her leaving England, was here, in fear some sudden interview might take place and kill them both on the spot!'

'And has Lydia not forgiven her?'

'Hardly. It was a great blow, for I was almost a daughter to her,' said poor, weeping Mrs. Ames.

'Here she comes, up the street!' said the fidgety Doctor, looking from the window.

The kindly Ingersolls left them together, the offended and the offending. Peace was the result. Mrs. Ames had 'given the world for love, and considered it well lost.' Nothing remained for them but to forgive. There was an implacable father still left to appease, but Lord John would be a good mediator; and better than all to the poor wife, they, at her solicitations, forgave her husband.

And how did it fare with Lord John, the good, the generous, the unselfish? As it fares but too often with the good, Lord John was the only one who went away with a heavy heart.

'And how is that happy ring, dear Miss Rose, which I see still on the finger where I placed it?' said Lord John, when evening found them alone together.

Poor Rose had never refused any body; she did not know *how* in the least. She felt as if she were going to faint; but she was a brave, good girl, and seeing now plainly her own heart, and which way it leaned, she only sought to save her kind and noble admirer all the pain she could.

She took the ring off and handed it back to its owner.

'I cannot keep it, Lord John, and I trust I shall not seem coquettish to you. You were the first cultivated man, the first travelled, accomplished man of the world I had ever seen. I was fascinated by that

nameless something which the world gives, and which we rustics have not; and your kindness, your preference for me added a new charm to our intercourse. I should have known from the first, too, how far we are apart, how unfitted I am for the exalted station which you occupy. Your father, he must not be called on to sorrow over *another* unequal marriage!'

Lord John was not at all disconcerted by all this; on the contrary, he was looking very much pleased; and poor Rose found she had not discarded him at all.

'My dear Rose — permit me to use the word — I know all about these matters better than you. You are no *bad match* (to use your own suggestion) for any body. Oh! if any thing about me has touched your heart, if you love me in the least, trust the rest to me! Believe me, I can make it plain and right, and happy for you. I have a conviction so deeply seated that I can make *you* happy, that I beg of you to say that one little word that can make *me* happy.'

Must she then put the truth into *words*, that delicate, unspoken truth which she hardly acknowledged to herself? How could she frame it in *words?* — but she must.

'Dear Lord John, much as I like you, greatly as I admire you, I am afraid I *love* another.'

Lord John did not attempt to refute this argument. It was a great blow to him; for her confusion, her self-depreciation had won him very much, and given him every encouragement. She could not have done it worse; but fortunately he was as straightforward and as generous as she was, and liked her all the better for it *the next day*.

'So Mrs. Ames is the Lady Geraldine C——, whose elopement we all read about two years ago! Ah! truth is stranger than fiction, and the human heart a mysterious thing,' sighed Mrs. Hanson, at the next tea-party.

'I wonder if her brother left her any money?' said Mrs. Stearns.

'He offered himself to Rose Ingersoll,' said Mrs. Wentworth.

'What is title, and wealth, where the heart is unmoved?' put in Mrs. Hanson.

'I think it a good deal,' said Patty Patterson; 'and I suspect the poor little fool will find it out, before Gordon Lee gets ready to marry her.'

Patty was a little older and less handsome than Rose.

'Mrs. Ames looks ten years younger,' said Mrs. Pendleton. 'I went round to advise her about the baby, yesterday.'

'Have *you* been to see her?' said Mrs. Wentworth, laughing.

'Certainly, several times,' said the autocrat, who never made any acknowledgment of defeat, but ignored every thing she did not wish to remember.

Lydia gave a 'ladies' dinner,' shortly after these tremendous events. Mrs. Ames, forgiven and beloved, sat at her right hand; Rose at her left. She liked Rose all the better for having refused Lord John.

Rose and Lydia smiled at the deference and admiration with which even the oldest aristocrat regarded Mrs. Ames.

Dr. Ingersoll arrived to supper. Lydia offered him oysters.

'No,' said he,

'Save me from all *eating* cares,
Wrap me in soft *Lydian* airs.'

'O Doctor! you know you want some supper. I am too old to be taken in by your poetry.'

So the Doctor ate his oysters, and looked about with twinkling eyes, as he saw Mrs. Pendleton herself helping Mrs. Ames to some delicacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Ames, or rather Captain A—— and his wife, left Summerfield very soon. Lord John had found something for Captain A—— to do more fitted to his education than building railroads. We never saw them again; for the unforgiving father, having been called away to account for his own deeds, they went home to England, where they remained.

Lydia went with them, to the life-long regret of Summerfield. She kept up a vigorous correspondence with Rose, who waited patiently for her Gordon, and at length married him, when his profession was promising, and his political prospects (then the great hope and interest of all young Americans of talent) were high. He got to be this and that in the state, all of which pleased Rose much better than if she had married a man of rank, and been borne down

'With the burden of an honor,
Unto which she was not born.'

At last came a letter from Lydia, telling Rose of the marriage of Lord John (now Lord C——) to a lady of rank and fortune. Lydia said she was all they could wish, and her dear nephew was very happy.

'Now, dear Rose,' she wrote, 'I am getting old, and I want to see you before I die. Your old friend, Lord C——, and Lady C—— both wish me to ask you and your husband to spend the summer in England, at his house, where I, a shadow, flit about at twilight, but keep out of the sunlight, as all ghosts do. Come, dear Rose, and gladden your old friend's heart. Geraldine, too, is within a morning's drive, and longs to see you.'

Mr. and Mrs. Lee found it agreeable to themselves to accept this invitation; and Rose, who had lost her dear old father, thought with tearful eyes of Lydia, who had been, next to him, the best friend of her youth.

When Lord John gave Rose his arm, at the entrance of his stately house, he looked with surprise at her now perfected beauty.

'I think I shall not be ashamed to present my transatlantic friend to Lady C——!' he whispered to Rose.

They found Lady C—— handsome and charming. Secure in her lofty lineage and position, and in her own natural gifts, she felt no annoyance at her husband's admiration for the beautiful American; but cordially assisted him to amuse his guests.

They drove over the beautiful country. They looked at ruins hallowed by story. They breathed the healthful air. They enjoyed that perfection of liberty, of hospitality — an English country-house. They saw a delightful party of people gathered together in Lord C ——'s house, walking, driving, talking, when they pleased; and acknowledged that social life in England was far more perfect than social life in America. But a strong spirit animated them both — to return and do what *they could* to improve their own dear land.

How proud and gratified was Rose, when she heard Gordon talking very well at dinner, in presence, too, of some of the best men of England. He was giving a rapid but graphic picture of the immense possibilities of America. He painted in few but glowing words her silver net-work of rivers, joining her scattered fragments in imperishable union. The wealth, which poured like Danæ's shower into the hands of her hard-working people — the splendid pedestal which Industry and Energy were building, on which would some day rest the proud achievements of immortal Art.

Rose stole a furtive glance at Lord C ——. He was looking at her with a world of meaning in his eyes. He smiled slightly, and gave her a little nod.

SUMMERFIELD has connections now with the nobility. We speak often of our titled friends. Lydia is always mentioned as 'the Honorable Miss Hedd;' and we respect Rose very much more, that she might have been 'My Lady.' Occasionally, some lady, more intrepid than the rest, gets up several side-dishes, with infinite labor and pains, and we have a 'ladies' dinner.'

A RURAL SKETCH.

I.

BY the little gate, beloved, out by the little gate,
I lean, and listen for thy footfall: listen, watch, and wait:
The golden light fades in the west, a shade comes o'er the sky,
The dew-drop gathers on the leaf, the tear-drop fills my eye.

II.

Deep darkness drapes the valley round, and rests upon the hill,
The stars gaze at me mockingly, yet am I waiting still;
Waiting, praying, all for thee; dreaming of the days gone by:
The while, each breeze thy herald seems, and whispers thou art nigh.

III.

A light, a soft, pale, silv'ry light, o'erspreads yon mountain brow;
The cold moon comes, the stars grow pale: where, wanderer, loitercst thou?
Hark! to the step I know so well! — beloved, thou lingerest not;
Be still, my poor, impatient heart, *thou art not quite forgot.*

M. B.

THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

BY FRANCIS DERARD JANVIER.

Feeble, and faint, and grim, and gray,
In his last dark hour the Old Year lay;
And heavily came his parting breath,
And his eyes grew dim in the mists of death.

Yet a few months past, when the Spring-time smiled,
This gray Old Year was a merry child;
And he rivalled the lark, as it cleft the air,
And twined bright buds with his golden hair.

Then the Summer came, and the buds were flowers,
And the nightingale sang in the blooming bowers;
And a pensive youth, he loved the night,
And the silent stars, and the pale moonlight.

Still the months rolled by, and the Autumn now
Gave its golden fruit from each bending bough;
And, with mind mature, he had reached at length,
The full perfection of manly strength.

But the leaves grew sear, and the Autumn past,
And the tall trees bent to the wintry blast,
And the days wore on, and the end drew nigh,
And the weary Old Year lay down to die.

Feeble, and faint, and grim, and gray,
In his last dark hour the Old Year lay;
And heavily came his parting breath,
And his eyes grew dim in the mists of death.

Yet not alone, for Old Time stood there,
He watched at his side with paternal care;
And he gazed on the glass in his withered hand,
And jealously counted each ebbing sand.

Nay, not alone, for a company vast,
The shades of the numberless years of the past,
Encircled the couch where the dying year lay,
And mournfully beckoned his spirit away.

Then sullenly tolled from a crumbling tower
The solemn strokes of the midnight hour;
And the ghost of the gray Old Year was free,
With the shadowy past, in eternity!

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND was born in Philadelphia on the fifteenth day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-four. His every-day life has doubtless been that which characterizes our unromantic age; and as with most intellectual men, marked rather by the gradual development of his ideas than by the astonishing strokes of his fortune. Mr. Leland passed through an honorable collegiate career at Princeton, and graduated in the year eighteen hundred and forty-five. Immediately after taking his first degree, he embarked for Europe, and passed the flower of his youth, like a scholar of the middle age, either in wandering from one great university to another, pursuing various courses of study at his different resting-places, or in gathering that peculiar knowledge of men and things which comes only from the changing scenes of travel. Such a life must have been strictly in accordance with Mr. Leland's tastes; and by the longing looks which he sometimes casts behind him, we should infer that he abandoned his student-life with no common regret. After some years, however, he returned to America, adopted the profession of the law, which he soon abandoned for the more genial pursuits of literature. With whatever success Mr. Leland's career in the law might have been attended, we are of the opinion that he chose wisely; for nature designed him rather as a curious scholar, and a skilful literary teacher, than as an ordinary legal drudge.

The American who adopts literature as a profession, can certainly be influenced by no sordid motives. He must look to the exercise of his art as the only recompense for his labor. There is no country under the sun, as far advanced in civilization, in which literary reward, both in fame and pay, is so slight as in America. The reasons for such a state of things lie all around us, and are too obvious to need more than a passing remark. As our literature offers few inducements either to ambition or to avarice, the vocation of the writer has sunk so low, in the estimation of a people morbidly addicted to both these passions, that a professed literary man is looked upon with the same pitying contempt that humanity gives to the strolling mendicant. Indeed the profession of the writer is considered to be no profession whatever; and the man who has the hardihood to utter a volume, is glad to shelter himself from the jeers of his friends behind his law-books, or his vials, or his merchandise, or his completed fortune, and there blush for the hapless venture of his wits. It is in vain to point, by way of extenuation, to certain Americans who have gained both reputation and money by their writings, while the country really affords no such thing as a distinct class of literary men. Apart from the editors of newspapers, where shall we find a body of men, however innumerous, who earn their daily bread by the pen alone? Summon a meeting of American authors, and whence do they come? Bryant drops the editorial paste and scissors, Longfellow rises from the professor's chair, Prescott and

Bancroft issue from their drawing-rooms; some bounce up from lawyers' desks, others leap down from merchants' stools, or appear in the robes of the priest, or in the apron of the mechanic; but nowhere can we recognize one who bears about him those unmistakable marks of his calling by which a literary man is so easily distinguished in France or Germany, or even in money-loving England. If we might by accident light upon any one incautious enough to declare himself a professed *litterateur*, the distinctive badge of his occupation would probably be a thread-bare coat, or a shirtless back, or any other strong mark of peripatetic pauperism; instead of the neat array of the well-dressed, full-bearded, opera-going gentleman, of London or Paris, who drives his brougham down to a publisher's shop, and exchanges his intellectual wealth for the coarser necessities that are represented by gold and silver. We have no desire to sneer at the few miserable types of American authorhood, whose inner and outer wealth contrast so strangely; on the contrary, we are filled with shame and indignation at their deplorable condition, and at the legislative stupidity that offers them up as victims to the niggardly reprinters of a rival literature. We only state facts which no spectator can deny. The remedy lies upon the very face of the evil. But while this indiscriminate reproduction of modern English literature is thrust upon us — as that which must and shall form the staple of our reading — all hopes of literary dignity, and of literary nationality, may as well be abandoned in America. Why this should be allowed is a mystery to us. Why Americans should tamely imbibe the very essence of aristocratic ideas; ideas which we assume to regard as exploded — rather than encourage a new growth of republican letters, is only to be accounted for by supposing our intellects to be still under British servitude, and desperately in need of a second declaration of mental independence.

The previous remarks have naturally occurred to us, while turning over the critical and miscellaneous works of the author who forms the subject of this article. His writings, which cover a large circle of literature, from the most abstruse philosophical criticism, to the lightest essays and the most dashing poems, are of striking originality both in form and in spirit. If we were called upon to give a list of authors whose works least resemble any of the present generation, Mr. Leland's name would certainly stand among the first. The wonderful amount and variety of his learning, and the facility with which he uses it on all occasions, and for all purposes, belong to a race of writers whose last genuine type departed with the author of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' This class has afforded but very few specimens. The fathers of the style were Rabelais in France, and Burton in England. Between their time and Southey's, a period of nigh three centuries, scarcely a name of any distinction can be mentioned. Those who won reputation in the Rabelaisan field were, at the best, but mere imitators of their great master. Burton himself had too much of the Classic, and too little of the Gothic element in his composition, to stamp him as a true disciple; while Southey's 'Doctor,' in spite of his ostentatious display of learning, was evidently written by one who assumed a style, for the nonce, to which he was not accustomed, and it therefore lacked

that easy genialty which vivifies the works of Rabelais, and draws the distinctive line between originality and imitation. Southey, as we all know, could and naturally did write in a widely different manner; but Rabelais could not. His learning flowed forth as spontaneously as his exhaustless humor; it was the *sine qua non* of his style, and to deny him that, would have been to deny him a language. The latter case is also Mr. Leland's. In his serious essays he piles authority upon authority, quotation upon quotation — from all times, and from all languages — until the reader fairly staggers under a weight of recondite arguments, tossed into his mind with an ease and a prodigal profusion that is absolutely astounding. Even in his poems and light sketches, we are struck, on close scrutiny, with the strange and unusual knowledge that shines through them, and peers from every corner, in grotesque contrast to the main design, like the purgatorial heads that startle us amid the airy graces of a Gothic building. A love-song may be founded upon a Neo-Platonic idea, or treated after the manner of the Minnisinger or the Troubador. A squib at some modern superstition may be written with the simple faith of Doctor John Dee; or traced back through the wild beliefs of ancient middle Germany; through the Cabala, the Talmud, the mysteries of Egypt — until it vanishes among the fragments of early Sanscrit literature. So wide a sweep of knowledge, gathered both from the study of books and the observation of travel, is possessed by no living writer of our language. It was said of one of the Schlegels, that he could read any thing, from Plato to a primer; such must be the adaptability of Mr. Leland's mind. How a man, under thirty-three years of age, has managed to make his brain the store-house for every system of philosophy and of art that has ever been broached; from Confucius to Kant, from the occult dreams of Agrippa to the dogmatic materialism of Helvetius; has heaped upon this an accurate acquaintance with most languages that possess a literature; and not content even here, has busied himself with the most varied and incongruous courses of reading, in rare and obscure books — is to us a matter of profound wonderment. Certain mental qualifications for such labor Mr. Leland indeed possesses, in a perfection seldom allotted to man. An insatiable thirst for knowledge, a memory that never errs or fails, a power of enduring any amount of scholarly exertion, a subtle quickness of perception and appropriation, joined to an intellect of great logical soundness, and of strong originality in the direction of its efforts; these natural gifts form the chief means of his vast acquisitions. The writer of this article has often come upon Mr. Leland in the midst of his studies, and seen, with astonishment, the almost incredible speed with which he passes through a book. While even rapid students would be skimming over a few chapters, Mr. Leland would make himself master of the volume; and that too, not in the superficial manner usual with hasty readers, but in the complete, well-digested and systematic style of one who reads with a settled purpose. This is a curious fact, and worthy of more consideration than we can give it at present. After some of his swiftest lectorial efforts, with volumes familiar to us, we have put him through a rigid examination, not only on ideas, but on minute points of style;

and to our surprise we have found him perfectly at home with both; nor have we ever found reason to differ from him in his estimation of an author thus summarily disposed of. A reader with a glance so detective, has evident advantages over the ordinary gleaner from books. He has in his possession an intellectual fan, that winnows off the chaff which is present in the best of human works, and leaves the solid grain upon which he can feed at his leisure. No one who has pursued laborious investigations in any department of literature, need be told of the value of such a power; for hours of precious time, better given to recuperative rest, are always wasted in discovering the perfect uselessness of masses of printed lumber, with most professing title-pages, but most insufficient interiors. There are hypocrites among books, as among men; and the student is as apt to be deceived with specious promises in the library, as in the world.

Among the multifarious writings of Mr. Leland, none have impressed us more than his criticisms. These essays are the first in the English language, that have embodied any thing like a universal system of criticism in art. This system is wider than the title implies; for under the head of art, Mr. Leland includes all works of the imagination — whether poetry, painting, sculpture, or music — regarding them all as but different methods for expressing the same family of ideas. It may perhaps startle the reader, that we claim this to be the only philosophical system of criticism. Our claim is nevertheless just; and we defy any man to point to another, that wears the semblance of a system, adapted to all the phases of art that ever have occurred, or that ever can occur. Without meeting these requirements, there can be no philosophy, in the highest sense of the term.

To man there are but two kinds of absolute truth: namely, that which comes from HEAVEN, and that which arises from his own reason. Facts — the much-prized phenomena of science — are the shadowy forms of higher truth, often the stumbling-blocks on the way to it; and without that knowledge of their laws which comes through reason, they are mere dead things, mysterious in their workings, and ungovernable in their effects. Truth in art, as in nature, is eternal; and that which conforms not to its laws shall perish from the face of the earth. To say that genius in its creations works without laws, is a kind of secondary atheism, that denies a link in the logical chain, and therefore cannot argue backwards from the thing created to its CREATOR. Nothing can be more unphilosophical than such an assertion. It is the starting-point of that absurd notion, now happily exploded, which made Shakspeare a sort of inspired idiot, writing his deathless works in a state of semi-consciousness; as the birds sing, without an idea of their real value. A notion that denied to him even the shallow brains of his commentators, nay, reason itself, and substituted for his towering and omnipresent intellect — an intellect whose careful and artistic working is visible in every phrase of his writings — some blind mental force, that never revealed itself before or since in man.

It is not our purpose to enter into an exposition of Mr. Leland's system of philosophical criticism. The declaration that such a system has been promulgated, is sufficient honor to its author. The need of it

is too clearly illustrated by the sad work of the pseudo-critics around us. For what, after all, is modern criticism? A mere matter of taste. And what is taste, according to the general opinion? Taste is a subtle, airy spirit, dwelling in a mental limbo, without laws and without reason — a thing about which, to use a vulgar proverb, there is no disputing; a thing that melts in the grasp of thought, and must be felt, not seen; a thing that sojourns with certain favored organizations, as Cupid with Psyche, to fly for ever at the first ray of the intellectual lamp! Does this sound like manly philosophy, or like girlish sentiment? And what can taste do for the world, when it applies its invisible powers to criticism? In poetry it asks you to admire, because the critic chooses to print certain passages in italics; or to condemn, because he follows other passages with one, two, or three derisive exclamation marks, according to the intensity of his passion: or because he calls this '*true*,' that '*beautiful*,' this '*false*,' that '*hideous*,' without being able to give us a hint of the process by which he arrived at his conclusions. Critical taste is the thing that starved Otway, starved Chatterton, starved Tobin, starved Sheridan, starved Haydon, and will starve a host of others; that sneered at Byron for a day, and at Wordsworth for years; that abused Coleridge into notice, and Keats into his grave; that bought the 'Paradise Lost' at ten pounds sterling, and partially discovered Shakspeare's greatness some two centuries after his death. These are the works of taste and by its works it should be judged. It has been the absence of such as system as Mr. Leland's, or rather of any system, that has led taste to commit such frightful blunders, both in its judgments and in its predictions. The reasons for this state of things are obvious. Heretofore, the critics who employed their boasted taste upon contemporary authors, have either mistaken caprice for justice, or have been biased in their conclusions by personal or political prejudices; or, as is oftener the case, they have mistaken their own blindness for another man's deficiency, and denied him merit, not because it did not exist, but simply because they could not see it. That the instinctive perceptions of mankind have finally awarded to men of genius their dues, is no argument in favor of popular criticism. Even now it would puzzle nine-tenths of our critics to give satisfactory reasons for their hackneyed admiration of Shakspeare, 'child of nature,' as they call him. 'Child of nature!' a grosser delusion never existed. Shakspeare was, if ever man was, the very highest type of an artistic mind; and that he worked as nature works, and affects us as nature affects us, is the very top and crown of his glory as an artist.

Why the world has so long tacitly submitted to the decisions of critics, who had no reasons to offer for their lawless judgments, can only be accounted for by remembering the awful mystery which has enveloped the word 'taste.' Mankind, like pious heathens, have been content with hearing the answers from this oracle, without questioning it with regard to the sources of its knowledge. The usual formula for the construction of a piece of criticism, may be given in very few words. Let us take, for example, a literary critique of the favorable kind. 'Mr. A —— is a great poet; instance this passage and that passage from his writings; and if you do not understand these disjointed scraps

of verse, buy his book, and convince yourselves.' But the reader may ask, why is Mr. A—— a great poet? And if the quotations be given as answer, why are the quotations — admitting their beauty — beautiful? Let us reach the ultimate reason, and be satisfied; or acknowledge our ignorance and be silent. If the above skeleton of a modern critique be not fair, we have read reviews, for the last twenty years, to no purpose. Of course our remarks apply only to criticisms on art. In historical criticism the English mind appears to be deep enough; for there it has facts to deal with, and facts are its darlings; but let it once touch upon principles, and it flounders about like an elephant in a quag-mire. To show the glaring injustice of this kind of criticism, it need only be mentioned that those identical passages of Wordsworth's poetry which are now regarded as among his best, were, in the early years of the poet's career, quoted as evidences of his deficiency — quoted with contemptuous pity — that too by the '*Edinburgh Review*,' and by no less a critic than Francis Jeffrey. Take the whole round of celebrated critics, from Addison to Macaulay, and upon subjects of art to what does their criticism amount? Addison praises the 'Paradise Lost,' and cites some of its glorious lines as proofs of his correctness. We agree; they are beautiful; no man can deny it — but why? Macaulay holds up to ridicule a wretched pretender, by the name of Robert Montgomery. Every stinging epithet in the reviewer's terrible armory is launched against poor Robert's devoted head. This is '*vile*,' that '*odious*,' and Mr. Montgomery is an ass, an ass beyond reclamation, but why? Shall not the dictum of some future Addison or Macaulay reverse these decisions, and give Milton the ears and Montgomery the crown? If taste really have no laws, why may not the thing be done? If taste be the ultimate tribunal of literary justice, should not taste be limited by constitutional truths? And if we look more closely into the matter, shall we not find them? We shall: and we shall also find that taste is no airy nothing; no invisible sylph, shrinking coyly from the eye of reason; but a great, brawny, blind giant, that only needs to have his eyes opened, and his forces educated, to make him a most useful drudge in the intellectual work-shop. Because the laws of taste, with a thousand other mental phenomena, have remained in darkness so long, is no reason for their non-existence, and no impediment to the investigations of a philosophical mind.

We are aware that, in the course of this article, we have made some startling assertions. We have declared that nothing like philosophical criticism on art exists in the English language, and we have defied our readers to show it. We repeat the challenge. We have maintained that taste — true taste — has laws as fixed and unavoidable as those which control the universe. We repeat it; and we claim, as one of their chief promulgators, a young American, whose name we would rank with those of Tiersch, Hegel, Vischer, Schelling, and other German adventurers in the new field of æsthetics. That Mr. Leland's papers on art have not attracted the attention which they deserve, speaks volumes for the position which we have maintained regarding the popular ignorance on this subject. We do not pretend to say that researches so deep as his could, by any artifice, be made popular, for

the same reason that so few can appreciate the value of any philosophy. A full understanding of his system, would require labor akin to that by which the author developed it, and a mind of almost equal philosophical clearness. Few are capable of such labor; few such minds as his exist. Owing to the general distaste for hard thinking, Mr. Leland's papers were brought to an abrupt conclusion before he had entirely developed his system; but enough was given to show that it is a system, in the full sense of the word, and that in hands such as his all the vague and perplexing questions of taste, that have so mystified the world, may be brought under determinate and harmonious laws, capable of settling all possible doubts, and of predicting all possible contingencies. In short, Mr. Leland has announced criticism to be a philosophy. If he had gone no farther, he would have done much; for that simple announcement is of a kind to set thoughtful heads to work. He has gone farther, however. He has classified and arranged certain æsthetic ideas under their proper heads, he has applied these ideas to particular subjects, and he has thus shown the practical workings of his system. In these pursuits, absolute truth, unbiased by self-glorification, appears to have been Mr. Leland's aim. All his positions are arrived at through courses of the clearest logic. In starting with his theory, he seems to have said to himself: 'If my system will not bear the cold, dry light of reason, let it fall: I shall be the first to rejoice over the destruction of my error.' In consequence of this resolution, he weighs every thing, for and against his theory, and adopts no new idea without first subjecting it to the most rigid scrutiny. That a course so honest should everywhere be marked with the triumph of success, must be grateful to all investigators of truth. We hope yet to see the day when Mr. Leland's system of æsthetics shall take its rank among the other sciences, and be taught to the world as they are taught. If our efforts may draw the attention of minds capable of following our author through the intricacies of his system, or of projecting it forward in the line of original research, we shall confer a bounty of which we may one day be partakers.

Mr. Leland's employment among abstract questions of criticism, instead of among such pursuits as usually engross the critic, has been a positive blessing to the small artists and authors of the land. If such a mind as his could stoop to minute individual criticism, after the modern method, and bend its enormous learning upon the defects and the plagiarisms of his contemporaries, we should see the Parnassian feathers fly, and hear such despairing groans as would astonish the merciful, and raise Mr. Leland's name to that terrific kind of elevation which seems to be so coveted by the entire race of critics. But his philosophy is of a milder and more rational character. It busies itself in rescuing from oblivion that which is worthy of preservation, certain that no human effort can preserve the worthless, and content that time shall perform the office which violent critics so often usurp. The few individual criticisms which Mr. Leland has written, are all of this generous disposition; and while they touch lightly on faults, they evidence a delicate sensibility to beauties, and an honest and unenvious appreciation of them, that speak well for his kindness of heart, and go far toward redeeming

criticism from the reproaches which have been cast against it. A few more such writers would raise the dignity of critical art, and make it the artist's welcome guest, instead of his perpetual king of terrors.

The most successful authors, in a pecuniary point of view, have been those whose intellects rose but little above the common level, yet who joined to their moderate powers a capacity for perceiving and flattering the temporary taste, both in its predominant ideas and in its whimsical fancies of style. With but few exceptions, the classical authors of our age were the neglected authors of their own; while contemporary with them, flourished a set of now-forgotten writers who won the deserts of true genius by their time-serving productions. If we turn back to the age of Queen Ann, for example, we shall find that the artificial — that which characterized the period — was the main element in the works of its once popular authors. Patches, paint, and periwigs are as visible in its books as in its portraits. These things have passed away; and the few authors who survive the downfall of such fashions are those who, in a measure, escaped their infection. The artificial, however, is not the leading feature of our time. Our reverence for Shakspeare is an infallible evidence of our return to nature. Nature and fashion, these are the two undying antagonists in art; but the triumphs of the former are more enduring than those of the latter, and the author who reposes confidence in nature is sure of his reward.

Mr. Leland's miscellaneous writings are of this genuine character. Without humoring, they hit the spirit of our age, and deserve its best attention. If we must consign his critical writings to the 'fit audience, though few,' for whom they were probably intended, there is no reason why we should not predict a brilliant success for his lighter essays, when they come before the public in the enduring form which they merit. Mr. Leland is a marvellously industrious writer, and his miscellaneous productions are as varied as they are voluminous. He has made translations of popular songs, ballads, and minor poems from almost all the languages of ancient and modern Europe. From the French of all *patois*, and from the Langue d'Oc and the Langue d'Oil of the Troubadour and the Trouvere; from the German of Göthe, Schiller, and Heine; from the most obscure and corrupted German of the provinces, and from the German of the '*Nibelungen Lied*,' and of the Minnesingers; from Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Spanish, Russ, Polish, Bohemian, and Hungarian; from the Italian of Tuscany, and from the Venitian and other dialects; from the Horatian Latin, from Monk-Latin, from the Latin of the rhyming versifiers, and from the Latin of the Macaronic poets. Here is enough, in all conscience, when we consider that these translations were carefully executed, and, as we have been informed, are strikingly after the spirit of the originals. His latest and most important effort of this kind is a translation of the '*Reisebilder*,' or 'Pictures of Travel,' of Heine, already noticed in our pages. Heine, as every one knows, is the literary idol of young Germany. His free mode of thought in religion, politics, morals, and criticism, has won him a host of admirers among a nation who are thirsting for liberty in any form, and who eagerly grasp at the shadow if the substance be denied them. Apart from the liberal tendencies of Heine, which he possesses

in common with his more enlightened countrymen, no one can deny his transcendent genius. Among the more sedate and orderly lights of German literature, he blazes like a wild and erratic meteor. A poet, a humorist, a wit, a satirist, a critic, a scholar, in the highest sense of all these terms; his is a genius the like of which Germany has not seen since Göthe, and in all his fulness may never see again. To the translation of this remarkable author, Mr. Leland brings as remarkable qualifications, and faithfully has he performed his task. The common faults of translators are, that they are either so literal as to preserve the dead form of their original, in all its strange wrappings of foreign idioms, while the subtler spirit escapes, or so free as to endeavor to make the spirit manifest without the intervention of its visible form. Mr. Leland has steered a middle course between these two extremes. Both the form and essence of Heine are preserved in his translation; but without resorting to the aid of German idioms to convey ideas which can be more truthfully reproduced in our own. We shall not be guilty of the presumption of pronouncing authoritatively on the merits of Mr. Leland's translation as a translation. To do that, is to set up the claim of an equal knowledge of both languages. There are, doubtless, many who, with not half our German, or a tithe of Mr. Leland's, will write pages upon the subject. All that we wish to say is, that the 'Pictures of Travel,' in its English dress, is a delightful volume, and deserving of the widest popularity.

But Mr. Leland has done even more, in the way of original writing, than in translation. Of his poems, in various foreign languages, we may be pardoned for withholding our judgment. His fugitive English poems, many of which have appeared without his name, have been copied by half the newspapers in the land, and not without meriting this popular form of circulation. Although he places little store on his poems, they have qualities that cannot fail to impress the reader, and secure for them a more lasting fame than many efforts of more pretension. Some of them are singularly tender, musical, and suggestive; others are edged with a spirit of delicate irony; and others break out into a shout of wild, grotesque, fun-abandoned humor, that leaves with the reader a feeling of perplexed strangeness, akin to that which might be produced by the sallies of a jocular but harmless devil.

Among Mr. Leland's contributions to periodical literature, our readers must remember that charming series of sketches, which appeared from time to time in the pages of a contemporary, embodying, in a popular form, various legends of the great painters. In them Mr. Leland's accurate knowledge of the history of art is concealed so skilfully under the simple legendary style, that while we enjoy the fruits of his learning, we scarcely remember the deep and hidden roots that must exist to nourish his fancies, and make their production seem so easy and natural. The veil of romance with which he has invested his heroes, destroys none of their individuality, nor has it been allowed to obscure any of the more instructive truths of their lives.

We have felt some twinge of modesty in speaking as we have, of an author, the bulk of whose writings have graced our pages; not because we hope to secure even a part of the honor that is due to him, but be-

cause our motives may be misunderstood. It is our opinion, however that nothing more becomes a man than to speak well of his friends, provided he speak honestly, as we trust we have spoken. Under the quaint title of the 'Sketch-Book of Me, Meister Karl,' Mr. Leland has produced a series of articles unlike any thing under heaven since the five books of Pantagruel. In Mr. Leland's work, as in Rabelais's, there is the same extraordinary display of universal learning, the same minute exactness of quotation, the same extravagant spirit of fun, the same capricious and provoking love of digression, the same upsetting of admitted ideas, by which trifles are seriously descanted upon, and bolstered up with endless authorities, until they expand into gigantic proportions, while time-honored truths are shuffled by with the most whimsical contempt. In his manner of literary treatment, Mr. Leland certainly resembles Rabelais; they both smother their subject under a strange compound of learning and humor, but here the resemblance ends. Mr. Leland has a humor and a philosophy of his own, and the subjects upon which he exercises them are peculiar to himself.

'Meister Karl' starts with the reader upon an imaginary tour through Europe; but such a *voyage en zig-zag* mortal never took before. Time and space are nothing to our author. The boundaries between the real and the spiritual are completely broken down. The Rome of Pope Pius, and the Rome of Julius Cæsar, are the same thing to 'Meister Karl.' He is as much at home with gnomes and sylphs as with gentlemen and ladies. He flatters Cleopatra and Ninon de Lenclos in the same breath. Now he is before the terrible *Vehmgericht* of Westphalia, and now before the *Tribunal Correctionnel* of Paris. Now he is trampling behind the returning Crusaders, or joining in the procession of the *Bœuf Gras*, or marching into Worms with Luther and Van Hutten, or heading a Lola Montez riot in Munich. Sometimes we find him dreaming away a day in old Provence, or swinging in a gondola on the Grand Canal of Venice, or putting to sea with the furious Berserkers, or holding an ethical dialogue with the Devil, upon the summit of Strasbourg Cathedral. To give a tithe of the subjects that employ 'Meister Karl's attention would be a labor beyond our power and understanding. Intermixed with his curious scenes are innumerable dissertations, legends, songs, etc., on the most incongruous subjects, and in styles that baffle description. Quips, cranks, and puns of all kinds, and in all languages, fly around us like hail-stones, and pelt us until human endurance can go no farther. Then, in the midst of his wildest mirth, our author will sail off in a poetical rhapsody on Undines, Fays, and fresh-water spirits in general; and having gotten below the surface of things, he will burrow through the land, among eleves and Robolds, and Salamanders; and perhaps emerge again into this 'week-day world' under the very feet of some frail nymph who dwells within sound of the bells of *Notre Dame de Lorette*.

When we started with 'Meister Karl,' we hoped to give an intelligible account of his 'Sketch-Book;' but it grows upon our hands to such an alarming extent, that we must either drop it or elbow our contributors out of our company. A few words in conclusion, however. To some people the 'Sketch-Book' will be an impenetrable mystery, and they

will hide their ignorance in silence; others, with honest wonder, will inquire its meaning. To them we reply, there is no meaning for you. To enjoy writings of this kind requires more than homœopathic doses of Pantagruelism; and we recommend you to Doctor Francis Rabelais and his copious prescriptions. The envious will raise the old cry of 'pedantry.' But that is a cry which ignorance always raises against learning. Real scholarship no more resembles pedantry, than vulgar assumption resembles true dignity. Mr. Leland is no pretender to learning. He moves under his scholarship as a strong man under a familiar garment. He heaps his curious authorities upon his ideas, because his ideas come to him in that form, and must depart as they came, or lose strength by the change. With him literal quotation is a point of honesty; and we deem a man worthy of all praise who, having the temptation to plagiarise that is given by his immense acquisitions, prefers rather to show the sources of his knowledge than to use it deceptively. If Mr. Leland's genius did not outweigh his acquirements, we might rest his claims to notice upon the latter grounds; but such is not the case. Throughout the 'Sketch-Book' the initiated reader — we use the word in the Rosicrucian sense — will detect a world-wide philosophy that sets him to thinking in the midst of his most boisterous merriment, and a satirical humor of great breadth and richness, as far removed from the misanthropic satire of modern wits, as from the gross coarseness which we pardon in Rabelais. To sugar over vice, in order to make it palatable to children, is a device of our times, particularly rife with writers of fiction. No one is more fond of balancing our vices against our virtues, to show the hollowness of the best of us, than Mr. Leland. It is a part of his curious cosmopolitan philosophy so to do. He frequently introduces us into society and among scenes that are unfit for delicate stomachs; but we question if any of them are worse than those secret thoughts of the purest minds, from which all shrink, and which none confess. This is the age of modest vice and of boastful virtue: let it be reversed, in HEAVEN'S name, even if we crown the one and trample upon the other. In some passages of the 'Sketch-Book,' sheer deviltry undoubtedly gets the upper hand; yet it is a candid spirit of wickedness, that does not steal into your company, like some of the smooth literary libertines of our day, who pick your moral pocket of its best virtues before you suspect the presence of a thief. It never hurts one to look sin full in the face; it is the oblique, furtive glance that kills.

We hope soon to see at least a partial collection of Mr. Leland's writings in a permanent form. The 'Sketch-Book' is now in course of publication by Parry and McMillan, of Philadelphia. The critical essays, above all, are worthy of completion and preservation; for we believe them to be the first struggles of a system of philosophical criticism that will one day revolutionize our antiquated ideas of art and literature. If we have offended the sensibilities of any, who wag as the world wags, by our encomiums upon our contributor, we beg them to remember that we are proud to bestow upon true genius, however untitled, that which they squander so lavishly upon ephemeral notoriety; and we foresee the day when they will be as eager to join in our opinion, as we now are to express it.

LINES

TO THE LONE TREE NEAR 'CHANGE, WALL-STREET.

—— 'Finds tongues in trees.' — SHAKSPEARE.

I.

YOUR race has a tongue, so the poet declares,
And thousands would fain hear what yours has to say
Of the ups and the downs, of the pitfalls and snares,
Nobs, nabobs, and snobs of King MAMMON'S highway.

II.

Doubtless older in years than your looks would imply,
You might tell us, perhaps, of those Netherland chaps,
Who first taught the Red Men beneath your green sky,
What virtue lies hid in deep pottles of schnapps.

III.

And we make nót a doubt that your noddle is full
Of the long-after scenes of that family strife,
When hereabout swaggered and swore GAFFER BULL
He would thrash his bold brats 'hin an hinch' of their life.

IV.

No matter, howbeit, for legends like these,
Of the 'goners' erst met here for frolic or fray;
But speak of the Bulls and the Bears, if you please,
Blue Mondays, Lame-Ducks, and Black Sheep of to-day.

V.

Pray tell us what schemes are now buzzing on 'Change,
A rail-road direct via VENUS to MARS?
Or, to startle the quidnuncs with something more strange,
A telegraph line to the outermost stars.

VI.

What 's scrip in the Grand-Moonshine-Bottling-Concern
Which the New-York Gas Journal so stoutly commends?
And that Yankee's Self-Acting-Empyrial-Churn —
Will it 'take,' up aloft, with our Milky-Way friends?

VII.

And what are your views of the Nonpareil Co.
For insuring asbestos and icebergs 'gainst fire?
Or that other, just formed, to make fire-bricks from snow:
And ropes out of sand, ten times tougher than wire?

VIII.

The rise of the Grand-Diamond-Company's shares,
Like the sun in his glory, all croaking contemns:
Do you really think that the secret is theirs
Of hocusing dew-drops to first-water gems?

IX.

The maps are all drawn, and the dead-walls will soon
In a fresh crop of lithograph lichens lie hid:
'Honolulu town-lots!' 'villa sites in the Moon!'
'By FLAM, SHAM & Co!'—shall we venture a bid?

X.

What! never a puff for the golden-hued dreams,
With which Fancy her credulous children beguiles?
Not an ah! not an oh! for the merciless schemes
Of Gotham's APOLLYON, SCHUYLERS and KYLES?

XI.

No wonder you stand there all mute with amaze,
At the brass with which craft sports with fortune and fame:
Faith, should STENTOR himself see 'the street' in our days,
His voice would *collapse to a whisper* for shame!

New-York, 1856. W. P. P.

THE HISTORY OF CAPTAIN SAMPSON STRONGBOW.

CHAPTER SECOND.

THE high and mighty grandee of Bullscrown had, as was stated in the very first sentence of this history, wives two — and very comely dames were they. Truly, the round moon, surveying at twelve o'clock P.M. from her advantageous stand-point so much of the surface of the earth as the spheroidical form of the latter permitted, to wit, one-half thereof, beheld no spectacle in her whole field of vision so placid or so perfectly respectable, as when gazing into the bed-chamber of our nobleman she beheld upon the middle pillow of an ample bed the head of the Earl of Beef, measuring the hours of the night with luxurious snores, while on either side reposed the tenants in common of his hand and heart. Nor did the benevolent orb forget to look at the trundle-bed, moored under the lee of the baronial couch, wherein two boys of sturdy limb slumbered, (for each dame had enriched the quiver of her lord with one arrow,) and looking on these lusty young rogues, she invariably disposed her kind countenance into a smile so like that of some wealthy and indulgent aunt, that to my mind it carried the conviction that the extinct-crater theory at present prevailing with regard to that satellite, is wrong, and some day or other must go down. I would as soon think my excellent aunt Dorothy a burnt-out Pompadour, as give credence to the libels promulgated by the universities, concerning the career of our lunar relative previous to this wonderful age of 'light and knowledge.'

How different a spectacle was to be seen, at twelve o'clock P.M., at the neighboring chateau of Fooleries. Not an eye was closed under

the roof of that riotous old mansion. Lights shone from all the windows. The noise of fiddles, of dancing, of loud laughter, and a multitude of bacchanalian tumults resounded through the house, revealing the fact that the veteran *roué*, the Marquis de Quivretoes, with his promising son, young Monsieur de Rapier, and their select company of ladies and gentlemen, were diverting themselves with a little evening-party and a little supper — which by the way would probably be number seven of a series of little evening-parties and little suppers given by those indefatigable pleasure-seekers during the week, ending almost any mid-night that could be named during the season.

From this scene of revelry I turn, like a respectable historian as I am to be, whose works may yet become a text-book for American youth in schools and academies, and point to that other picture of peace and prosperity as the one which it is most profitable to contemplate. Well might John, Earl of Beef, rejoice in his possessions! Well might Cæsar the Roman, or Alexander the Macedonian, with backs aching under the weight of the globe, look upon such snoring tranquillity and sigh to be lords of Bullscrown! Look through the window, ye world-grasping conquerors, and tell me if when crowned in Babylon, or laurelled in Rome, ye knew such peace of heart as now pervades the breast of yonder honest baron? No Care tugs at the strings of his night-cap; no Desire borrows disguise from Dream-land and whispers lying oracles in his ear, or drags gaudy panoramas before his eyes; no Incubus sits on his breast, clogging the ruddy brooks of life; no troop of bloody ghosts flits across the bed, beckoning the sleeper to follow; no quaking Alarm shouts *treason! treason, Lord John!* through his disturbed brain, till the scared slumberer starts from his bed, clutching at the air-drawn dagger he saw just now at his throat! Not thus, to tempt or to terrify, do the busy Dreams sport about the pillow of our Peer. Some, in the form of hounds, bark in his ear, making the music his soul chiefly loves; some build on the counterpane great stacks of hay or yellow grain; some put on the bodily forms of my lord's sturdy sons, and stone the frogs at the edge of the marsh: and if for a moment a flash of irritation shoots across the sleeper's face; if he turns hastily in his bed; if the sturdy overture from his nose changes time and key, breaks up into discords and branches off into a kind of Freischütz digression, be sure that some mischievous elf has made himself like his lordship's solicitor, and presents the last bill of costs taxed in that unterminable chancery-suit with the Marquis Quivretoes, nothing worse than that. What think'st thou, feverish king of Macedon? What think'st thou, bilious Imperator of Rome? Were it not better to dwell contented on the fair manor of Bullscrown, than sigh to fight battles in the moon?

But before bids are received, O ye uneasy emperors! for this tempting mansion, which I see ye both begin to covet, I must needs confess that this same house, Bullscrown, contains — a skeleton! Truth it is, I admit the fact with chagrin; but in sober earnest I am compelled to notify bidders, that whoever steps into the shoes of the Earl of Beef, steps into intimate relations with a skeleton of the most disagreeable personal appearance and habits. Just now, Bones is out of sight

asleep I suppose in some old cistern about the premises, but at breakfast he will come clattering in and seat himself on the edge of the table, and there remain till the morning meal is concluded. Afterward, whenever my Lord goes about the house, Bones will go shuffling along behind. At dinner, Bones must have his stool in the corner, if there is company at the table, and an occasional cracking of joints or rattling of dry bones, will remind my Lord of the silent gentleman with a small appetite, if perchance he becomes forgetful of his presence. 'Tis only when the Earl leaves the house and walks abroad, that Bones draws back and refuses to follow, though I have sometimes known him to take an airing in the family-coach, on the rare occasions when the Earl drives out with his family.

In short, to speak without figure of speech, and to come at once to a downright statement of facts, my Lord's domestic tranquillity made a better show by moon-light than in broad day, when yonder two dames were in full possession of their tongues. I grieve to make the admission that Alexander, with all Asia strapped to his back, or hoop-nosed Julius, kicking in the nets of conspiracy, were often-times more to be envied than the magnate of Bullscrown, goaded to desperation by the fiery darts of his tormentors. It was a melancholy sight indeed, when sometimes the conflicting tempers and desires of the two dames bred, as it were, typhoons or violent winds, named Euroclydon, in the mansion Bullscrown; to see our portly grandee staggering to-and-fro in the tempest like some wretched Indiaman, which, ten days and ten nights tossed by the billows, almost longs to take the final plunge to escape the harassing tornado.

Mistress Elizabeth was a large and stately lady, fond of sumptuous apparel, possessing a *regal port*, and a beautiful but somewhat disdainful countenance. When arrayed to her satisfaction, in velvet and costly furs, with ostrich-feathers surmounting her head, and flying rigging of various fine colors fluttering from her shoulders and wrists, she seemed some gorgeous argosy, standing across the ocean under the flag of an admiral, to which all other vessels traversing the seas must submissively strike their top-masts.

Mistress Joan, on the other hand, though a firmly knit and comely woman, was far from possessing the girth and port of Madame Bess. Her countenance was handsome, but there was a keenness of the eye, a spirit of determination written on the lip, that deterred many an admirer before our haughty Earl, rashly trusting in his own strength, wedded her. If the other was a disdainful argosy walking at leisure through the billows, this was a steamer, scorning both fair breeze and blast, pushing her way through thick and thin whithersoever she listed. If Madame Bess was haughty and pompous, the fair Joan was fierce and wilful. If the former exasperated the lord of Bullscrown by temper and tantrums, the latter maddened him by defiance, and even by an occasional box on the ear, which of all things it must be acknowledged, is the hardest to be borne by mortal man.

One great cause of displeasure to the Lady Bess, was the lack of splendor in the style of living at Bullscrown. Her mind being pitched to an imperial key, and delighting in ceremony and authority, was ill

content with the solid grandeurs of her lord's house, and longed for the lordly style which was to be witnessed at the mansions of some of her dissolute neighbors. It grieved her also that the tenantry on her husband's estate were so free-spoken and unmannerly; whereas on the manors which she would have the Earl of Beef take as models, the tenants were wooden-shoed, brow-beaten dogs — dogs that hardly dared to raise their eyes from the ground. It galled the spirits of her ladyship, that the tenants on the Bullscrown estates had, by virtue of ancient custom or for some other unsatisfactory reason, certain rights and privileges in derogation of paramount title of the Earl, and would by no means give up one jot thereof for fair words or threats, and even ventured to raise a clamor when they thought that the castle-folks were trespassing on these same inconvenient rights.

'Lord of Bullscrown,' (thus would argue grand Lady Bess,) 'when I left the house of his grace, my father, to share your bed and beard, I did it with the expectation that a degree of style would be maintained in the house over which I was called to preside, that would make it an honorable thing to be mistress of your mansion. But behold, how is it? Here am I imprisoned in a rude square house, just fit for the abode of some low-born cattle-breeder, and not even mistress of that! No; not only does a horde of insolent tenantry lord it over Bullscrown whenever their greasy lordships please so to do, but even the miserable remnant of authority which they are pleased to leave us, I must share with a woman as ill-born and more ill-bred than they. I never expected, my Lord, that the daughter of his grace, my father, would be so degraded. His grace, my father, never expected it; her grace, my mother, never expected it, and I never ought to and never will submit to such outrageous, inhuman, scandalous degradation, never! *never!* Have you no shame, my Lord? Look at the Marquis de Quivretoes, as fine and gallant a gentleman as breathes the air; there's a gentleman whom to have for a husband would be an honor indeed; to your shame hear it, my Lord! Do his tenants think they have any business to regulate matters in the parlors of the Fooleries, my Lord? or in the kitchen, my Lord? or even in the coal-hole, my Lord? Not they, the dogs! The Marquis has taught them their places, and they no more dare set their wooden sabots in the precincts of the Fooleries, than your own swine dare leave their pens and invade your dining-room. But here forsooth the clowns scruple not to bully their betters on any occasion. Not only do they snub the steward, whose person should be as inviolable as your own, but they dictate, yes, dictate to you how you shall manage your own estate; and you, great coward that you are, put it in your pipe and smoke it!'

Then would fair Joan discourse in this wise:

'Lord John of Bullscrown, if Madame Elizabeth, your second married *wife*, (I suppose she rates herself,) considers herself degraded by the position she occupies here, I know no better way for her to escape therefrom than to take herself away as quickly as possible; and if she thinks it a desirable thing to live under the protection of the serene Marquis of Quivretoes, nothing will be easier than to gratify herself. The charity of Monsieur Le Marquis to ladies who grow weary of their lawful lords

is known to be very ample. But for my part I see nothing but the silliest infatuation in her complaints. If to ride in the most splendid carriage that money can buy or tinkers make, or to be arrayed four times a day like four different peacocks, or to possess a disgusting little lap-dog at the price of fifty guineas, or to flirt a fan brought from India with the worth of a drove of cattle on it in pearls alone, or to deafen a maid a month with cuffs on the ear, are proofs of tyranny, then I confess that madam is a horribly abused woman. But I fancy that I can tell what madam means by her everlasting tirades. She would have you, my Lord, pull down this house Bullscrown, and put up in its place a vile, crooked stew-house, like the Fooleries. She would have you put on woman's hair, and paint yourself like Sardanapalus; and let the steward and butler, who need watching night and day, grind your honest tenantry to powder. The rogues, they would have flung you to the dogs, and plundered your strong-box long ago, if it had not been for my watching and discomfiting them before ever you dreamed, blind blockhead that you are, that they were hatching treason in your own house. As for the tenantry who have so offended this fine lady of yours, I caution you, Earl of Beef, to beware; yes, to beware how you attempt wrong to your honest yeomen. Time was, my Lord, when you were an honest and just man, although a poor one, and loved me your lawful wife and cared kindly for your servants; but when Satan made you rich and your heart became puffed up, and you obtained a special dispensation of the Church (it's not worth a snap of my finger) to marry the daughter of a beggarly duke, you became a changed man. I know the hardness of your heart, my Lord. I know from my own sufferings what cowardly tyranny you delight to exercise when you dare, and I bid you beware, beware how you steal from those poor people the only things your avarice has left them. If you, in your stupidity, and meanness, and obstinacy, dare to raise so much as your finger against these poor men, I warn you, Earl of Beef, 'twill be worse for you!'

Then quoth John Viscount Strongbow and lord of the mighty and impregnable mansion, Bullscrown:

'I swear by Jupiter and all the gods, big and little, that you mesdames are enough to distract a dromedary with your tongues. I would rather be an ox, with two bull-dogs hanging to my nostrils, than be baited to death by you in my own house. If you, madam, think that baboon in the Fooleries is a better man than I, go to him, and become a mother of monkeys as soon as you please; but as to cudgelling my tenants into a pack of sorry hang-dogs, I'll not do it to please you or your father the duke, or your mother the duchess, or your grand-mother the dowager. And you, dame Joan, how dare you threaten me and caution me to *beware* how I grind the faces of the poor, as if I was some heathenish Tartar that wanted to put harness on Christian men and drive them with a cart-whip? Do not I remember from what humble estate I have risen? Have I forgotten that I was once a bare-legged urchin, whooping in the fens, and that PROVIDENCE cared for me, clothed my legs with breeches, instructed me in religion and divers kinds of knowledge; has made a great and rich man of me, like Abraham the patriarch; has given me a house, and twice as many wives as Job had,

with double Job's patience to bear the gift; has endowed me with beef, ale, pudding, and all blessings that heart could wish? Verily, madam, were I a dumb ox, I could not but give thanks for these things, and use mercy to every living creature, be it man or brute, which PROVIDENCE gave to my keeping; and however much I may fall short of Solomon in wisdom, I yet hope that with these excellent possessions I have received also sufficient wit to keep the same in as good condition as when they were given to me.'

'Do not think to frighten me, John of Bullscrown, with your loud words,' retorted undaunted Joan, 'or to fool me with a show of poetry. I will not be put down. Brag as you may of your riches, there 's not a blockhead in ten counties that can match you for stupidity or conceit. With all your blustering and profanity, but for my guardianship the thieves with which you have filled your house would have stolen the very nails from your fingers long ago. Had you the eyesight of a bat, and could but see a tenth part of what those dissolute wretches in the pantry are plotting, you might, instead of boasting of your wonderful wisdom, have the grace to thank me for check-mating the rogues, while you snored in blessed ignorance of the deviltry hatching below stairs. I knew the fathers of Harry Lion and Joe Unicorn before them, and know the sons to be worthy of their sires. Nothing would please them better than to install themselves masters of Bullscrown. Happy will you be then, Earl of Beef, if they cut your throat outright. It is no secret to me, my lord, and would not be to you, if you had the eyes of a beetle, that those scoundrels have even ventured to encourage the silly infatuation of Madam Elizabeth, with a view to working out their own plans. I speak what I know, and do not fear to avow it; madam does not profess to be entirely satisfied with her dignity as demi-Countess of Beef. I presume that Master Lion, with his pride and cruelty, would be altogether to her liking: and with your weazand once slit, me and my son turned into the highway, Master John given to the gipsies, and madam herself installed sole lioness at Bullscrown, she would be so enraptured with the honor of littering whelps to her new lord, and hearing Dean Rubric rumble his Babylonish liturgy, that she would hardly be able to survive from very delight.'

'Madam, madam!' screamed Lady Bess, 'I will bear this malignity no longer. My Lord, with this woman I can no longer live. This day I shall return to the house of his grace, my father. Keep this she-wolf if you will. Let Preacher Synod have his homilies all day long from the house-top; but when you are brought to beggary, and your tenantry, after hanging you and your children from yonder oak-tree, turn into a horde of cannibals and prey upon each other, then remember, my Lord, the choice you made this day.'

Then did unhappy John, Lord of Bullscrown, heave from his lowest breast a dreadful groan, and in dismay and confusion did throw down his sword and shield and dare no more the unequal contest, but did utterly fly, abscond, run away, cut stick, vanish, and was not again seen till a late hour in the afternoon, when, impelled by the pangs of hunger, he ventured into the kitchen of his house, and ate hugely of cold beef, bread, and cheese.

THE UNSEEN MIRROR.

THERE is a mirror all unseen,
Which hath a strange and wondrous power,
Leaving for ever in its depths
The image of the passing hour:
No matter what the thing we hear,
No matter what the act we do,
No matter what the burning thought
That marks the pathway we pursue.

Each sight of happiness and wo,
Each tear let fall for others' wrongs,
Each spoken word and strong desire,
Each burden of our spirit-songs:
All, *all* are ever mirrored there,
In all the glow of real life:
Greatly to shape our future course,
And nerve or weaken for its strife.

Nor is it all, that imaged there
We see life's action-moulding springs;
Those images reflect a light
To bless or curse all animate things:
To brighten other spirit-homes
With sunshine never growing dim,
Or throw o'er all a misty gloom,
That hushes every waking hymn.

How strange, that pictures graven there
As with the sun-beam's burning glow,
Should live for ever, giving life
One half its happiness and wo!
And though a thousand scenes just passed
May hide the olden for a time,
The eye will pierce the shadowy veil
To read its deeds of love and crime.

And since that mirror, though unseen,
Is still within each human breast,
How careful should we ever be
That it may give us ne'er unrest;
That from its dark, mysterious depths
Repentant tears may wipe each stain,
That we may never, *never* feel
It wins our life no golden gain.

How pray that GOD would write therein
The impress of some angel-thought,
Which should control and guide our steps
To good which else would be unsought.
For oh! the tongue may never tell
How much of heaven it might impart,
To make us glad, the real dawns
From angel pictures in the HEART!

LILLIAN.

LOVE-BEGUILED.

THROUGH the misty evening-shadows, that float nightly o'er the valley,
'Neath the old and ruined abbey, we two wandered, love-beguiled.
And though night around us stealing, warned us with its shadows blighting,
Of the spirits round us flitting — yet we wandered, love-beguiled.
Thus we wandered till the storm-clouds in grim shapes of terror flying,
And the wind in sadness sighing, woke us wandering, love-beguiled.
Would that ever we had wandered, in that dark enchanted valley,
With the ghosts that glimmer sadly, o'er their graves beneath the abbey,
And the storm had never woke us from our wandering, love-beguiled.

FOOT-PRINTS IN THE SNOW.

A NEW-YEAR'S STORY.

BY CHARLES A. MUNGER.

'OUT upon you, man! Will *you* play dunce, who were such a rattle-brained lad, and that, too, when your old school-fellow comes to greet you in your middle-age and prosperity forsooth, and plies you with good ale? Have respect for the malt, if not for the friend that finds it!'

'Have I not told you I am not well? Can a sick man laugh and play the clown?'

'Nay, nay; but shall the ill drink ale like you? Lad, you do not even smile; you are sick at heart.'

The second speaker buried his head in his huge hands, on both of which he had been leaning over a half-emptied mug of ale. He was large and brawny, with a bushy head of grizzled hair, heavy eye-brows, over-hanging small, keen gray eyes, and was named Browning. His companion was short and rather corpulent, with florid complexion, sandy hair, and a round, chubby face, rendered rather inexpressive by a pair of light-blue eyes. He was called Harry Saunders. Between these two so dissimilar, as is not infrequent, a boyish intimacy had been formed, which had not been broken until manhood and its pursuits had separated them. Even then their hearts refused the division; and often and again in fancy they travelled back to the old play-ground and school-bench, where they had played much and studied little; and to the blacksmith-shop, where they, on the same anvil, as apprentices together, had rung out a chime to the dancing and glancing iron-sparks. Saunders was one of those fun-loving fellows, who saw the clear sky behind the blackest clouds; and having not the stability to love long enough to marry, had wandered hither and thither as his fancy prompted or means permitted, and at last, in his middle-age, stumbled across Browning. This was on New-Year's eve. After a cordial welcome,

and a vice-like grasp of their calloused hands, they entered a saloon and sat down over their mugs of ale. Saunders was in excellent talkative humor, but he could wring little from the compressed lips of Browning, save monasyllabic responses, nor provoke a smile to flash beneath his shaggy eye-brows, and lighten along the furrows of his swarthy features. They were engaged upon the fourth mug of ale when they are introduced.

'Why, man,' said Saunders, after regarding Browning some little time, 'I had sworn to myself, when we had felt each other's fists, that we would sit like the Methodists, and hold a love-feast, or something of that kind, till the New-Year came in; but the more we feast, the glummer you grow, and ('tis but half-past nine now) by midnight you will be stupid as an owl at noon-day, and I shall be snoring over my mug; and the New-Year might come and go without a smile to welcome him, or a beaker to his health and prosperity.'

'Harry,' said Browning, letting his hands fall and sitting upright, while a light shot from his eyes that made his gloomy face look darker, 'I know, Harry, that you have a right to complain when you see me thus. 'T was not my way. You spoke truly when you said I was sick at heart. You are the father of a family?'

'Not I, George, not I! The young bird that 'scaped the snare made tempting by dainty seeds, will not be caught in old age by chaff. But what of it, for you were going to say something more?'

Browning seemed puzzled at the negative, for upon an anticipated affirmation he intended enforcing his following remarks. However, he continued: 'Thank HEAVEN you are not! I am. Harry, I have been an honest man, and worked hard; I hoped with my toil and integrity to see my children live happy, grow up happy, and leave me happy. As one by one they came to me, I felt my heart expand, my sympathies extend, and the world grow broader and brighter about me, till——' here the speaker smote the table with his clenched hand, till the mugs danced and their contents splashed upon the table. Then he muttered something in an under-tone, so deep as to be indistinct, and buried his face in his hands again.

'Well,' said Saunders, recovering from his surprise, 'here 's a scene. What the devil is the trouble now?'

'Go home,' said the large man, after some hesitation, and rising from his seat, 'go home with me and you shall see. I can't tell you. Come, you shall have the best, which is poor enough; you shall eat, drink, and sleep. As for talking, truly I like it as well as any one, and no man likes a jolly hour better than I; but — I don't feel in the humor lately. Come, what say you? — and we 'll keep the New-Year there.'

Saunders silently assented to the proposal, by asking for and paying the reckoning. Leaving the saloon, they walked along together without speaking. There had been a slight sprinkle of snow, just enough to whiten the paths and roads where they had become soiled or icy with use; a slight sprinkle of very light snow, which took an impression from the slightest thing and retained it. The sky was flecked with a few white, fleecy clouds, hurried on by some higher current of air which did not disturb the calm below. The full moon shed over all its pale, re-

splendent beams, scarcely affected by the fleeting rack, filling the night with a holy tranquillity, and making every flake of snow to shine back a star. The village stores were closed, and most of the inhabitants had retired, so that the silence was the more painful to the smaller of the twain. He made two or three efforts at conversation. The only effect was to hasten the steps of his comrade. However, this was desirable, as the air was becoming every moment colder, the moon and stars brighter, and the sky clearer. When they had reached the outskirts of the village, the patience of Saunders became exhausted, and he broke out:

'Confound it, Browning, talk! I can't and won't stand this any longer. I must say something or burst. How far is it to your house?'

Browning, thus appealed to, replied: 'About a half-mile. Would it were thousands! You can see it on yonder hill, back from the road.'

'Why, what the dragon troubles you, man? Have you been unfortunate in business, and had the sheriff ransacking you?' There was no answer; and Saunders thinking he had discovered the secret of his companion's distress, continued: 'Cheer up, cheer up, man! You have a strong arm yet, and with a strong heart you can make it all up again. The world owes you and your family a living, and must pay its due. Cheer up and look happy, and those about you will look happy, and be happy. What care you how the world wags, if when you enter your home there is the glad smile of your wife to welcome you, stout and stubbed boys to dance about you, and, to make up the picture, some bright-eyed, music-tongued angel of the house, your daughter——'

'A thousand devils!' cried Browning, turning upon Saunders and seizing him by the throat; 'is it not enough that I am shamed and dishonored in the face of the world, and my home become a charnel-house, that you must come here to spit upon me in my misery? I have forbid my wife and children to speak her name, and shall you, a——'

Here he became sensible of his impetuosity, and loosed his hold. His companion, surprised at the suddenness of the attack, had made no resistance, and when the grasp was relaxed, he stood regarding Browning with the air of one at a loss whether to be angry or no. His silence served to kindle the anger of Browning, for he laid his great hand upon Saunders' shoulder, and said:

'Think but her name again, and your friends shall wonder who you are!'

'George Browning,' said Saunders, laying his hand upon the arm resting on his shoulder, 'what does this mean? Do you think I fear you? No; I was always your better in strength and vigor. We have played together as boys, worked together as youths; we have been as David and Jonathan; and to-night we have met after long years of separation, drank together, and you have asked me, your old comrade, to your house. No, you will not lay a rash hand upon me; by our old friendship I swear it, you will not, you dare not do it!'

The large man's hand fell down to his side, and he replied: 'Forgive me, Harry; but I am not what I used to be. Men say I am half-crazy, and I am afraid it is so.' Then placing his hand upon his brow, and looking up at the sky, he added: 'Would to HEAVEN I were quite! Let us go on.'

As they started, Saunders inquired how a reference to his daughter could so disturb him.

He answered: 'Ask me not. Speak not a word of her or you will snap these rusty old heart-strings. I cannot suffer much more.' Then with a bitter laugh he muttered: 'The secret must out in time; and then shall the shaft of my vengeance fall!'

Saunders saw fit to press him no farther, and they walked on up the hill in silence. In the mean time the sky had become cloudless, and the cold had increased so that the snow began to chirrup under their boots. Save that, there was naught to break the stillness except the occasional bark of the watchful dog, which served only to render it the more solemn and impressive. What thoughts the hour, and the tall, dark figure of Browning, striding along a little in advance, stirred up in Saunders' mind! How all the events of their early association recurred, and how he strove to connect them with the incomprehensible being before him. Then he asked himself: What mystery is to be unfolded to me to-night? And then it occurred to him that the man was insane. He stopped, hesitating whether to follow; but the voice of his comrade bidding him to come on reässured him. Was there any thing in the mention of his daughter which could have given offence? The more he conjectured, the more he became bewildered with the events of the evening. By this time they had reached a stile, over which lay their path to the house. As they turned from the highway, Saunders remarked:

'We are late, Browning. They must all be a-bed, for there are no lamps burning.'

Browning replied most bitterly: 'Nay, I think not. We shall find them all up, for we sleep but little at home. 'Tis not very pleasant there now, not as pleasant as it used to be; the light in the window has been darkened, and the fire on the hearth extinguished. But come on, 't is all I have now; you can have no more of mine than I can give you.'

'George,' said Saunders, 'this is too strange for belief. What has befallen you? I will not intrude upon your misery; I will go no farther till this mystery is explained.'

'But you shall, willy-nilly.' Thereupon Browning laid hold of the collar of Saunders, and dragged him along, till finding his exertions unnecessary he desisted. As they drew near the house, in a path hollowed out of the not deep snow which had fallen that season, the large man caught sight of some foot-prints, leading from the fields to the door. He examined them attentively until satisfied of their direction, and broke out:

'Ten thousand devils! has she come back again? Well, I can show her the wide world once more. Hers it shall be, by HEAVEN!' As he reached the threshold, he turned around, stood a moment as if gathering up all his energies, and raised his clenched hand to the stars. Then lifting the latch he pushed Saunders in, and shut the door with such force that the windows rattled.

'Wife, where is she?' he exclaimed.

A feeble voice responded, 'Who?'

'Who!' answered he in a voice of thunder, 'she that disgraced an honest man and his family. Tell me where you have hidden her, that I may thrust her forth on the night.'

'Nay, husband, she has gone again.'

''T will not do, wife; her footsteps lead in, but there are none going out.'

'Poor girl; she went out at the back-door. I dared not ask her to stay, for your anger. Poor, poor girl!'

Browning then went out to ascertain the truth of what his wife said, leaving Saunders standing by the door; he having entered unnoticed by Mrs. Browning, remained there surveying the apartment. It was an old-fashioned house, with a large open fire-place — one of those large old-fashioned fire-places which our forefathers loved, and which went out of fashion and respect when the modern imp of darkness, the stove, displaced the household gods, and desecrated the hearth-stone — a large old-fashioned fireside, round which scattered household bands might gather on festal days and renew their love to one another, and their trust in HEAVEN. But oh! how desolate the one Saunders beheld! On the huge andirons a half-consumed block of wood lay sighing and sputtering over a few smouldering coals, occasionally breaking into a momentary blaze to illume the scene. On one side lay a large, overgrown boy, resting uneasily upon one arm, asleep; on the other, a girl, his junior, lay with her head against the jamb, her face concealed by long tangled locks, in a gasping and fretful slumber, as if she had cried herself to rest; near her a small boy was playing with some wet chips, throwing them occasionally into the ashes, in a peevish manner, which denoted that his diversion was more a matter of necessity than of inclination; directly in front, with her back to the door, sat Browning's wife, in a shawl and cap, bending over the little warmth, endeavoring to still the moanings of a babe which the entrance of the men had awakened. These, with one exception, composed the family. The flare of the flames at intervals disclosed, pendent from the joists, hams, dried pumpkins, crook-necks, and the usual comforts of rural life, besides some hunter's trappings, and a long rifle, kept clean and bright, as the glisten of its mounting testified. In one corner was the curtained recess, where the parents slept, close by which, in the nook made by the fire-place, was the tall old Dutch clock with its big white face, and its everlasting solemn tick — tack! There was an old rocking-chair which the wife tenanted, a few split-bottom chairs, a table, and looking-glass stuck about with letters and school-tickets, and adorned with some dried sprigs of asparagus; close by, was a shelf on which lay the family Bible, a psalm-book, and a few school-books, composing the library. All these perhaps Saunders did not notice; though by the fitful blaze they might have been revealed to a careful observer. He stood wondering and perplexed, till Browning returned and said in a deep voice:

'You have told the truth, wife; but hereafter let her not so much as step across my threshold. The world is wide enough for us all. What said she?'

'A little, a very, very little, husband; she said it was growing cold,

and she knew not where to go. And oh! so pale she looked — so pale and pitiful, as if her heart was bursting with some great sorrow, and a greater secret, that her lurid lips durst not utter! O husband, husband! we do her wrong; she never yet told us a lie. I do believe she is really married.'

'Then why does she not name her husband? Perhaps she deems herself married; but the world dislikes those matches that end with satiety, those loves that instead of being cemented by offspring, are thrown down and ruined.'

'Ah! well-a-day, husband, I know it all; but it is so cruel — so cruel, and with her babe! Oh! if we wrong her, we do a double wrong.'

'We do her no wrong. 'T is she has wronged us, by dishonoring an honest family. Shall we keep the shame here to rankle and fester in our household?'

'But she will die in this weather.'

'Die! would to GOD she had died in her blessed infancy, shrouded in her spotless innocence. Then would our angel-child have been a radiance in the spirit-land, lighting and inspiring us through the darkness of this bitter world. But now, O HEAVEN! Well, well! —— Let her beg!'

There was silence for a moment, and the slumberers, awakened by the conversation, had slowly roused themselves from the stupidity consequent upon broken sleep. The girl brushed back her hair, and approaching her father, who stood motionless in the middle of the room, lisped:

'O papa! you have come; why didn't you come sooner? Sister Susy has been here, and oh! she looked so poor and pale. And we had such a time of crying — mamma, and the boys, and I, and the baby too, and Susy and her baby, too — all of us. Oh! I wish you had come; you would n't let her go out into the cold, would you papa?'

The child's appeal wrought powerfully upon the parent, as Saunders could discern by the convulsive effort of his huge frame, as he overmastered his emotions. He put the little one from him by saying, 'Don't trouble me, Caddy.' Suddenly recollecting his companion, he drew up a chair by the hearth, bade Saunders be seated, at the same time introducing him to his wife. By his orders, the boys having replenished the fire and lit a candle, he sent them and the girl to bed. In a few moments the room assumed a more cheerful aspect, as the wood kindled and diffused its strong red glare throughout the humble apartment. The three sat around the hearth and talked of the days gone by. Saunders ran over the incidents of his life, from the time of their separation up to their meeting in the evening, in such a joyous and musical manner, that the spirits of the husband and wife began to catch a glow. As he closed he said, 'Now, Browning, treat me to a chapter or two of your life, and so we shall be square on the score of adventure.'

Browning, consenting, proceeded with a story of humble village domestic life — marriage, toil, the accumulation of a little property, children, and then continued: 'Up to this time we had lived happily and

contented, and Susan, my oldest daughter, of whom you have heard us talk to-night, grew to be very beautiful, good, and trusting. She was always cheerful. Saunders, she was my sunshine through the clouding cares of this world, always merry, and every one loved her. The village youth, the rich as well as poor, sought her society, and strove for her smile above that of all the other maidens. She was my pride's darling; but I was not ambitious of her, and only pictured for her a happy union with some honest and worthy man. But while this plain, simple picture was fresh upon my fancy, a young man of wealthy parents, but of dissolute habits, became very attentive to Susan, and as I have since discovered, had been so for some time previous to my knowledge, and against the commands of his parents. From his character I thought, and that correctly too, his visits boded me and mine no good; so I forbade him my house, and my daughter his presence. Stolen interviews took place between them, and I was obliged to keep close watch upon her. All at once, to my great joy, he disappeared from our midst. 'T was the spoiler leaving his prey. So she fell. Oh! had the stars fallen, and buried myself and her in eternal darkness and despair, I had been happy to what I am now!' Here he stopped and shuddered with the intensity of his feelings. The silence was broken only by the sobs of his wife.

Saunders sat there looking into the fire which roared up the huge chimney, and brushed away a tear. His position was novel and painful; and he rose and went to the window and looked out. Far and wide lay the white snow, dreary and desolate as the death it typified, glistening under the descending moon, pale as a mourner over the pall, surrounded by the sympathizing stars, their eyes glimmering upon her, as it were, through tears. And as he stood there regarding the scene, and listening to the moaning mother, he caught sight of those small foot-prints leading from the fields; and he thought, 'Oh! what misery had come with them: a broken heart, broken hopes, shame, sorrow, and despair.' Then he saw in the distance a white figure bending beneath a burden, struggling slowly and wearily through the snow. As it drew near, the features of a woman of death-like beauty were revealed, and he knew by the manner she pressed the burden to her heart that it was a child she bore. She approached so near that her blue lips were visible, and stood looking longingly toward the house. Suddenly her dark eyes fell upon him glaring intensely — intensely but imploringly. The ghastliness of the vision, and the vividness of the apparition, riveted him to the spot. She beckoned to him with a wild gesture. He thought she spoke. 'T was the voice of Browning dispelling the illusion. He called to Saunders to be seated, who, glad to find it a matter of fancy, complied. Browning then continued:

'The rest you may have gathered. She refused to name the author of her disgrace, nor could threats or entreaties force or induce her. She claimed she was a wife; but said she had promised not to declare her husband. Oh! she was the true woman in her suffering; my own sweet daughter Susy, spoiled and dishonored as she was; and my father's heart was wrung and strained to the utmost. I told her of it; she saw it and knew it. But to all my prayers she turned a deaf ear. So when

her strength had been perfectly restored, and 'twas but this afternoon, I led her to the door and showed her the wide, wide world. HEAVEN has dealt sorely with me and my wife, Harry; but I will not fall to cursing.'

Here a knock at the door startled the inmates. 'T is she!' said Browning, in a whisper; and Saunders shuddered as he thought of the figure he had beheld beckoning to him. There was no answer to the summons. In a moment a hand tried the door. It opened. None of them looked around, as a man closely muffled up entered. The newcomer, in his over-shoes, made no noise as he entered; and they all thought it was the poor forsaken girl.

'Good evening!' said a deep-toned, musical voice.

Had a serpent stung him, Browning would not have started more spasmodically. He sprang from his chair, and with one bound reached the rifle hanging from the joists, and before any one was aware of his purpose pulled the trigger. Its harmless click, however, announced his intention, and as he advanced upon the stranger with the clubbed gun, Saunders rushed up behind and seized him.

'Unhand me, Saunders,' cried Browning, 'as you value your eternal peace; for I shall hold that man my foe who shall dare to stand between me and my revenge!'

Saunders replied, without relaxing: "You are rash, George. Would you add murder to your misery?'

The stranger, a young man, then came up, and after a little struggle wrested the gun from Browning, saying, 'What does all this mean, and what this reception? Explain yourself, Mr. Browning, while I keep this weapon as a pledge of my safety.'

'Explain! How dare you cross my threshold? Have you come to gloat upon the ruin you have wrought? The snake that stung me in my heart of heart, comes he back to coil and hiss around his victim? Ha! ha! ha! but you have missed it. Look in the highways and hedges for her. Go! the world is wide enough for us both, and beware hereafter how you cross my path!'

'Mr. Browning,' said the young man, whose name was Frederick Carson, 'I do not comprehend all this. Of whom, or what do you speak? I have come here after a long absence to see your daughter Susan. Is she here?'

'Here! Ask the winds where she is. Ask the ravens that feed her. What! you a royal bird of prey, stooping to such garbage!'

'Good GOD! what does all this signify? Susan is my wife ——'

'Thank HEAVEN!' shrieked Mrs. Browning, staggering forward. 'Thank HEAVEN for that, Fred Carson. I knew she could not lie. I knew we wronged her, husband.'

'And here I am come to make her publicly my wife, and to keep the happy New-Year, and you tell me she has gone in shame and dishonor. Has she become a mother, and concealed our marriage? or has she told you, and you have not believed? Alas! we must all suffer enough without suffering innocently!'

'You say she is your wife,' said Browning; 'what evidence is there, save her offspring?'

'My own avowal. If you need more, the certificate and witnesses.'

'May HEAVEN forgive me for the wrong I have done her!' said the father, with a choked utterance; 'but she persisted in naming no one, and turned away from all entreaties.'

''T was my fault,' said Carson, ''t was mine. A few days before I left for the South, we were privately married; for I feared my parents, and she feared you. We promised never to name each other as husband and wife, till we met again; until I might claim her without fear, and she me without reproach. And here I am now, and she, noble girl — tell me where she is, old man. I demand her at your hands.'

'I am a bruised reed now, Fred. Demand her of the winds.'

There was a pause, and Saunders, who had let go of the subdued Browning, saw again in his mind that same wild phantom beckoning to him over the glittering snow, through the keen moon-beams.

'Can you not tell me where I may find her? Where did she go from here?'

Mrs. Browning replied: 'She has been here to-night. So cold, and pale, and pitiful, with her sweet baby! But she dare not stay, for her father's return. Oh! if she has died this cold night, we are her murderers!'

'Heaven and earth!' exclaimed Carson; 'can you not *guess* whither she has gone?'

'No,' said the mother; 'she went out the back-door, through the fields. Her heart was breaking!'

'Let us search for her,' said Browning, 'and bring her back, and ask her forgiveness. Though she has not been filial, she has been loyal; and I have done her a grievous wrong. Let us go about it this moment. We shall doubtless find her at some of the neighbors. Let us disperse at the forks of the road, and inquire at the houses till we find her.'

'Yes, I shall little deserve her love,' said Carson; 'little requite her faithfulness, if I waited till morning. Come on, my friends, we shall celebrate the happy New-Year yet.'

They were about departing through the front-door, when Saunders again saw in his mind that weird phantom beckoning to him through the moon-light, over the snow. He checked them, saying:

'There is something which tells me we shall find her in no house to-night. She went forth, to my idea, in desperation; and if we do not follow hard upon her, something terrible will befal. There has been rashness on all hands.'

'Sir,' said Carson, 'it is too late to blame now. Had we dared to correspond, or had not sickness detained me, this had been averted. She has been too faithful to our secret. But how shall we follow her, except from neighbor to neighbor?'

'By her foot-prints in the snow. We can trace them by the moon-light.'

'You are right, Saunders, you are right. Through the fields, then. Come on!' said Browning.

So saying, he turned to the back-door, followed by the other two.

They could distinguish with ease her foot-prints in the light snow. It was a small, delicate foot that had gone that unusual way, and, by the unequal distances between the prints, they saw that it had borne a weary frame.

And they saw, too, where at short intervals, she must, with a breaking heart, have turned and stood looking at the home she was leaving. No red-man of the forest could have watched more narrowly or judged more correctly of those tracks than the father and husband; and a groan escaped them as, one after another, the evidences of the wanderer's agony were revealed to them. They kept on, saying nothing; for a dreadful suspense began to harrow up and chill their spirits. They kept on in silence. The keen air smote their cheeks, the snow chirruped under their feet, and over them rolled on the descending moon. Let them make haste, for the pale orb will not much longer pour her light for them; and if Susy, poor, sweet, and faithful Susy, has sunk in her journeying, the terrible Frost-King will lay his icy hand upon her heart and still its beatings for ever; or if desperation has seized upon her, a single moment, nay a second, may lose her to them, and home, and HEAVEN! Ay, let them speed, and be wary lest they miss those foot-prints in the snow. But what is it Saunders sees? There is a broad river yonder, and through the centre of the enshrouding ice he can see the glitter of the dashing waters; and those steps, he can see them faltering down the slope, straight onward to the stream. And Browning saw it, and stopped, and laid one hand upon Carson's shoulder, gazing with a maniac-glare, and pointing to the foot-prints and the gleaming waters on beyond. Carson comprehended the significance of the father's manner in an instant, and breaking away, he ran down the declivity, pursued by his companions. It became necessary, however, immediately to slacken his pace, from the occasional indistinctness of the prints, and the two soon overtook him. In a few moments they reached the river. The tracks led on to the ice. They followed them toward the opening, where the rapidity of the current had been too great for congealment. Along the edges of the ice for the width of from four to six feet, the water had overflowed in a very thin sheet, so as to melt the little snow of the evening, and frozen again, leaving a long border of pearl-like glare. There they beheld the foot-steps terminate. The dreadful truth fell upon their minds as an avalanche: the plunge, the shriek, the splash of the closing stream, the rising of the white face twice to the surface, the final disappearance and the death-gurgle, the subsidence of the waves: all these passed before them. Oh! the agony of that husband. Oh! the depth of that father's despair. Oh! what a scene, as they stood gazing upon the vanishing foot-steps, with clasped hands; as they stood there on the ice by the glittering waters, in that winter night, under the descending moon. This was the *New-Year's Eve.* Would the *New-Year's Day* be more cheerful to those two men? Would their hopes and joys kindle with its rising beam? Would their faith and charities plume their soiled and wearied wings, and soar away to newer and nobler flights, with its full-orbed splendor? Alas! alas!

The scene was too solemn and affecting for Saunders, and he walked down the river, leaving the two standing there. He, however, kept a

look-out upon them, as well as upon the stream, to notice any traces of the suicide's death-struggle, which might be visible. He had proceeded but a short distance, when he again discovered that same small foot-step leading from the water, with the current, and apparently to the shore. Like an arrow he sped to his companions, shouting: 'The track! the track! I have found it again! She is not drowned! The track! this way, this way: come!'

The twain started up, and rays of hope flashed over their pallid countenances like lightning. They joined him, crying: 'Thank God! we shall find, we shall save her yet!' They arrived at the place where the foot-prints came out from the glare of ice, and knew them, and followed them. For a short distance the tracks diverged to the shore, and then they turned and led to the water again. What! had she repented of her last resolve, and indeed sought refuge from her woes in the cold and glittering element? No, she had but hesitated there for a short while. In a little ways the direction of her path changed to the shore. But what, if in that bitter night, instead of drowning she had frozen! How the terrible alternative obtruded itself upon their minds; for if she had sunk, her fate was already sealed.

And now the moon was dipping behind the western hills, and they would loose the foot-prints ere long. They hurried on, shouting her name. She had taken her way to a long line of chestnut and oak that skirted the high bank of the river. They reached the shore, and tracked her along under the shelving banks; and there, as the rim of the moon trembled a moment on the horizon ere it disappeared, beneath the tangled roots of a huge oak, and superincumbent thorn-bushes, where the snow had not penetrated, they discovered her. A cry of joy issued from the lips of the three: but she heard it not, for that fearful stupor and warmth consequent upon intense cold was creeping over her. A little later, and they had found her a stiffened corse! Yes, there she sat on that cold winter night, pressing her child to her breast. Oh! deep, enchanting, and abiding mother-love! What was the keen air to her, but that she might keep it from her babe? — what all the world to her, in comparison with that little life? — what were all the pangs she had suffered, the agony she had undergone, the dishonor that had fallen upon her, and the scorn that would point its slowly-moving finger at her as she should weep through the garish world? Nothing, nay, less than nothing, while the smile of her little one should gladden her; nothing, while in its eyes she could behold the coming glory of the spirit she had lit for eternity; nothing, nothing; for despite all the pitiless peltings of the mortal storm, those cherub-hands would pour oil upon the troubled waters of her soul. True, there would be times when her vexed heart would fret, when reproach would lift up the waves of hate, but mother-love, like the MASTER awakened, would say, 'Peace, be still!'

'Poor, poor girl!' said Saunders, for he was the first to discover her.

Carson saw and sprang to her, calling her name. She heeded him not. He bent over, clasped her in his arms, and imprinted a kiss upon her pallid lips. Still she heeded him not. A deep sleep was falling upon her, and they must rouse her from that lethargy, or a deeper slumber, one in which there are no dreams, would fall upon her. They

carefully unwound her arms, which were convulsively yet cautiously hugged about her babe, and took it from her. The little one was warm, and as the cold air struck its cheek, it opened its eyes and commenced crying. Saunders covered it and stilled its complaining; for he held it. The father and husband then drew the girl from her hiding-place, and shook her very roughly. Finally she opened her eyes, and their wild and wondrous light met the gaze of Saunders. Then he knew who it was that had beckoned to him through the moon-light, over the snow. True, she was clothed in black; but the same pallid face, the same lurid lips confronted him; that same dark and soul-thrilling eye was upon him: he shuddered, spoke to her, but she understood him not. She was, however, alive and awakened; and supporting her on each side they compelled her to walk. The influence of the exercise was magnetic; slowly her muscles relaxed, and her wandering senses returned. Faster and faster they urged her on toward the house, Saunders following with the babe. They had more than half-accomplished the way, when Carson, who narrowly watched her countenance, saw returning consciousness; and in another moment, and ere they were aware of it, she broke from her father's hold, and shrieking, 'Fred!' threw her arms about him.

'Fred, you have come at last!' Carson, with a flood of tears, strained her to his bosom.

'Thank HEAVEN, Susy, you are yet alive!'

Suddenly recollecting, she disengaged herself, and inquired for her child.

''T is safe, dear Susy,' said her father.

'Father, is it you speaking? O father! I am a poor, sinful girl, and have not loved you as I ought!'

'You have loved me better than I deserved,' said Browning, winding his arm about her neck, and kissing her. 'I have wronged, deeply wronged you!'

'Say not so, say not so, father. I was at fault.'

Here Saunders, who, unaccustomed to the transportation of children, had trudged along slowly and carefully, fearing lest he should fall, approached, shouting: 'Go on, go on as fast as you can. I'll bring the baby safely. Go on, and keep the blood stirring.' So they proceeded.

'Fred,' said Susan, 'I am so glad you have come. I dreamed as I grew warm and sleepy, under the tree by the river, that you had come back, that our parents had sanctioned our union, and that we were living happily together. 'T was a wild, strange dream for me, for one so despairing. Father had cast me off, and I had begun to mistrust you. Forgive me, Fred; but my brain was a little turned!'

'HEAVEN be praised, dear Susan, the dream shall soon prove true. I should have been home two months since; but I have been sick, very sick, even to the point of death. I dared not inform you of it. It has wrought a change. I shall lead a better life, hereafter; and we will live together joyful and contented, and in charity with all — will we not?'

What more they said on their way home it matters not. It was a happy, happy walk. How Saunders, sensible of the great responsibility

resting upon him, gloried in his journey; stepping along so carefully that he did not once awaken the sleeping infant.

Mrs. Browning, when the men left for the search, laid her babe upon the bed, and stood in the door watching their retreating figures. When they had disappeared, she, scarcely aware of it, heaped the wood upon the fire till it roared and crackled like a huge furnace. She then sat down at a distance from the blaze, and awaited the return. She had, however, little hope of seeing her daughter again that night, and she feared the worst. How her thoughts went out into the night seeking for her girl; how many prayers she sent up for her safety! What length of time she sat there she knew not. She was roused by the opening of the door. Her daughter stood before her. Their clasping of one another, their weeping upon one another, the ineffable rapture and overflowing of the fulness of joy — who shall tell? Not they who beheld it, for their eyes were blinded with tears; not they who saw it not, for language, with all the glory that imagination ever gave, could not depict it; but there was *joy* in the house that night, or rather that morning, for now the *New-Year* had begun. In a moment Saunders entered with the babe. Susan received it from his hands, looked at it, saw that all was well, kissed it, and handed it to Fred, who gazed upon it, kissed it, and gave it to her again. The excitement beginning to die away, Susan sank rapidly. Restoratives were applied, and in an hour she was sleeping calmly and quietly with her baby by her side. The old Dutch clock in the corner struck four, when Browning, gathering the other three about the fire-side, rendered thanks to HEAVEN for the sovereign mercies bestowed upon him and his family; and, in a few moments after, the whole house was hushed in slumber.

. . . . . .

CLEAR, cloudless, and beautiful came the day. How the sun poured upon the house of Browning its golden shower and gladness! How it clasped the old weather-stained walls in its great arms of light; how it crept into every nook and cranny, and fell in glory through the windows, on the floor, filling the silent room, even up to the great hearth-stone, with a flood of warmth and exultation! The light in the window of the old blacksmith was relumed, and the fire on his hearth rekindled. Yea, and the all-bounteous and life-giving orb smote with his swift beams that thin, light snow, and it melted; so that when the sleepers arose to the music of a caged robin hanging in the window, those small and delicate foot-prints, coming, going, and returning, had vanished, were obliterated for ever. So, beneath the sunshine of love, charity, forgiveness, from the memories of the inmates of that house, were all wrongs, all rashness, all blame, all bitterness, all harshness, and all hardship blotted out for ever. They thanked HEAVEN for it.

Susan still slept; but her sleep was free from all care and pain, and they knew when she awoke she would be fresh, and fair, and hale as ever; save in respect of fatigue, and the effect of mental suffering. The children, who had seen her depart the night before, glad to learn that she had returned, would just open the door and peep through to see sister Susy as she slept, and then come away on tip-toe clapping

their hands, but so softly that they made no noise. Mrs. Browning bustled about with the greatest importance, for there was to be a New-Year's dinner in the house ere night-fall; and there was the best room to be swept, and set in order for company. There were chickens and turkeys to roast. Then Mr. and Mrs. Carson (so Fred, who had been to the village for various articles, and purchased presents for the children, said) were to be there in the afternoon — and they were the richest people in town.

Susan awoke about noon, quite well, and dressed herself. There were traces of her sorrow that with her utmost care she could not efface. She wished, noble girl, that not a single trait or lineament should remind her loved-ones of what had passed; and so she felt stronger than she was, and went about the house singing snatches of her old songs, and filling the children with merriment by her pleasant and funny ways. But strong as she thought and said she was, by two o'clock it was necessary for her to keep her chair. At about three o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Carson made their appearance. They were very grand and formal people, and the children were very shy; but Fred was with them, and a right royal fellow they said he was, and so they were not afraid. He had told his parents of his marriage to Susan, of her faithfulness, and her patient suffering, and of his own love and reformation; and they embraced her, and kindly kissed her, and called her daughter. And old bachelor Saunders was there, laughing and talking, rubbing his hands with glee, and blessing his stars that he had fallen on such happy times. Then, in the great kitchen, where great logs were piled and blazing in the great chimney, the table was spread with all things good of rural cheer. At five o'clock they lit the candles and sat down to the New-Year's dinner. Yes, all — the blacksmiths, the children, mother, those grand and formal people, Fred, and Susan in the large rocking-chair — all sat down together. Did Browning always say grace so fervently? And while the fire roared and crackled, the knives and forks clicked and rattled; and they eat, and talked, and laughed, and wept together; blacksmiths, children, those grand and formal people, mother, Fred, and Susan — all together. So when they rose from the table, old things had passed away; all was forgiven, forgotten, and confirmed. Thus they kept the *Happy New-Year's Day.*

And Fred, as he laid his head upon his pillow by the side of his wife that night, felt, as he pressed her to his bosom, that without a fond and faithful heart, wherein all the affections may be garnered up, this world is nothing worth; and that pure and fervent love, the one thing God-like which our first parents brought out of Paradise, is far more, and exceeding all its pomp, power, and magnificence. And as she told him of her hopes and fears, the alternating trust and despair that he came not; how she had

> 'Strained her inner eyes till dim,
> To see the coming glory swim
> Through the rich mist of happy tears;'

of her pangs; of the entreaties and threatenings, the shame and sorrow of her parents; of her short but terrible wanderings in the winter's night; of her woes and sufferings, her desperation and suicidal resolu-

tions; her walk upon the ice; her lingering by the glittering water; the final triumph of her faith in him, her husband, and in HEAVEN; her shelter beneath the roots of the tree; her drowsiness, and the fearful comfort of the benumbing cold, and her dream, so timely broken and so happily fulfilled; he thanked GOD who had made her his — so good, so beautiful, and so true, and wept like a child. Mingling their tears they fell asleep.

So closed the *Happy New-Year's Day.*

WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

THE winter moon rides high,
The yellow moon shines bright;
The frosty stars, like jewels,
Entwine the brow of Night,
And the wintry winds are calling,
And the feathery flakes are falling.

The snow shines on the roof,
The snow drifts o'er the street;
Road-side and field are sprinkled
With the sharp translucent sleet.
Big icicles hang from the wall
Like spar in grottoes dim;
And a polished shield is thick enclasped
Around the old oak-limb;
While sparkling crystals on each twig
In liquid lustre swim.

The brook hath lost its merry song,
And ceased its playful chase:
O'er glistening lake a rosy throng
Of skaters ply their race;
The water-wheel is choked with ice,
Nor turns its dripping beam;
Mute rests the frozen water-fall,
Mute rests the frosty stream.

The snow-birds perch on the garden-rail,
The earth denies them food;
Under the hemlock mopes the quail,
With her half-perished brood;
And the partridge shivereth as the gale
Howls through th' inclement wood.
The cattle haste to the friendly barn,
The sheep to their folds repair;
The dame by the fire-side spins the yarn;
Her goodman nods in his chair;
While children crowd to the chimney-nook,
Intent on frolic, or pictured book.

THE DEAD.

BY THOMAS H. HOWARD.

My thoughts march outward, solemn as a train
Of martial men, trampling with hasty tread
The mid-night street: across my throbbing brain
They march to meet the Dead.

Out in the stillness, where no echoes beat
Unresting sounds against the silent air,
In undulating armies, spirit-feet
Glide softly everywhere.

Softly and swiftly glide the true evangels,
Where light and love, like golden rain, are shed;
'We seek not ye,' my Thoughts said to the angels,
'We march to meet the Dead.'

'The Dead are we,' said they: my soul expanding,
Drank in the liquid sound — THE DEAD ARE WE:
'We seekers are, who seek the understanding
Of men that will not see.

'By day and night, our hope, and our endeavor,
Are reaching inward to the hearts of men;
By day and night, we strive against the Never
That seems to shroud the When.

'Go back, brave Thoughts, and struggle for the holy,
Drag upward Mind from uncongenial gloom:
Cry out aloud, 'Ascend!' to all the lowly;
Shout 'Life!' through all the tombs.

'Clothe yourselves sweetly in melodious measures;
For from angelic choirs the music rolls,
And song is of the earth's divinest treasures,
In harmonizing souls.

'From our exhaustless love are ever springing
The tides, wherein man's glowing heart rejoices,
And ceaselessly earth's heavenly minds are ringing
With songs of heavenly voices.

'So say, brave Thoughts, we are the Dead, who ever,
With love undying, watch the homes of men,
And day and night, we strive against the Never
That seems to shroud the When.'

My Thoughts marched inward, joyful as a train
Of angels — I to all the earth replying:
Oh! call not ye the dead 'The Dead' again,
For they are the Undying.

New-Orleans.

MAN THE CHILD OF MERCY.*

WHEN the Omniscient GIVER of all life,
In HIS eternal council first conceived
The thought of man's creation, forth HE called
Into HIS presence three bright ministers —
JUSTICE, and TRUTH, and MERCY, that for ever
Had hovered around HIS throne — and thus HE spake:
'Shall we make man?' Then JUSTICE stern replied:
'Create him not; for he will trample on
THY holy Law.' And TRUTH, too, answering, said:
'Create him not, O GOD! he will pollute
THY sanctuary.' When forth MERCY came,
And dropping on her knees, exclaimed: 'O GOD!
Create him! I will watch his wandering steps,
AND tender guide through all the darksome paths
That he may tread.' Then forthwith GOD made man,
And said: 'Thou art the child of MERCY: go!
In mercy with thy erring brother deal!'

D. W. C. ROBERTS.

Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIOGVOLK.

MY COLLEGE FRIEND, BOSWORTH FIELD.

I FIRST met my friend, Bosworth Field, at a time when he was likely to have made an impression upon me. He did make an impression. We swore eternal friendship, and it lasted with his life. He is gone now, poor fellow, where friendships are indeed not in name sempiternal. I sit down now to jot a few hasty lines to his memory. Who could then have thought such a joyous, rollicking spirit as he, would be making draughts upon the tears of his sorrowing friend before he had half reached 'his prime!'

I shall never forget our first encounter. We were Freshmen together at Yale College in 1838. It was the evening of our first day. A memorable day in the life of a college-student. We had both rooms assigned us on the ground-floor front, of the oldest of those prison-like buildings that divide the college-green, 'Old South-Middle.' Our rooms were on opposite sides of the south entry. It was about nine o'clock. I had been 'studying hard' at my tasks for the ensuing day. I was badly 'fitted' for college, as the phrase is. I wished to make the best appearance I could. The task was light enough, if I had been permitted to give my attention to it; but there lay the difficulty.

It was the first night of an hundred students' Sophomore year. The 'Sophs' had just ceased to be 'Fresh,' and by virtue of a time-honored

* A beautiful conceit, of which Judge CRITTENDEN is said to be the author, in prose; I have taken the liberty to re-model it in verse, as being well worthy of preservation.

custom in the college, this night was a Saturnalia among them. If all the practical jokes in the world had been put in use that night at once by the 'Sophs,' it seemed to me as if they would not have given vent for all the mischief the rogues contained. We miserable Fresh-men were their victims. Field had a 'chum,' or room-mate, whose visage was suggestive to the 'Sophs;' it invited experiment; it held out opportunity for their peculiar deviltry. This 'chum' was a green back-countryman, who had grown and lived to manhood, but was yet 'in the leading-strings' of Minerva. Seth Barnabas Rock was the name he rejoiced in. Any rock would have been typical of his mind; for a more barren sterility I never encountered in a human intellect that fell short of idiocy.

If I were a very serious man, and not disposed to be a trifler, I would cut short the thread of my story and moralize now for an hour or more upon the criminal folly so often exhibited by foolish parents and kind-hearted, charitable old ladies, in persuading or permitting such men as poor Rock to undertake the toil of a collegiate education. Poor fellow! he labored like a quarry-slave four long years, and at the end, although in his thirtieth year, a studious boy of fourteen would have non-plussed him in his favorite studies.

As I was saying, Field's 'chum' had been found out by the 'Sophs,' and 'marked for their own.' Field's room was the principal scene of action, and the shadow under my windows they had selected as a place of ambuscade. Their mode of warfare was of the Indian or Guerilla order. They trusted rather more to the agility of their heels in eluding pursuit after a stealthy onset, than to any valiant prowess in cutting their way through opposition. They would make a brief bombardment, perhaps carrying the door from its fastenings, and extinguishing the lights in Field's room, and not unlikely following it up by a shower of unsavory missiles, and then retreat to their hiding-place. Whenever the infuriated victim attempted to detect or capture his assailants, they sprang upon him from their place of concealment, under cover of night, and soon made him repent of his bravery.

This border warfare upon my neighbor's territory might not have disturbed me very greatly, had not the spirit of mischief abroad been too virulent to be satisfied with a modicum of fun. But the mad-caps, while maturing fresh plans of assault upon my neighbor, diverted themselves by an occasional sortie by way of interlude for my benefit. At one time a cane would be poked through a pane of glass in my window, with a startling jingle; at another, a syringe would be thrust into the friendly aperture, and a stream of fresh spring-water would describe a graceful parabola over my reading-desk, in a drizzling shower upon my head, and through my hair upon my books.

I had prepared my mind for this sort of petty annoyance, and believing the shortest way to prevent its continuance was not to heed it, kept on with my studies, and bore it very philosophically, apparently giving no attention to the matter; I determined to finish my task for the next day, come what might come. After a period, through much tribulation this was accomplished, and I then began to feel that I had borne my probation, and it was unnecessary to endure these one-sided, practical jokes any longer.

However, for a little time there had been a cessation of hostility, and it being now about eleven at night, I began to believe the storm was over, and thought about getting to bed, when I was startled from my fancied security by a most tremendous crash at my neighbor's door, as of a catapult discharged, which must, at least, have carried away its hinges, (if any had survived to this time,) and a Parthian kick at my own, in passing, that smashed its barricades into infinitesimal fragments, and sent it spinning and trembling open into the room. I rushed spasmodically into the entry, fully determined to inflict condign punishment upon the first wretch I overtook, and clasped a youth in my arms. It was my neighbor Bosworth Field! He had emerged at the same tocsin as myself. He was vowing vengeance as he rushed headlong in the dark, and his meek 'chum' Barnabas was bringing up the rear, snivelling in meek despair.

I invited Field into my room. A fellow-feeling made us friends from the start. He recounted the perils of the night. He was far more observant than myself. He had recognized the voice of the ringleader of the gang of his tormentors. He had, as he said, 'come the King Alfred over them,' and had entered their camp in disguise while they lay entrenched under my window. He had learned all their plans. He unfolded them to me, and we set our heads at work to devise means to give them a re-payment in their own coin. The leader occupied a room on the floor over our heads.

Their mode of proceeding, as revealed to Field's espionage was this: after they had plagued us to their satisfaction, they were to adjourn to the 'J—— House,' (a favorite hotel in those days,) have a jolly supper, and, on their return, call and see us, to condole with us concerning the scandalous doings of their class-mates, which they (poor lambs!) had partly heard of, and partly restrained, but could not prevent. While expressing their profound sympathy, they were also each to be supplied with a large pipe, and a common kind of tobacco, and to give us a benefit with their score of smokers, in our small, close chambers, just as we were about to retire for the night. Having driven us from our rooms by the smoke, they were to lock our doors, carry away the keys, assemble in the room of their champion over-head, and with cards and wine make a night of it. A pretty beginning, truly, for a year's study of these fledgelings.

Finding it useless to attempt resistance, without an unmanly appeal to the authorities, we set about preparing the most deserved reception for our distinguished guests. As soon as they had fairly gotten out of hearing, Field forced the door of the strategos of the party of marauders, and with the aid of a class-mate who dropped in my room, just as we had matured our plans, (De Graffenreid, a tall, handsome fellow, who afterwards left college hastily, by reason of some unworthy distrust of the Faculty,) Rock, Field, and myself soon quietly emptied the rooms of their contents, even to the carpet. We noiselessly carried all the furniture into the middle of the college-green, and piled it up in a pyramidal shape, making a mound some ten feet high, and surmounting the whole with a calf's head, taken from the stall of a neighboring butcher.

The steward's cow was dozing in the street near by, and by Cyclopean efforts we managed to abduct her, and tuck her up for the night in the empty bed-room of our Augean hero. The next step was to perfume the room for the retreat of our friendly revellers, after their return from their Circean orgies, and paying their devoirs to us. Field was absent a few moments, and returned from Dow's with a capacious bottle of asafœtida. This he dispensed liberally up and down the room, with as much unction as if it had been myrrh and frankincense in the bower of the lady of his heart. Lest there might be a charge of partiality, he reserved a portion, which he bestowed upon the pyramid on the college-green.

What 'devilish engine' might next have been contrived by the fertile brain of Field, is left to conjecture; for at this stage of our proceedings we heard the noise of the merry party returning across the college-yard, singing with discordant voices, echoing far into the depths of night:

'Roll-a-roll-a-rido, ring-a-ding-a-dido,' etc.

We beat a hasty retreat to our rooms, and retiring to our 'respective rooms,' waited the reception of our guests. They soon arrived, 'armed cap-a-pie.' With pipes in hand they swarmed into my room to honor me with the first visit. I invited them, some twenty in number, to sit as they best might, upon chairs and in the window-seats, and upon the bed. They offered De Graffenreid (who stopped with me to see the fun out) and myself pipes. To their surprise, De Graffenreid accepted, and being an inveterate smoker himself, smoked freely, (though he afterwards told me their tobacco was the vilest he ever smelt,) throwing out immense whiffs and clouds of smoke, which he carelessly puffed into the faces of those on either side of him. They grew a little uneasy at this; still, we talked so unsuspectingly of the outrages that had been perpetrated upon us by some persons to us unknown, their suspicions were allayed.

Still they glanced from time to time at the meek and sober face of De Graffenreid, as he would utter some equivoque, as if they were not quite assured of his seeming innocence. At length, to amuse them, he read some words from a quaint old author lying upon my table, and dwelt with such peculiar emphasis upon them, that a thrill went through the party, that made it evident they began to fancy they were quizzed. The words were somewhat like these: 'There be sometymes manye that do goe oute to gathyer woole, that do come home shorne.' Things had just reached this crisis, when, bang! swizzle! swash! the door flew open, and two immense buckets of water, with murderous aim were discharged into my room. By a marvel, (I guess,) De Graffenreid and myself were the only dry parties in the room. The fluid was as effective as the boiling oil upon the Forty Thieves. The lights were out, and the pipes were out, and the band fled like drowning rats from a sinking ship.

They rushed up-stairs in 'most admired disorder,' leaving De Graffenreid, Field, and myself, dissolved in inextinguishable laughter. They plunged pell-mell into the festal hall, so daintily arrayed for their reception, to drown their sorrows and dry their clothes. Here

was a scene. They were crowded into the narrow entry in the dark, as they fell back dismayed at the perfume that saluted their nostrils, and at the spectacle of the bare walls and floor of the room, the light of a match revealed to them. What an infernal uproar!

> 'Within that dark and narrow dell,
> At once there rose as wild a yell,
> As if the fiends from heaven that fell
> Had pealed the banner-cry of hell.'

Stamping and stumbling head-long down-stairs, they came and set about searching for the ravished contents of their friend's room, but were unsuccessful. By this time, too, their noise had waked the drowsy tutors, who were rushing about frantically, capturing whom they might, and placing them in close custody of each other, until, like the boys sliding on the ice, who 'all fell in,' all were caught, and 'the rest did run away,' so that when the captives were counted, there were none left except the tutors themselves.

Where the Agamemnon of the valiant party pitched his tent that night we never knew. But the next morning, (for there always will be, as Bulwer says, a 'next morning' after a revel,) the Fresh-man Class had many a merry jeer at the crest-fallen hero and his prospects in rural retirement, with his tent pitched upon the college-green, and his bucolic gallantry, that with a modesty worthy of Don Quixote, had impelled him to vacate his bed-chamber for the steward's cow! After all, the 'Sophs' were very well, and as fair retaliation, they confessed themselves 'sold.' Field and myself (who were instantly guessed at as the workers of this enchantment, came into great favor with them, and had many warm friends in their class ever after through college life.

My friend Bosworth Field stuck close to me to the end of our collegiate course. He was a hearty friend, and an ardent advocate of my interests on every occasion. He was a fine mathematical scholar, and often helped me out in some of our more difficult problems. It was exhilarating to see him cut his way like an arrow through a mathematical enigma that puzzled me almost to stupefaction. It seemed the work of intuition. It was not an effort of reason or memory. It cost him no time, and no labor. A few minutes' glance to see what was the proposition, and *presto*, Q. E. D. This secured him the favor of the college faculty. He stood high as a scholar, although he really devoted little time to the prescribed course of study. But it was the theory of this institution, that the object of college education was to *discipline*, and not to *furnish* or *accomplish* the mind, and that the mathematical studies best accomplished that end. Of course, as in all general maxims touching human conduct, this latter proposition was both true and false. The boys to whom mathematics were difficult (*haud inexpertus loquor*) saw the notion was false somewhere, and ignored them without stopping to see precisely where the truth lay. The truth was, I suspect, that those who cried out against mathematical studies as dry or troublesome, and stagnating to the faculties, and bewildering to the memory, were precisely those who stood most in need of just such discipline, while to those who mastered their labyrinthine myste-

ries with facility, (and had no purpose of pursuing science,) they were less useful than the more elegant studies of classic literature, for which they had duller tastes and less prehensile capacities.

Field carried off some of the best honors of the class. He had the good wishes of every class-mate, and was that rare bird, a man of brains without an enemy. Every body spoke well of him, and yet he was no fool. How this miracle was managed, I never could thoroughly understand, though I often puzzled over it. Had he lived to mature life, he would have made his mark; but 'whom the gods love die young.' He went away to the South after leaving college, and I lost sight of him for a year or two, until I heard of his death while prosecuting his professional study. It was my sad lot to lose my dearest college friends by immeasurable separations or by early death. Light lie the earth upon thee. Alas! poor Bosworth Field!

THE LOVERS' HOME.

A SCENE FROM BULWER'S ZANONI.

BY D. W. C. ROBERTS.

THERE is an island in the Ionian seas
Well known in Grecian history — where Spring
Disportive, throws her greening mantle down;
The glorious landscape smiling on the slave
As sweet as on the sullen Moslem lord:
Here had the lovers fixed their bridal home.
For miles and miles, the perfumed airs swept o'er
The blue translucent deep. Seen from its heights
The isle one broad delicious garden seemed!
Where Beauty sat enthroned, and, prodigal
Of all her charms, seemed half to justify
Those graceful superstitions of a creed
That too enamored bound — the rather brought
The Duties to earth, than man to heaven!
Still here the fisherman as in olden time
Wove antique dances on the shining sand
With silver tibula; the Grecian maid
Her glossy tress adorned beneath the tree
That shadowed o'er her tranquil cottage-home.
It was the loveliest little isle of all
That decked the bosom of that divine sea!
Their cot was from the city far removed,
By one of numerous bays that notched the shore;
And on the sea, in sight, their vessel rode;
And Indians gravely, to their household wants
Did minister. No spot more beautiful!
No solitude could less invaded be.
What heeded they the babbling, garish world
Without? all things forgetting, and forgot,
Save by each other and propitious HEAVEN!

THE BURIAL-PLACE.

BY J. SWETT.

In this lone spot where green trees shod
Their cooling shade,
Calmly and sweetly sleep the dead
Beneath them laid.

The busy city's ceaseless hum
Disturbs them not;
Here toil and strife can never come,
A holy spot.

In this still city of the dead
No wild unrest,
No search for gold with hurrying tread,
No aching breast.

Around the graves the wild flowers smile,
Kind vigils keeping,
The dead seem but to rest awhile,
So calmly sleeping.

And rolling in on ocean's shore,
Pacific's surge
Is deeply pealing evermore,
A funeral dirge.

Tread lightly! and in trusting prayer
Look up above;
No sorrow casts its shadow there,
All light and love!

And list the voices that speak
Their holy feeling,
Breathed to the lowly and the meek
In spirit healing.

With strengthened hearts for toil and strife,
Lend cheerful face,
Then leave, to live a purer life,
This burial-place.

Let not the lesson of the day
Be vainly given;
But guide the soul upon its way
To GOD and heaven!

Lone Mountain Cemetery (San Francisco.)

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

MR. KNICK-NACKS: With the exception of the preface to an epic poem, called, 'Ma-Ka-Tai-Me-She-Kia-Kiak, or Black Hawk, and Scenes in the West,' by Elbert H. Smith, a famous composition, inflated to the largest limits which the subject would admit, the most amusing instance of literary self-esteem which I know of will be found in the preface to an excellent work, entitled, 'The Fairy Mythology, Illustrative of the Romance and Superstition of Various Countries, by THOMAS KEIGHTLEY, author of the Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy, etc.'

There is the utmost difference between these two authors, both in literary accomplishment, and the actual merit of their works. They are apart *toto cælo*. Yet they are alike in this. They are both industrious in the collection of legendary lore, and notwithstanding the exhaustive labors of Keightley, and his familiarity with many languages, (eighteen or twenty he declares,) the immortal Smith had access to some treasures which he never dreamed of, and which are well worthy of being added to his stores. There are many delicate and exquisite fictions incorporated in the traditions of the American Indian tribes, quite worthy to be classified among the mythology of the ancients and that of the northern bards, and for this it is necessary to know Mohawk, to know Montauk, Choctaw, Iroquois, *et al.*

These authors are also alike in the exalted opinion which each has of himself — a self-gratification so frankly and candidly expressed, as almost entirely to divest it of the odium which attaches to such quality, and to provoke a genial smile. Have you ever read 'Black Hawk?' If not you should try to do it, and it would be a *great trial*, for which the way would, however, be adequately paved by a commendatory preface truly *naïve* and delicious in style. 'Black Hawk' is an epic poem which follows hard on the steps of Poppy Emmons; in many cantos, and an innumerable number of stanzas, and lines without number — line upon line. It records all the exploits of that great warrior, and branches off into many episodes, which would remind you of the loves of Dido or Æneas:

> 'I SING (says he) of love and wedlock, death and life,
> Of pioneers and heroes, peace and strife;
> Of countries new, and settlements begun,
> Of fortunes sometimes lost and sometimes won;
> Of justice, liberty, and equal right,
> And paint to fancy scenes of rare delight;
> Of mines of silver, copper, golden ore,
> Proclaim the tidings far from shore to shore.'

The opening of the poem is rich and grand, a little ragged, it is true, like the first notes of a trumpeter blowing through the brass at the head of a cavalcade, but the mellow and mellifluous notes are for to come. Remark how it steps off:

'AMERICANS! magnanimous of soul,
With hearts as warm, as generous and as free,
As that pure atmosphere in which ye breathe,
Come listen while I sing of one poor man,
The self-taught hero, aboriginal,
Of the Indian race his genealogy —
Illustrious, so deserving of renown,
And causes which impelled him to the war;
His mighty deeds, his perils, dangers, labors,
Endured long time for his loved people's sake.
With phraseology and lofty thoughts sublime,
Fit for the theme, may heavenly powers inspire me!'

This is the Invocation, not to the heathen muse or goddess, but to the heavenly Christian powers, and the epic having been executed under the stimulus whence it started, the author, to conclude his work, wrote the beginning — a very good plan.

The poem is resplendent with his genius, the preface with his amiable frailty, the sweetest and most toothsome vanity, which can only be apologized for by stanzas of true merit, like these, which may be found thickly strewed and glittering through the Milky Way of this immense epic:

'NIAGARA roars, and so does Genesee,
SAM PATCH went on his way most merrily,
Oft jumping down these falls from highest steep,
Disdainful of the shortness of the leap.
At length he built a scaffold 'bove the falls;
Shudders the mind when up this scene it calls;
The most adventurous leaper of his time
Prepared to make another more sublime;
The day was fixed, a multitude came near,
To witness such a feat as gave them fear
Far more intense than the adventurer felt
Before the throne of grace he had not knelt;
As all did think they'd done in such a case,
And of the GREAT DELIVERER sought grace.
Some said he lost his balance in his fall,
Some said that brandy was the cause of all.
The maddening gulf sent up a hideous roar,
And opening wide its mouth him to devour,
Received him in unmeasured depths below,
Closed over him for ever, son of wo!'

In order to justify the author's good opinion of himself, and make the public think as he does, about the merit of the poem, which has never received that notice which its length and laborious execution demand, we will quote a few of its sublime and more impressive passages, simply remarking that they are not merely the glittering ridges and sun-lit promontories of creative thought, while all the intervals are desolate and barren; they are but fair specimens of the whole. Speaking of the River St. Lawrence, one of the most notable that ever rolled into the sea, (who that has gazed upon its rapids, or sailed among its thousand islands, can ever forget it? Who that has ever listened to the Canadian boat-song, while borne upon its waves, will not return the echoes?) the poet says:

ST. LAWRENCE is a most tremendous river,
Extremely deep, and draining almost all
Those lakes and inland seas with all their streams
On North-America's great bosom lie:

Is here a rocky precipice poured down,
Of perpendicular height, of vast descent,
A sheet of water full six furlongs wide,
For ever flowing without variation,
And unaffected by what rains or storms
Or drought may come, as thus far has been proved.'

Of Cleveland he discourseth thus:

'Sure, said he, Cleveland is a handsome city,
Not better here described, it is a pity.
Fain would the minstrel furnish something better
Wer 't not that he sustains a timely fetter.

'The fetter is, that something must be said,
And what is written, be it good or bad,
Must find publicity — so let it go:
Happily it proves no person's weal or wo.

'Cleveland has handsome architectural domes,
And beauteous people at their beauteous homes;
Industrious, moral, peaceful, good, and wise,
And healthful walls and towers that proudly rise.'

But we must recur to the preface. 'The account given of the genealogy of Black Hawk,' says the author, 'together with his whole history, *will be found interesting;* also the various scenes in the West herein described, cannot but be perused with pleasure by all who recollect them, while their relation will be more especially novel, interesting, and delightful, to all those who never heard of them before.'

'To the lovers of literature, and especially to the admirers of the art of poesy, it *is presumed this work will afford great pleasure and delight;* while to those who are not in the same degree *capable of perceiving and relishing its* BEAUTIES, it cannot fail to be a source of information that will abundantly repay the cost.'

'The question may naturally arise, why the author did not compose the whole in rhyme. To which he answers, that he is partial to blank verse, and originally intended to compose the whole in this style; but the constant tendency to rhyme continually furnished him as he went along, with *beautiful couplets*, some of which he has retained among the blank verse, considering blank verse as the base, so that he has now in such a variety of styles *something that will suit all tastes and classes of readers*. The author might multiply reasons for the course taken, if necessary. He might say that *Shakspeare* did so; that this is a day of innovation on the learning of the past; and as it was with the Israelites in early times, so has it become with us now; for in those days there was no king in the land, and every man did according to that which seemed right in his own eyes.'

Very prettily said. If any one does not think well of himself, no body else will think well of him: that 's clear. It is a monstrous mistake in morals, that a man is not to treat himself with as much liberality as others, and that he should not on all occasions be kind and just and liberal to himself; to cherish of himself a good opinion, and inwardly and 'out loud' to say *bravo*, if he is satisfied that he deserves it. Charity begins at home. It is the true and Scripture rule also, and the

only standard which we have, to love your neighbor *as* yourself — not better. He, therefore, who has a mean and contemptible opinion of his own works, especially if they are literary, is not prepared to do justice to others. That 's clear. No one has the genius to accomplish a great work (like Black Hawk) who is not as well fitted to judge of its merits, as any one else; and even more so, for that matter, when in such a vast and prairie-like bloom he is the creator of every flower, can take you along through the rows and terraces of verse, and show where they are, and hold their fragrance up to your olfactory nerves, and point out the elusive beauties which shrink with coy and native shyness behind great masses of words, as well as those which are nearly buried up in the same. When you read a preface to a poem like that of Elbert H. Smith's, it is very much as when a man meets you at the gate of his garden, and swinging it gayly on the hinge, introduces you to all its abundance of sweets, and here he plucks a rose-bud, and there a bunch of grapes, and in the midst of buzzing bees and the fragrance of thyme, and the pleasant influences which proceed from the *clod*, you go away a charmed man.

KEIGHTLEY has written a charming book, the best of its kind — and he says so. It exhausts, as nearly as human industry could do, the fairy mythology of all ages and countries, that of the New World excepted. It tells you all about the Peris of Persia, and the Genii of Arabic romance, about the Elves, the Dwarfs, the Nisses, and the Mermen of northern lands; about the fairies, pixies, brownies of merry England and her isles. It is an indispensable volume for the student captivated by such lore. Curious as the work is, the preface is more so. Of a previous book on a similar subject, which the author had written, he speaks thus:

'I never heard of any one who read it that was not *pleased with it*. It was translated into German as soon as it appeared, and was very favorably received. Dr. Jacob Grimm wrote me a letter commending it. I was one Christmas most agreeably surprised by the receipt of a letter from the celebrated Orientalist, Jos. Van Hammer, informing me that it had been the companion of a journey, and had afforded much pleasure and information to himself and some ladies of high rank and cultivated minds. In this country, when I mention the name of Robert Southey as that of one who has more than once expressed his decided approbation of this performance, I am sure I shall have said quite enough to satisfy any one that the work is *not devoid of merit*.' Of his Outlines of History he takes occasion to say: 'Whatever the faults of that work may be, no one has ever reckoned among them *want of vigor in either thought or expression*.'

'In its present form,' speaking of his work on Fairies, he says, 'I am presumptuous enough to expect that it may *live for many years*, and be an authority on the subject of popular lore. The active industry of Grimms, of Thiele, and others, etc., etc. *I* came then and gathered in the harvest, *leaving little, I apprehend, but gleanings, for future writers on this subject. It is not likely that any one will relate what I have given over again*.'

Presuming that nothing which concerned himself can be uninterest-

ing to those who were delighted with his fairy fictions, he cannot restrain the desire to speak of his own family.

'Juvenal himself did not hold family pride in less esteem than I do, yet when the strain is good it may be pardoned. I have never, therefore, spoken of my family; but now that it seems on the point of extinction, (such is human weakness,) I cannot refrain from telling what it was in former days. *I am then, by descent, a gentleman*, of ancient and respectable family.'

Recurring again to his book, he proceeds: 'This is certainly my most important work, and I know nothing like it in modern literature. *With respect to style, the vital principle of a book, a most competent judge has pronounced it to be the most elegant work on a classic subject in this or any other language.* There is surely then nothing overweening in expecting that it may be read many years hence.'

Finally, of his own works in general, Mr. Keightley sums up thus:

'Any one who clears away obscurities from the works of the great writers of ancient or modern times, may be sure that his name at least will survive. I have explained much that was obscure in the Latin classics. I am the first who has treated Sallust as an historian, and who was really acquainted with the subjects and the scenery of Virgil's rural poetry. It is surely some merit to have been able to throw additional light on Horace. It is not unworthy of notice, that I seem to be the only native of Ireland whose writings on classic subjects have met with approbation in this country or on the Continent. Neither Oxford nor Cambridge, I am sure, would blush to own my labors in this department. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, judging, it would seem, that I *had a power of lucid expression beyond most persons*, urged me, etc. If general praise and extensive sale be proof of success, I have succeeded in what I undertook. *They are yet unrivalled, and may long be unsurpassed.* My History of England is generally allowed to be the one most free from party spirit; that of India to be the best manual for the servants of the Company; while *mine is actually the best History of Rome in any language, and my Outlines of History is, one may say, unique.* My sphere of usefulness is surely not a narrow one. I have done my duty to my country — none more faithfully.'

Well done, good and faithful servant! Of all the books which have been ever written since the world began, and in the making of them there is no end, probably no author ever thought better of himself. Was ever any thing so *unique?* All the amiable vanity so profusely distributed among the *literati* in general, and small scribblers in particular, seems to be concentered in the worthy Keightley; but as neither himself, nor ELBERT H., who follows *longo intervallo* in his footsteps, notwithstanding the commendation which each gives himself, is ever likely to get an equal quantity from the public; as 'Black Hawk' will only live when Homer is forgotten, and as the interest in popular superstitions may possibly die with the superstitions themselves, I have taken pains to recall the above, and to ask you to embalm them in the amber of your pages, as something which Disraeli himself would consider as worthy of notice, and as curiosities of current literature.

SOLOMON WAGSTAFF.

THE MESSENGER STAR

ALL bright in the glowing western sky,
Where the sun had just departed,
There shone a glorious star on high,
'Twas watched by the weary-hearted.

It gleamed in the lofty azure vault,
With hope and with love resplendent;
An exquisite gem without a fault,
On the brow of evening pendent.

Its ray o'er the rippling waters gleamed,
In a quiet laugh of gladness;
And falling on his heart, he dreamed
It would chase away his sadness.

His softened eyes gazed on that star
As it shone in holy brightness:
And he whispered low, that naught could mar
Its pure and heavenly whiteness.

But envious clouds crept slowly on,
As stealthy traitors moving,
Till they touched the orb he gazed upon,
The power of its purity proving.

Scarce breathed he in his eager gaze,
Was his fate bound up in its shining?
Hope strove with fear, while its love-lit rays
To each cloud lent a silver lining.

Yet the foe stole on, and that gem of night
To the watcher's eye was paling;
Anon 'twas hidden from his sight:
He sighed, o'er its loss bewailing.

He loooked again, and the planet fair
Those treacherous clouds had riven,
In fragments lying scattered there,
Motes in the dark blue heaven.

In queenly beauty then moved she
Amid the clear night's ether,
And brighter, purer, seemed to be,
For the broken clouds beneath her.

Then the watcher knew that the evil breath,
That his fair name was staining;
That pressed his spirit near to death,
Would pass — no cloud remaining.

IRENE.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

NUMBER TWO.

IN WHICH MACE SLOPER LOOKS OVER THE MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS. CONTAINING HIS REMARKS THEREON, AND HIS EXPERIENCES THEREOF.

'WANTED — A gentleman gifted with wealth,
A perfect male-beauty in vigorous health,
Good as to morals — of strictest sobriety,
And who always has moved in the best of society.
A man who in life has attained elevation,
And had at a college a good education;
A member of church, yet a person of spirit:
As modest as may be, yet full of all merit.
A man of the world with accomplishments many,
And powers colloquial superior to any.
If such man there be, who 's desirous of winning
A lady, whose charms have no end, (or beginning,)
He need but the fact in a single word mention,
Which addressed to SAL SCRUB will meet instant attention.'

NEWSPAPER.

OF all ways of getting a wife, that of advertising seems to me to be about the straight-forwardest. Not being particularly smart myself, I 've always dreaded the ins-and-outs, here-you-are-and-there-you-aints, wriggle-come-twiggleries of a regular courtship. Either you are expected to go in and win and no bar, or the fair article wants you out of the way, or you desire to humbug her, or effect some equally meritorious manœuvre. A specimen of one of the mutual fixes to which a loving heart is thus liable, lies at this instant on the table before me, in the form of two letters which passed between my friend, Seth Grab, and a young lady. The documents tell their own story.

'*Boston, June* 1, 18—.

'DEAR SETH: The numerous and pointed attentions which I have received from you, constitute, in the opinion of all our folks, an offer of your hand with your heart in it, as a Philadelphy poet says. By declaring of yourself more positively you will greatly oblige Yours truly, SARAH CLIP.'

ANSWER.

'*Bosting, June* 2*d*, 18—.

'HONORED MISS SARER: Accordin to your notions seven sarcers of ice-cream and fore plaits of iceters a Mount to an offer of maridge. Accordin to my siferin they come to 80 cents, alowen Six cents a sarcer, and four-pence a plait. I heer that you think of sewin me for Breech of Promis, but I think it much more resenable that i should sew you for *Board*. Yours til Death, SETH GRAB.

'P. S. — I left out the od quarter sents in calkulatin the sarcers above mentioned. Never mind em. LET EM SLIDE!'

Now if Seth and Sarah's first meeting had originated in an advertisement, there would have been no margin for misapprehension. 'Wanted, a wife,' is explicit. 'Do you like me, or don't you like me?' is also explicit. There is no popping the question — *that's* done already, a-head of first sight.

But though this all looks *petter as goot* at first squint, I — though not

naturally one of your 'cute sort — can plainly see and admit that in this, as in other things, the greater the dividend the greater the risk. There is no guarantee of your goods; (and, between you and me, there is no article which needs a guarantee more than the one in question;) and indeed half the time there is no *bona-fide* sale in the case. For it is a sorry fact that of one hundred matrimonial advertisements there are:

50 — manufactured by the editor himself.
20 — inserted as 'draws,' or 'sells,' by jolly young gentlemen.
20 — are baits set for *non-legitimate* purposes.
10 — are the thing itself.

There's a gauntlet for a modest man to run! Why, in some seasons, the entire capoodle of matrimonials are nothing but 'roorbacks.' Bless your innocent soul, do you suppose that every bullet of this sort, fired from among the 'PERSONALS,' has its particular billet? Not exactly!

There 's a tremendous lot of *readers* of these same matrimonials, as the editors (sly fellows those editors!) well know. To borrow an idea, we may say that the arrangement works something 'so fash:'

FIRST DAY. — The matrimonials are neither seen nor noticed.
SECOND DAY. — They are seen without notice.
THIRD DAY. — They are noticed with a 'wonder if any body is goose enough to mind such stuff?'
FOURTH DAY. — The gentleman reader 'wonders if there's really a girl worth having who is so hard up for a beau as to have to advertise?'
FIFTH DAY. — He 'should n't wonder if there was.'
SIXTH DAY. — Believes he 'll answer it — 'just for a flyer, to see what sort of an answer he 'll get.'
SEVENTH DAY. — His troubles begin.

The editors of a certain paper in Philadelphia, are said to have attributed a pretty considerable share of their early success to the fact that they always employed an ingenious writer to manufacture for them a 'matrimonial' daily.

According to the records of the Police Courts, there are always one or two scamps about who contrive to pick up an *in*decent living by this sort of thing. I know of a case where a fellow got, in one day, six gold rings, 'to be used at the ceremony,' from as many unsuspecting and innocent girls. But let none of my readers be encouraged by the success of this operator, to attempt the same game. For he also got two very substantial lickings and a prosecution from brothers of the innocents aforesaid.

The unsoundness of matrimonial advertisements appears, clear as mud, in the fact that they are 'most always *in* for only a single insertion. Should think myself that if a man really wanted a wife, he 'd be willing to go rather more than four shillings to start her up. Still the rule is 'nt clear grit, for a chap in Cincinnati who tried it on, a single time, found that it worked to a charm. In answer to his proclamation, he received seven hundred and ninety-four letters; thirteen daguerreo-

type likenesses of ladies; two gold finger-rings; seventeen locks of hair; one copy of Ike Marvel's 'Reveries of a Bachelor;' one thimble; two dozen shirt-buttons, and a cook-book! And when I adopted the dodge myself, I got, at the very first flash — but this will come in, in due time.

From a batch of old papers I clip the annexed. Readers desirous of advertising, may use them as Complete Letter-Writer models. Concentrate and boil down their excellencies and recommendations into a single advertisement, and my young lady-readers may (after fixing it up rather fine,) regard it as the matrimonial prospectus of MACE SLOPER himself. N. B. — Please pay the postage:

MATRIMONIAL. — THE ADVERTISER, A GENTEEL YOUNG GENTLEMAN, in tolerably good circumstances, wishes to meet with a lady matrimonially predilected. She must be genteel. Genteel references given and required. Address, GENTLEMAN. Broadway Post-Office. 1t.289.

WANTED, A WIFE by a YOUNG MAN 25 YEARS OF AGE, PREPOSSESSING in appearance, of excellent family, and a good moral character. *He wishes the lady to be single*, about his own age, rather good family, and good-looking. Please address with real name, X. Y. Z. Baltimore, Md.

MATRIMONY. — A YOUNG MAN OF LIMITED MEANS, BUT WITH A NOBLE heart and willing hands, wishes to form an acquaintance with some fair one possessing youth and beauty. Should any one be imprudent enough to reply to this, a note addressed to —— —— Post-Office shall be hailed as the key of his future destiny.

The following appeared in the New-York *Herald*, April 4, 1854:

MATRIMONIAL. — THREE YOUNG LADIES DESIRING HUSBANDS, HAVE taken for their model the character of Augustine St. Clair, in Uncle Tom's Cabin. None need apply except those who are fully equal to the aforesaid character. The young ladies are all that any reasonable gentleman would require. Address —— ——, New-York.

A RARE CHANCE. — A YOUNG WIDOW, WHO ANSWERS TO THE POETIC name of EVA, is 22 years of age, has no incumbrances, and possesses forty thousand solid attractions, would be happy to marry a nice, respectable, amiable, industrious young man, who stands six feet without his boots: may be addressed through that immaculate medium for interesting young widows, the New-York *Herald*.

A GENTLEMAN OF STUNNING PERSONAL ATTRACTIONS, GIFTED WITH every earthly virtue, endowed with all literary and artistic accomplishments, incredibly affable, and the intensity of whose morals is fairly ungovernable to all not wound up to a high pitch of goodness, is willing to go in as a sacrifice at a moderate rate. Address, LEMONS.

A GENTLEMAN MOVING IN THE *CREME DE LA CREME* OF SOCIETY, IS desirous of meeting with a lady similarly circumstanced. She must possess the following qualifications: A remarkably neat foot. A perfect knowledge of French. A No. 6 hand. A perfect appreciation of the merits of the UDE school of the *cuisine* — the gentleman being fastidious in this particular, and desirous of sympathetic tastes. One addicted to German music (as it is at present more fashionable than any other) would, of course, be preferred. Address, DELACOUR.

These are only a sample of the average run of matrimonials. Some of 'em are queer enough. But they all amount, like almost every thing else, to one of three items, namely, *Money*, *Passion*, or *Humbug*.

Advertised *myself* — *once*. The consequences were overwhelming. The clerk burst my post-office pigeon-hole out at the sides, in trying to stuff the letters in which he received, and I had to call in the aid of a tin pan and a market-basket to carry them up to the Astor. Rung

up Jim, ordered a sherry-cobbler, laid myself out on the bed, lit a Cabaña, and went to work. The first document (which smelt severely of strong, cheap patchouli) was as *viz.:*

'—— *St., N. Y., June 2d.*

'SIR: i am desirus of meating a gent as will sute my vews i want a big strong man and Have one thousand $ which i wil give to get a Decent handle to my Name i am prety and you must Be satasfide with this and adress ISADOOR.'

Pitched Isadoor across the room, sent a puff of smoke after her to disinfect the district, and opened a daring-looking envelope directed in a go-a-head sort of a hand

'*Checkerberry, Conn., June 3d,* ——.

'SIR: Never suppose for an instant, though I have condescended to answer your miserable advertisement, that I do it with a view of ranking myself among those spiritless female slaves who await with burning humility the toss of your Sultanic handkerchief. No, Sir; it is as the vindicatress of our long trodden but superior sex, that I answer an advertisement which I regard as an insult thrown in the concentrated face of all woman-kind. What avails it that I am beautiful, or gifted with a soaring soul, when any of the vulgar herd who list, have it in their power to point out to me your mean, dastardly, crawling, abominable advertisement, and say 'Now JINNY, there's a chance!' WOMAN, Sir, should *choose* her mate, when in forgetfulness she links with man, (an event which I trust will ere long become of rare occurrence.) But woman should never be *chosen*. She needs in nothing the aid or interference of man. In conclusion, I would remark, that if you continue to insult us in this manner, I have *brothers*, Sir, and an uncle, who will essentially curtail the area of freedom which you have assumed. Never 'yours,' or any other man's, JANE STRONG.'

Chucked Miss Strong after Isadore, and opened No. 3, an outlandish-looking document:

'*Leonard Strasz, New-Yorck,* ——.

'TO DE HIGH WEL-BORN MASTER ATVERDIBER!

'SIR: I been a foreign widows, and might like to pecome me a Mann. I been goot looking, have git 400 Thalers, and teach Musik, Vokal und Instrumental. I verstch also good to kooken, waschen, scrubben, ironen, sewen on buttonsen, and other dings of Household-erei. On my Bassport vich I kits from de High Royal Serene Oberamtsinspektorregiater in de doun of St.ttgart, vere I was geborn, you reads dat I hafe some religion, prodestant hair, blonde profession, musikal eyes, blue eyeprows, arching age, twendy dwo hands, small character, good comblexion, florid feet, neat arms I drust to agree to yourself in all de oder little barticulars. If you bees a solid Mann and bees also no enemis to valtzen on Sonntay den ve kits married.

'Your obedientest to vaiting, WILHELMINE BECHERIG.'

Laid Wilhelmine on the pillow, and took up a delicate little cream laid-out note. Jumped like a frog at recognizing the copper-plate hand-writing of the pretty Ohio widow who sat opposite to me at table, and to whom I had been doing my prettiest for about a month. With the sentiment of a peck of bumble-bees under my linen, and the emotions of a small boy who is swallowing a big apple whole, I opened and read.

'*Astor-House, No.* ——, *June 3d.*

'SIR: I have ventured to address you, trusting that by some chance in the lottery of fate, I may secure the attachment, or at least friendship, of a gentlemen of honorable feelings. I required no other inducement, as I consider that all is embraced in that word. I am accomplished, in the usual acceptation of the term, and have been told by many friends that I am not devoid of personal attractions.

'As I require that a husband be possessed of an honorable soul, it were of course unfair should I fail to manifest the utmost candor to you or to any gentleman seeking my hand. You will have, Sir, probably for a very limited period a rival; for I must frankly admit that I *have* entertained and *do yet* entertain feelings of partiality for a gentleman whom I believe to be in every respect well worthy of esteem. But as M. S., to whom I refer, has as yet manifested toward me nothing which can be construed as

exceeding the bounds of ordinary acquaintanceship, I am compelled to believe that you will have nothing to apprehend as far as he is concerned. If this avowal should deter you from availing yourself of the opportunity afforded, I shall be convinced that honesty and candor have for once been adverse to Yours, AMELIA.'

'O womankind! females! and the fair sex!' I groaned, as I tumbled back prostrate on the bed: 'never before did the consciousness of my want of smartness in general, and of my inferiority to you in particular, come home to me with such a dig!' And from the very heels of my boots I groaned:

'*O them widows!*'

'Here, Jim!' said I to the waiter as he entered with a cobbler. 'Take all these notes, lay 'em in the grate, and set fire to 'em. Let 'em rip!'

'Faix! and it 's an asy way ye have uf answerin' yer corrispondince,' replied Jim as he obeyed.

'And Jim — here 's a half-dollar; take my card to Mrs. Twiggles, in the opposite room, and ask with compliments if Mr. Sloper may have the honor of escorting her to Niblo's this evening?' 'No written notes in evidence,' thought I to myself, 'if I aint smart.'

'Did ye say the half-dollar was for the lady?' ejaculated Jim, as he turned to go.

'Be off with you, you humbug!' I cried, hurling my segar-stump at his head. And as he closed the door I again groaned:

'*O the vidders!* THE VIDDERS!'

'MAKE YOUR MARK.'

I.

In the quarries should you toil,
Make your mark;
Do you delve upon the soil,
Make your mark;
In whatever path you go,
In whatever place you stand —
Moving swift or moving slow —
With a firm and honest hand,
Make your mark.

II.

Life is fleeting as a shade —
Make your mark;
Marks of SOME kind MUST be made —
Make your mark;
Make it while the arm is strong,
In the golden hours of youth;
Never, never make it wrong;
Make it with the stamp of TRUTH —
Make your mark.

A CALIFORNIA FARMER.

THE 'PILGRIM' DINNER.

WOULD you hear of lofty bearing? Of the men of noble minds,
With unblanching aspect daring human wrath and wintry winds?
Go where towers the lofty 'ASTOR,' stoniest of our hotels,
Wait till grace said and the pastor of each Pilgrim hero tells:
There you'll hear each wit and lawyer, deacon sharp and merchant shrewd,
To the Pilgrim Sires each jaw hear loud in grateful praise allude.

Once a year those sainted worthies rise in glory from their tomb,
Once a year their praise is sounded in the 'ASTOR'S dining-room;
While their meek descendants boast them (after dinner, o'er their wine)
And, *horresco referens*, toast them as the founders of their line,
Speechifying, gloryfying till the praises seem their own:
Truly spake PAT when he told them, Plymouth Rock 's their blarney-stone.

Verily the theme 's an old one; 'tis a pill grim in my maw,
Every year to have it told one with such looseness of the jaw;
'Tis as if a club of rhymers should an annual dinner hold —
That *would* be a fact to boast of, something worthy being told:
And should straightway join in praising each himself and then each other,
Thus by combination raising 'by his straps' each tuneful brother.

No ways harmful is such praising, but I wish with all my heart
That they might, by special raising, at the dinner take a part:
Not in skeleton or spirit, but as once they lived and breathed,
Sit with those that may inherit somewhat that these sires bequeathed.
Surely nothing could be wished for by the very Pilgrim sons,
Than their dinner should be dished for genuine Pilgrims, Mayflower ones!

They were right good fellows surely, pleasant men to meet o'er wine;
Men who thought and acted purely, from good fellowship divine:
Gentle WINTHROP, gallant STANDISH — Pilgrims both of fair degree;
Saint the one; a touch brigandish seems the other one to me:
Surely, what more could be wanting by the sons of men like these,
Who with godly psalms and chanting shook the snow-flakes from the trees?

'Mighty HIGGERSON,' the sainted, who liked fowl from Plymouth Bay;
WHITE, who dealt with Indians painted, when they 'd wherewithal to pay;
Pious PETERS, good at trading, better at the preaching trade;
All the lively lads the lading of the ARABELLA made;
DUDLEY, who to LINCOLN'S Countess told the wonders worked by GOD,
How the Pilgrims shared his bounties, and good liquor from abroad:

WINSLOW, whose so dainty palate longed for finer meat than cod,
And the man whose fox-tail mallet woke the boys who chanced to nod;
Jolly ENDICOT, who hated the 'immodest' mask of veils,
And the nuisance quick abated, or historians tell us tales;
COTTON MATHER, foe to witch-craft, which craft suited well his ends,
Would not he be pleasant company for our Philadelphia friends?

Pleasant would they all be truly, and some 'instrument of grace'
Would improve the occasion duly, to upbraid Philistia's race,
Threatening them with judgment bloody, or some witch NIMROD would tell
Of the dreadful deeds of 'GOODY,' helped by devils hot from hell;
Nay, perchance some witty Pilgrim might of MORTON tell the tale,
How they burned his painted May-pole, made his Merrie-mount a wail:

But should joy and thirst persuade you then and there to drink a toast,
Better had your sire not made you! — you would see who ruled the roast.
'Gainst this sin they had a law, Sir; drinking toasts they went against;
And you 'd have to plead your cause, Sir, to the ones who made complaints:
If you saved your ears, be thankful; keep your throat in better care;
Goblets might be always drunk full, but of *drinking healths* beware.

DODWORTH'S Band bids music charm them at the Pilgrim's dinner now,
COLEMAN'S mince-pies never harm them, nor the dancing, as I trow;
But suppose those sainted Fathers hearing, tasting, seeing this,
Seeing ladies dressed in '*gathers*,' marking there each saltant miss
With moustachio'd gallants dancing! Sooner would a Pilgrim see
The 'OLD NICK' with hoofs a-prancing — though they hated all *the* three —
They would curse the age advancing, and to Hades quick would flee. H. H.

JOHN BROWN'S TRACT.

HAVE you ever been on John Brown's Tract, my reader, that vast wilderness of Northern New-York, where the deer and the bear have roamed from time immemorial? It is a wild enough place even now; but imagine it, if you can, twenty years ago. The axe of the lumberman, the drowsy hum of the saw-mill, and the roaring of the iron-forge are now heard in many a wild spot that then was silent as if man had never been born. And what a majestic silence it was. There is a glorious pleasure in standing alone in those wild old forests, such as few who live in cities have ever tasted. It is not so much the proud feeling of lonely independence, as of admiring joy in the loveliness of nature, where the presence of man has not marred it. Man mars all he touches. Never was there a triter truism; and never do we feel its force more than when alone in the mighty woods.

So thought I, as I stood, one bright October morning, twenty years gone by, on the shore of one of those lovely lakes which abound among the Adirondacks. I had left the little log-house, where I had been hospitably entertained by as true a hunter and as generous a host as ever lived in the woods, very early that morning to see the sun-rise on the lake, with the understanding that he should follow with his dog an hour after. It was a lovely sight; and cold though the morning air was, I would not have exchanged it for the paltry luxury of a warm bed and late snooze. In the early gray of the morning the hills on the opposite shore loomed up in solemn grandeur, their outlines well defined against the dark sky, while their dusky bodies were wrapped in a sombre cloak of misty cloud. The lake was calm, the air perfectly still; the monstrous frogs, whose boomings on summer-nights are so sepulchral, having been driven to their beds of mud by the cold. As the morning light broke slowly, the mountains became more distinct. I could just see the blood-red of the maples, now staining the hill-side, like blood that had been spilt long ago; and the dusky orange of the

hickories. Every moment brightened their colors, the very sky itself seemed a-glow, and reflecting its glories on hill and lake. A gentle mist rose from the surface of the water, not enough to obscure objects, but sufficient to soften the abruptness of the little bays and head-lands, and to give an air of secresy to the solitary island that lay at the north-west end of the lake. The sky soon began to brighten fast, and now I could just descry a deer feeding, some sixty rods away from me. It would have been sacrilege to have disturbed him then. He gave that indescribable grace which life always does to a noble landscape. What fine antlers he had, too! And now the sun has shown his head above the hills. How they rejoice in his presence! All the warmer colors are blended there in glorious confusion. It is difficult to tell which predominates, so intimately are they mingled, never appearing to struggle for preëminence. Here and there a tall maple seems surrounded with a halo of light, and again some lofty pine or hickory shows itself above its compeers; but elsewhere tree touches tree, one of one hue, another of another, so that it is scarcely possible to tell where the red commences or the gold ends. The low-lands near the place where I stood were covered with a young growth of hickories, now of a light lemon-hue, and here and there a tall Norway-pine shot up, beautiful in contrast. In the distance was old White-face mountain with his light cap of snow resting on his scarred and venerable head.

But there, like an arrow goes that deer which has been quietly feeding for the last half-hour; and now I hear the low whimpering of Spot, our dog, (poor fellow, he has been dead many a day,) and shortly after Stephen, mine host of the night before, appears with him in leash. We had agreed to hunt together that day, as he was anxious to show me some of the merits of the noble dog he prized so highly. It was indeed a fine animal, light, active, and when once on a deer's track not to be shaken off until he had either brought him to bay, or forced him to seek the water; and often had he been known to swim a broad river, and dash on as though it were mere pastime.

Who ever heard the baying of a hound in the woods, and did not forget for the moment all the gentle feelings of compassion which he may have had before? In an instant the spirit of the chase was upon me, and I quickly pointed out the spot where the buck had been feeding, to a young man who had accompanied Stephen. Leaving him with instructions to unleash the dog in an hour, we rowed up the lake, and then walked half-a-mile through the forest to a spot which Stephen assured me was a favorite run-way of the deer, especially when stirred early in the day; as they were loth to enter the lake, and generally ran to a small river four or five miles off, passing this place on their way. The spot selected was in the centre of a large patch of burned ground, near the top of a high hill. The annual fires had burnt out a large space, and the scorched trees lay in confusion, piled above each other. The view from the top of the hill was very fine; it was in fact the picture I had seen in the morning, but with the advantage of a loftier point of sight. We had been there but a short time, when we heard our dog, yelping loud and clear in the valley below, with the short, quick yelp which the true hound gives when the game is afoot and near him. We

expected to see our friend, the buck, every instant; but were disappointed, for he turned and made for the hills, and the sound receded as fast as it had approached. Soon not the faintest intimation of the hunt could be heard. 'How provoking! I will go to the top of the hill and listen,' said Stephen. He had scarcely reached it, before I saw him gesticulating violently, like Satan on Mount Niphates, and he instantly disappeared over the hill. Scrambling up, I saw a sight that might well provoke him. The baying of the dog was distinctly heard from the hill, and in the pond, like a faint speck, was to be seen the head of the quarry. The hunt had led among the distant woods, and he had entered the water on the other side of a very heavily wooded hill, which prevented our hearing Spot. The chance of reaching him appeared small, with half-a-mile of forest, burnt-ground, too, between us and our boat; but no hunter ever despaired who was a true son of Nimrod.

Ha! what a race that was! It makes my old joints tremble at the thought; but I was young then, and willing to strain bone and sinew to the utmost. We reached the boat almost a-breast, and with one at the oars, which Stephen's ingenuity had rigged in the boat, and the other at the paddle, we made the light craft fly through the water like a thing of life. The perspiration streamed from every pore, but we heeded it not. The deer was no longer to be seen, but we both thought that he had not had time to cross the lake. Yes! he must be in that little island in the north-west corner, and if so, hurra! there is hope yet. Look! look! it must be so; see, there is Spot, brave dog, swimming for the island; if he gets there first he will drive the deer ashore, for the water is very shallow between it and the main-land, and the distance is short. He has half-a-mile the start of us, so our work is only begun. It took right sturdy strokes to reach that dog, but the thing was done. And now we are guarding the narrow strait, while Spot is coursing the island abreast of us. See! he stops; how gingerly he walks; now he points, standing motionless on the bank, at a deep thicket by our side. I struck the water with the blade of my paddle. What a bound that was! A large buck, with the noblest antlers we had seen that year, leaped high into the air, and darted like an arrow for the lake, the dog loudly baying at his heels. What an exciting moment that was, the crowning glory of the chase; for as soon as we saw that bound, we knew that his doom was sealed. He swam proudly away, the good dog following in the cold water. We guarded the strait for a short time, for fear lest he should turn back; and then rowing around the island, and finding him many rods on his way, we pulled sturdily until within shot. A well-aimed bullet stopped him instantly, without one struggle; the water was still, and he was dead when we reached him.

Well, his antlers hang in my room, with other trophies of my youth, but none have afforded me such genuine pleasure as did that wild October hunt among the forests of the Adirondacks. Every incident of it is indelibly impressed on my memory. Although twenty years have elapsed, the remembrance is as fresh as though it had occurred but yesterday. We had a gay ride to Stephen's log-home, with our noble game; a little curly-headed rogue, his son, having brought us a horse

and light-wagon, when he heard the crack of my rifle, and then as we slowly picked our way through the forest to his home, he fell asleep with his head on my knee. A long and animated discussion of the merits of Spot beguiled the way, a large share of the glory of the day being allotted to him, and many were the stories Stephen told of his sagacity.

Time has robbed John Brown's Tract of many of its ancient beauties. City sportsmen have over-run the choicest places, and hotels have arisen where once the camp-fire of the hunter was found. But twenty years ago the forests were as God made them, and the timid deer had not been thinned by the untiring pursuit of those who slaughter them by day and by night, even in the heats of summer, merely for amusement, and without discrimination. Then, in October, he who had manly courage and strength, and a soul alive to the beauties of nature, when she dons her coat of many colors, could not fail to enjoy a pure and keen pleasure among those wild fastnesses of the north.

Take an old man's word for it.

THE SEA AT NIGHT.

I HEARD the sea,
The distant sea that knows my former life,
The deep wide sea that still remembers me,
In bitter strife.

On the bleak shore
Its dark waves fell, with angry yell, and moan;
And loud they called me by a name I bore,
Nor I alone.

In sore dismay
I stole from out my room in guilty flight,
(The happy room in which my lover lay,)
At dead of night.

Beside the sea
I stood: the sharp stones gashed my weary feet;
The hissing, howling wind spat over me
Its acrid sleet.

Cursing, I said:
'The past is past; forget it now, O Sea!
In your black depths let what I was lie dead:
I will be free!'

Weeping, I said:
'Forget me now, O Sea! he must not know,
(The man that lies asleep, on yonder bed,)
My hidden wo!'

'Why do you weep,
And mutter so, beloved, about the sea?
Together let us walk the shores of Sleep:
Come, dream with me!

A. D. D. P.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for the January Quarter: pp. 287. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THIS is a fair, and in two or three of its papers, an excellent number of our oldest and most popular Review. 'WHEATON'S Elements of International LAW' forms the text for the first paper, which is very long, and judging from a cursory perusal, of no common interest. 'BARTOL'S Pictures of Europe' we reserve 'till a more convenient season.' It is too long for immediate dispatch. We pass 'Statistics of Insanity in Massachusetts,' and an article on 'The Romish Hierarchy,' to come to an admirable review of the 'Writings and Life of SYDNEY SMITH.' It is from the pen of an appreciative and keenly discriminative critic, and is written in a style of great terseness and purity. An extract or two will justify our commendation:

'HERE we see portrayed, without exaggeration, the best side of the Churchman — one of the highest places open to clerical ambition in England — its lustre enhanced by intelligence, its exclusiveness redeemed by geniality, and its validity vindicated by uprightness and public spirit. We recognize the influence and the happiness that may be attained by a kindly, conscientious, fearless, candid dignitary of the Establishment, whose nature is leavened by a rich and persuasive humor, whereby his office, conversation, letters, and presence are lifted from technicality and routine into vital relations with his fellow-beings and the time. Pleasant and suggestive is the record, full of amenity, and bright with cheerful traits. It is refreshing to meet with so much life, so much liberality, so much humane sentiment, where the conventional and the obsolete so often overlay and formalize mind and manner.' . . . 'In the case of SYDNEY SMITH we witness the delightful spectacle of a mind that bravely regulates the life which it cheers and adorns. Humor was the efflorescence of his intellect, the play that gave him strength for labor, the cordial held by a kindly hand to every brother's lips, the sunshine of home, the flavor of human intercourse, the music to which he marched in duty's rugged path. By virtue of this magic quality, he redeemed the daily meal from heaviness, the needful journey from fatigue, narrow circumstances from depression, and prosperity from materialism. He illustrated simultaneously the power of content and the beauty of holiness. Did Portland stone, instead of marble, frame his hearth? Innocent mirth and a clear blaze made those around it oblivious of the defect. Must a paper border take the place of a cornice? Laughing echoes hung the room with more than arabesque ornament. Were the walls destitute of precious limning? He knew how to glorify them with sunshine. Did he lack costly furniture? Children and roses atoned for the want. Was he compelled to entertain his guest with rustic fare? He found compensation in the materials thus furnished for a comic sketch. Did the canine race interfere with his comfort? He banished them by a mock report of law-damages. Was his steed ugly, slow, and prone to throw his rider? He named him 'Calamity' or 'PETER the Cruel,' and drew a farce from their joint mishaps. Was his coach lumbering and ancient? Its repairs were for ever suggestive of quaint fancies. Was a herd of deer beyond his means? He fastened antlers on donkeys, and

drew tears of laughter from aristocratic eyes. Did the evergreens look dim at Christmas? He tied oranges on their boughs and dreamed of tropical landscapes. Was a lady too fine? He discovered a 'porcelain understanding.' Was a friend too voluble? He enjoyed his 'flashes of silence.' Were oil and spermaceti beyond his means? He illuminated the house with mutton-lamps of his own invention. A fat woman, a hot day, a radical, a heavy sermonizer, a dandy, a stupid Yorkshire peasant — people and things that in others would only excite annoyance — he turned instinctively to the account of wit. His household at Foston is a picture worthy of DICKENS. BUNCH, ANNIE KAY, MOLLY MILES — heraldry, old pictures, and china — in his atmosphere became original characters and bits of Flemish still-life, which might set up a novelist. He turned a bay-window into a hive of bright thoughts, and a random walk into a chapter of philosophy. To domestic animals, humble parishioners, rustic *employés*, to the oppressed, the erring, the sick, the market-women, and the poacher, he extended as ready and intelligent a sympathy as to the nobleman and the scholar. He was more thankful for animal spirits and good companionship than for reputation and preferment. He reverenced material laws not less than the triumphs of intellect; esteemed 'Poor RICHARD'S maxims as well as MACAULAY'S rhetoric; thought self-reproach the greatest evil, and occupation the chief moral necessity of existence. He believed in talking nonsense, while he exercised the most vigorous powers of reasoning. He gave no quarter to cant, and, at the same time, bought a parrot to keep his servants in good-humor. If warned by 'excellent and feeble people' against an individual, he sought his acquaintance. His casual *bon-mots* wreathed the town with smiles, and his faithful circumspection irritated the officials at St. PAUL'S. He wielded a battle-axe in the phalanx of reform, and scattered flowers around his family altar. He wakened the sinner's heart to penitence, and irradiated prandial monotony; educated children, and shared the counsels of statesmen; turned from literary correspondence to dry an infant's tears, and cheered a pauper's death-bed with as true a heart as he graced a peer's drawing-room. It is the human, catholic range and variety of such a nature and such a life, that raises SYDNEY SMITH from the renown of a clever author and a brilliant wit to the nobler fame of a Christian man.'

The reviewer draws a vivid contrast between SYDNEY SMITH'S literary characteristics and those of the *littérateurs* of our day and time, the height of whose ambition is, to 'dream, dally, and coquet on paper,' instead of imparting fresh impulses and mental *stimuli*:

'OUR ideal author proves a mere *dilettante*, says pretty things as if committed to memory for the occasion, picks ingenious flaws to indicate superior discernment, interlards his talk with quotations, is all things to all men, and especially to all women, makes himself generally agreeable by a system of artificial conformity, and leaves us unrefreshed by a single glimpse of character or one heart-felt utterance. We strive to recognize the thinker and the poet, but discover only the man of taste, the man of the world, the fop, or the epicure; and we gladly turn from him to a fact of nature, to a noble tree or a sunset cloud, to the genuine in humanity — a fair child, an honest mechanic, true-hearted woman, or old soldier — because in such there is not promise without performance, the sign without the thing, the name without the soul. It is from the salient contrast with these familiar phases of authorship that the very idea of such a man as SYDNEY SMITH redeems the calling. In him, first of all and beyond all, is MANHOOD, which no skill in pen-craft, no blandishment of fame or love of pleasure, was suffered to over-lay for a moment. To be a man in courage, generosity, stern faith to every domestic and professional claim, in the fear of GOD and the love of his kind, in loyalty to personal conviction, bold speech, candid life, and good fellowship; this was the vital necessity, the normal condition, of his nature.'

The 'History of the Jacobin Club,' although not new in the incidents which it compresses, is a very readable paper. Another foreign article, and also French, is that on VERON'S 'Mémoires d'un Bourgeoise.' 'As a literary work,' says the reviewer, 'the six thick volumes before us have positively no value at all. They are utterly barren of any merit whatever; ill composed, or rather wanting in composition altogether; destitute, we need scarcely say, of sharpness and delicacy of judgment, and elevation of thought; and, beside this, wholly devoid of any talent in the mere writing.' Then, we humbly suggest, they were not worth a review thirty-six pages long, even though they *may* exhibit a very 'exact picture of LOUIS PHILIPPE'S eighteen years of sovereignty.'

Better books and better themes could be obtained nearer home. An extended paper on 'The Pacific Rail-Road,' a liberal critique of the new edition of Dr. GRISWOLD'S 'American Poets,' and an article on 'German Emigration to America,' close the 'Reviews' proper. Speaking of the biographical sketches which accompany Mr. GRISWOLD'S 'Specimens,' the reviewer says with justice: 'We have been unable to find a single instance in which he has suffered any of the usual grounds of prejudice to warp his judgment or to scant his eulogy, and where it has been his duty to refer to obliquities of temper and conduct, he has done so with singular delicacy and gentleness.' The number ends with seventeen brief 'Critical Notices.'

MIMIC LIFE: OR BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN. A Series of Narratives, by ANNA CORA RITCHIE, formerly Mrs. MOWATT. In one volume: pp. 408. Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

WE like this work even better than we did the 'Auto-biography of an Actress.' The style is natural, and it is apparent that the numerous scenes and incidents which it contains have been drawn from the life. The pictures of 'behind the scenes' are exceedingly graphic. The sketch of STELLA'S first rehearsal at the Boston theatre is capital. Just such a scene we remember once witnessing at the Old Park Theatre in our city, one morning, in the dim gloaming of the tenantless interior, and we have never forgotten it. Observe what pleasant places theatrical dressing-rooms are, even 'star'-chambers, which of course are always the best of them:

'THE dreary gloominess of a theatre behind the scenes, when twilight is chasing the out-spent day, must be seen and felt to be fully comprehended. The desolate cheerlessness of the place has struck a chill to the heart of many a novice. The crowded scenery looks rougher and dingier; the painted tenements, groves, gardens, streets, more grotesque; the numberless stage anomalies more glaringly absurd.

'The sea-weed floating on the waves in feathery sprays of brilliant red and vivid green, that, seized for closer scanning, turns to an unsightly, shapeless mass, fitly typifies the stage in its resplendent wizard-robe of night enchantment, and its unideal, lugubrious day-time garb.

''Where am I to go?' STELLA inquired of PERDITA.

''The dresser, Mrs. BUNCE, has not come yet, and the gas will not be turned on until half-past six. Mr. BELTON only allows it to be lighted for one hour before the curtain rises; but, if you please, I can show you the star dressing-room.'

'PERDITA led the way up a long flight of stairs, then through a narrow entry, or rather gallery. On one side appeared a row of small doors, very like those of a bathing-machine. They opened into the rooms of the ladies of the company. A wooden railing extended on the other side. To any one who leaned over this rude balcony the larger portion of the stage became visible. Five or six persons were often crowded into one dressing-room. The apartments were portioned off into set spaces, and every cramped division labelled with a name. The room at the end of the gallery was appropriated solely to the lady 'star.' The dressing-rooms devoted to the use of gentlemen were located beneath the stage.

'PERDITA opened the door of this modern 'star-chamber.' The apartment was very small, the atmosphere suffocatingly close. MATTIE at once threw up the tiny, cobweb-draped window. A shelf ran along one side of the wall, after the manner of a kitchen dresser. In front lay a narrow strip of baize; the rest of the floor was bare. On the centre of the shelf stood a cracked mirror. A gas-branch jutted out on either side. Two very rickety chairs, a crazy wash-stand, a diminutive stove, constituted the furniture of the apartment. In this unseemly chrysalis-shell the butter-flies of the stage received their wings. Little did the audience, who greeted some queen-like favorite, sumptuously attired in broidered velvet and glittering with jewels, imagine that such was the palace-bower from which she issued.'

Some little inkling of the kind of welcome which a *débutante* receives at the hands of theatrical subordinates, may be obtained from the following passage :

'Mrs. Bunce, a portly, middle-aged woman, now bustled in. What a voice that Mrs. Bunce had! It was so shrill that, when she spoke, Stella almost fancied her ears were suddenly pierced by a sharp instrument. All Mrs. Bunce's words were darted out with amazing rapidity.

"Here in time, eh? That's a good sign for a novice. This is the young lady, I suppose,' examining Stella. 'Quite a stage face. How do you do, my dear? This is your maid, I presume?'

"Her maid, or her nurse, or her costumer, or any thing she is pleased to want,' replied Mattie, with dignity.

"Ah! that's well. No doubt a very serviceable person. So you've set the fire going? That's a pity! You may be smoked out soon; all the stoves here smoke when the wind's contrary. Out with the dresses! Hang them up on those nails. Her toilet things go here. Never been on the stage before, miss? It's a trying thing for beginners. I've seen hundreds of débûts in my day. Most of the young ones think a deal of themselves until they get before the lights; then they find out what they're made of. Not one in fifty succeeds. Hope you're not scared? Don't show it to the audience, or they'll think it good fun. They always laugh at the fright of novices; you know it makes the poor, simple things look so ridiculously awkward! Here, Jerry,' calling over the gallery to the gas-lighter, 'if you can't light up that gas yet, give us a candle, will you? The young person is a novice, and I may have trouble dressing her.'

"Thank you, Mrs. Bunce,' Stella ventured to say; 'but Mattie has been accustomed to dress me.'

"Yes, that I have, ever since she was that high!' added Mattie, affectionately, and designating with her hand a stature of some few inches.

"Ah! I dare say, but not for the stage. Mr. Belton depends upon me to look after the novices on their first night, and see that they don't disfigure themselves."

Take a peep into that mysterious apartment, the '*Green-Room;*' and note also, the way in which they sometimes suffer, who labor to amuse and entertain you upon the stage :

"This is the green-room,' said Mrs. Fairfax.

'Stella looked in curiously. It was a long, narrow apartment. At one end sofas, throne-chairs, and other stately seats for stage use, stood crowded together. On either side of the wall a cushioned bench was secured, the only article of stationary furniture except the full-length mirror. On this bench lay an actor in Roman apparel. Stella's uninitiated eye failed to detect that he was indebted to art for his white locks and venerable aspect. He appeared to be studying, but every now and then gave vent to an uneasy groan.

"That is Dentatus — Mr. Martin. Don't you recognize him?' inquired Mrs. Fairfax. 'He is a martyr to inflammatory rheumatism, and can scarcely stand. He has suffered for years, and finds no relief.'

'Stella called to mind the gentleman on crutches whom she had seen at rehearsal.

"But how can he act?' she asked.

"That is one of the stage mysteries which it requires some wisdom to solve. You will see him, when he is called, hobble with his crutches to the wing, groaning at every step, and really suffering, there is no doubt about that; but the instant his cue is spoken, his crutches will very likely be flung at Fisk's head, and lo! Dentatus walks on the stage, erect and firm as though he had never known an ache. He is a great favorite with the audience, and generally manages to keep them convulsed with laughter, though he never ceases complaining and groaning himself, when he is out of their presence.'

'Two other Romans were walking up and down the green-room, repeating their parts in a low tone. At the further end where the sofas and chairs were huddled together, sat a group of girls in Roman costume.'

We had marked for insertion the exciting account of the heroine's triumphant débût, but we lack space to present it. We hear, without surprise, that this work has already achieved a great success. The truth is, there is an ever-new interest in all that relates to the stage; but when a writer goes behind the curtain and the scenes, and in plain, unvarnished terms describes what takes place *there*, then the interest of such narratives is complete. The book

is well printed, and has an illustrative frontispiece. We cannot, however, commend the long syllabus that sets forth the contents of each chapter, at its head. To our eye it is not in good taste. It looks 'scrappy' and finical.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF GOETHE. By G. H. LEWES. In two volumes duodecimo: pp. 926. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

GERMAN literature has become 'a passion' with many, and 'the fashion' with more, of our 'Teuton-ic' countrymen. Hence these copious and well-printed volumes will be welcomed by a large class of readers. Pending a review for these pages from the pen of an accomplished German scholar, we simply call present attention to a few of the characteristics of the work and its illustrious subject, as set forth in a very able article in a late London '*Examiner*,' than which journal there is no higher 'German authority.'

'OF the life of GOETHE separate from his career as an artist, Mr. LEWES speaks with love and reverence; and with a full faith in the greatness of his hero's character, he fairly tells all that he did. The result will be, no doubt, a removal of much popular fallacy, but it is to be suspected that the judgment of the English student upon GOETHE will remain nearly if not altogether what it was before. That he was, of all men of literary genius produced by Germany, the one most richly and most variously endowed, is beyond question. That his heart was stirred as promptly as his intellect is quite as true: but here it is believed that the ordinary man in him was mastered by the artist, and that he could not readily enough step out of his character of poet when the very strength with which it furnished him became a weakness. The condition of a strong individuality by which only the artist can expect to live, implies in him what may be called, in no unfavorable sense of the word, constant egotism; and if he never drops the artist, he can never drop the egotist.' . . . 'At the age of seven he worshipped GOD through nature. He built a pyramid of ores and other natural objects near his bed-room window, placed a pastile on the top, and by the aid of a burning-glass brought fire upon it from the burning sun. The story of his intellectual development from first to last is a continued marvel. He touched upon innumerable things, piercing his way very often to a hidden truth, although mastering minute details of nothing. He wrote as a child a romance in half-a-dozen languages, into which he had jumped with slight help from their grammars, and of the whole of which he hastened to make literary use. This was, indeed, his habitual practice. Whatever were his studies, whatever were the occurrences of his external life, his genius used them all as *pabulum*, and reproduced them in his writings. He came home ill from college, and was cured by a doctor who believed in alchemy, which caused the youth to set up for a time a laboratory and to expend pocket-money upon retorts; but though the fancy quickly passed out of his life, the fruit of it appeared long afterward in *Faust*. The use thus made of his life by GOETHE as material for literary composition was indeed so constant, that a good biography — and there is none so suitable for this purpose as Mr. LEWES's — is a most important introduction to his works. Add to this that the expression of his sense of beauty both in life and nature as a lyric poet is the branch of art in which alone, though he excelled all his countrymen in many, he can be said to have attained absolute perfection, and we understand a little of his weakness as a man.' . . . 'A sense of artistic fitness, and a love of GOD through all things beautiful, formed practically his religion. His sphere of life was in this way circumscribed, and his character as a man was in some sort weakened; but thus helped he never did a base thing, and his life was filled with noble passages. He had a hand and heart 'open as day to melting charity;' and if in his choice of persons to befriend, his taste as a poet influenced him very obviously, we may love him none the less for that. For successive years he devoted as much as a sixth part of his income to the secret sustenance of an unknown and penniless man of education, who was of a morbid and most impracticable temper. But we can scarcely believe that GOETHE would have done all he did in this case, had he not seen a poem in the morbid disposition, had he not taken pleasure (sacred pleasure, from whatever source) in enduring gently, and expostulating with the utmost delicacy, so as to spare all wounds to the diseased spirit that resented the very generosity by which it lived.'

CYCLOPÆDIA OF AMERICAN LITERATURE; embracing Personal and Critical Notices of Authors, and Selections from their Writings, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day. With Portraits, Autographs, and other Illustrations. By EVERT A DUYCKINCK and GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK. In two volumes. Vol. I. pp. 676. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER. 1855.

THAT America will in due time boast a distinct literature of her own, the beginnings made under unfavorable auspices abundantly prove; that she is possessed of one already, in the true sense of the term, the title of this work does not necessarily imply. It presents a succinct compendium of what has been already done. Its design is, 'to bring together, as far as possible, in one book, convenient for perusal and reference, memorials and records of the *writers of the country* and their works, from the earliest period to the present day.' An amassment of national lore under any distinct head—*corpus poetarum*, a body of poets, a school of philosophers, a line of historians, cannot be looked for in an existence which is of yesterday, while yet in every department the noblest types have appeared. The aggregate of that which, when sifted out from a great amount, tried, annealed, and separated from false alloy, remains in its perfection and purity a standard for all time, is indeed small. Yet, how unjust is the sneer which sometimes accompanies the assertion that the Americans have no literature, as if the elements did not exist among them from which a rich one might ultimately be formed; as if they were not of Anglo-Saxon lineage:

'Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.'

There is no national treasure-house where the wealth of centuries has been stored away, but unfortunately a lamentable ignorance has existed both among ourselves and others as to what we already have, and the contributions to a general stock which have been already made. If we examine the collected works (for instance) of any great writer of England, SHAKSPEARE alone excepted, how much sifting will they admit! How much chaff is there among the wheat! The whole is often redeemed by a very small part. All which they have written may be printed, and read too; but a few noble thoughts, a few terse lines alone amalgamate themselves with the hearts of men, never to be blotted out. The New World has not hitherto been a favorable field for the pursuits of literature. The colonists were engrossed in a severe, rough, laborious, every-day life. Their conflicts left but a precious modicum of time to be devoted to the cause of learning or to the blandishments of letters. A stern routine of duty was maintained within the palisades, and the Indians hovering without, few flourished gracefully with the pen. They had other things to think of than those which are for the most part cultivated successfully in calm and peaceful homes. The stubborn earth must be subdued. What chance to compose a poem or a history when at every moment the savage war-whoop might assail their ears, and King PHILIP with his painted warriors might be at their doors? The only *Philippics* which they had time to deliver with effect were those which blazed out of their trusty match-locks. Civilization of the robustest kind they brought with them; but refined modes of life, arts, letters, luxury succeeded tardily after the first clearings of the pioneers. From that

day to this, an intense physical development, unequalled in the history of the world, has withdrawn the minds of men from things not practical, and has postponed other matters until the immense field before us shall be subdued, while the spirit of the age, itself so fruitful in invention, has combined to such an end, and science as applied to the practical arts, has offered the most inviting fields for intellect. Nevertheless, when we come to the realms of pure literature, meagre as the list of professed authors was in the early days of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, we are surprised at the remains of giants which are exhumed after the antiquarian has removed the accumulated dust; and although there is much which appears to us flat or stale at the present date, yet it does not lack interest as illustrative of the men and times, while we find abundant passages from unknown authors, of intrinsic and resplendent beauty, in proof of which refer to the paper on MATHER BYLES.

Mr. DUYCKINCK, already known as editor, for many years, of *The Literary World*, for his classical attainments, good scholarship, and devotion to the Belles-Lettres, has in the present work, assisted by his brother — *par nobile* — acquitted himself with distinguished credit. It displays immense research, carried up to the very sources of American literature, much curious investigation into regions not easily accessible to the general reader, a taste and judgment in the treatment of subjects scarcely to be expected in so young authors. Objections of various kinds may no doubt be made to the plan of the work, or the principles on which it is arranged; many omissions may be marked; too much stress, it may be thought, is laid on some, and too little importance attached to others of whom it treats, while it is not cast in a philosophic mould. No kind of book is open to such a battery of criticism, or more likely to provoke censure. Imperfection must necessarily attach to any undertaking of the same magnitude and kind, and those alone who have entered upon similar fields, can be aware of the immense difficulties which lie in the way. It is one of those works which cannot be made perfect in the eye of critics, and from the very nature of it must always remain incomplete; and while all will acknowledge its possession to be desirable, and those who follow in a similar track, indispensable, there will be few learned in antiquarian lore, who will not be able to enumerate its short-comings. Nevertheless a very difficult task has been executed, and, in accordance with the plan laid out, well, too. Let those who find fault see if they could do it better. It is not so much a Cyclopædia as a biographical dictionary, full of interest, containing extensive records of literature during two centuries in the North-American colonies and States. The sketches of lives are succinctly and often admirably done. The authors, very happily, as we think, quote a passage from COTTON MATHER, as *à propos* to their work:

'SHOULD any *Petit Monsieur*,' says the divine, 'complain (as the captain that found not himself in the tapestry hangings which exhibited the story of the Spanish invasion in 1588) that he don't find himself mentioned in this history, the author has this apology; he has done as *well* and as *much* as he could, that whatever was worthy of a mention might have it; and if this collection of matters be not complete, yet he supposes it may be more complete than any one else hath made; and now he has done, he hath not pulled up the ladder after him; others may go on as they please with a completer composure.'

The work is chronologically arranged under three departments: the Colonial

era, the Revolutionary Period, and the Present Century. 'Each of these,' the authors remark in a well-written preface, 'is marked by its distinct characteristics. The writers of the first period include the New-England Puritan School, the patient, laborious, well-read, and acute divines, the scholars who gave life to the first seats of learning, the first race of chroniclers, several genial observers of nature, as the BARTRAMS, and an occasional quaint poet, who penned verses without consulting the pleasure of MINERVA. In this period there is rudeness, roughness, but much strength; frequently a high order of eloquence, great diligence, and an abundant collection of materials for history. The next, the Revolutionary period, may be said to have begun and ended with the discussion of legal and constitutional principles. It was inaugurated by OTIS, DICKINSON, JEFFERSON, and ADAMS, and closed with the labors of HAMILTON, MADISON, and JAY, in the *Federalist*. In the third period a new range was given to divinity and moral science in writers like CHANNING; CALHOUN and WEBSTER illustrated the principles of political science. MARSHALL, KENT, and STORY interpreted law. IRVING, COOPER, PAULDING, etc. opened new provinces in fiction and polite literature; HILLHOUSE, BRYANT, HALLECK, DANA, LONGFELLOW sang their profound and sweet melodies. The national life, at the earliest moment, found its historian in BANCROFT; oratory gained new triumphs in the halls of Congress, and a genial race of writers filled the various departments of letters, in turns thoughtful, sentimental, or humorous as the occasion or theme required.'

We have been only able to speak in general terms, in the way of a mere passing notice of so large a work, which reflects much honor on the indefatigable industry, perseverance, and research of the accomplished authors, and which will, no doubt, have the effect of quickening investigation, and open up new treasures in fields which have been hitherto unexplored.

IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND: OR SKETCHES OF ENGLISH SCENERY AND SOCIETY. By A. CLEVELAND COXE, Rector of Grace Church, Baltimore. In one volume: pp. 321. New-York: DANA AND COMPANY.

BOOKS of travel and sojourn in England have been so common, that we feel almost reluctant to take up a new work of this description; but we were agreeably disappointed in the volume before us. Mr. COXE went abroad with many advantages. A clergyman of the Church of England, with no mean reputation as a Christian poet; with many old correspondents of clerical and social repute, 'in the land whither he went,' and to whom, of course, he was accredited; and moreover, with a determination not to be a one-sided observer or a growling commentator; with all these advantages, it is not surprising that he 'enjoyed himself;' and that he does not hesitate to say so, on all occasions, and in the most enthusiastic terms. 'Very few American travellers,' says the New-York '*Churchman*' religious journal, 'have had better — not many, indeed, such good opportunities of forming correct opinions of English society in its happier aspects, or of estimating, if not the political and social, at least the moral and religious influences which make it what it is. All Americans who go to

England with proper introductions — or even a single introduction, which is generally enough to open the door to good society — soon find that it depends very much upon themselves, as to the amount of opportunity, and its value, too, which they may have presented to them of seeing what is to be seen, and enjoying what is worth being enjoyed, whether in matters of public interest, or in the scenes and sympathies of social and even domestic life. Mr. COXE was certainly very highly favored in these respects. His being an American clergyman of character and standing, and a man of letters, as well as a divine of considerable reputation; all this, doubtless, gave him advantages, and he was most properly solicitous, and ready at all times, to avail himself of them. But for this, indeed, we should not have had so delightful a volume as he has furnished, or one so full of information, as well as of interest.'

LETTERS TO THE PEOPLE ON HEALTH AND HAPPINESS. By CATHARINE E. BEECHER. In One Volume: pp. 192. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS forcibly-written and timely volume has been described to be 'an exhibition of national valetudinarianism, as it prevails among the women of our country.' It is a clear and comprehensive compendium of the laws of health, in their application to the social condition of American women. Then the habitual violations of those laws are plainly presented, and a series of terse practical rules for their observance is added, with sufficient commentary. But the most noticeable portion of the book, is the new and striking group of facts, compiled and adduced for proof of the urgent and immediate importance of the reforms recommended. We work too hard; we work and live and sleep in bad postures and in vitiated air; we exercise too little; we eat and drink too much, too fast, at wrong times, of food unhealthy in substance, and ill-cooked; we indulge in condiments, stimulants, noxious luxuries; and that at just the times when they harm us most; our women dress in garments skilfully adjusted to distort and disarrange both the outside and the inside of the body, and to expose it to all possible risks from atmospheric changes; and we are dirty.

Of the statistics in proof of all this, let two results suffice. Of four hundred and fifty American matrons, residing in ten States, in eight large cities and thirty country towns, whose cases were collected by gathering from each reporter accounts of ten married acquaintances of average health, one hundred and seven were reported well, and three hundred and forty-three ill; one hundred and eighty-eight being 'delicate or diseased;' and one hundred and fifty-five, 'habitual invalids.' Of two hundred and fifty-six others, reported from four large cities and twenty-one country towns, in nine States, whose cases are supposed to furnish fairer and more reliable data, thirty-one were well; the remainder being either in an indistinct condition of weak or precarious health, or positively within the grasp of some well-defined organic or other disease.' It is a small volume that utters these great truths; but the facts *themselves* 'speak volumes' of salutary caution and sanitary precept.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

FROM THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.—Right well pleased are we to welcome again to our pages our favorite 'Up-River' correspondent. Winter cannot freeze his fancy, nor snow thicken the ink that drops in gems from his potent pen:

'Inter Borealos: January.

'TWENTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO!—In the good city of Manhattan, when Mercury gets anyhere in the neighwborhood of zero, and a blithe wind is stirring, the air seems full of razors, and the point of human endurance to be reached. The omnibus-driver from his high seat beats his alternate sides, and now and then when arrived at the station-house, poor JEHU is found sitting erect beside his little box of cash, with the reins clutched in his hands, quite stiff. Some years ago, WIMBLES and I were riding home from the play at about eleven o'clock. The night was one of remembered severity, a tempest of sleet and hail prevailed, the cold pierced to the very marrow, sharp noses were frozen in the twinkling of an eye, no one faced the mischief, but every neck was turned awry, and every head was bowed to butt the storm. Wo be to the blear-eyed drunkard, who, enamored of his little rum-jug, stumbled into some snow-bank by the lonely way. He forgot his cares in somnolence, and the next morning was found as crisp as an icicle, with his companion at his side. WIMBLES and myself crouched down in two opposite corners (those next to the door) of the omnibus—which was on wheels—for although some ventured upon runners, there had been precarious sleighing for the few days past. Our mouths were bound up in woollen tippets, WIMBLES' head was sunk upon his breast, and without the least reminiscence of the enlivening scenes which we had just left, we jogged along, silent, melancholy, and forlorn. For myself, I remember an acute sensation of cold about the shanks. One by one our fellow-travellers paid their fare, and went down the steps, every one at his own corner uttering an exclamation so soon as he came in contact with the frigid weather. At Thirteenth-street a thick-set man passed up a five-dollar bill to pay his fare, through the little round hole, taking it leisurely from a roll in his pocket-book, (silver currency was at that time scarce,) amid the muttered protests of every one who faced his neighbor on the opposite longitudinal seats. Omnibus drivers, like their horses, are very patient, and I remember that the poor man took

off his gloves, grasped the change in his box for an instant in his numbed fingers, and returned the paper-money with silent contempt. The thick-set stranger took it, and as it seemed to me, with a gloating eye, as if he had saved a sixpence, returned it to his pocket-book, nicely folding it with the bills which he had, but suddenly crumpled it up, and put it in his waistcoat-pocket. I eyed him more intently than any character which I had witnessed at the play. I had been studying him over the edge of my upright coat-collar, and contracted a prejudice against him at the first glance. First of all, his belly disgusted me; it was a mere animal chunk; it was great, but not rounded into a jolly and jovial plumptitude. He was bull-throated, his face as destitute of intellectual animation, vulgarly obese, and without the gleams of sentiment. It is true that the little oil-lamp, adjusted on the roof of the carriage, did not illuminate the interior very brilliantly, but it shed light enough to enable me, as I thought, to judge of his physiognomy. The idea of offering five dollars in change for sixpence on such a night! It would be out of all character, and a vexation to a dozen pedestrians who were in a hurry to be at a steamboat-landing, if he had done it in the middle of a summer's day. The old hunks! The mean fellow! May that saved-up sixpence do you a multitude of good! What avaricious eyes! What an ugly waistcoat! I have only seen you for a few minutes, but I know you as well as if I had been your next-door neighbor all my life! With these and many more internal protests, I objurgated the unprepossessing stranger as he walked down the alley, and attempted to push open the omnibus-door. It resisted slightly, when I gave it the additional help of my arm to get him out. He, however, walked back again, thrust his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, took out the five dollar note, and punching the driver slightly in the back, said to him: 'Friend, it is a very cold night; take my fare out of this bill, and keep the rest yourself.' He blew the words through the little round hole which was by the driver's seat, into the driver's ear, but as I was watching him curiously, I heard him distinctly. Having so done, he huddled out, and walked down the side-street, and I followed him with my eye until he was out of sight. I looked at WIMBLES to see whether he had noticed the act; but although his eyes were open during the fictitious scenes of the play, and ELLEN TREE had drawn tears into them, they were closed now. My own gushed over, I must confess. I drew my tippet over my face, and collapsed into my corner, indulging my own thoughts until the next passenger got out, and as he did so, the hail and sleet struck in my face, and seemed to have the nature of a cold reproof. Alas! I said, how I have misjudged that man! — while my prepossessions are seldom wrong, they have been most grossly in the present instance. Would that I could follow him to his own abode, but I shall never see him again in the present world. My heart smote me. The rest of the passengers soon got out of the omnibus, when WIMBLES and I were left alone. We exchanged not a single word for fifteen minutes, when my friend, starting suddenly from his seat, exclaimed, 'We must be considerably above our street!' So I had been thinking, but the panes of glass were thickly coated with frost, and it was impossible to distinguish through them any thing except the glare of the street-lamps. We pulled the leather string, as if just awoke from lethargy. No answer was returned. The omnibus jolted heavily along at the usual gait, and while we continued to tug away at the string we must have gone the length of several squares. It occurred to us that there was no driver on the box. We attempted to push open the door, but it refused to yield. The windows were hermetically sealed. We peeped into the little round hole where they passed the money, but JEHU was there seated firmly enough.

'Halloa!' shouted WIMBLES, driving his fist into his back, 'halloa! let us out!' It was very queer; he paid not the least attention to the summons. We kicked, we shouted, we pulled, and he refused to let us out. The well-known blue and green goblets in the apothecaries' windows were discernible through the frosted glass, far above the street at which we desired to get out, but the omnibus pressed on; on, and on, and on. We could trace the outlines of objects which had struck us in our afternoon walks out of town. The lanterns of oyster-cellars glared upon us, and the fixed light which shone nightly in Doctor BOLUS'S window, soon appeared. We descried the illuminated windows of a bowling-saloon, which had been established on the out-skirts of the city, in order to christianize those who came by; but although these passed us, and we energetically pulled at the string, it was in vain. The wind howled; the snow, mixed with little pellets of ice, dashed against the panes. To go to Harlem, or to Greenwich, or to Bull's-Head Ferry, with a drunken driver on the box, and with no means of getting out, at twelve o'clock on a tempestuous winter-night, was not desirable; but we seemed fairly in for an adventure of this kind. Said I to WIMBLES: 'What shall we do?' He had just aroused from sleep to a sensation of the condition he was in. 'Sit entirely still,' said he, 'and the horses will fetch up safely somewhere.' So it turned out; for we were at TOMPKINS', or at BROWER'S, or at KIP'S and BROWN'S stables — I do not rightly know where, but presently we stopped — out of town. After some little delay, the door of the carriage was opened, and we stepped forth into the night air like a pair of liberated cats. We were in a court or area, within which an immense number of ungainly omnibuses were placed side by side, and hard by was a long range of subterranean stables, where no stamping of hoofs was heard, as from well-combed and aristocratic steeds; but the bruised and fagged-out nags who had survived the day's work in the streets of the city, now silently refected themselves with a few oats, to be again ready for the traces at the peep of day. The scene was gloomy enough. Midnight — no moon — hail and sleet drifting furiously into the eyes — a livery-stable in the suburbs. A sleepy ostler approached with a lantern in his hand. It contained a tallow-candle, which blazed through a multitude of holes pierced into the tin cylinder. He had on a gray coat, a slouched hat, and a red-woollen tippet twisted about his throat; and having first let us out, he approached with his light, breathing out great fumes of smoke from his mouth and nostrils, toward the horses' heads. After jerking the bits, and patting their noses with a few soothing and livery-stable terms, he held his candle beneath the driver's box, and appeared somewhat astonished that that personage did not attempt to move from his seat.

'On this, he sang out: 'BILL!' and presently renewed his efforts, shrieking out in a harsher voice: 'BILL! BILL! BILL!' but no answer was returned. He clambered up on the wheel and shook the charioteer violently by the shoulders. Then mounting upon the box, placing his lantern on the roof, and inspecting closely his face, 'He 's asleep, or froze, or dead!' said he, leaping upon the ground to obtain more assistance. Two men mounted presently, and lifting him carefully down, deposited him in a small office devoted to the paraphernalia of the stable. I never shall forget his looks, as the stable-lamp shed its faint gleams upon him. The ruddy color had not departed from his cheeks, but he was *chilled to the heart!* We ran back hastily, and pulled the night-bell at Dr. BOLUS'S, and after a patient waiting, the Doctor himself threw up the sash over the little druggist's shop, and thrust his 'night-cap' into the storm. Finding that his attendance was required, as he was not probably over-burdened with practice he signified his willingness to be present

forthwith. The few moments during which he made his mid-night toilet seemed a good hour, as we stamped our feet against his sill. At last he opened the door, and with a voice like that which we sometimes hear from a man with a broken back, inquired if we had come in a carriage or on foot. He was a grotesque little creature, apparently not over four feet in height, with a monstrous head, and enveloped in a tattered camlet cloak. He owed the compliment of the call (as we did not tell him) to his being the only available assistance near by, and whether he were allopathic or homœopathic, or only learned in the science of roots, we could not tell; but I thought he looked more like an astrologer than a medical man. Had he possessed the distinguished abilities of a VALENTINE MOTT, he could not have done any more good than he did, for after a little scrutiny of the frozen driver, having made his diagnosis rightly, he gave it as his verdict that the icy touch which had chilled the blood of the poor man was that of death. The next morning those who sat snugly at their breakfast-tables and sipped their hot coffee, at the same time glancing over their daily papers, might have seen the fact served up as an item of news, that the driver of an omnibus, in the storm of the previous night, was frozen to death on his box.

'Who thought of it again as he walked briskly down the street, with his heart already engrossed in the business of the day? The weather formed a topic of light conversation with some. 'They say it was *pretty cold* last night. Really, I was not conscious of the change.' 'Perhaps not, my good friend, but your house is heated to the rafters with a furnace, and blazing with chandeliers.' 'When the wind lulled, A—— 's thermometer was down to fifteen or twenty degrees below zero, so he says; but I knew it must be awful from the way in which the boards snapped.' 'Yes, indeed, but the poor, who keep no thermometers, could vouch for it by a better test.'

'Alas! as I lay in my own warm couch that night, and closed my eyes in vain for sleep, another picture stood before my sight most painfully distinct. The wind still howled: the scene presented was a poor man's house. Around it were vacant areas; it was a gloomy, almost uninhabited street. A faint light gleamed within; and as the blast bore with it the faint and interrupted chimes of a distant-tolling clock, the wife raked up the embers on the hearth and made the kettle boil, and placed a frugal supper upon the board. Then wistfully she pressed her face against the frosted pane, and muttered words of pity, as she felt the nipping air within, for him who had to breast the storm without. She plied the piny splinters upon the coals, and lightened up the home of poverty with a resplendent blaze. Her heart leaped up with joy. She heard the sound of an approaching footstep. She flies with fleet steps to the door. 'WILL,' she exclaimed, 'how late!' Ah! what is this! Appalled she gazed upon a crowd of faces. The men pressed in, put down their burden: the light quivered on the hearth; it waxed fainter and more faint; it went out; the wail of a waking child is heard; she was left alone!

'Is this a sketch alone of idle fancy, or is it real? 'Wind of the winter-night, whence comest thou?' That sighing, soughing voice: is it thine own? Or when it makes its vain appeal against the barred-up doors, and the illuminated windows of the rich, and shrieks and comes again, and then departs, returns it to the secret caverns of the night? or whence perchance it came, to the rayless solitudes, where famine dwells, and where cold pinches—the habitations of the suffering poor?

'E. W. S.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Approving cordially the proposition of a friend, in a former number of the KNICKERBOCKER, to have a smoking-car in every considerable passenger-train, a western correspondent suggests *another* improvement, which he thinks equally demanded at the hands of every rail-way direction, namely, '*Nursery, or Baby-Cars.*' He admits himself to be a bachelor, but trusts that that trifling circumstance will not militate against the soundness of his arguments. Therefore, 'Hear him for his cause:'

'Go where you will, you are in a nursery of babies. Babies laughing and crowing, possibly; babies nursing, probably; babies crying and squalling, undoubtedly; sometimes quiet and pleasant babies — and these I rather like; but in crowded, dusty, rattling rail-cars, even these are apt to be fretful and peevish, and sadly prone to 'cry aloud and spare not.' I don't wonder at it. I don't doubt, if I was a baby of six months, and 'put through' at the rate crowds of them are every day on our rail-roads, *I* should squall as lustily as the best of them, so long as lungs and strength lasted: for baby ignorance seems naturally to take to crying as the only kind of 'ready relief,' and the louder, of course the more effectual.

'Babies swarm most on the great western lines of travel. 'Every body is moving West,' and every body, of course, has a large family of children, all of about the same size, one or two of the youngest in arms. In a recent ride of twelve hundred miles, by night and day, to the West, there were at all times from three to eight babies in the car I occupied: and on a moderate average three were always crying. I pitied the poor things at first, and as much and as long as could be reasonably expected; yet I confess that my sympathetic emotions were finally swallowed up in any thing but admiration for the little darlings.

'The first day they were very fair specimens of baby-hood; 'perfect cherubs,' to parental eyes; clean and bright-eyed enough, and only given to an occasional out-burst, as was natural enough. Night came, and the little ones were getting fretful; the continuous riding was tiresome to men and women, and doubly so to tender childhood. So they cried for their snug cradles at home, until overcome by sleep or weariness. The second day they were getting travel-worn: faces grew smutty, and dispositions peevish: they wanted to get up on the cushions; they wanted to get down on the floor; they wanted to get up in father's lap; they wanted to get up in mother's lap; they wanted to get out on the platform; they wanted to get everywhere except where they were: and then cried because they could n't. Second night ditto, only more so: until, by the third day, a climax was reached, and 'Young AMERICA' completely out-did itself, or gave up in despair.

'A prettily-dressed, playful little child, is decidedly an attractive and pleasant companion for a while. I *like* such an one. But to ride in a crowded car, surrounded by little, distressed, heart-broken, 'crying babies,' and to have one or two leaning over your shoulder with their hands full of cold meat, bread-and-butter, or candy, admiring the gentleman's hat, dropping crumbs into his neck, and sticking their greasy fingers in his hair, is a matter that tries the nerves of a young bachelor.

'Now, '*What's to be done?*' as BEVERLEY says in '*The Gamester.*' As the subject is a ticklish one to handle, so is the question a difficult one to answer satisfactorily. An *old* bachelor might gruffly answer: 'Stay at home: wait till your babies are big enough to travel.' Another might advise more mildly: 'Accommodate your journey to the strength of the little ones. They cannot endure so much as you: stop, and let them rest, at night at least, and it will be easier for all.' Yet neither of these answers is without objections. People *must* travel; poor men, with large families, must get where they will have 'ample room and verge enough' to 'increase and multiply.' As they must study economy, so they must necessarily take the quickest and cheapest route, however

tedious it may be to the little ones. We are still left in despair of a satisfactory answer.

'*Here* is a chance for men of inventive genius to put their heads together. I am a bachelor, but not an ultra one; and should like to have this thing settled in a manner to meet the approval of all parties, little and big, old and young. In the mean time I venture the following suggestion, commending it to the attention of rail-road men, and all sympathizing, interested 'parties:'

'As an eloquent correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER has called for a '*Smoking-Car*,' wherein gentlemen can enjoy, undisturbed, 'the fragrant weed,' why not have a '*Nursery-Car*' attached to the great express-trains, for the especial benefit of little fledgelings and their attendants, wherein they may eat, drink, and imbibe — laugh, cry, squall, and disport themselves generally, very much to their own satisfaction? — such a car to be fitted up with all the 'appliances and appurtenances' necessary for its particular use. Perhaps BARNUM and WOOD, those great baby-champions, would give liberal premiums to the genius who would first build such a car, and the rail-road company who would first use it.'

We have just read the foregoing to a friend, and he says he approves of it entirely, in relation to all little folks *except his own*. He 'likes to be *with them* in a rail-road car,' he says, 'and to see their young and eager eyes devour up the wondrous objects in the passing landscape; to enliven them, if they get dull, and to try to help them, if in pain.' But could n't all this be done in a commodious '*Baby-Car?*' is the 'question now open for discussion,' and one which we think will be much agitated. - - - OUR next-door country neighbor, 'The DOMINIE,' narrated a good story of the celebrated Rev. HOOPER CUMMING, the other morning, as we were 'rushing round the Horn,' on the New-York and Erie Rail-road, from our suburban sanctum to our other home, in town: 'One stormy Sunday evening in autumn, about half-past nine o'clock, when the rain was raining cold, and the wind was soughing through the half-denuded trees in front of his mansion, out-spake the great pulpit orator to his dame: 'My dear, we have had two services to-day: we have tried to forget the toil of it: we have endeavored to read — we have essayed to converse; but all of no avail. Fatigue has overcome us both. The wailing of the storm — the labors of the day — all invite us to repose. Suppose we go to bed!' The house was closed: the servants had retired; and they *did* go to bed; and in five minutes both were in dream-land. Presently a loud knock was heard at the door. It was a *heavy* knock, but to the sleepers whom it aroused, it seemed a visionary 'rapping:' but the next prolonged summons could n't be mistaken. 'Get up, my dear,' said Mrs. CUMMING; 'the servants are all in bed and asleep, and we are close by the door':

> 'THEN up gat HOOPER CUMMING, he,
> Up gat he in his bed:'

and said to his wife, 'Who *can* it be? I will go and see!' And he went. As he approached the door, at the end of the hall, he heard low conversation. He bore a small night-lamp in his hand, whose light swayed to-and-fro, and flickered, in the passage. When he reached the door, he said, 'Who is there?' 'It is *me*, Sir, and BIDDY!' 'I can do nothing for you to-night,' said the first colloquist: 'it is Sunday night: it is somewhat late: the servants have gone to bed: our dinner was a simple one: we *have* no cold victuals.' 'Don't *want* any cold victuals — want to be spliced, BIDDY and I. I am a sailor — they *say* I 'm

a *good* 'un too: but *I* say nothing. How'sumd'ever, we want to be spliced. I 'm off airly in the morning. Will you *do* it, captain?' 'You want to be married? — is *that* it?' 'Yes! What d 'ye *take* me for? Did n't I *say* so? And I want it done *now:* it will be too late to-morrow.' 'Wait a moment,' said the clergyman. Then a fumble was made at the key-hole, and the next moment the candle went out: the key could not be found by the sense of touch: the shivering divine, standing almost *in puris naturalibus*, in the dark, raised the fan-light, at the side of the door, bade the twain approach, and then and there — it was a brief service — coupled the two for life. He heard a kiss in the dark, and then was addressed with: 'Cap'n I aint goin' to buy a pig in a poke. If Biddy turns out a good craft, you shall get your pay for splicin' us — now mind I tell you. You 'll hear from me again, Cap'n — *see* if you don't!' The twain departed, and the clergyman went shivering to bed. About a year after this amusing occurrence, a big box was brought to the reverend pastor's door, of which word was sent to him by the carman who brought it. 'Don't take it in!' said his wife: 'it 's another of those boxes with eelymosynary little books and tracts, which have cost us so much cartage, beside the trouble of distributing them.' But better counsels prevailed. The charges were paid — the box received and opened — and the result was astounding! Instead of books or tracts, it contained the richest and costliest fabrics, a present to the clergyman's wife. It was the wedding-fee of the wandering and now promoted sailor. Not a port had he visited, but had paid tribute to his admiration for the 'good craft' which the clergyman had secured to him in the person and heart of his 'Biddy.' On a beautiful shawl from Canton he had pinned a piece of paper, expressive of his gratitude, and in rude yet eloquent language, asking the acceptance of the box as a token of the same.' When our friend 'The Dominie' concluded, 'We 'll *book* that,' we said — and we have endeavored to do so. - - - Here is a story of just retribution, recorded in the life and times of the elder Kean, the renowned but erratic actor, whose remains repose in St. Paul's Church-yard, in this city, under a monument bearing an appropriate inscription from the pen of our eminent townsman, the venerable Dr. John W. Francis:

'While playing at Exeter, in England, at the height of his popularity, Kean was invited to dine with some gentlemen at one of the principal hotels. He drove there in his carriage. The dinner was announced — the table sumptuously decorated — and the land-lord, all bows and submission, hoped that the gentlemen and their distinguished visitor found every thing to their satisfaction.

'Kean stared at him for some moments, and then said:

"'Your name is ——?'

"'It is, Mr. Kean: I have had the honor of meeting you before.'

"'You kept, some years ago, a small tavern in the outskirts of this town?'

"'I did, Mr. Kean. Fortune has been kind to both of us, since then. I recollect you, Sir, when you belonged to our theatre here!'

"'And *I*, Sir,' said Kean, jumping up, 'recollect *you!* Many years ago I came into your pal try tavern, after a long journey, with my suffering wife, and a sick child, all of us wet to the skin. I asked you for a morsel of refreshment. You answered me as if I were a dog, and refused to trust it out of your hands, until you had received the trifle which was its value.

"'I left my family by your inhospitable fire-side, while I sought for lodgings. On my return, you ordered me, like a brute, to 'take my wife and brat from your house,' and

abused me for not spending in drink the money I had not for food. Fortune, as you say, *has* done something for us both since then; but *you* are still the same, I see — the same cringing, grasping, grinding, greedy money-hunter. *I*, Sir, am still the same. I am now in my zenith — I was then at its nadir: but I am the same man — the same KEAN whom you ordered from your doors: and I have now the same hatred to oppression that I had then; and were it my last meal, I 'd not eat nor drink in a house belonging to so heartless a scoundrel!'

"'Gentlemen,' said he, turning to his friends, 'I beg pardon for this out-break; but were I to dine under the roof of this time-serving, gold-loving brute, the first mouthful, I am sure, would choke me.'

'KEAN kept his word, and the party adjourned to another hotel.

'This plain talk of KEAN to a landlord reminds the writer of a scene between the 'great GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE' and an English Boniface in one of the provincial towns, Chichester. His riotous conduct there, as in America, excited great indignation. The owner of the principal hotel, where COOKE was stopping, frequently remonstrated with him, and endeavored to curb his noisy propensities; until, tired out by a repetition of drunken brawls, quarrels, rows, and fights, he indignantly ordered the Thespian bacchanal to seek other quarters, and no longer bring odium on his hitherto well-regulated establishment.

"'Do you, fellow! dare address such words to *me* — *fellow!* — to GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE? *You*, a pitiful publican and sinner — a rinser of tumblers — a frother-up of mugs — a dirty decanter of bad wine — *you*, a servant to any body and every body — *my* servant! Fetch me another glass of brandy-and-water, and, do you hear? — let it be hot and strong!'

'There are many persons yet living in New-York, who well remember GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE; and they will call to mind how he must have looked while this scene was taking place: his long, inimitably-effective finger pointing to the shrinking landlord, and his whole face and form suffused with the passion which he so forcibly represented upon the stage.'

A very striking picture. - - - WHEN we read the following, from a Washington correspondent, we thought of this characteristic of RIP VAN WINKLE: 'He would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single bite:'

'A FRIEND of mine once told me a 'good thing,' in the piscatorial line, of a gentleman of distinguished ability, who has held a seat in the cabinet of our 'common Uncle SAMUEL.' The individual referred to is near 'three-score-and-ten,' somewhat blind wears breeches, queue, and silver-buckles on his shoes. He will pass as a fine 'gentleman of the old school;' is rich; and no bad representative of the 'gentle IZAAK,' for these degenerate days.

'My friend took a stroll one fine morning over the crazy bridge that spans (or spunts over) the Potomac, between the 'Deestrick' and Virginia. Arriving at the channel, he observed the veteran fisherman sitting on the side of the bridge, his small-clothed legs hanging down, and a colored boy at his side to 'bait' and take off the fish. The tide had ebbed, and it was a remarkably dry season; consequently the river was so shallow that the 'mud-sills' and 'ice-fenders' were exposed. My social and inquisitive friend accosted the old gentleman somewhat in the WALTONIAN style:

'QUERIST: 'What luck this morning, JUDGE?'

'PISCATOR: 'Excellent!'

'QUERIST: 'How long have you fished?'

'PISCATOR: 'Well — about two hours.'

'QUERIST: 'What have you caught?'

'PISCATOR: 'Hem! — hem! — nothing *yet*; but I 've had a *glo*-rious nibble, about an hour ago.'

'QUERIST: 'What do you 'bait' with?'

'PISCATOR, [*with energy:*] 'Frogs, Sir, *frogs:* frogs are great for Rock-fish, Sir!'

'QUERIST: 'You seem rather short of bait, JUDGE.'

'PISCATOR: 'Certainly — only had *one* frog.'

'QUERIST: 'JUDGE, I see a fine paddock sitting down on that mud-sill a-winking at you. Capital bait he 'd make.'

'PISCATOR: 'Bless me! do you? *B'y,* [speaking to the colored boy,] go down and catch him: we shall need him.'

'Down slid the darkey: the 'frog for bait' jumped off the 'sill:' the Judge conceived a bite; pulled in the 'bait' that had winked at him a couple of hours, and my informant came off, ready to '*bu'st.* 'The Judge still fishes — but he don't use frogs for bait! HAL.'

He won't *now,* probably! - - - WE have repeatedly read, and seldom without much 'California instruction,' general gratification, and miscellaneous amusement, a weekly journal, published in San-Francisco, called '*The Golden Era.*' It is well printed and judiciously edited, and has an added interest in the possession of several agreeable and entertaining correspondents, among whose lucubrations we remark those of 'Dow, Jr.,' once of the '*Sunday Mercury,*' of our city, of whom our readers have so often heard, through copious extracts in these pages, from his attractive '*Short Patent Sermons.*' The following passages from late discourses of his, in the columns of '*The Golden Era,*' will show that he has lost no whit of his originality. The first embodies some sage reflections upon '*Night,*' and its various sights and sounds, at different seasons of the year:

'WHAT is the character of Night, say in the middle of Summer, when the moon is in her full glory, causing many a little star to hide its diminished head? When the long shadows of twilight have stretched themselves into nothing, (remember, I am speaking of the country — Nature's theatre,) what do we hear and see? A full orchestra of crickets, performing an overture to the melo-drama of Autumn, in the door-yard. Their music, as my friend POPE says, is 'harmony not understood' — not very easily. Their tunes all seem to be set upon the same key; but what that key is, it will take another key to ascertain. I should call it a contrivance between a night-key and the Key to Uncle TOM'S Cabin. But 'Let that pass,' as the old gander said, when he waddled across the track, and looked back at the locomotive, and return to the crickets. I call them the invisible minstrels of early eve; for, if you endeavor to seek them out, they swallow their music at the pat of a footstep, and silently remain the uncomatible 'evidence of things not seen.'' . . . 'Night is set to melancholy airs. None of the merry glees that enliven the day are heard. Almost every song that NATURE sings behind the dusky curtain, sounds to me like Old Hundred hummed at the bottom of a forty-foot well, or 'Days of Absence' issuing from the bung-hole of an empty hogshead. Yet night seems just the time for human musicians to launch out all sorts of tunes — from grave to gay, from wild to raving distracted. The fiddle, the banjo, and the street-organ, then 'feel their oats, if ever; while the big man in the orchestra shoots sounds from his little piccilo sharp enough to prick pin-holes through a copper fire-shovel. By the plantation darkies of the South, NIGHT is made to kick up her heels to the jolliest of tunes. Day has no more music for the soul of a colored cotton-bug, than has a tin dinner-horn for a pair of stuffed breeches in a corn-field:

'WHEN all the day I plant the corn.
And hill up many a row,
I 'm thinking of the evening horn
That brings the old banjo.'

'The evening horn brings more intoxication to the ear of SAMBO, than do half-a-dozen eleven o'clock 'horns' to the brains of his master. It is the delightful harbinger of the hour when he shall be at liberty to lay down the hoe and take up his gourd to the tune of

'THE river rolled, the crickets sing,
The lightning-bug he flashed his wing,
Then like a rope my arms I fling
Round ROSE of Alabama.'

A forcible idea is given in the following, of the '*Power of Association*,' in awakening remembrances of the past. There is a passage of 'OLLAPOD'S' in which a kindred thought is feelingly treated:

'IT is wonderful how little matters will recall youthful scenes, and wake up peculiar associations, not only in the hearts of those who stand firm and erect upon the mountain of manhood, but also those who feebly totter down the declivity that gently slopes to Jordan. A slice of water-melon, my friends, retains for me the flavor of a country church-yard, where I once in a fright dropped a noble specimen of the fruit, which I had wickedly purloined from a neighboring patch, at the pokerish hour of mid-night. The taste of a cucumber reminds me of the home-made bread and cheese that always accompanied it upon my piscatory excursions to the mill-pond for bull-heads. Methinks I now smell the old cheese-room, and see the devil's darning-needles that used to light upon my fish-pole. A single grape recalls the autumn-tinted woods, through which I was wont to roam in search of the tempting clusters, 'hanging careless and free;' the chipper-squirrel, nibbling his nut, and scolding, like Xantippe, at the intrusion; 'the crow, the crow, the great black crow,' giving three bobs of the head as he jerks out a *caw* from the pine-top, enjoining the chastening worm to hear him for his *caws*, and be silent, that he may hear; the blue-jay profanely paying a mocking to summer's departed choristers, and 'the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.' I no sooner stick my tooth into a fall-apple than the old orchard, where I hunted birds' nests, with blue and speckled eggs, and arrived at school just in time for a taste of the birch; the snagly old orchard, stands before me in its homespun attire. I see PLENTY emptying her apron there; the trees, partially relieved of their golden burdens, seem to lift up their heads to heaven, and thank the GIVER of all good with a pensive smile: the tenantless robin's nest is to be let, and yonder hornet's castle is to be let alone: the little yellow-jacket, with his dagger sheathed behind, is busy probing the wound of a storm-bruised pippin, while the brown wasp, too lazy to fold up his legs as he flies, wheels his droning flight to his domestic hole in the wall. Rambling blue daisies, destitute of sweet odor as beauty without virtue, invite the dalliance of yellow-winged butterflies, between whom and the grave there is scarce room enough to issue a good-sized prayer. The old orchard now smells of mortality, and the cider-mill — the cider-mill, where, hitched to a hickory sweep, the venerable bob-tail mare, sporting a pair of leather spectacles, 'performs the great circuit, and is still at home,' or wishes she was. Emblem of human life! round and round, ever in the dark: still round and round, and no nearer heaven than at the outset!'

The '*Golden Era*' must be 'doing a good stroke of business.' It has agencies all over the Auriferous State: at 'Bottle-Hill,' 'Campo-Seco,' 'Murphy,' 'Mud Springs,' 'Red Dog,' 'Rattlesnake,' 'Rabbit Creek,' 'JIM'S Bar,' and other like euphonious places. - - - WHOEVER has steamed up that most beautiful of all American 'fresh-waters,' Lake GEORGE, must have regarded with great interest the rocky promontory, called 'RODGERS' SLIDE,' that bathes its giant feet in the pellucid wave below. When we saw it for the first time, it made a deep impression upon us; and yet we were mainly doubtful whether we were not mistaken as to whether it were the veritable *locale*. So we ventured to ask a tall Canadian-Englishman, with a huge plaid shawl upon his shoulders, and a small round eye-glass screwed into a very large, bulbous blue eye, what the mountain before us was called. He was some six or seven feet high, and rather 'retiring' in his manners. However, he screwed the little glass out of his big eye, looked down at us with a kind of subdued snort at our impertinence, and said: 'It is called '*A-Wodgers' Slide*': I understend that a puwrson of the name of A-WODGERS, being 'otly pershued by a peck of Indy-ans, slode down that ter-wifik steep upon his 'aunches!' 'Thenk-ye!' we said, and 'vamosed' immediately. - - - LET those who have never lost a favorite Canary, or other pet-bird; who 'have no music in their souls;' who have never considered, as a part of the enjoyment, the comfort, the solace of every-day life, the fellowship of a companion like the one whose loss is here de-

plored — let all such, we say, pass over the following and read something *else;* we shall not say 'something better.' It is a simple and truthful description of the loss which a friend and correspondent ('G. C. M.') of our city has sustained 'in the death, (on Sunday, November eighteenth,) of one of those beautiful birds that GEOFFREY CRAYON and BRYANT have immortalized by their genius'—'*Robert of Lincoln,*' or 'BOB-O-LINK.' Our friend writes:

'IT is seldom that I have had a more painful task than in giving you a few of the incidents of the death of this dear and gentle bird, who for the year past has been part and parcel of my household. For you well know that in life we attach ourselves to some object of GOD's great handiwork, and ever see His wondrous ways in all. We thereby learn to love and reverence His goodness and His will. This dear little bird had always been a pet of mine, and he was as well-beloved by every member of my family, as if he were one of them. His sudden death has therefore awakened our grief; and deeply do we mourn his loss. He is

VANISHED from his sunny bowers,
Wrecked on Death's dark sunken reef;
Faded with the fading flowers,
Fallen with the falling leaf.

'He was in his usual health and cheerfulness early on Sunday morning; taking his cold bath, as had been his daily practice during the past year. When he was first noticed in his mortal agonies it was about nine o'clock: at that time he was prostrate in his cage, struggling with the severity of the attack. Such remedies were immediately applied, in the exigencies of the moment, as we believed could in the slightest degree avail any thing in his behalf. A warm bath to his feet, and a few drops of wine on some bread, seemed to revive him from this stupor — in fact he was so much benefited by this generous treatment, that we entertained strong hopes of his speedy restoration to his wonted health. When we returned from church, at one o'clock, we found him on his perch, looking quite bright and cheerful. But an hour later, a more violent attack occurred, which again instantly prostrated him. Stimulants were again used, and every possible attention bestowed for some hours, but to no purpose. He gasped and struggled with pain for an hour or more, and died just as the far-away chimes of old Trinity were ringing for the evening service. A few minutes before his death, he opened his already glazing eyes, and then, without an effort, breathed his last in the hands of one of my daughters, yielding himself to his feathered ancestors and paternal Bob-o-links.

'On consulting my friend, Professor PETERSON, the ornithologist, with regard to the habits of the LINCOLNS, I find that they are often the victims to that aristocratic disease *the apoplexy,* and that it is more than probable that it was an attack of this proud malady which caused the sudden death of our cherished little songster. Mr. IRVING, in his entertaining and delightful sketch of the habits and character of these celebrated birds, more than intimates that they are fond of luxurious living; in short, are real *bon-vivants.*

'When the mournful event became known to all the family, every heart ached, and every eye filled with tears; so tenderly was he beloved, and so sincere was our grief for his sudden and untimely death. He was truly and most emphatically the very embodiment of all that was exquisite in the harmony of sound, and could touch the chords that vibrate to the inmost recesses of our hearts with his unrivalled powers of melody. His songs were always fresh, and very generally of a lively character — frequently running into the comic, without a particle of Ethiopian or Black-bird vulgarity. No one among his relatives, who in spring or early summer dwell in fields of grass or flowers, or under the wide-spreading branches of shade-trees, could be more happy, or sing with greater cheerfulness, than he.

'His early life was spent among a large collection of Canaries, from whom he learned much which added to his great natural powers, and made him at all times and seasons

a remarkable character. His matin songs were a joyous gush of music to greet 'the meek-eyed morning,' with now and then a prolonged trill, or a sweet carol, like the plaintive notes of the Robin, or the flute-like tones of the Oriole.

'Thus died, in the prime and vigor of his extraordinary powers, our beloved little songster, *Robert of Lincoln*. Most truly to him

> 'Belonged the lay that lightly floats,
> And his the murmuring, dying notes,
> That fell as softly as snow on the sea,
> And could melt the heart as instantly!'

'Letters are to be sent to Washington Irving, W. C. Bryant, to the Editor of the Knickerbocker, and to Judge Wildman, communicating the mournful intelligence.

'There is much more of interest in reserve, but I have already trespassed upon your time and space, and must omit to state how and where he was buried; how he was shrouded by my young children in fine linen, and covered over as he lay for some days in the library with cypress and pine; and lastly, also, his bier with flowers.

'Judge Wildman sends me in response the following beautiful effusion:

Lines

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE SUDDEN AND MELANCHOLY DEATH OF MY FRIEND G. C. MORGAN'S FAVORITE BIRD, ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

> 'Bring him back to the vale where he used to belong,
> To the sweet sunny meadows of music and song;
> Bring him back to the land where he used to be free —
> Lay him low 'neath the shade of the witch-hazel tree!
>
> 'Bring him back to the vale where the wild roses bloom,
> Let the poor Lincoln orchestra chant o'er his tomb;
> Let his own meadow-daisy gleam bright o'er his breast —
> Lay him low in the grass by the Bob-o-link's nest.
>
> 'I know that the song which he sang in his cell,
> Might have seemed like the song of his own happy dell;
> But alas! while he caroled his sweet mellow lay,
> While his song was the sweetest, his heart was away!
>
> 'His heart was away in the green sunny bowers,
> Where Bob-o-link anthems are chanted 'mid flowers;
> His heart stole away to the meadow and lea,
> Where once his sweet song was the song of the tree!
>
> 'Think you that the *prisoner*, bound in his gloom,
> Could cheerfully warble his song of 'Sweet Home?'
> Think you that his soul could partake of those strains,
> 'Mid the grating and jarring, and clanking of chains?
>
> 'No! no! the proud spirit would sink 'neath its weight,
> And perish 'mid tears that were poured through the grate;
> He might sing of *home*, though his soul would rebel;
> He might sing, although dying alone in his cell!
>
> 'Oh! then bring him back to his own happy vale,
> Where he sang his first song in the sweet summer gale;
> Lay him low by the stream where the tall grasses wave,
> Let the Morning weep tears over Bob-o-link's grave!

'*Danbury, Nov.* 21, 1855. H. B. Wildman.'

A 'bird's-eye view' of bird-thought. - - - The name of Forbes has been so long identified with the 'Society Library' of this city, that every Knickerbocker is familiar with it in 'that connection.' Mr. John Forbes graduated from Columbia College in 1794 in the same class with the lamented Peter G. Stuyvesant, Peter A. Jay, Sylvanus Miller, (the only present survivor,) and other well-known and honored names. Mr. Forbes was chosen librarian the same year, and removed the Library from the old City Hall to the building erected for it in Nassau-street, where his extensive reading, retentive

memory, and sound judgment, long rendered him an able adviser of the numerous class of readers who found in the '*City Library*,' as it was familiarly called, their chief resource for study or research. Mr. PHILIP J. FORBES succeeded his father as Librarian, and has continued in that office until the present year, making a period of more than three-score years, during which the name has been associated with the Library. Mr. FORBES, still in the prime of life, and surrounded by friends who have long and favorably recognized his zeal and devotion to the institution to which he was attached, and his aptitude for his business as a Librarian, now comes forward in a new enterprise on his own account, which he announces in the following circular. We beg to assure our readers, in every part of the country, that a more trusty, well-informed, experienced agent for the purchase of books than Mr. FORBES, cannot be found on this continent:

'Forbes' Athenæum,

'371 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

'PHILIP J. FORBES, late Librarian of the *New-York Society Library*, respectfully informs his numerous friends, that he has opened, at No. 371 Broadway, second house above TAYLOR'S International Hotel, an establishment under the name of Forbes' Athenæum, the objects of which are to combine a Reading-Room with a Library of Reference, and the gradual formation of a collection of standard literature for general circulation; also, an Agency for the execution of orders for the purchase and sale of every variety of Books, Scientific Apparatus and Works of Art, whether from this country or abroad, and to furnish reliable information, to be obtained from the consultation of our public Libraries, and those of other cities, or from competent advisers.

'Mr. FORBES would respectfully suggest to gentlemen forming Libraries, or seeking special works, either for their private dwellings, counting-rooms, or offices, the advantage of intrusting their commissions to an experienced book-purchaser.

'Your patronage of this enterprise is respectfully solicited.

'PHILIP J. FORBES, *Librarian.*

'Terms of subscription, $10 per annum. Orders from a distance, accompanied by a fee or draft, will meet with prompt attention.'

Mr. FORBES is receiving large orders. - - - A FRIEND in Lexington, Kentucky, (much, *very* much, did it grieve us, while in Louisville, that we could 'nt *go* there, and to Frankfort, and *Ashland*, with a party of friends, to partake of the true Kentucky hospitality, of which we had had such a foretaste, see the blooded cattle, and the 'Blue-grass Farms,' represented, as we were told, even feebly by the rich acres of 'HUNTER'S Bottom,' on the Kentucky side of the Ohio River — got to get back again, now, to the beginning of this sentence,) a friend then, as we have said, in Lexington, Kentucky, sends us the following '*Hard-Shell Baptist Sermon*,' which he avers to be genuine, and forwards us, in proof, the name of the speaker, and of his reporter. It almost equals, in closeness of argument, and stickiness to text, the 'spontaneous effort' of the clerical hero who played upon a '*Harp of a Theousand Strings:*'

'MY BRETHERING: The Scripturs tell us, 'we are *buried* with CHRIST by baptism.' '*Buried*,' my friends, not '*sprinkled*' by baptism.

''Suppose that one of you had lost your little dà'hter, and you had laid her out, and prepared her for the grave; and your neighbors had come in and said: 'Friend, we will take thy child and bury it;' and afterward, when you went out to see the grave of your little one, you found they had laid her down and *sprinkled* a little earth over her! What would you have thunk of them?

''Suppose again, that in the fall of the year, you had dug your potatoes, your turnips, your parsnips, and your other roots for the winter's use, and had dug a trench to bury

'em in; and you had said to your servant, 'SALLY, take the house-gang and go and bury those potatoes, those turnips, those parsnips, and those other roots:' and afterward when you walked forth to see that all were safe and secure for the winter's use, you had found that they had just *sprinkled* a little dirt on them! What, my friends, would you have done? I *reather* suppose, my dear breetheren, you would ha' tried the virtews of the cow-skin!

"'But they are not a bit worse than those poor, ignorant, and benighted Episcopalians and Presbyterians and Methodists, who sprinkle a leetle water on one another, and call it '*buried* by baptism!'

"'I am afraid, my friends, I am very *much* afraid indeed, that they will catch something hotter than the cow-skin in the day of reck'ning!'"

An illustration, after all, of the wisdom of the Oriental remark: 'The speaker is one thing, and the listener is another.' Doubtless, doubters were confirmed — believers strengthened — by this unanswerable argument. We have often heard arguments quite as ridiculous. - - - OUR publisher has been on his travels, and in a gossipping letter to the EDITOR thus discourses of that 'travel's history:

Incidents of Winter Travel between New-York and Sandusky, Ohio.

'To L. GAYLORD CLARK, ESQ.:

'MY DEAR SIR: I have thought a few brief notes of a hasty trip to Sandusky might interest some of our readers, as no doubt the major part of them belong to the great travelling public; for whenever and wherever you go in our country, you find the cars and boats so filled, that the question very naturally arises, 'Do not our people travel continually?'

'On the afternoon of December 31st, I took up my line of March for the foot of Duane-street, to go by the New-York and Erie Rail-road to Dunkirk. On the ferry-boat I met a gentleman well known to many thousands of our people, through the columns of one of our most popular dailies, who was looking for some friend to take charge of his daughter, a young and lovely damsel of some sixteen summers, on her way to one of the boarding-schools in the western part of the Empire State. Having been indebted to my worthy friend in more ways than one, I gladly took the young lady in charge, well pleased to have so fair a companion for a part of my journey. As it proved, she was a far better traveller than myself; for I am never able to sleep in the cars. Yet this young lady, curling herself up as ladies are wont to do, on one of the wide seats of the Erie cars, (you don't find such on any other road,) with a thick shawl for a covering, like sweet Innocence upon its mother's breast was soon entirely unconscious of the manner in which we were whirling over the tortuous windings of our way. The night was very cold, the ground thickly covered with a dazzlingly white mantle of snow, so beautifully emblematic of angelic purity, while with our breath JACK FROST drew flowers upon the window-panes, with a magical skill that no artist hand could equal.

'The first night passed without any incident worthy of remark, the conductors keeping up to time, and every thing going as well as we could desire. The next morning, before sunrise, my fair young friend bade me adieu, to take one of the connecting roads to her destination.

'An occurrence which happened on the western division of the Erie Road, terminating at Dunkirk, afforded considerable amusement to the passengers, and may be worth relating. Our train was here about twenty to thirty minutes behind time, and there was some fear that we might miss the connection with the train going west from Dunkirk. In one of the cars were two very respectable gentlemen, each about sixty years of age, whom you would at once set down for Squire or Judge, if you should meet them in their native village, men that a glance would tell you were what the world calls well-to-do. Ah! what a democrat is the rail-road car! All distinctions are levelled here,

unless it be the poor emigrants, who are cooped up like chickens in a crate, with scarce any more attention to their comfort. Other travellers are all on an equal footing, and the choice of seats (for here none are reserved) belongs to those who come first. But to return. The first gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. A ——, says to the gentlemanly conductor, 'Are we not behind time, Sir?' 'Yes, Sir, about twenty-five minutes.' At this, Mr. A —— becomes very uneasy, repeating his question again and again, and at length saying it was of the utmost consequence to him to proceed without any detention. He would not fail being in Cincinnati the next day for a thousand dollars. He begged the conductor to go faster, saying: 'Can 't you make up the time? A little more speed will surely bring us in,' etc. The conductor had given the engineer orders to proceed as rapidly as was consistent with safety, and the cars were then moving about thirty miles an hour. Upon this, Mr. B —— accosts Mr. A ——, saying, 'Why do you urge the conductor to go so fast? It is not safe, Sir. My neck is worth more to me than your thousand dollars, and I do not choose to risk it for your accommodation.' They continued in this way till they both began to get a little *high*, to the evident amusement of the passengers. In the mean time the cars were descending a grade, and having a clear sweep ahead, the engineer had got them going considerable over '2.40,' when Mr. A ——, looking out of the windows, began to notice that they were almost flying; and beginning to reflect that 'discretion was the better part of valor,' he says quietly to the conductor: 'A'nt we going *rather* fast? Do you think it is entirely safe? I would not wish to have my head broke, even to arrive in time.' The conductor, seeing the state of the case, told him he had given the engineer orders to go with all possible speed: that there was a gentleman on board who would not fail to be in Cincinnati next day for a thousand dollars. Mr. A —— was now seriously alarmed, and begged the conductor to countermand his orders at once. This had passed without Mr. B ——'s notice, when the conductor, almost unable to contain himself, informs Mr. B —— that A —— is frightened, and wishes to go slower. At this Mr. B —— jumps up in great glee, exclaiming, 'Where is he? Let me see him.' 'Ah!' he says, 'You have got enough of going fast, have you?' heartily enjoying Mr. A ——'s fears, who could only say: 'Oh! go away; I don 't want you to talk to me any more.' We are pleased to say that we had some fifteen minutes to partake of a very good dinner at Dunkirk before the train from Buffalo came along.

'It is sad to think that neither communities nor individuals can escape the consequences of misdeeds. We could not but think of this as we passed the borough of Erie, where if any were disposed to forgive and forget events no doubt sincerely repented of long ago, they were prevented from doing so by the remarks of some one reminding his neighbor of the facts which have given the place such an unenviable notoriety.

'I arrived at Cleveland about half-past five P.M., and to my surprise and regret found I could not go on to Sandusky that evening. I could have gone to Toledo, to Cincinnati, to Indiana, or to almost any other point except just where I wished to go, which was quite a consolation. I sometimes think necessity is about the only virtue I have, so I make the best of it; and as I went that pleasant but cold New-Year's night to a delightful warm chamber in the WEDDELL House, I could have asked nothing more than the presence of a few choice spirits it is my happiness to know in that charming City of the Lake. But I knew they were far more agreeably employed than in entertaining me; so mentally wishing each of them a happy New-Year, I was soon in a sound and refreshing sleep. The next morning, to accommodate the omnibus-driver, I had to leave the hotel at seven A.M., and shiver three-quarters of an hour in a miserable ticket-office, waiting for the cars which leave for Sandusky at eight o'clock. The ride along the lake to Sandusky was very pleasant; and soon after my arrival, I called on C. L. DERBY, Esq., and had an opportunity of going through the rooms of the Cosmopolitan Art Association. Such a collection would attract thousands of visitors in New-York; and here I spent the time till the hour of dinner very pleasantly. The beautiful bay on which Sandusky is situated was now a lake of ice, and many persons were engaged in saving that precious luxury for the coming summer. Business at this time was so interrupted by the

season, that I could judge but little of the appearance of the city in the summer. Having finished my business and taken tea with Mr. DERBY and his lady, I was ready to return. The cars from Toledo and the west came along about seven P.M., and were disagreeably full and almost suffocating, the weather having moderated considerably. I reached Cleveland about ten o'clock, and soon took the cars for Erie and Buffalo. And here I would say, if the worthy President of the Lake-Shore Road and his associates do not intend to drive the travelling public into the lake, they are taking very certain means to drive them into the boats as soon as the navigation is open. Such a jolting as we got on that road we have seldom been favored with, and we hope we may not soon again. If none but dyspeptics were to travel over it, I think they might rely on being cured quicker than by any medicine they could take. O Mr. CASH! do try and have these rough places made smooth before next summer.

'Having a good supper before I left Sandusky, and a supply of apples, provided by the thoughtful kindness of Mrs. DERBY, I did not feel like partaking of the oysters prepared for the passengers at Erie, about two A.M. We arrived in Buffalo about six, and at half-past were on our way over the Buffalo City road to Hornellsville. I asked the conductor if I could get breakfast here, as by this time (nine A.M.) I began to be somewhat hungry. Without inquiring how long the cars stopped, I prepared for breakfast, supposing all the passengers would breakfast here, as we had no time to do so at Buffalo. I had got about half-through eating, when the cars started without any notice, and I was left to enjoy the hospitalities of the place for twelve hours. I had left my little baggage in the car, so I telegraphed to have it taken out at Elmira, and kept till I arrived there; but, I am sorry to say, some one who had noticed that I did not return, considering himself entitled to my baggage, took and claimed it for his own, and I not being there, his claim is yet good.

'I knew no person in Hornellsville except Mr. HALLETT, and my first thought was to call on him and see if he would not favor me with a discount in his bank. My bad luck still attended me, for I did not find him in; so this little arrangement could not be effected. I then went over to the American Hotel, which I take to be one of the ancient institutions of this new and rapidly-growing place, and asked the young man in the office if he could not give me a quiet room where I could throw myself on a bed and rest for a few hours. He gave me one in the upper story, which he said would be the most quiet. But quiet there was none, and the noise of heavy heels up and down the passage, and the bright sun-light in the room, made it impossible for me to sleep, and to this fact the reader is indebted for this veritable history: for finding I could not sleep, I rose and went down to the sitting-room, and called for paper and wrote out my narrative as a warning to all rail-road travellers, and to those who go on the Erie road in particular, to be sure and know how much time they have before they begin to eat; and here let me ask Mr. Superintendent MCCALLUM, if passengers who ride ninety-one miles without any chance to eat, are not entitled to time for breakfast, and if he has no bowels of compassion for those who, like me, had travelled all night without any chance to get a bite except oysters, cakes, and pies at Erie?

'While waiting for the train at Hornellsville, my attention was attracted by some lads in the dépôt who were gorging themselves with apples, candy, cakes, etc. I cannot but think the stomach of a boy, from fifteen to seventeen, is the most astonishing machine in the world. There is no calculating the amount of candy, pea-nuts, apples, and such things it will contain. The only thing I can liken it to is, one of the Sixth-avenue Rail-road cars on a rainy day. I have had considerable experience on that and other city rail-roads, and never saw a car full yet, at least not in the estimation of the conductor and driver. I should like to have some of the scientific gentlemen investigate a boy's stomach, and let the world know, if possible, its power of tension, whether it has any limit or not, how many pounds' pressure it will bear to the square inch, and any other facts throwing light on this important subject.

'You can go from New-York to Cleveland, Ohio, six hundred miles, as a regular thing, day by day, in twenty-four hours. When shall we look for the same regularity and speed in our communication with the south? When shall we go to New-Orleans

in forty-eight hours? Rail-roads are now completed to Montgomery, Alabama. We put our question to the bland and gentlemanly Mr. POLLARD of Montgomery, to SIDNEY SMITH, Esq., of Mobile, and to the successful banker, JAMES ROBB, Esq., of New-Orleans. All these gentlemen are deeply interested in rail-roads in the South, and they could do much to facilitate the travelling in that direction. Why should not New-Orleans be as near New-York as St. Louis? The distance is no greater; and again we would ask, in conclusion, How soon shall we go to New-Orleans in two days?'

'Not knowing, could n't say.' - - - OUR little four-year old boy is a practical amalgamationist. Going out the other morning for our daily tramp over the hills, we found him playing with a little colored boy, of his own age, by the road-side, as happy as a lark. We gave him a kiss, and were passing on, when he said, pointing to the little black boy, with a sorrowful expression, as if he had been neglected or overlooked, 'Fader, kiss ABEY!' His colored friend was 'purging thick amber' at the time, and the request struck us forcibly as one not to be complied with. No: though he had 'washed him in snow-water, and made his face never so clean,' we don't think we could have 'done the deed!' So we passed on, musingly, thinking alone of the frank and ingenuous sympathies of little children. - - - WELL, *now* come, 'Little People,' sit up at the 'Table,' and let us hear from you. 'Hold up your heads — speak loud and plain.' If there be any sour old bachelor, or any body else, who don't love you, ask them to read this: 'A plain and unschooled man, who had received his education principally beneath the open sky, in the field and the forest, and who had wielded the axe more than the pen, while speaking of children, remarked, '*The little chips are nearest the heart.*'' We don't tell where our little guests come from: save that they represent very different and widely-separated sections of our beloved country:

'LYMAN, my little nephew, two-and-a-half years old, climbed upon the table one day, calling himself 'Elder PARKER,' and pretending to preach. In the midst of his discourse he turned to his mother and said: 'Mother, Elder PARKER wants a cake;' which was procured for him. Pretty soon he said: 'Mother, Elder PARKER wants *another* cake:' but the reply was: 'No! one at a time is enough.' 'Why, Mother,' said he, in a tone of rebuke; 'you should let Elder PARKER have all he wants.''

'OUR little boy, a bright, observing child of five summers, says so many funny things, that I cannot resist the desire to tell you some of them. Yesterday, for example, being a bright Sunday morning, he went with his nurse to a distant church. As you well know, in the Episcopal Church the collection for the day is generally taken up before the sermon. This was the case here. When he left the church, he remarked to his father, that Mr. H —— preached a good sermon, but took his money first. In the afternoon he went with his mother to the service. After the sermon was concluded, and the blessing pronounced, he looked up into her face with the inquiry: 'Don't we have to pay?''

Here is another, but not a 'child-story:'

'I HEARD, when I was in Michigan, last summer, a good story. An old darkey, very pious, went out a-fishing with one of the citizens of ——. He was expatiating largely on religious subjects, when he remarked that he had 'been up to Heaven to see the LORD;' and he was giving forth in glowing characters the beauties of that place, and of its glorious inhabitants, when Mr. D —— asked him: 'Well, JOHN, did you see any colored folks there?' 'No, massa: I don't know, for I did n't go into de kitchen!''

'I WAS traversing the southern tier of our counties a short time since; when, overtaken by a storm which had suddenly arisen, I sought shelter in a very comfortable-

looking domicil, possessing much of the 'Old Homestead appearance' we sometimes read of. The family was quite large; and at evening prayers I saw assembled the gray and the flaxen-haired. The eldest of the company, I should judge, had seen at least the third generation of his name; a worthy sire, and one who demanded reverence at first sight. I felt peculiarly awe-stricken when this old man, after reading a chapter in the BIBLE, knelt to offer thanks for the manifold blessings of our common CREATOR. The room would have resounded to the least noise: and all were silent until the final 'Amen!' which was uttered with peculiar emphasis. Hardly had the 'Amen' been uttered, when a bright-eyed urchin suddenly projected his tow-head above the table on the other side of the room, and inquired: 'Grandpa, why don't you say, '*A-women!*' sometimes, when you done praying?' The effect was irresistible.'

'A GENTLEMAN from the South has a bright little colored servant of about ten or twelve years of age, who has a decided fancy for running with the 'PHŒNIX' fire-engine, and which, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, he persists in calling the 'FONICKS.' In endeavoring, one day, to impress upon him the proper pronunciation of the word, the following conversation was held:

'LADY: 'ANDREW why do you keep calling the engine, 'Fonicks?' It's not a 'Fonicks'—it's a Phœnix.

'BOY: 'Miss MA'Y, (for MARY,) it 's a 'Fonicks,' the boys a' sa' so.'

'LADY: 'No, ANDREW, it 's a *Phœnix*. Now see if you can't *say* so.'

'BOY, (*still unconvinced*:) 'But the boys all call it the Fonicks, and it *is* a Fonicks.'

'LADY: 'Now, ANDREW, you 're a gentleman's servant, and you want to talk as gentlemen talk, don't you?'

'BOY: 'Yes, Miss MA'Y.'

'LADY: 'Well, if you will listen to me, I 'll tell you why they call it a Phœnix, and you must always call it so. The PHŒNIX was a bird that arose out of the ashes of the great.'

'BOY, (*with a face expressive of great astonishment*:) 'O Miss MA'Y!'

'LADY: 'Yes: will you remember?'

'BOY, (*with great force and indignation*:) Miss MA'Y, I don't-a-believe that story at all, for here I'se been a-cleanin' the ashes out ob de grate these fo' years, an' *I* neber see no bird rise out ob it.''

'WE are living on the old homestead, and of course have plenty of fruit. We have also two little boys, one in his twelfth and the other in his sixth year; and it is a matter of great strife between them which shall be up soonest in the morning, to gather the finest of the fruit that falls during the night. Their father encourages this in them, as inculcating a habit of early rising, telling them that 'It *is* the early bird that gathers the worms.'

'A few nights since, after hearing my youngest one say his prayers, and putting him nicely to bed, with his good-night kiss, as I was about leaving the room, he called me back, and said: 'Mamma, I *told* dear Heavenly FATHER last night, that if he would make the peaches fall on the ground, I would try and please HIM ever so much; and this morning when I got up, the ground was covered.' And I then remembered that he did come in that morning with his little cap filled. And he was serious in his conviction that it was in answer to his prayer. A beautiful instance of childish faith, was it not?'

''MODER, my little DICKY bird is dead, and I have buried him under the white rose-bush. I cried a little, too, but I could 'nt help it,' said my little curly-headed 'VELTIE,' while, with arms about my neck, he kissed me a 'welcome home,' after an absence of four weeks in the country. I condoled with him in all sincerity for the loss of his little favorite; it was a pet with us all; and assured him as soon as I was rested, he should go with me and point out the spot where he had laid the little warbler. 'Mamma,' he says, 'I guess we could n't find it, for I did n't put any brimstone to his grave!'—meaning tomb-stone.'

'ONE of my own, (a girl of three summers,) making the inquiry relative to what became of a play-mate of hers after death, was replied to by the mother, 'that the *body* returned to dust, and the *soul* to GOD who gave it.' Immediately after, as if a few moments' pondering had originated an unsatisfied idea, she asked: 'Mother, if the bodies of white children return to *dust*, do niggers' bodies return to *mud*?' The maternal side of the house was *mum!*'

'I HAVE two little girls — JENNIE, seven; and ANNIE, five. The former was singing a stanza, the other day, running somehow thus:

— 'THE sun went down
Behind the mountain grey,
And not a single star appeared
To shoot a silver ray:'

when ANNIE remarked: 'Why, JENNIE, may-be the little silver ray did n't *want* to be shooted!'

'JENNIE inherits from me an unmixed horror of cradle-rocking: and during nurse's absence, she performs that ceremony with a very bad grace. Last night she was 'saying her prayers' audibly, and concluded thus: 'Heavenly FATHER, please to make me *love to rock the cradle*, and let every body *go to you, if you please:* Amen!''

'THE other day our little boy saw a 'colored lady' in the house for the first time: after contemplating the strange phenomenon a moment, with his little hands behind him, he went up to her, and looking into her face exclaimed, with a countenance indescribable: '*Why! how dirty you are!*''

'MAMIE was at the dinner-table one day, when her brother came in, after having made a visit to the barber. She laughed, and being asked why, said: 'Budder looks so *new!*' At another time, she showed him her little dress, and said: 'Budder, I wipped my d'ess.' 'You must not say '*wip*' but '*rip*,' said her mother; I don't say wip.' 'Mamma, did n't *you* say wip when you was a little girl?''

'No more at present,' little folk. - - CAPTAIN FOLGER, the present lessee of The '*Seventy-Six*,' *or* '*Major Andre House*' *at Old Tappaan*, has used his pencils to good advantage in literally 'revolution'-izing the memorable edifice. As you enter the west room on the right, facing '*Major Andre's Room*,' on the walls, on each side of the doors, hang the first American flags, used at the outbreak of the Revolution, in festoons, consisting of the '*Pine Tree*,' 'PAUL JONES's '*Rattle-Snake*,' the New-England '*Dissected Snake*,' and PUTNAM's '*Flag of Defiance*,' raised on Dorchester Heights, while the British were occupying Boston. On the opposite side of the room are the American flags. Surrounding each window, tied together in knots against the ceiling, completely surrounding the room, are festoons of flowers, connected by shields, on each of which is emblazoned the name of some one of our revolutionary worthies. At the end of the room where ANDRE's room was formerly situated, is now painted a *fac-simile* of his prison, with its scanty furniture. Directly over the room, festoons of evergreens are hung, joined by knots of crape, making, altogether, a very interesting medley of patriotic scenes and emblems. This is the ball (and sometimes supper) room, where several assemblies have already been held. The bar-room has been similarly cared for: beside which it contains a great variety of revolutionary and other curiosities, which are well worthy inspection. We trust the CAPTAIN may be well supported, in the festive season which is now upon us. He certainly has striven hard to *deserve* success, and we doubt not he will achieve it. - - - A 'DUNCAN's Falls' correspondent, who writes us from Mansfield, Ohio, sends us the following 'Colored Discourse, for 'the entire authenticity of which he vouches without reserve,' having taken it down from the thick lips of the reverend orator himself:'

'MY tex', bruderen and sisteren, will be foun' in de fus' chapter ob Ginesis, and de twenty-seben verse:

'So de LOR make man just like Hese'f.

'Now my bruderen, you see dat in de beginnin' ob de world de LOR' make ADAM. I tole you *how* he make him: He make 'im out ob clay, an' he sot 'im on a board, an' he look at him, an' he say 'Furs-rate;' an' when he get dry, he brethe in 'im de breff of life. He put him in de garden of Eden, and he sot 'im in one corner ob de lot, an' he tole him to eat all de apples, 'ceptin' dem in de middle ob de orchard: dem he wanted for he winter-apples. Byme-bye ADAM he get lonesome. So de LOR' make EBE. I tole you *how* he make her. He gib ADAM lodlom, till he git sound 'sleep: den he gouge a rib out he side, and make EBE: an' he set EBE in de corner ob de garden; an' he tole her to eat all de apples, 'ceptin' dem in de middle ob de orchard: dem he want for winter-apples. Wun day de LOR' go out a bisitin': de debbil come along: he dress hisself in de skin ob de snake, and he find EBE; an' he tole her: 'EBE! why for you no eat de apple in de middle ob de orchard?' EBE say: 'Dem de LOR's winter-apples.' But de debbil say: 'I tole you for to eat dem, case deys de best apples in de orchard.' So EBE eat de apple an' gib ADAM a bite; an' de debbil go away. Byme-by de LOR' come home, an' he miss de winter-apples; an' he call: 'ADAM! you ADAM!' ADAM he lay low: So de LOR' call again: 'You ADAM!' ADAM say: 'Hea! LOR', and de LOR say: 'Who stole de winter-apples?' ADAM tole him he don't know — EBE, he expec'! So de LOR' call: 'EBE!' EBE she lay low: de LOR' call again: 'You EBE!' EBE say: 'Hea! LOR'. De LOR' say: 'Who stole de winter-apples? 'EBE tole him she don't know — ADAM she expec'! So de LOR' cotch 'em boff, and he trow dem ober de fence, an' he told 'em, 'Go work for your libin'!'

Is'nt that *negro*, 'all over?' - - - ORIGINAL to the last, a favorite and unique correspondent — whose *peculiar* 'poetry' has found circulation and imitators in almost every quarter of the country — sends us the following '*Stanzas to Angelina.*' We insert a few verses, to show how little mere beauty has to do with true affection:

'How oft to thee, sweet one-eyed friend,
Must I confess my errors!
Here at thy feet again I bend,
In your prim, tidy little room;
And own I envy one, for whom
Strabismus has no terrors.

'The line of beauty in your nose
Beats HOGARTH's grandest notion;
For his, I think, had but two bows,
But yours has half-a-dozen crooks
To heighten your angelic looks,
And seal my rapt devotion!

'And need I praise thy skinny lips,
Thou well-preserved old angel!
Thou seest my muse but lightly skips
Those wrinkles which, I doubt me not,
Are 'lines of beauty' too, and ought
Not to be deemed a strange ill.

'That sword-like chin I often dream
Is very near another
Owned by myself, and then I seem
To smack by instinct — while the paint
Which I rub off seems like a faint
Impression of — 'My MOTHER!'

'Then take, thou free-gift of the skies,
With bulbous feet so tiny,
Oh! take, before thy lover dies,
His wretched heart, and make it beat
Like your prepost'rous Dutch repeat-
Er, dearest ANGELINA!

JAQUES MAURICE'

What a flattering 'tribute!' - - - Nor a few of our readers, certainly not a few of our friends and contemporaries in the country, but will have seen the counterpart of the amusing incident recorded below, by a new correspondent, 'H. A.,' Jr. *One* kindred occurrence *we* mean to relate, 'when time and space shall serve:'

'TWENTY-FIVE years since, when the rail-road and the telegraph, the two mightiest engines of modern civilization, did not as yet exist even in the imagination, the transmission of the President's message, so eagerly looked for by men of all parties, was a work requiring a far greater expenditure both of time and trouble than at present. Weeks even elapsed before it could be said to have made the circuit of the country. Nevertheless the same spirit of emulation as to which should be the first to spread its contents before their readers, existed among the newspapers of that day as at present.

'The little town of Wimbleton boasted two newspapers, the Wimbleton *Patriot* and the Wimbleton *Banner*. Circumscribed as was the field of their operations, the rivalry between CÆSAR and POMPEY was not carried to a greater pitch than that between Mr. HUGGINS, of the *Patriot*, and Mr. MUGGINS, of the *Banner*. Each exhibited a commendable spirit of enterprise, in being the first to chronicle any important or unimportant item of news, relative to the general or personal interests of Wimbleton and its inhabitants, and the forestalling party was sure to remind its less fortunate competitor of its superiority in such cases.

'For example, the *Patriot* one week devoted half-a-column to a thrilling account of the burning of a window-curtain in the house of the widow STUKELY, and commented at length upon the admirable presence of mind with which the widow succeeded in staying the conflagration. The editorial closed with the remark: 'We presume that our brother of the *Banner*, such is his want of enterprise, is quite unaware that such an important incident has transpired in our midst, and will gain his first knowledge of it from our columns.'

'The next week, however, the *Banner* had its revenge, containing, as it did, the exclusive intelligence of the untimely death of Dr. PATTERSON's cat; that unhappy feline having been (to use the language of the *Banner*) 'accidentally precipitated down the Doctor's well, and thus cut down in the flower of its existence, leaving a family of seven kittens to mourn its unhappy fate.' The *Banner* concluded: 'We have, at great personal trouble, succeeded in gathering all the details of this melancholy disaster, determined to keep far in advance, as we always have done hitherto, of our *slow* neighbor, the *Patriot*.'

'But a more important matter was soon to form a bone of contention between the two rival newspapers.

'The session of Congress had commenced, and the President's message was daily expected. The *Patriot* and the *Banner* were on the *qui vive*, each determined to forestall its opponent.

'At length the *Banner* received information that the message had been received in a city some fifteen miles distant; and the editor, determined on a bold stroke, secured a horse and wagon and posted off, intending to have some five hundred copies struck off at the office of one of the city dailies, headed, 'Wimbleton *Banner*, Extra,' and distributed through the town before the *Patriot* could open its eyes to see what was going on.

'An hour after Mr. MUGGINS' departure, Mr. HUGGINS learned the nature of the *coup d' etat* by which his rival intended to distance him. And was he to sit patiently under it? Not HUGGINS.

''SAM,' said he, calling from his office-door to a boy who was playing marbles across the way, 'come here, I want to speak to you.'

'SAM hitched up his trowsers and went.

''How would you like a ride this morning?' inquired the editor, urbanely.

''Fust rate,' was the reply.

''Then go and harness up the black pony. I want you to go to the city. I will get

a letter ready, and shall want you to wait till afternoon, when perhaps there will be something for you to bring back. But mind, and don't tell any body where you are going.'

'In a trice the black pony was harnessed to a light wagon, and quarter of an hour afterward, SAM was on his way to the city, with a message to one of the city dailies to print off five hundred copies of the message, headed, 'Wimbleton *Patriot*, Extra,' and send them back by SAM forthwith.

'SAM put the black pony to her utmost speed, and succeeded in passing Mr. MUGGINS, who, wholly unconscious of his rival's counterplot, was jogging contentedly along, anticipating with no little glee the discomfiture of HUGGINS.

'SAM's errand sped. By four o'clock that same afternoon, he deposited in the *Patriot* office the bundle of 'extras,' and in less than an hour afterward they were distributed throughout the village.

'Mr. MUGGINS also succeeded in his mission. Thinking, however, that there was no especial need of haste, he did not start on his return to Wimbleton until the next morning.

'At ten o'clock precisely, he reined up in front of the Wimbleton Hotel. Rising slowly in his seat, he displayed in one hand a copy of the '*Banner* Extra,' and swinging his hat aloft in the other, shouted in jubilant tones:

''Three cheers for the President's message!'

'Roused by the shout the landlord made his appearance.

''What are you shouting about the President's message for, you 'tarnal fool?' he ejaculated. 'HUGGINS published it in an 'extra' yesterday afternoon, and every body in town 's read it by this time!'

'Poor MUGGINS! His pride was suddenly and rudely taken down; and without a word he drove down to the river, into which he pitched the whole edition of the '*Banner* Extra,' which he had taken so much pains to issue.

'The Wimbleton *Banner* never got over the shock of its discomfiture. In less than three months the last number was issued, and MUGGINS left town to find a home in the Great West.'

It was high time to 'put out.' - - - 'PUT on your hat at once, and come with me!' said a friendly neighbor the other afternoon, as he burst noiselessly but *very* suddenly into our country sanctum: 'say not a word to Dame KNICK, but come out quietly and instantly, so as not to surprise or frighten her, or any of the family. 'Young KNICK' has taken little E——, (our four-year old 'wee boy') into the carriage, with that spirited horse which stood at your door; the horse has run away with them at an awful speed, around the hill, and down the upper road! We may intercept them!' To the father or mother who may read this, little need be said. May *we* be spared from ever again having such a whirlwind of mental agony as swept by us with that foaming horse, with eyes distended, snorting nostrils, and trailing fragments of harness! On we hurried. Presently, coming to a turn in the road, we met 'Young KNICK,' covered with mud, leading his little brother bare-headed and unharmed — not a scratch, a bruise, or a wound upon either of them! The first had been thrown head-long from the vehicle, as it struck a way-side tree; the other little fellow remained in the carriage until it was turned completely bottom-side up; at which time the horse liberated himself from it; and when first seen emerging from under the wheels, he said: 'LOU-LU, was n't *that* a nice ride?' And pointing to the horse, as he was rushing away, he added:

'THAT 's the way the money goes —
POP! goes the weasel!'

How can we describe our emotions? — the change from fear and despair to the light and life of a joyous reality? This may be considered as scarcely worth the telling: but the fact is, little E —— is a 'great boy,' if he *is* small. On a recent bitter-cold night — it could n't have been colder if the thermometer had been as long as a spy-glass — as he was lying in bed, and putting his arms round his father's neck, and snuggling up to him, the 'old gentleman' remarked: 'That is right, little boy — cuddle up close, and we 'll be as warm, and 'as snug as a bug in a rug.' 'Yes, fàder,' he said, 'We 'll be as warm as *two* bugs in *two* rugs.' Mathematics, of this exalted type, is rare in one so very young. A bank-presidency or cashiership will doubtless be his ultimate destination. - - - READER, *purchase* the following book:

VILLAGE AND FARM COTTAGES: THE REQUIREMENTS OF AMERICAN VILLAGE HOMES considered and suggested: with Designs for such Houses, of Moderate Cost. By HENRY W. CLEAVELAND, WILLIAM BACKUS, and SAMUEL D. BACKUS. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

PRECISELY such a work as was very much wanted, and one of the most admirably executed books of its class we have ever seen. It is printed in the very best manner, upon paper of the finest color and texture, and illustrated with one hundred good engravings. We are glad to see the work so cordially welcomed, and can safely predict for it a wide sale. It is 'the very thing' for that numerous class who cannot afford to build expensive houses; for it shows how a charming home-mansion, tasteful and beautiful to the eye, and abounding with interior comforts, and pleasant surroundings, may be secured at a comparatively small cost. We have representations of some two dozen cottages and farm-houses, of various size, accommodation, and style, ranging in estimated cost, from six hundred to three thousand dollars. These humble elevations are, for the most part, simple and graceful; tastefully set off with accompaniments of shrub and tree, and show how beautiful rural cottages may and ought to become. The floor plans and sections show that the attention given to the internal arrangements has been most careful and judicious. To make communication easy between the rooms, and yet to insure privacy and seclusion; to facilitate the work of a household with few or no servants; to make the little abode pleasant to its inmates and inviting to friends, is the evident, and, we think, the successful intent of the authors. Working plans and printed specifications for each house can be had at a trifling cost, upon application to the architects. This is a novel feature in architectural publications, and a very judicious one. 'The book contains many useful remarks, and truly practical hints. Any person about to build may read with profit the sections on the choice of a lot, on the adoption of a plan, on painting, on our forest timbers, and on the application of principles to details.' - - - Is 'NT the following intensely *French*? It is a copy of a letter received by one of our mercantile houses from an indignant Frenchman, to whom they had refused to sell a bill of goods on time. We find it in the '*Express*' daily journal:

'GENTLEMENS: We have receive one polite note of you to say that you have refuse to sell to us of the Goods. We have much of sorrow, gentlemens, that you have refuse, for by it you have lose one elegant customer, and many thousand dollar in profit. You have not inquire in the right places about our responsibilité. You have inquire of *miserables* who have the jealousy of our *grands* respectabilite, and who have the desire

that we shall be as contemptable as they. You shall to us tell who they are, and we shall pull the nez and use of the cowhide against them. We have gentlemens of great respectabilite, as you shall see. One of my partner has since long time been one director in the Merchants Bank, and the other is always a very rich man. We write this note at you for to show, that you have much lost by to refuse to sell to us of the Goods, and we have the desire of you to satisfy that we have of responsibilité very much. We have *beau coup* of sorrow for you, gentlemens, that you have lose one *splendid* customer, but you have the fault, not we. If you had ask in the right places you would have find that which we said to be not no lie. The Goods that we shall now want we shall buy at other gentlemens who have not the fear of to get cheated. With much of respect,' etc.

A perfect *caricature* of good English. - - - THANKS to our Massachusetts 'friend,' 'W. S. S.' for his correspondence and his *designation*. We accept both with pleasure. He writes — after a few words which we beg him to believe we cordially appreciate — as follows: "*A Good Thing*' is not properly before the people, and fittingly chronicled, unless it first appears in the KNICKERBOCKER: I send you, therefore, the following, which was 'quit-claimed' to me a few evenings since by the Rev. Dr. O——D, a venerable and venerated clergyman of this city, himself a man after your own heart, in his keen appreciation of an '*humorosity*,' and whose 'good things' *said*, are only exceeded by his good things *done*, during a life of over seventy years. Not long since, as he, like the conundrumical turkey aforetime mentioned in your pages, was 'going *round, doing good*,' he called upon 'one sick;' a man who, although long a resident within the reverend Doctor's precincts, had but rarely come under the fertilizing effects of the 'droppings of the sanctuary.' He was a *very* sick man: and Dr. O——D, after conversing with and exhorting him in his usual fervid and impressive manner, proposed to pray with him. No objection being made, he proceeded to offer up a feeling petition in his behalf. In the course of his fervid supplication, he prayed that the sick man might be brought to see the error of his ways, and (*inter alia*) that he might have a '*new heart*.' At *this* point of the ceremony the invalid interposed: 'Stop! stop! Dr. O——D! You're all *wrong!* There an't any thing the matter with my *heart;* that's all *right enough!* It's my *liver* that's ailin'!' This anecdote is entirely true, in every respect. SYDNEY SMITH, therefore, may talk as he please concerning the matter-of-fact conceptions of the Scotch: but is there any thing extant in the 'Land o' Cakes,' that can exceed this *very* important misconception? - - - WHAT a work is *Irving's Life of Washington!* Who can explain the mystery of style? Here it is half-past-one o'clock in the morning, and yet we could *not* lay down the volume till we had finished it. We shall have somewhat to say of it in our next. Our friend Mr. C. T. EVANS, Commission Bookseller, at Number 18 GILSEY Building, corner of Courtlandt-street and Broadway, is the General Agent for the sale of the work in the State of New-York. - - - FOR the last ten days, in town and country, every body has been half-freezing to death, or weather-bound by heaped-up drifts, or wastes of snow. And now comes 'E. M.,' our clerk of the weather, at Brooklyn-Heights, to say that we have had 'a cold term;' that he has had a '*frigorific* current,' and that his 'flag-staff was bent *exceedingly much!*' (See '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal of this date, January the fifteenth.) When does the next *Humbugeous Term* begin? What say the 'librations' on the 'WIRES?' - - - WE don't know of any body who could have written the following, except it might be the writer's brother,

the long, light, fairy fabric of his pencil-handles, of cedar: and 'unto ourself we said:' '*That* is the pen-handle we have long sought. Now for the *real* pen — the quill-pen!' Weeks have since gone by — yet nothing but a noiseless quill-pen glides over our 'slips' for the printer. No sputtering — no splashing — no blacking of fingers'-ends, since the grateful present of disabled pencil-holders from our preëminent American portrait-painter. Pen-mending, when required, is a delight. It is an agreeable interruption, and always comes at a time when you have written enough to pause, and 'mend your hand.' It is as good as stopping to read. - - - RIGHT well pleased are we to see the elevation of SAMUEL B. WOOLWORTH, Esq., to the Secretaryship of the Board of Regents of our State Normal School, of which he has been for a long time the capable and popular Principal. A fine scholar, an excellent preceptor, a true gentleman, a warm-hearted friend, under whose instructions we sat, in our earlier academic days, (in common with many more fortunate fellow-students, not now unknown to fame,) we cannot resist an impulse — born of reminiscences which go back to pregnant instruction and pleasant hours — to say how much, in our long-settled judgment, the State has gained by such an addition to her educational force.

'THE PRISONS OF WELTEVREDEN,' ETC., BY CAPTAIN GIBSON. — Mr. J. C. RIKER, one of our well-known publishers, at Number 129 Fulton-street, has issued a very handsome volume, illustrated by some forty wood-cuts, from original sketches by the author, entitled the '*The Prisons of Weltevreden, and a Glance at the East-Indian Archipelago.*' It may be said of the pictorial portions of the work, that they claim to be literal and truthful descriptions of the characters and costumes of Java and Sumatra:

'CAPTAIN GIBSON'S volume embraces some mention of early influences, which led the author to adventure in the East; his voyage thither in his own vessel, the 'Flirt,' visiting many small islands but little known in the South-Atlantic and Indian Oceans; his arrival in the Malayan Archipelago, and sojourn in the interior of Sumatra, where he saw apparent evidences of semi-human beings and became acquainted with princes and nobles of the island, and their families; visiting them at their homes and partaking of their hospitality, studying their literature, and observing their religion, laws, customs, and social habits, as peculiar to the Malay race, and as affected by European influences; and forming intimate friendly relations; which were interrupted by the jealousy of Dutch officials, causing his arrest, the seizure of his vessel, his confinement in the prison of Weltevreden, in the island of Java, where he remained one year and a half, undergoing a most extraordinary prosecution at the hands of the government of Netherland India. The grand-daughter of a Sumatran prince befriended him there, and he had, within his prison-cell, a most interesting experience of Malay and Javanese character; meeting with a heroism of devotion bordering upon the regions of romance — which brightened many prison hours, and finally enabled him, when his life was in danger, to effect his escape.

'The romantic beauty and poetic life of Indian isles are arrayed in the vesture of Eastern story; while the graver facts of the country's resources, and of European influence and dominion, are set forth in more sober garb. But facts alone are presented, and are all but a small portion of what might be said about isles and races so little known to this Western world; about weak and worthless princes, and simple, heroic women; about climes of perpetual spring, lands of unfading verdure, rocks seamed with gold, groves filled with spices, and an unsurpassed beauty and bounty of Nature everywhere.

'New and interesting prospects in the future destiny of the East-Indian Archipelago are opened up for the contemplation of the Christian philosopher and statesman.'

'THE OLD PLAY-GROUND,' is the taking title of quite a pretty song, just published by FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, the words by EDWARD I. ALLEN, and the music by I. DE RUYME. 'Any body' could sing it and play the accompaniment — and *almost* any body would like it. The music is suited for a tenor or baritone, but is not beyond the compass of most base voices. A 'hypercritic' once complained of the exquisite '*Ben Bolt*,' that its rhythmical structure was imperfect, some of the lines not being full, while others were redundant. Yet who does not think the song, when *sung*, all the better for these defects? The same fault might perhaps be found with the song before us; and a similar defence of it made.

'HOME COMFORTS,' is the title of a very useful book, published by BUNCE AND BROTHER, Nassau-street, New-York.

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'Those familiar with the Editor's monthly 'Gossip with his readers, have doubtless, with ourselves, admired the perennial source of its pleasant wit and jocundness. In this number 'The Gossip' holds on its way like some [illegible] sporting in the sunshine of a May morning. We used to wonder how Mr. CLARK could [illegible] keeping he must certainly 'know knews' in the coming number; but this number gives no sign of exhaustion.—*National Intelligencer, Washington.*

'Pleasant, genial, delightful 'Old Knick.' Thy name is a suggestion of all things desirable; the sight of [illegible] modest, fresh cover, a balm to spiritual sore eyes; a glance within thee, and antidote to the blues. Thou hast [illegible] to kindly humor, to genial delineation, and to side-splitting fun, a 'head publication,' without which they might [illegible] wandering over the domain of letters, calling now and then where a friendly door opened to them but refusing to be [illegible] comforted for the loss of their old dear home.—*Courier, Burlington Vt.*

'The great care evinced in the selection of articles that adorn its pages, is a sufficient guaranty that no contribution [illegible] meets the eye of the reader but those which are known to be worthy of his perusal. When storms and wild tempests [illegible] are sweeping o'er our hill-side village in these chill winter hours, and all is drear and desolate without, we can [illegible] more agreeable companion than the 'KNICKERBOCKER;' for while its contents impart valuable information, the [illegible] digestive will act a sovereign specific for all the of the blues or attacks of the horrors, and time passes merrily on.'—*Democrat, Doylestown, Pa.*

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EDITED BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK.

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Since the price of subscription has been reduced from FIVE to THREE DOLLARS a year, the circulation of the KNICKERBOCKER has been increased nearly four to one. In many places ten are sold where there was but one before, and through the year it has been steadily increasing. It is now offered as cheap as any of the Magazines, all things considered. Instead of making new and prodigious promises, we submit a few extracts from notices of late numbers, which we might extend to a number of pages.

'Those familiar with the Editor's monthly 'Gossip with his readers, have doubtless, with ourselves, admired the perennial source of its pleasant wit and joyousness. In this number 'The Gossip' holds on its way like some old rivulet glancing and dancing in the sunshine of a May morning. We want to wonder how Mr. CLARK will out-do, or rather as must certainly 'know brows' in the coming number; but this number gives no sign of exhaustion.—*National Intelligencer, Washington.*

'Pleasant, genial, delightful 'Old KNICK.!' Thy name is a suggestion of all things delectable; for thrice welcome, fresh every, a balm to spiritual sore eyes; a glance within thee, and antidote to the blues. Thou hast given to kindly humor, to piquant delineation, and to side-splitting fun, a 'local habitation,' without which they might be wandering over the domain of letters, calling now and then waves a friendly down opened to them, and refusing to be entertained for the loss of their old dear home.'—*Courier, Burlington, Vt.*

'The great care evinced in the selection of articles that adorn its pages, is a sufficient guaranty that no uninteresting meets the eye of the reader but those which are known to be worthy of his perusal. When storms and wild tempests are sweeping o'er our hill-side village in these chill winter hours, and all is drear and desolate without, we ask for no more agreeable companion than the 'KNICKERBOCKER;' for while its contents impart valuable information, its editorial Ægeanian will are a sovereign specific for all the ills of the blues or attacks of the horrors, and thus passes merrily and *Democrat, Doylestown, Pa.*

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The contents of the Knickerbocker are so varied, that almost every one will find something in its pages to please him—to instruct and amuse. The articles are marked by the highest order of merit, and is a true source of pleasure have found nothing in this work to which the most fastidious could object. It is a work which should be on centre table of every family.—*Knoxville Times.*

Rev. F. W. SHELTON, Author of Letters from Up the River, etc., will be a regular contributor.

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XLVII. MARCH, 1856. NO. 3.

OLD HABITS COMPARED WITH NEW.

To a person who, like the writer, can look back upon more than threescore and ten years of intelligent existence, it is amusing if not instructive — and may be both to others — to recall the changes in the habits, manners, and conveniences of social life he has witnessed within that period.

If, among habits, we include 'the fashions,' the alterations, or rather alternations, will be found much greater than in either of the other classes. But before exhibiting them, it may be as well to generalize the term, and notice some of those customs of society which, next to fashions, have undergone the greatest oscillations, and, like comets still in their aphelion, may return before the sun sets upon the present generation. One of these prevailed once in Denmark, where it was denounced by the Prince-philosopher of that ancient kingdom, as 'more honored in the breach than in the observance.' The present age deserves no greater credit for any thing than for its improvement in the particular which called forth the animadversion of Hamlet. When I was a young man — and I was told it was so earlier — it was only by a resolute exertion of self-denial and resistance to temptation that a guest could escape sober from a dinner-party. Nor was the difficulty peculiar to parties consisting wholly of young men; nor to those composed of the young and the old together; for many who were 'old enough to know better,' were apt to indulge in greater excesses than those who were young enough to call them fathers. Some of these grave and reverend seniors, were renowned as three, or even five-bottle men, especially two wine-merchants of the same name, as well as of the same trade, who, if they agreed in nothing else, agreed in setting the same example to their customers.

These bibulous heroes, however, though Irishmen, were excelled by a certain Scotch peer, who held a military command in Canada during the war of 1812. Upon the restoration of peace, this doubly-redoubtable hero visited New-York, and shortly after his arrival was invited to

dine by one of the most famous of our Amphytrions, and in honor of the occasion carried off the contents of six bottles under his belt; but, by way of apology, declared that he had never *tasted* such Madeira before! The reformation in this respect is to be ascribed to the general refinement of the sentiments and manners of the community, and to the example of temperate, not temperance-men.

Connected with this excess was the fashion of challenging each other during the repast to 'take wine,' and this repeatedly, till the circle of the table had been completed. Thus, at large parties, the weak heads were endangered before the cloth was removed. Nor was this practice confined to the gentlemen, except as challengers. Where ladies were of the party, the invitation was, in preference and politeness, given to them, and readily accepted; but not as promptly as by the ladies in Dublin, of whom it is reported that if a gentleman looked at one, she would answer, 'Port, Sir, if you please.'

Then again, at the dessert, toasts were given, and an opportunity thus afforded to both belles and beaux, of proposing the health of their favorites; while statesmen and politicians availed themselves of it, to honor their associates and leaders. A memorable instance of this kind occurred at the table of the elder President Adams, where Governeur Morris, then a senator in Congress from this State, was among the invited. It was at the time of the feud existing between the President and General Hamilton, arising from the animadversions of the latter upon the sudden and disgraceful compromise of our differences with the French Republic. Mr. Morris was called on by Mrs. Adams for a toast. 'Madam,' said he, 'I will give you the health of my friend Hamilton.' The lady indignantly replied: 'Sir, that is a toast never drank at this table.' 'Suppose then, Madam,' was the cool rejoinder, 'we drink it now for the first time.' 'Mr. Morris!' exclaimed the excited hostess, 'if you persist, I shall invite the ladies to withdraw.' 'Perhaps,' retorted the imperturbable Senator, 'it is time for them to retire.' The signal was given, and as the ladies rose in obedience to it, the Senator sprang from his seat, and stumped upon his wooden leg to the door, threw it wide open, and with his constitutional effrontery fairly bowed Mrs. Adams and her ladies out of the room.

After his retirement from public life, Mr. Morris, so long as he remained a bachelor, dispensed a liberal hospitality at his seat at Morrisania. He was noted for the excellence of his *cuisine*, and for the quality of his French and German wines, not less than for other luxuries which, as a Sybarite, he indulged in, as well as for the splendor of his whole establishment. With a generosity and discrimination not very common among his contemporaries, he sometimes extended his dinner-invitations to 'rising young men.' Whether falling within that category or not, I happened to be present at one of these parties, when my neighbor at table, who was addicted to smoking, inquired of the host, by way of hint for the introduction of segars, 'whether the gentlemen in France,' (where Mr. Morris had been Minister,) 'ever smoked!' '*Gentlemen* smoke nowhere,' was the curt and emphatic answer.

From the *habits* of convivial life, the transition is natural to those which adorn or disfigure the person; and in these the contrast, if not

the improvement, is greater than in the former. I am old enough to remember the reign of cocked hats, and embroidered clothes among the men, and of hoops, stays, stomachers, and towering head-dresses among the women. The first three were decidedly graceful, and imparted an air of dignity to the person, even where nature had denied it. But it is wonderful that any taste not corrupted by fashion, could be reconciled to the preposterous head-castles of the women, or to the *queues* and *toupées* of the men. My father's suits of blue and silver, claret and gold, or plain black velvet, with swords to match, seemed to atone for his frizzed and powdered hair, gathered in a silken bag, or bound in ribbon, hanging like a tail behind; but I never could endure the high coiffure of my mother, especially when she was compelled to have it built up the day before a City Assembly, or grand private party, and consequently to pass the night with what sleep she could get in an easy-chair. This absurd fashion, however, was not a modern invention; but was known at Rome in the time of Juvenal, whose satire it provoked:

> *'Tot premit ordinibus, tot ad hæc compagibus altum,*
> *Ædificavit caput; Andromachen a fronte videbis;*
> *Post minor est.'*

Diluted thus in Dryden's translation:

> 'With curls on curls they build the head before,
> And mount it with a formidable tower:
> A giantess she seems; but look behind,
> And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.'

This monstrosity was revived in France under Louis XIV., whence, of course, it travelled to England, where it attained its height in the reign of Queen Anne, and was ridiculed with the delicate tact and refined humor of Addison, in the 'Spectator.' This extinguished it for a time. Upon its reäppearance in the reign of George the Second, it was attacked, among other modes, by a caricature, representing a victim under the hands of a hair-dresser, constructing the edifice from the top of a step-ladder.

The inconvenience attending this fashion was met subsequently by the substitution of *wigs*, introduced, no doubt, for the relief of those unfortunate dames who were shorn of their natural curls, or whose tresses had been bleached by time; but eventually adopted by those who, possessing a sufficient quantity of both, were desirous of avoiding the pain and tedium incident to the rearing of the pile, with combs and curling-tongs, securing it with pins and pomatum, and ornamenting it with powder, feathers, gauze, and jewels.

Against stays and hoops I shall venture to say nothing, as they have reäppeared with some improvement. The old fabric of kid and whalebone has given place to more pliable materials, and to a more natural shape of the *corsage*, which is not cut in front as low as its predecessor; although, by way of compensation, it is reduced to a lower depth behind, where, however, the exposure is modest compared with the exhibition made *before*. The revival of the inner buttress of the petticoats is confined, as yet, to the bell-hoop — which may be suffered to

pass without censure, except as a globular superfluity, swelling the diameter of the person beyond reasonable and convenient bounds Should it, however, expand to the dimensions of the '*old Court*'-*hoop*, which extended at right-angles to the boddice, as far as the tips of the fingers could reach, it would deserve what, as long as it was or shall be the fashion, it never did or will receive, the severest denunciation of the admirers of female grace and elegance.

Among other nominal reforms, the first French Revolution abolished not only hoops, but the less dispensable article of petticoats, at least all but a single one; and our belles were not ashamed to parade the streets in a costume so transparent as to display their *shapes* almost as plainly, but not always so advantageously, as those of the model-artists of these latter days. Stays and stomachers were also abandoned, and even *waists;* for, following the same revolutionary example, nothing was left to confine the robe to the body but a narrow belt or ribbon, dignified, according to the affectation then in vogue, by the Roman name of *cestus*. This cincture clasped the form as nearly under the arms as the natural ornaments of the bust would admit. The French pattern, like all their innovations, was an exaggerated imitation of the statues of classic antiquity, and our second-hand copy of the fashion was, as usual in similar cases, exaggerated from the French.

With the decay of our national sympathy with the Jacobins of France, the influence of her fashions declined; and the insolence of Citizen Genet, and his consequent dismissal as Minister from the French Republic, contributed materially to destroy it. It was not, however, until the familiars of the secret diplomacy of the French Directory had attempted to tamper with our Envoys in Paris, that short waists and scant petticoats were repudiated. The reform, however, was gradual: and it was only within the last ten years that their fashion assumed its present form. There existed formerly a mysterious appendage to the person too conspicuous to escape notice, of which the ecclesiastical nomenclature must have been derived, previously to reversing its position, from its having been fathered upon some *bishop*, who, perhaps, was *suspended* on that very account; while the name more recently attached to it may have had the same origin, from the *bustle* either exhibited or produced by the same or some other prelate. Be this as it may, as in natural cases, *cessante causa, cessat et effectum*, so let this artificial protuberance be abated also.

'*Revenons a nos*' *tetes de* '*moutons*'—wigs worn by men. Without attempting to trace their genealogy beyond their immediate ancestors, the *perruques*, pass we at once to their descendants, as they branched off into three-tail, bob-tail, or no-tail, whether with or without tye-club, queue, or curls—from the full-bottomed buzz wig of the Doctor of Divinity, to the smug caxon sported by his coachman; in one or the other form they were, within my memory, worn almost universally by grave and reverend seniors of every profession and trade. The stupendous fabric of horse-hair which towered upon the head of Bishop Provoost, upon his return from his consecration in England, might have been the prototype of the more celebrated wig of the more celebrated Doctor Parr: yet was it rivalled by those of Doctor Livingston of the

Dutch Reformed, and Doctor Rodgers of the Presbyterian, Churches. But these good men all had smaller ones for ordinary occasions, resembling the secular pattern worn generally with powder by elderly gentlemen of the laity; while the younger members of society were content with their natural locks, if sufficiently disfigured by frizzing in front, and curled, or expanded into *ailes de pigeon* at the side, terminating behind with a club or a queue, or platted and turned up in military style, the whole scented, pomatumed, and frosted with powder. In process of time the club was banished, and long queues reduced to short ones, yclept *codicils*. But at length the whole apparatus exploded, and was succeeded by the natural hair, or its counterfeit, the Brutus wig — the solitary improvement resulting from the French Revolution, and still patronized, as well as its epitome, the *scratch*, by *ci-devant jeunes hommes* of all nations.

The out-door covering for the head at the commencement of the period in question, was a *cocked* or three-cornered hat worn universally by the men. The round hat, in nearly its present form, was confined to youth; though there was an exception in a school-fellow of my own, who made his appearance among us, upon his arrival from England, where he was born, in a cocked-hat, swallow-tailed coat, and knee-breeches — the usual dress at that time of the English youth, but cast off in the Provinces by Young America. This oldest of the friends of my youth is the veritable last of the cocked-hats. Shoes and stockings were worn by old and young, with buckles in the shoes, and at the knee-bands. Boots were monopolized by the military, with a dispensation in favor of civilians who rode on horse-back.

The 'customary suit of solemn black,' now so universal, was appropriated exclusively to mourning, and by the clergy; although considered the proper garb also of the other learned professions, and full dress for all. Frock-coats and pantaloons, with half-boots, came in with the French Revolution. But small-clothes, or shorts, were by no means superseded. Although slily appropriated by the other sex, they were still retained for masculine attire nearly to the present day, of satin, silk, or cassimere for full dress, and of doe-skin or corduroy for riding, with top-boots, such as of late are chiefly confined to grooms and '*sporting 'gents.*' Strings were first substituted for buckles by the Girondists in France, as commemorated by Canning in his anti-Jacobin poem of the 'New Morality,' where he sneers at 'Roland the Just, with ribbons in his shoes.'

The long cravat, or scarf, of Mecklin lace, or of cambric — such as are seen in Kneller's or Lely's portraits — was followed by stocks of the latter material; and these, by neckerchiefs of white muslin. The shirt was adorned with frills and ruffles of some of those fabrics, and both its standing and over-lapping collars appeared before the pleated bosom, introduced latterly, with the revival of the black stock and neckerchief, worn at first only by the military. The trowsers, once peculiar to seafaring men, were adopted for convenience by the Duke of Wellington and his officers in the Peninsular war, and have since become common to all classes. Cloaks, also, were originally a part of the military cos

tume, while the pelisse was the wear of civilians; and neither have been entirely superseded by more modern inventions. Watch-coats, whose name indicates their origin, were not long confined to the 'sleepy guardians of the night,' but, with the addition of many capes, were adopted first by coachmen, and then by *amateur* Jehus.

The independence of the South-American Provinces was the forerunner of another revolution in over-coats. The opening of their trade furnished the material in sufficient abundance for the manufacture of India-rubber garments and over-shoes. Hitherto this article had been imported through Spain and Portugal, in the shape of small pottles, and used for little other purpose than erasing pencil-marks. Among the various articles now made of it is the *Mackintosh*, so called from the inventor, which, as a top-coat, has been succeeded by the other foreign varieties of *sacques*, *paletots*, and *ponchos*.

Passing from costume to the toilet-table and its accoutrements, the chief modern acquisition is the *attar* of roses, imported by our navy officers, in the early part of the century, from the Mediterranean. Great improvements have within that period been made in the composition and mode of applying a certain mysterious cosmetic, the use of which *should* heighten the complexions of our belles.

The disuse of powder gave birth to the hair-brush, followed by a similar instrument for the *digital extremities:* that for the teeth had, fortunately, long preceded both.

In the habitations of our contemporaries are to be found greater improvements than in the adornment of their persons. Not only have architectural beauty and convenience, both without and within, in regard to materials, as well as form, been consulted and studied; but a better taste prevails in furniture and other interior embellishments. In respect to these last, perhaps the fault lies in their too great accumulation, in many instances crowding the apartment to the hazard of injuring a costly article, or breaking one's shins. The increased supply of coal, and the improvement in grates and stoves, have added much to domestic comfort in parlor, kitchen, and hall: and the introduction of the Croton-water into our houses affords not merely a culinary convenience, but a luxury in its liberal use, especially in that great preservative of health, the bath.

It would be well, however, if this were the only luxury resulting from the progress of improvement. It is, perhaps, to be feared that the multiplication of the means of physical enjoyment may lead to their abuse; the accumulation of wealth to extravagance in its use; and sensuous pleasures to moral and intellectual degradation. There are, however, signal examples to the contrary. Some of our splendid mansions contain collections of books, pictures, and other works of art, which illustrate the cultivation of their owners. But these, unfortunately, are exceptional cases.

The introduction of the steam-power, and engine, and their application to vessels and vehicles, with the more wonderful inventions of the magnetic telegraph, daguerreotypes, etc., I leave to your scientific correspondents, being myself but plain

ABRAHAM ELDERLY.

'THE DELUGE' OF THE EDITOR.

MR. L. G. CLARK:

DEAR SIR:

WHEN I was but 'a bit of a boy,'
Hard lessons little heeding,
I found a flowing flood of joy
In KNICKERBOCKER reading.

First, IRVING, with his perfect page,
(Our Koh-i-noor of writing)
Quick with youth, but wise as age,
And beauty never slighting,
Came floating by, and swept along,
And flowed and still is flowing;
Stolen off by others into song,
And bubbled by their blowing.

Then BRYANT, with his solemn stride,
Rehearsing to the Future,
Moved slowly on at even-tide,
In deep commune with Nature.

Then PERCIVAL, whose name not yet
Is great as Time shall make it,
Strewed moral flowers, still dewy-wet,
Or stripped a vice stark-naked.

Then WILLIS, like a wayside bee,
Twixt saddening sorrow-showers,
Hummed mournful round the willow-tree,
Or sported 'mid the flowers.

Then tearin', tidy TEDDY POWER!
Och, murther! how I laughed,
And rolled about upon the floor
Till people thought me daft!
Sure, POWER was e'en a funny blade,
LORD rest his joyous sowl!
Och, wirra! 'twas a *sorry* spade,
Which dug *that* narrow howl!

Then CONRAD martial music blew,
(An organ-rolling verse,)
To numbers and to virtue true,
Strong, musical, and terse.

And HOSMER mused with moving feet,
Down syllables of song,
Like one who hurries in the street,
Yet thinks among the throng.

And happy HOLMES, who takes the step,
That never fails to tickle us,
In stepping down or stepping up,
Sublimely or ridiculous.

Then DONALD MITCHELL! *Marvel*-ous dream,
Flowing full of solace;
Laughing like a summer-stream,
Washing like Pactolus.

And HALLECK! I am glad that I
Have read some lines of thine,
Which ever, like a May-morn sky,
Come o'er this earth of mine.

Of MORRIS I have this to say,
His song is now *my own*;
EXCEPT I whistle, sing, or play,
I'll let *that tree* alone.

•

Ho! ho! JOHN G. SAXE! whose rhyming ride
Jingled and jolted poor Miss MCBRIDE,
As he sat and drove by that lady's side,
In a curious car of fiction;
Or *punched* his team with a pointed pun,
Till panting Pegasus took to a run
Of double-dealing diction.
If SAXE had only opened his eyes
At first, where the *Indus* takes its rise,
'Neath far-off Eastern India skies,
The country of the *Pun*-jaub;
He might have popped his puns about,
And punned the Pundits into a pout,
For patience has but *one* Job.

LELAND! whose home is a Dutch resort,
Or long Dutch oath by way of retort,
'A fellow of infinite jest' and sport,
And wit exceedingly quick
In galloping rhyme, that halts betime,
I'll bet $2.00 against a dime,
That CHARLES G. LELAND 's a Brick.

And TAYLOR! strolling round the world,
Seeking sights and sayings,
Goes with his banner all unfurled,
In spite of critic brayings.
That eye severe, that Roman nose,
Doth indicate the Norman,
Whose nature ever onward goes,
In citizen or war-man.

Where 'La Belle Rivière's water gleams,
Through forest-painted shadows,
Coaxing down her hundred streams
From wood-lands wild and meadows—
Still growing; onward winds along
Around the 'dark and bloody ground,'
Where PRENTICE tunes his fiery song,
Illuming all the West around;
Bearing the light for one whose might
Shall come, as Mississippi does,
From some lone fountain out of sight,
To gather every flood that flows,

And mix them all in one assay
Of song, beneath his wise control,
And pour them through the waiting sea —
The grand, great gulf of Western soul.

In the furthest Yankee State,
With its turpentine and *tar*-ing,
Where the pines and fish are great,
And the Liquor law of late
Seems to make no little warring;
There Dame FREEDOM took a notion
In the Autumn ripe and mellow,
Near the Atlantic Ocean,
And with woman's gentle motion
Summoned she our own LONGFELLOW.
Mine own scholar,' said our mother,
'This is but a land echoing
From this ocean to the other;
Each lone poet to his brother
Blows a reed of foreign growing.
Take this alder, growing *here*,
Punch the pith out, form and tune it;
Blow a blast, and I will hear;
Aye! 't is well: it suits *my* ear.
Hiawatha! thou hast done it.'

CURTIS! like a musing owl,
Broods o'er the ruined shrines
Of Truth and Love — those twins of soul —
And 'mid the poison vines
That with their gilded fingers
Climb the temple of the mind,
He sits, and gloats, and lingers,
Hooting warnings down the wind,
Warnings to ambitious youth,
Not to live alone for self,
Not to crush his love and truth
'Neath the Juggernaut of pelf.

And COZZENS! like a country boy
When first his time 's his own,
Seeks fun and frolic, wo and joy,
At every place in town;
In 'shooting follies as they fly,'
He seldom lets an arrow pass,
But twangs away with truest eye
From among his *Sparrowgrass*.

ALL THESE I have read, until really my head
Is full as a sailor's locker,
With a great many more I cannot name o'er
Who flourished in KNICKERBOCKER.

I've sat at the 'EDITOR'S TABLE' oft,
Like HORNER at his pie,
And stared and ate, or rather stuffed,
And laughing loud and high —
(You know HORNER! don't you? JOHNNY!
JOHNNY HORNER of our youth,
When our Christmas days were funny,
And we took the world for truth.)

Thus KNICKERBOCKER got into my head,
And turned my brains about,
I'll write some rhymes, to myself I said,
And strive to get them out.

And the inclosed are the rhymes to which I refer. It is a work of supererogation to tell you that it would tickle the 'dull auricular drum' of my vanity to hear you say that you will print them in the KNICKERBOCKER, so that, if death come not shortly, they may carve upon my humble tomb:

'HE, TOO, WAS A KNICKERBOCKER.'

In glorious anticipation of your answer and my gratification, I lean forward in my chair, extend my hand and raise my eyes to the ceiling, (that being, as I understand, the most approved method of appealing to immortality,) and in a proudly-pathetic voice I exclaim: 'He too was a Knickerbocker!' Yours truly, J. W. GALLY.

December 12th, 1855, *Zanesville, (Ohio.)*

MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER ELEVENTH.

THE least streak of gray was discernible in the eastern horizon, when the throbbing beat of the reveillé aroused the sleepers.

Hobbling to a window, I peeped out, half-uncertain of my whereabouts. The diagram, still but faintly visible in the *crepusculum*, greatly aided my recollection of the preceding day, and accounted for my premature though temporary decrepitude. There was the garita, whence the receivers of customs had been scourged to make room for the military; down the street the other way was the spot where my best uniform had been spoiled by the same discharge that brought a heap of masonry on my head, and my humble self unceremoniously to the ground; and to give the picture its essential filling-in, there were many disanimated forms lying just as they fell. So far, so good. The interior of the apartment that had sheltered me for the night was garnished with bricks and mortar, furniture, finery, and fixings, all smashed and crushed into incongruous heaps; and there, too, was the mattress which the wounded man and myself had jointly occupied. I had thrown myself down without removing either belt or boot; and therefore my toilet was the sooner made.

A renewal of hostilities was not expected; for about mid-night the civic authorities — whose deliberations had been hastened by the bomb-shells that dropped in upon them — sent a flag of truce and a formal capitulation of the city; and, soon after day-break, our decimated 'bar-

barians of the north' were to march in and take full possession. All the men who had not been on duty in the night now crept out of their various lodgings as fast as stiffened joints would permit; and between regaling themselves, and brightening their accoutrements for the grand *entrée*, they were fully employed.

It did not require from my new resident acquaintance, Mr. M——, a very pressing invitation for me to breakfast with his family. He saw me passing his house, and cordially invited me to the matin meal, just as I intended — he had two such pretty daughters! While preparations for the consummation of that desirable object were progressing, a son of mine host and myself strolled through the garden belonging to the premises. Land of poetry and romance, indeed. But a few hours before that, choking with smoke and dust, and deafened by cannonading; now, forsooth, culling a bouquet of flowers; and soon after to be listening to the pleasant voice of one who interpreted a language more touching and elegant than that of sound. This is how it came about.

Three female figures sprang up in the path, as if to claim the attentions of a rough knight, hidden from them till then by the trees and bushes.

'Introduce me!' I whispered to my friend of the ruder sex.

'With pleasure. But you seem to recognize two of them — my sisters.'

At that moment they wheeled into the path, fronting us. By way of drawing their fire, I made a salute without waiting for any formalities, thereby gaining for myself the imputation of being an impudent fellow; but the spur and sash are passports to speedy acquaintance with the fair sex.

The two sisters bloomed with the healthful glow of the temperato zone, but their companion wore the complexion of a native. The younger sister was the heroine of the green veil, who during the engagement had planted herself in the exposed window. It was fortunate. The fawn-like native was somewhat confused by the presence of a stranger, and from her manner no conclusion flattering to myself could be drawn. Her constitutional languor forsook her, her eyes lightened, and her whole demeanor intimated that my company would willingly be dispensed with. It was only a summer-cloud, however, and her self-possession returned, as one of the sisters smoothed the way for an introduction. Then the brother, who had the good sense to perceive that he could be dispensed with, made himself scarce; and the elder sister kindly consented to give me a lesson in the figurative language of floral symbols. It was a perilous position for a young bachelor to be in; and it was only a consciousness of being love-proof that gave me courage to proceed; for, although the charmer had a soul as pure as her face was fair, there was a sort of 'win-and-wear-me' look that was extremely dangerous. In that walk through the shrubberies the bouquet was finished — but not by me.

'Wait! don't touch that, pray. There is a superstition among the common people about that particular flower. You see its cruciform appendages?' she said.

'Oh! indeed;' and I stooped down to inhale the sweets of another

plant of less sanctity, and at the same time to hide the blush that a sense of my ignorance had conjured up. That act was as suddenly interdicted by the damsel, who assured me that a malignant poison lurked within the petals that the elegant indented foliage hid. The graceful and negligently-shaped corollas, so purely white that they lulled all suspicion of true character; and the narcotic poison that distilled from the beautiful clothing of leaves, afforded a fine opportunity for a moral essay upon appearances. Well, the smell of the bean-flower has been said to produce insanity, and why might not the flower before me have some pernicious effect? — and why might not my dangerous proximity to the fair human flower work me some irreparable harm? a fate as sure, were it not for my power of repulsion — as sure as the *cuchillo*-thrust that would follow the wilful desecration of the cruciform flower, or the sleepy effects of the other one.

It was becoming more and more a matter of peril to me, as my silver-tongued guide romanced about the wall-flower — the symbol of fidelity in adversity — whose tendrils cling around the rugged oak, (that must have meant me,) or attaches itself to the rough wall, ruined though it be; and clings the closer and looks the more beautiful because of the decayed and knotted and gnarled object with which it is contrasted. Then we reverted to the days when the minstrels and troubadours always carried with them a branch of the wall-flower, as an emblem of everlasting affection; and she said many pretty things.

Meanwhile the gentle-eyed native had loitered away by the side of her rosy companion of the green veil; but, like a sensitive plant that timidly flies from the hand that would touch it, the Mexican shrank within herself, and found refuge from intrusion in silence. It was while audibly lamenting my lack of acquaintance with even the names of the multifarious plants that adorned the spot, that the lady fair with whom I set out finished the nosegay, and presented it to me as her cavalier; and which proprietorship lasted until it had faded into naught. When we rejoined the others, the pensive one had relapsed into sadness under the influence of sorrowful remembrances; and I surmised that something connected with the then recent calamitous warfare had given her a temporary disrelish for pleasantry. Perhaps she had lost some gallant? The sequel showed that it was worse than that: such may be replaced at a moment's warning. But her loss was worse than that: she had lost one that could not be replaced on earth, an only brother. Rumor had informed her that he had fallen into the hands of the Americans; and rumor also said that he had been wounded, and was then languishing in a hospital, the locality of which she knew not.

Before breakfast was concluded the rolling of drums and the singing of bugles warned me to flee ladies and lap-dogs, and join the gay stormers, then unhappily the shadow of their former selves.

The eagle-eyed Worth took the head of his division; and the triumphal entry began. It was a cheering scene for us; but it was disheartening indeed for those who from their own homes beheld the forest of glistening bayonets that advanced through the streets of the capital. The bands in joyous burst of harmony that made our hearts thrill

to the core, played the most enlivening of our national marches; and the soldiers forgot all their hardships and privations as they proudly tramped to the song of victory. From nearly every house on the line of march were suspended flags, presenting at once all colors; and, tired as they were of war's alarms, viewed the variegated scene with much the same feeling that one beholds the aërial bow of the covenant spread upon the cloud, as a guarantee that the storm is past. Many foreign nations were represented by their gay ensigns: simple white marked the dwellings of the natives.

Some malcontents stole from their places of concealment, and kept up a faint and ineffectual resistance, firing from roofs, windows, and door-ways. Many of the foreign residents availed themselves of the opportunity, to repay with interest the ill-usage that had been showered upon them; and not the least conspicuous among them was our ally, Walker the artist, who with a single friend demonstrated to a nicety, that two resolute men in a tight place were more than a match for five with hearts less stout. The division marched on to the grand Alemeda, a public square, with sufficient skirmishing to remind them that they were not forgotten. An impertinent native obtruded himself on the notice of Brevet Brigadier-General Garland, by sending an ounce-ball through one of his limbs; and he only saved himself from a severe rebuke by a hasty retreat. Business was looking up.

Our 'baby-wakers' (the mountain-howitzers) became for a while the centre of interest. At the signal of command, they flew into pieces, as if by the touch of an arch-magician; and each man seizing a portion of the fragments, two men a gun, one a wheel, and so on, they hurried off into the door-way of a large mansion, and disappeared. In a very few moments, thunder burst from the edge of the flat roof upon which the sturdy fellows had hurried the dismantled howitzers; and there could be seen the wicked little engine perfect in all its parts. After each recoil the piece was out of sight until re-loaded, when it was run forward, and the play repeated. The neighboring citizens peeped from their shutters, amazed at the doings of the eccentric strangers; but their wonderment was as nothing compared with that of the patriots who were engaged in building parapets of bags of sand on low roofs, in some of the other streets. Before the Mexican commander had evacuated the city, he had released all the tenants of the prisons; thus letting loose upon the community a swarm of felons that had been hived with expense and difficulty. Those precious knaves were armed, and at once fraternized with the lowest order of the people. Santa Anna's motives might have been proper. Perhaps he was influenced to act so as he gazed upon the statues of the noted patriots of the first revolution, which ornamented the public square of the Alemada. Padre Hidalgo, the parish-priest, with an effigy of his Redeemer in one hand and a sword in the other, desiring to elevate the Church-militant into the Church-triumphant, had hastened to the prisons and released all the culprits to recruit his army of republicans; and, in gratitude to their benefactor, the rogues not only fought to the death, but diminished the resources of the royalists by filling their own pockets. The example was deemed worthy of imitation in our modern war. The more respect

able of the citizens, who had something to lose if the prison-birds got the upper hand, did not evince a very marked hatred of the army of invaders that brought with them law and order. They dined us: we in return respected them.

The mobs were mostly led by persons habited as monks; although the suspicion was prevalent that they, like Arista in the revolution, had donned the churchman's robes as a disguise. Their sacerdotal garb did not shield their hides from the bullets of our men, even those who professed the same faith. Disbanded troops joined with the civilian compatriots in plying resistance from every available point. Their armies had been beaten; now was the time for the people in their majesty to shake off the military despotism that for three centuries had enthralled the nation; now was the moment to punish the insolent invaders, and assert the inalienable rights of the freeman. The sooner they set about it the better. Houses were speedily fortified — sometimes, it was said, without the license of the owners — and already many of the too-confident Northmen had tasted the bitter dose. The people's turn had come! So it had. While watching in great glee the temporary success of their offensive and defensive operations, *crash* came the contents of the howitzers down on their heads, as unexpectedly as if thunderbolts had fallen from the clouds. The bubble had burst. To the streets all the unhurt fled. Long knives could be plied at close quarters by adepts in assassination, and fire-arms could be used with effect at a distance. The better classes, as they called themselves, might throw open their halls to the foreigners, and prate of law and order; but they, the convicts, in conjunction with the despised *lépéros*, and the disbanded military, they were to achieve the regeneration of their native land! It may be presumed that the usual agrarian doctrines of right to property, equal rights, etc., were advocated and embodied by those patriots, else their practices were contrary to their theory. The people were going to govern; and that meant no taxes, an equal distribution of property, and the abolition of labor.

In the middle of the street a large American field-piece had been abandoned; not a man was standing by to protect or use it; for they who had wheeled it out were glad to dodge out of sight and harm's way. Then was the time. A crowd of the armed mob advanced, each one eager to participate in the glory of the capture. With howls and shouts they rushed toward the valuable prize. When they had almost touched the muzzle, the cannon exploded with terrific effect. They had not perceived that the piece had a percussion-lock, nor did they divine the use of the string that connected the man who shrugged himself close into a door-way with the lock. Thus they were out-witted again; and whichsoever way they turned, a new trap was sprung upon them.

Having penetrated to the centre of the city, and rejoined my own regiment, that had entered by the Garita de Belen, for the first time I discovered the havoc made in its ranks. A brother-officer requested me to take charge of a fine black horse, part of the spoils — an offer most joyfully accepted, as my own beautiful charger had gone the way of all flesh, in the action.

'Ere the twilight bat was flitting,' my promise of the morning was verified, and my pedal extremities thrust beneath the mahogany of Mr. M——. For a great portion of the evening, I was constrained to enact the part of the Moor of Venice, in reciting the doings of the past. All the company warmed up, until even the melancholy señorita became communicative.

'*Ay di me!*' how happy she was in a hamlet near Toluca. I dare say that the silvery stream that swept by her mountain-home did not sparkle more vividly than did the eyes of the señorita, as she recalled the days of her infancy, and described the situation of her father's dwelling on a sloping hill, overlooking the humble cots of the poor *péons* whom he employed on his hacienda.

'*Ay di me!* how much happier we were then.'

'So you were, my poor girl,' quoth my kind-hearted host in an undertone; 'happier than ever you 'll be again, until that rascally old uncle is done waiting for your shoes.'

'Dear me, Pa, how can you speak so?' interposed one of the gentle ladies.

The old gentleman said nothing more, but as he furiously puffed his *puro*, he looked up as if he could have thrashed the uncle, whoever he was, within an inch of his life.

The story of the señorita was short and simple. Her father was one day brought home on a litter, bleeding; and soon afterward he was put into a black box and carried away. Then came the good village pastor, who patted the children — herself and brother — on their heads, and said, '*Pobres niños!* your parents are both in heaven now.' The uncle alluded to took upon himself to look after the estate, leaving the pious padre to supply as well as he could the place of parents. The lad was destined for holy orders. Rascally uncle aforesaid made no objection thereto; there would be the less probability of annoyance if the lad were cloistered. But the boy himself — he would not be a monk, not he, indeed. His father had been colonel of a dashing hussar corps, and he would be a soldier, and nothing else. The good padre unwillingly conceded the point; and the uncle, who hated all piety, approved the choice that tended to shorten the lease of life. The father's services were sufficiently remembered to procure for the son an appointment as cadet in the military college of Chepultepec, to which turbulent and unholy place the meek-spirited guardian was obliged to consign him. Then the sister removed into the metropolis, so that she might be near her only dear relative in the world. It is true that she was offered a peaceful home in a convent, where trouble would be all in the retrospect, and bliss in the future; but she was a true woman, and that means that she had a will of her own. The little cadet progressed rapidly in that noble profession which, singularly enough, is only to be acquired to the end that it may never be used; and he soon stood at the head of his class.

The army of the north was approaching the valley, by stages marked with conquest; and under the very eyes of the *alumnos* of the college, the sanguinary battle of El Molino del Rey was fought; the works and many of the inmates blown into the sky; and the ground thickly sown

with soldiers' buttons — a most unproductive seed, by-the-by. Then came a thundering at the gates of the castle for admittance; and, as has been detailed elsewhere, the Northerners rudely burst in upon the astonished natives.

From a latticed balcony, near the city gate, a pair of eyes were strained, in the hope of seeing the face of the little cadet among the fugitives who fell back at that place. In reply to a question of the sister, a soldier said that the boy was a prisoner of war. Was that all? But another sadly replied that that was not all, for he was wounded. That is the gist of her story.

With the comforting assurance that the next morning would find a son of mine host and myself on the way to find the captive, procure his release and an exchange of quarters, we prepared to separate for the night. A release — how delightful that would be! The conversation had deteriorated into yawning, when with a final *buenos noches* the party broke up; she to pass a sleepless night in anticipation of the morrow's restoration of her brother; the others to rest; and myself for a carousal.

PART TWO.

THERE was no paucity of accommodation in the domicil of Mr. M——; but he wished to do honor to his guest. Within a stone's throw of his house stood the palace of the then Archbishop of Ceserea, subsequently the Archbishop of Mexico, and chronicled at a later date as gathered to his fathers in glory.

The high dignitary had betaken himself to regions more remote from the *surveillance* of the commander-in-chief, our enemy; leaving my friend in charge of his property. The wicket of the huge oaken door flew open, as the vigilant warder heard a knock of a peculiar kind. We were admitted into the court, and thence passed upward into the dwelling apartments. Two jovial padres represented the archbishop with suavity and grace. The roseate hue that predominated in their smiling faces spoke a volume. My friend took his leave, having first commended me to the favorable regards of my spiritual house-mates; and in three minutes we were as thick as thieves. The parlor was as usual on the second story, away from the damps of earth, and at a sufficient elevation to catch the breezes, and be secure from impertinent curiosity. The comforts everywhere disposed through the place testified that no anchorite there fretted away his life in uncalled-for austerities. No, indeed.

One of my sombre-clad companions touched a silver-toned bell; and immediately a domestic entered to the jingling cadence of wine-cups and glasses, and bearing a richly-chased service of silver. The fluids that sparkled on the brims of the goblets were apparently quite inoffensive to the churchmen. We hugged the oval table, and began the act that needed no rehearsal. '*Mas vasas*,' said he of the bell, and more glasses were brought, for there was a variety of liquids. Then the antique decanters hopped from one spot to another. We filled. After an invocation to some saint, who must excuse me for not remembering his name, and a half-audible prayer that my benighted mind might be

illumined, to which I ejaculated a response, the bubbles burst on the brim, and the oily stream flowed down to warm the heart.

'Now, my dear friend!' solemnly exclaimed the major-domo as he transfixed my vision, as if to read my soul: '*Caro amigo mio!*' and his motions added to the unfinished sentence — *pause*. 'This may be your last opportunity of tasting such,' said the other, as if to help in the enunciation of some prodigious thought. Then the first speaker drew a gleaming knife. Perhaps it was one of the kind that many orders of monks habitually wear; the kind that has the haft made of the wood of the agnus castus — the emblem of coldness, the palladium of chastity from time immemorial — and used to fortify the heart against external influence. No, he needed no such a guard; it was but a common knife with which he released a cobwebbed cork from its bondage of wires.

'Fill up,' he said: and we filled. I tasted, as also did they. The eyes of the one who had assumed to be my instructor wandered in fitful flights from the glass to my face, as if expecting from me some violent manifestation of surprise or joy, as the precious fluid gurgled down my unsanctified throat. The other monk had drained his glass; and his countenance beamed in unfeigned appreciation of the pure brand. I saw that nothing but a master-stroke of art could save me from contempt. My exclamation was well received.

'Señor,' continued he glowingly, 'Señor, lo! this is *Lacrymæ Christi*, this day broached in my presence, after exclusion from the light for half a life-time.'

Impious as seemed the expression to my untutored ears, no profanity was meant. None of the many expletives that they used were meant to be unclerical. The blow with which my fist smote the table, that made all the bottles and glasses dance jigs, and my looks, that made up for fluency in their tongue, finished my initiation into the affections of the good men. I had become also an affiliated member of their order. Bumper followed bumper, and secrets dropped out spontaneously under the influence of the heart-opening juice of the grape. In the exuberance of spirits I called for a song. A moment's experience showed my error. They had forgotten nearly all they had ever known of song — would it had been all — and lodgings in a trench had given me a touch of laryngitis. Music was ruled out. There was no lack of pastime, however, in the presence of such fertile intellects as the padres had; they bandied ribald jests, but were compelled to do the most of the laughing, for the good reason that my scanty knowledge of their vernacular did not enable me to keep pace with them or to see the points; and yet their hilarity waxed boisterous. Cards were then drawn from a voracious-looking pocket, and a few reals staked, just to give interest to the game. My total ignorance of that species of intellectual diversion, and which the ludicrous figures on the cards did not help, excluded me from participating. They evidently wondered at the lamentable neglect of my education; for, their susceptibility to external impressions becoming lessened by wine, they found it necessary to speak quite aloud, as they shook their heads and looked at me. They even volunteered to teach me. No! too indolent-minded, doubtless. I could at least sympathize

with the loser and rejoice with the more fortunate player, but could not well compete in drinking with either. In such manner an hour passed.

The stillness of night was broken into only by the sharp, snapping challenge of the sentinel without, and the hilarious guffaws of the worthies within. The game that so deeply interested the props of the Church became monotonous to me. With a fraternal hug we exchanged salutation and benediction; and I sauntered out on the rear-balcony of the palace. The cool breeze soon dissipated the fumes of the wine The tinkling chirps of insects and murmurings of waters induced meditation. My boon companions of that night must not think that their pupil of a few idle hours has forgotten them because of his abrupt parting.

The potations made me wakeful. The floating clouds were like phantom legions going into strife: again fancy pictured a solemn procession of those who had bowed before the dread rider of the Pale Horse; and drooping banners and funereal gloom, as the hosts of the ethereal world occasionally obscured the moon; then, like belated wanderers, they were scattered and lost in the darkness. All things disposed the heart to a softened, repressed sadness — almost to melancholy.

But why draw upon the imaginative when so much of the real, marring the beauty of the magnificent grounds below me, demanded more than a passing thought? *There*, surely, was enough subject for reflection without looking into the clouds for pictures. In that garden were lying the bodies of more than half a company of grenadiers. Hand to hand they had fiercely contested the ground with our stormers: and there they lay just as they fell the preceding day. As the gentle night-wind bore back the odor-laden branches, it required no straining of sight to see in the moon-light many pallid up-turned faces rigidly fixed, although the dark shadows that animatingly played over them gave the semblance of vitality. There was something horrible in the scene. It put me in a moralizing mood; and hours could be spent in transcribing my thoughts for a few moments. The charm of the libations made each martial heap seem about to start into wonted life. But these lucubrations must be abbreviated.

Novelty, you require novelty; and the narration is becoming stupid. So had I longed for novelty, and found it, too. And what more touching and beautiful attribute has our poor nature than the desire for novelty? Was it not implanted in our breasts for wise purposes, think you? In search of it has the whole arcana of science been ransacked; and by its influence have the dull sand and ashes been transformed into pure crystal; and that, in its turn, has been devoted to a thousand purposes undreamed of until suggested by the desire and search for novelty. It is an inherent principle engrafted into our being, lest our affections become fastened on the fleeting things of the present. Man is designed to be an ambulatory, discontented animal. From the moment the juvenile's slender twig-like limbs are able to support his tiny form, he desires, and rambles for, novelty, just as you and I are now doing. He longs for wings, that he may explore the horizon's myste-

rious line, which to him appears to be the utmost boundary of creation. With years the desire increases; and there are few who have attained to man's estate who cannot recall the almost irrepressible longing of youth to place the bounding billow between himself and his circumscribed home, for the imaginary delight of revelling in some fairer land; fairer, because unknown. When his wearied feet have pressed the foreign soil, he is still unsatisfied; and he longingly turns toward that home whose care-effacing smiles await him, where the song of the grasshopper and the voice of the turtle are music to his ear.

Most peaceable of readers, had you stood alone on that balcony at that lone hour of night; and had you looked down through the luxuriant shrubberies, and fixed your gaze upon the trodden spot where the 'forlorn hope' encountered the stern grenadiers of the guard, the novelty of the scene might have amused you; and the clear fountain dancing in the moonbeams would have seemed a sprite keeping your company. Or had you leaned your head against one of the stone pillars, and looked into the dotted worlds twinkling through the thin atmosphere, and indulged the feelings of loneliness and desolation that came over me, you might well have longed for the time to quickly come when what is now human shall tread the nebulæ beneath their feet, and we shall explore those clustering systems so faintly conceived of in this transition-state.

The sonorous joviality of my ghostly friends over their game of cards recalled me from heavenly contemplation to matter-of-fact. The clank of my sabre summoned a light-footed lad, bearing a candle, who, unlocking a door, motioned me to enter. The process of unlocking was not entirely necessary; for two bomb-shells had paid an unceremonious flying visit through several rooms; and there was a ragged circular aperture into which a coach-and-four could have been driven with less ease than a witch can stalk through a keyhole. That rude innovation on all established orders of architecture, was planned and executed under the nose of Santa Anna. A draft had been made upon the archiepiscopal exchequer, for funds to replenish the military chest; and a declination to honor the draft had drawn a salute of ordnance. That was the report; which is my authority for repeating it, as the performance was not set down in the programme of entertainment. My palatial sleeping-room was fitted up with the neatness of a lady's boudoir, although somewhat dusty from the cause above-mentioned.

Betimes in the morning — from the force of a habit since wofully fallen into disuse — I was astir. The early sun-rise found a son of Mr. M —— and myself trotting toward the castle in pursuance of the promise made to the señorita, to search for her brother. Upon arriving at the terminus, where the winding road led us up the hill, we dismounted, and entered the fortification proper. All the apartments which had not been completely wrecked by our artillery were filled with wounded and prisoners of war. In the latter class, my companion recognized and accosted a major whom he had frequently met in the neighborhood, but with whom he had no further acquaintance.

'Are you, Sir, any particular friend of the cadet?' asked the officer of his interrogator.

'A friend of his sister, only; and it's on that account that we have come in quest of him. She heard that he was wounded,' was the reply.

The Mexican smiled grimly, and hesitated to give any definite answer to questions so earnestly put to him. Then he looked at me in an inquiring manner unable to divine my motives for interfering.

'Come with me,' he said. Together we three walked outside the building. He stopped short, turned away his face, and the back of one hand brushed across his eyes; but when he again fronted us no emotion was visible on his bronzed features.

'He fell here!' said he sternly, almost savagely.

'Yes; but where is he now?'

'*There!*' He pointed to freshly-disturbed earth in an angle of the works. The strong man suppressed his feelings.

We did not intrude further upon his grief. The officer had intended to adopt the cadet as his son, and now was a chief mourner.

'Did you say that they buried him on the top of the hill?' inquired Mr. M—— on our return. 'How singularly appropriate! On the very spot where his great ancestor had a palace. Do you know that the lad was the nearest living male descendant of Montezuma?'

I had heard it before, and the account of his lineage made quite an impression on my mind.

'Now, who'll break the news to Viola?' continued the father, soliloquizing.

'Ay, who will?' returned the son. A silence ensued, of which I took advantage to slip away.

PART THREE.

Going into town, I steered my course for the head-quarters of my regiment. The sight of about forty American soldiers lying in the Alemada did not tend to enliven my spirits, but did awaken a feeling of vengeance. Their throats were cut, or their breasts pierced. Unconscious of danger, they had lain down on the benches or on the grass to sleep, and had been murdered. All had not submitted quietly, as the carcases of several Mexicans witnessed.

My comrades were quartered in the Iturbide Palace. There was a vast number of rooms to be explored, although no one felt disposed to spend half a day in such an employment. The emperor Iturbide had made provision for the maintainance of a goodly-sized retinue when he built such a pile; but his sudden exit by the fire of a platoon had transferred the title to the nation; and at the time of our occupation the regal mansion was only a place for dusty offices of government. Some of our reckless soldiery thought they were doing our cause good service in throwing the documents and records into inextricable confusion. The greater portion of the papers were of a character whose destruction could do us no good, but would create great injury to the local government. The records of that unhappy land ever seemed to be doomed to destruction. The over-zealous European prelates set the example when they burnt the historical scrolls of the Aztecs, in huge funeral pyres; a violation of archives by fanatical bigots, no less

damnable than was the act of the Caliph Omar, when he caused the Alexandrian library to be used for heating baths; for it is questionable whether the papyrus-leaf, whose casket was a pyramid, could tell future ages stranger tales than the mystic history of the teocalli. It is also a matter of grave surmise whether the annihilation of papers by our soldiers has not caused much perplexity to the Mexican administration; but the work of vandalism did not proceed far, for the more sensible of our soldiers stopped the sport of their own accord.

In one of the rooms of the court, I saw the wheels and fixtures of the San Carlos lottery. The globes that had been the source of great revenue to the government, still contained enough of the figured balls to break many fortunes, although half-empty. It was thought by some of the more sagacious that the enemy had fired the missing ballots at our heads; but that impression was speedily removed. A shower of the missives, harmless in their then state, came pouring upon our heads, thus accounting for their removal. When we attempted to look upward, there descended another shower, followed by illy-suppressed tittering. A figure in a blue jacket darted into a recess of the balcony, to conceal himself. Downright insubordination! a flagrant act on the part of the culprit, whoever he might be.

'Here, you Sir! how dare you treat your officers in such a manner? Report yourself immediately under arrest; at once, Sir; at once!' So spoke one of my mess-mates.

The figure emerged from the alcove fifty or more feet above us; but in vain did the disturber of the peace endeavor to keep a straight countenance, for the exuberance of jollity would manifest itself, and even burst forth anew while the testy Griffin was rating him. He was a youngster, about eighteen years old only, and I whispered to my comrade to remember that he was once a boy himself, and a joke was a joke.

'Beg your pardon, gentlemen — did n't know you were officers, when I threw them down the first time; and when you were going to look up, it was so funny, he! ho! he! — that I could n't help dropping what I had in my hand, he! he!'

'Hallo, Tompkins!' was my exclamation, 'where 's your other arm, eh! — your left arm?' The greatest cause of surprise was how he could hold so many balls in one hand, but he dropped a box that explained that circumstance. What had become of one of his arms? had he thrown that away without knowing it?

'My arm, Sir, was taken off yesterday. Got hit in taking the city.'

'Well, keep yourself quiet, my man. You are not well enough yet to skylark. You may go now.'

A respectful response dropped from the perch he had chosen for his diversion. The scamp presumed upon his misfortune for impunity; and no one had the heart to punish a young fellow who bore his loss so manfully.

PART FOUR.

'Good morning, Doctor — good morning,' said the pursy little assistant to the hospital, as he raised his hand to his head to touch an im-

aginary cap. The said assistant had but the nominal rank of sergeant, yet the surgeon-general had not half the sense of importance that had he, the oily, pursy little gentleman. The surgeon returned the salute by an inclination of his head.

'Ah! Haslett, is that you? How are all the patients this morning? We require you in a little operation, you know; and as Doctor Gruff is going to help us out — he 's pretty smart in that line, you know — we 'll finish the business before dinner-time. The consequential hospital-steward flew about in the laboratory, preparing for the visit of the other surgeon who was to take a hand in some 'very interesting' cases.

Our good Doctor Sawbones, as the mess called him, with an easy air strolled through the long rooms, inquiring into the condition of his patients. The flower of the 'Cerro Gordo Division' (as *par excellence* it was named) was well represented in the blanketed figures spread on the floor. Our medicine-man was not one of those morose, gloomy persons, who prescribe to a sick man as if passing sentence of death, and who tread along in a stage-stride and speak in a sepulchral voice; but on the contrary he was a hale-fellow-well-met, whose cheery tones and pleasant manner did more toward raising the sinking spirits, and curing the maladies of the sick, than all the drugs and compounds dealt out by his dismal professional brethren.

'Well, Jenkins, how goes it? Getting tired of lying still? How 's that slit in your neck? 'Most well, I do declare. Be patient; Rome was not built in a day, you know. Why, Wilson, how much improved you look. Keep up your courage, my gay little drum. You 'll make a noise in the world, yet.'

Thus he ran on, gleaning from the wounded as he passed symptoms of gangrene or of convalescence, while he appeared to treat each lightly. His very presence did much to chase away the shades that sometimes settled around the invalid's heart. Sometimes the sleepless have seen the worthy surgeon gliding through the rooms at night, noiselessly on tip-toe, holding his lamp in such a manner as to shade his face, if perchance any watcher should attempt to read it. The gallant soul that had soared aloft in the tumultuous charge, when prostrated by a wound was often softened to woman's mood. Home-sickness came, which, if not checked, rapidly hastened the sick man's downward course. Castor-oil, as the men familiarly called the steward, was a pleasant fellow, but not so welcome as the surgeon himself. He was too prone to prescriptions.

'Well, Corporal, we 're going to fix that affair of yours, and a minute or two will make it all right. Bones shattered, you know; so the best thing is to get rid of it altogether. Don't you think so?' The corporal opened his eyes to their fullest capacity, looked into Surgeon Sawbones' eyes, and for some seconds he was taken aback by the unlooked-for intelligence.

'Why, Sir, fact is, Castor — I mean the steward, told me yesterday that the bone was only splintered and would set in a few days, and be stronger than ever.' The poor fellow felt sorrowful for the loss he was to suffer at the very time that he was consoling himself by the assur-

ance of Castor-oil; and his forehead became quite bedewed with moisture. But then people always expect too much in such cases; they are always too sanguine.

The surgeon drew from a pocket a case of fine instruments — something extra, for a nice operation — opened a box containing many others; rolled down the blanket considerably below the waist, and then proceeded to spread out the tools in rows, looking at each one fondly as he felt its edge, and laid it in its place. Opening a fancy rosewood case that he had brought in under his arm, he inspected a saw, and a number of hooked instruments; then he laid the saw behind the smaller pieces of steel, where it looked just as much in place as a hogshead-shaped commissary in the rear of a regiment on march.

'The whole pain is in imagination; much more so than in reality, at least. We performed an operation on Brooks in the next ward, yesterday — an amputation; and we did it so nicely that he at last began to grumble; he 's a cross-grained growler, you know — and what do you think it was all about?' The corporal did not make any reply, and the medico continued arranging his tools, and went on with his story. 'Well, it was because we did not stop shaking him, and punking him with scalpels. The fact is, that when he saw us coming he felt a little faint; and, before he came to fully, the leg was off, and the bandages were being put on. Strange, was n't it?'

Now the corporal was no coward, not he; his name was in the general report with a recommendation for promotion; but when he looked upon the array of the mangling-instruments of the anatomist; the keen, cold-looking things marshaled into companies, and the companies formed into a skeleton battalion, with a murderous scalpel in front as a commander; then, I say, he felt a cold shiver run through his frame. In came the oily steward ushering the invited flesh-cutter.

'Glad you 've come. The case I was speaking of. Will you oblige me by giving your opinion in regard to the matter?' That was only a superfluous act of kindness in Doctor Sawbones, for the sacrifice had been determined upon. The visitor deigned not to look at the patient.

'It must come off,' said he in a gruff, disagreeable voice. 'The leg must come *off* — OFF!'

'Take off my leg! — take off my leg!' exclaimed the horrified corporal.

'Yes, yes; do n't be in a hurry,' said the gruff surgeon. 'We 'll whip it off in a twinkling. Shall be done.'

The steward by that time had returned from another room with some appliance that had been forgotten; and when he caught the last words of the speaker he threw up his arms, and attempted to say something about the case. 'Ay, ay,' said Doctor Sawbones, blandly smiling as he checked the officiousness of the steward; 'I know what you would say, but ——'

'You certainly cannot understand the case — beg pardon, Sir, I mean there 's a mistake,' continued Castor-oil.

'Your opinion is entirely unsolicited,' contemptuously interrupted Doctor Gruff; 'entirely so, Mr. Steward. It 's our business to advise,

yours to act.' This authoritative rebuke made the little man recoil abashed before his superior. Castor-oil felt hurt.

'Patience, gentlemen, for a short time. The loud talking may disturb some of the feverish patients,' interposed the amiable surgeon of my corps. 'The leg ——'

'You shan't touch my leg, I tell you; you shan't touch it — only a little bruised; and you want to murder me!' With a profane expression reflecting upon the morality of all the bone-setting fraternity, the patient fell back upon his knapsack-pillow. The motion was so sudden as to jerk some of the fine cutlery into the air. Poor fellow! he did not seem to know how essential practice is to attainment in science.

'I had just such a fellow under my hands a day or two ago,' said Gruff. 'The fellow was so obstreperous that we had to tie him down. There 's no use in child's play.'

Doctor Sawbones was unwilling to hurt the corporal's feelings mentally or physically, if it could be avoided; so he attempted to soothe him as he proceeded to turn down the blanket and bare the limb; but he met nothing in return but violent gesticulations and incivility. The corporal ought not to have been unkind. It would require some stout fellows to hold him. The obnoxious member was uncovered.

'Ha! ha!! ha!!!' laughed Doctor Sawbones as he pointed at the man. Castor-oil made the solo turn into a duet to the same notes, and Gruff contributed enough to make it a trio, but to different music.

'Both gone mad!' he commenced; but quelling the angry expressions that were swelling in his throat, he caught the infection, and roared like a pleased bull. The patient felt more like laughing than any of them. 'Well, well, the wrong man.'

'I was going to say, Sir,' said the steward, 'that this man's *arm* is splintered slightly, and is doing well; the *leg* is only bruised. You 've mistaken the man.'

W. H. Browne.

'CHRIST IS RISEN.'

Rejoice, thou that weepest,
And hold up thy head;
Awake, thou that sleepest —
Arise from the dead!

Hope bursts from the prison
That held her so long;
The shout, 'Christ is risen!'
Wakes Earth into song.

Gross darkness is banished
From Death's wintry cave,
And mourning has vanished
Like mist from the wave:

For Christ light bestoweth,
Though dark is the way;
The fount whence it floweth
Is day — endless day!

Despair furls for ever
His banner of gloom;
Its black folds will never
Again wrap the tomb.

Hope bursts from the prison
That held her so long;
The shout, 'Christ is risen!'
Wakes Earth into song.

W. H. C. Hosmer.

THE CAMP-FIRE.

BY J. SWETT.

BROTHERS! leave the sluice untended,
Shadows darken on the river;
In the cañon day is ended,
Far above the red rays quiver:
Turn the waters out to play,
Let the huge wheel cease from creaking;
Like a slave it toils all day,
In its perspiration reeking.

Miners! lay aside the spade,
Let the pick-axe rest from drifting;
See how much the claim has paid,
Where the gold-dust has been sifting.
From the boxes take the sand,
Wash it out — a pleasant duty:
Now the gold-grains cleanly 'panned,'
Beam upon us, bright in beauty.

Brighter than a maiden's glances
Are the gold-grains flashing o'er us,
And a smile of pleasure dances
On each swarthy face before us:
Turn the water out to play,
It has proved a good refiner;
Cast the pick and spade away,
For the camp-fire calls the miner.

Tell no tales of wizard-band
In the myths of ages olden,
When the sorcerer's potent wand
Turned all earthly things to golden:
Pick and spade are magic rods,
Toil and Industry diviners,
Drawing gold from sand and sods,
Touched by brawny arms of miners.

LABOR is the mighty king,
Drawing wealth from rocky mountains;
At his beck the rivers bring
Golden tributes from their fountains.
LABOR seizes treasures vast,
Locked in Nature's vaults for ages,
Reads the records of the past,
Writ in *dust* on golden pages.

Gather round the cheerful fire,
In the deepening darkness gleaming;
Now the red tongues leaping higher,
Seem like banners upward streaming:
On the swarthy son of labor,
How the ruddy fire-light flashes,
And anon upon his neighbor,
Rough and bearded, quickly dashes.

Stretched around the supper-fire,
Hear the iron kettle steaming,
While the sharpness of desire
Lulls into luxurious dreaming:
On the oven heap the coals,
Till it seems a dragon waking;
For a dozen hungry souls,
Wait for bread within it baking.

On the ground the tin-plates spread,
Pour the tea out strong and stronger,
From the 'Dutchman' draw the bread,
We can wait for it no longer:
Roll it out upon the ground,
Pray the gods to be propitious!
Never loaf before was found
With an odor so delicious.

Break the bread with brawny hand,
Labor crowns it with a blessing;
Now the hungry crowd looks bland,
Each a smoking piece possessing:
Pass the *ham* around this way,
Quick! before it all is taken:
Hang philosophers, we say,
We have barely saved our *Bacon*.

Go to *grass*, ye GRAHAM eaters,
FOWLER'S rice-fed, scraggy cattle,
Starveling vegetarian '*creeturs*,'
Fit with China-men to battle!
In the water let you shiver,
Turn from drones to earnest workers,
Wield the pick till muscles quiver,
You would gladly turn to 'porkers!'

Now the evening-meal is done,
Let us try a game of *euchre*,
All our bets are jokes and fun,
Gambling not for filthy lucre:
Closer draw the merry ring,
Laughing makes the hours fly quicker:
We have won! — now, boys, just bring
Out a little dash of liquor.

Spread the blankets on the ground,
Labor needs not couch or feather;
In a circle clustered round,
We will all lie down together.
Labor brings refreshing sleep
No luxurious couch can borrow,
And our slumbers sound and deep,
Give us strength for toil to-morrow.

Watch each rising silver-star,
Drifting from the depths of Aiden,
Think you not of friends afar,
Wife or child or blue-eyed maiden?

Comes there not a misty vision,
O'er the drowsy spirit stealing,
And in reveries elysian,
All the joys of home revealing?

As the needle, frail and shivering,
On the ocean-wastes afar,
Veering, changing, trembling, quivering,
Settles on the polar-star;
So in breasts of those who roam,
Love's magnetic fires are burning,
To the central-point of home
Trembling hearts are ever turning.

Feather-River, (Cal.)

ELEANOR MANTON: OR, LIFE-PICTURES.

MY FIRST JOURNEY.

Two years after the sad event, related in the last chapter, I was called upon to pass through other painful scenes.

The old house-keeper died. I did not shed many tears on this occasion; for the sin of affectation, of pretending what I did not feel, was never mine. But I had fearful forebodings about the future. There must necessarily be important changes in our family arrangements. Who would come to take the place of her who had made me so wretched?

It is a wholesome law of our nature that we involuntarily forget the faults of the dead. 'Tread lightly on their ashes,' does not need to be formally enjoined. Yet I sometimes fear I may have judged her harshly, that sharp, disagreeable woman. My judgment was that of a child; but with regard to the sin which was so peculiarly repugnant to me, and I am inclined to think is the sin of quiet country-villages, though not theirs exclusively, I could scarcely be more severe than he who was old both in years and wisdom, and numbered this among the seven abominations which the LORD hates:

'A false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren.'

'An heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief.'

I hope it was the sin and not the sinner that I hated; yet perhaps it is owing to the power of association, that a 'tale-bearer' is to this day among the things that I loathe with a peculiar loathing.

My father decided to break up house-keeping, and transfer me to the care of an aunt, who lived in a distant town, whom I had seen a few

times, and in whose favor I was much prepossessed. The preparations for my departure were made by a neighbor who had taken a kind interest in me, and with very little sadness I looked forward to a separation from the scenes of my childhood; for except that one little grave, where I often went to shed the tears of my childish loneliness and sorrow, there was nothing to link me to the place of my birth with a tie that would produce a pang when it was severed.

So, one pleasant morning in June, the old chaise came round to the door, drawn by 'old Charlie,' who was associated with every pleasant ride I had taken since my remembrance; and I set out with my father for a three days' journey, which seemed to me the grandest tour that had ever been heard of.

But what was more wonderful, the reality equalled my expectations! What could be sweeter than riding in a chaise, and having a trunk fastened on behind? Every body would know we were travellers, and wonder who we were, and where we were going; for travelling was not the common-place affair then that it is now. We should stop at hotels, and have dinners which we should order, and put up for the night in strange places, and have what we pleased for breakfast.

It came very near upsetting my little head. All the people in the village stared at me from the windows as I passed, and the children stood at the gates to say good-by, and some of them looked as if they thought I felt very grand, but I knew very well it was envy because they could not take a journey too.

I have passed over the same road many times since, so it would not be doing great credit to my memory to describe the scenery by the way, and abler pens have sent its fame through the world.

But I may be permitted to dwell a moment upon that big yellow house which was the termination of our first day's ride. It stood back from the road and was over-shadowed by lofty trees, the skirts of the forest upon the borders of which this little clearing trespassed.

There was neither fence nor tree in front, but a bank gently sloping to the edge of the lake, that looked to my eyes like a sea of gold, embosomed as it was among the mountains, and reflecting as it did just then the beams of the setting sun.

I had gazed with admiration on the waters of the river, and the sparkling ripples of the silvery brook, but I had formed no idea of so large an expanse of water. I looked upon it as upon a beautiful picture, and have ever since retained this impression of the scene, which a single thought will instantly place before my mind.

There was only that one house in sight; all else was still and solemn as in the days of its primeval grandeur. A few patches of land here and there had been rescued from the wildness of nature, but the dark forest stretched as far as the eye could see in every direction, and not a sound was heard except the woodman's axe echoing in the distance, and those long, deep, wild, thrilling notes which are only heard from the songsters of the wilderness.

We were met at the door by the good landlady, a prim, bustling little body, in her chintz dress and woollen apron, who smiled very kindly upon me, and led the way into the best room, where she pushed back

the shutters and dusted anew the big chair, which she bade me occupy, and then asked what we would like for supper.

This was the realization of my dreams, though I could hardly support my new dignity. I had never before been consulted as to what I would have for supper, but I had long before decided that nothing would seem so delicious as a fish from that beautiful lake; and with that and many other nice things we were soon regaled.

I slept soundly in the best chamber, on a mound of feathers which was higher than my head, and awoke in the morning experiencing to the full the delightful sensation I had anticipated, upon being in a tavern, and getting up at the ring of a bell, and wearing my best things every day, and being asked, when I should descend, if I had rested, and what I would like for breakfast.

My first impulse was to run to the window and look again upon the lake, and what was my ecstasy as I beheld a little boat slowly sailing on the crystal surface, while the dipping blade of the oarsman scattered the diamond-drops in profusion over the silvery waves.

I watched till it was out of sight, and learned on going down that a party had arrived late the preceding evening — for this secluded place was a resort for summer-idlers — and had gone out for a day of pleasure, and to exercise their skill in angling for those gay-spotted gentry who are scarcely less famous than the bright domain in which they roam.

I was a very little girl, and permitted to go in the kitchen or anywhere about the premises I pleased; and while looking upon the process of getting up the breakfast, endeavored to enhance my consequence by a conversation that should deserve the name of womanly, and indulged in a communicativeness which was very gratifying to my listeners, and for which I have never since ceased to blush.

'Do you like your eggs done rare?' asked the good landlady, who was cook and waiter beside.

I had never heard the word in my life, yet I answered Yes without hesitation, and found on breaking them that they were to the taste of my father, but about as palatable as 'potted sprats' to me; but I swallowed them like a martyr, consoling myself that I had learned the meaning of one word which I should never forget.

I felt almost sad when we were ready to depart, and was sure I should never again behold any thing so beautiful. But the morning ride through the woods soon restored my spirits. The delicious fragrance which came upon the breeze was like some new life-giving power, and I inhaled it like a draught of nectar. The timid and graceful motions of the squirrel which we startled from his leafy retreat, and the birds hopping upon every bough, awakened in me new and thrilling sensations, and filled me with inexpressible delight.

Toward the evening of the third day we ascended a high hill which over-looked the city, a few miles from which was the village in which I was to reside. A city! I had revelled in the tales of Eastern fable, and read of the castles of genii and fairies, but not in all of them had there been any thing like what my fancy had conjured up as a real city; and there it was, with its masses of red brick, its spires and

domes and turrets; and there was the blue sea beyond, with its hundred sails, and the harbor with its masts and tangled cables, making all my visions as nothing, so immeasurably did the reality surpass them in magnitude and magnificence.

We were to stop there a few days, and now that I had seen it, I was almost terrified at the idea, never imagining what an insignificant thing I should be in the midst of such a multitude, and supposing, which perhaps was true enough, that our old chaise would be the 'observed of all observers,' though not for any such reason as I had in my simplicity conjectured.

We stopped without the walls that night, and the next forenoon drew up before a city hotel, where I was confused and deafened by the Babel jargon that met my ear, and blinded by the sight of all the strange things which met my eye. I had expected to find every thing gleaming with brightness, and was not at all prepared for the mud of a rainy morning and the filth of a narrow and most dingy and dismal street. I had been told that oranges were as plenty in the city as apples at home, and this, perhaps, was embodied as the most important item in my estimate of city superiority, and in this I was not disappointed. Oranges indeed met my eye at every turn; but so did apples, cabbages, cakes, and sausages, gingerbread, oysters, clams, and lobsters; they were standing at every corner and were the burden of every song.

But it was a grand gala-day even for the city, and all the dignitaries were assembled *en masse* to escort the new-made governor to his chair of state, and I had never dreamed that so many people lived in the world as I saw gathered together on this occasion. And now I began to feel that I was very different from the little girls I saw around me. They stared at my quaint dress and shy manners, and I did not lack the perception to see that it was because I was an awkward country-girl; and the most terrible of all desolations, that of being alone in the midst of a multitude, came over me, and was far more oppressive than any thing I had felt in the solitude of my country-home.

My father remained at the hotel, but I was taken to stay with some gay city-cousins, and here the contrast was more striking between me and those who had been always amid bright and cheerful things. I was with them but not of them, and when night came I crept away to a dark and lonely room to weep at the disappointment of my bright anticipations of enjoyment among gay scenes. I was soon missed, and when they found me they called it home-sickness; a most convenient term for a sorrow which could not be imagined to dwell in the bosom of a child; and they smothered me with kisses, and gave me cake, and I dried my tears in gratitude for their sympathy, and gave them no occasion to think me home-sick again.

I staid a whole week, and it has never been among my enjoyments to eat oranges since; and I was thoroughly cured of all propensity to estimate people or things by their fine outside.

So it was with a pleasant feeling that I again found myself in the old chaise jolting leisurely along over a country-road, amid the trees and green fields, with the music of birds and the rippling of waters to lull my spirit, and the fresh air to fan my brow.

A half-day's ride terminated our journey, and brought us to the bustling little village of Annesly, and a few turns through its busy streets found us in front of a large old-fashioned house, situated on quite an elevation several rods from the street, with deep terraces, and stone steps leading to the hall-door.

My aunt was an old-fashioned lady, of the school of which there were then few to be found, and every thing about the mansion indicated her fondness for the things of yore.

A thump upon the great brass knocker summoned the servant to open the massive door for our admission, and as we were expected, he immediately recognized us, and ushered us into the presence of his mistress.

My aunt was sitting in a large high-backed chair, having on a black-silk dress, which stood out like a hoop, a plain muslin kerchief crossed upon her breast, and a cap of the same material.

She arose with a queen-like stateliness to bid us welcome, but without any of that warmth and cordiality I had imagined must necessarily characterize a welcome, and a kind of awe crept over me, an indefinable sensation, which foreboded any thing but a realization of my dreams.

She talked with my father about our journey, an account of which I had expected to relate with great enthusiasm; but no word of inquiry was directed to me, and I could not help understanding that for me to speak would be a great breach of decorum.

So I amused myself with looking around me. The room we were in was an old-fashioned 'square room,' the walls covered with old-fashioned paper, and two portraits in black frames, hanging opposite to each other on the walls, which I concluded to be representations of my aunt in her younger days, and of her husband who had been many years in his grave.

I strolled to the window which looked out upon an extensive lawn, and a garden filled with shrubbery and flowers in great profusion. Every thing seemed on a grand scale to me, and I for a moment forgot all things else in my anticipations of delight among my floral friends; of listening to the birds, and 'tending' the bees, and sporting with the butterflies. I longed to run, but when I turned round a kind of paralysis struck me, and my feet felt as if they were fettered.

Soon supper was announced, and we went to the dining-room, which was a sort of hall, and furnished in the same antique style as every other part of the establishment; but though I was hungry I could not eat. Here, again, home-sickness became a convenient appellation for my dejection; but my aunt had no sympathy with this even. Without at all putting off her stateliness she addressed me in a way which she ment should be kind, and 'hoped I was not going to be home-sick, it was very foolish. I must be happy; children should always do what their parents thought best, with cheerfulness; she hoped she should find me obedient,' etc.

This harangue was according to her ideas of consolation, and at every word my heart kept swelling till it choked me, and the tears seemed pressing my eyes from their sockets. I restrained them as long

as it was possible, but at length they burst forth and I ran from the room.

I was soon followed and obliged to listen to another similar attempt at comforting a childish sorrow. She hoped I had not a habit of crying at every little thing; she could not have that. I must listen to her advice, and do as I was told. She could not permit me to go to bed without eating my supper, I must be hungry. So she led me back to the table, put some cake in my hand, and stood by me till I had forced it down my throat; then congratulated herself on her perseverance, saying, 'She knew all about children.' (She had never had any, and I had always heard that those were the people who knew the most about them.) 'And now I had better go to bed, I should feel better in the morning.'

A servant was called to show me to my room. My aunt kissed me with one of those 'sense-of-duty' kisses which freeze the lips and chill the heart. I made a courtesy and departed from her presence, thinking how different she was from the Aunt Quimbleby I had seen in our house at home, where she was so gracious and so full of smiles.

The girl who accompanied me spoke many kind words; said I should soon get acquainted with other children, and could play in the garden, and she had no doubt I should like it very much.

But again I was glad to be alone, and again I cried myself to sleep.

RED-HOT LINES ON AN OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

BY HENRY P. LELAND.

I've visited the school-house, JIM,
Where we in childhood sat,
And not one recollection came
Of any joy — at that!

The windows all had fallen in,
The wind, oh! floored the door,
The chimney was blown over, JIM:
I staid to see no more.

Those school-boy days! O twaddle!
I count the dinners lost;
The bitter tears — the agonies,
That Latin grammar cost.

I see that stern old teacher,
With ruler in his hand:
The only love he ever knew —
A love to reprimand.

'How 's this, don't know your lesson?
Stay in, boy, after school:
I'll let you know before you go,
You 've got to learn 'that rule!''.

Like frightened bird before the hawk,
My little heart beat fast,
And bitter tears ran down my cheeks
When school broke up at last.

With whoop and cheer the other boys
Ran laughing out to play,
And left me in the school-house there,
On that hot summer-day.

Called up before the teacher,
I tried with might and main
To learn, like parrot, to repeat
Words, o'er and o'er again.

I sometimes wished that I might die,
And thus get out of school:
Away at least from that old man,
And his confounded 'rule.'

All day within that school-house hot,
That burning summer-day,
My little brain was racked to learn
Words, for my tongue to say!

When evening came the teacher spoke:
'Go, boy! but learn 'that rule.'
Or else to-morrow, if you fail,
You 're whipped before the school!'

THERE was a cloud before my eyes,
Dull beating of my brain:
The summer-evening breeze seemed hot,
My head was full of pain.

'What, whip me, before all the school?
Oh! no — it cannot be:
And yet he said he would — and will:
No hope from him — for me!'

That night a fever fired my brain,
And when the morrow came,
The boy, the teacher hoped to whip,
Was nearly past his blame!

I 'VE visited the school-house, JIM,
Where we in childhood sat,
And not one recollection came
Of any joy, at that!

LETTERS TO ELLA.

NUMBER SIX.

The sun rises and sets, seasons come and go, and Ella is not here. Of what avail are eyes that look no more upon my daughter? Seeing not Ella, they roll upon vacant space, as if vision were denied. These sightless balls,

'Bereft of sight, their seeing have forgot.'

They make to themselves airy shapes, and smile unsatisfied upon their own fancies. Thus starving men devour imaginary feasts, and feel more keenly pangs of hunger. Now, as I write, a shadowy Ella seats herself beside me; and with my heart aching to over-leap the distance which separates it from her, I feed it with the illusion of her presence. She seems, as of old, to fix upon me her large soft eyes, and say: 'Please tell more.'

On the Sabbath after the visit made by Father Green and the gamblers to Ellas-land, the church beheld a sight. Fast men and gamblers in great numbers were there. An aurora borealis of flash vests and glittering ornaments shone around. There came to my brain and refused to be driven thence, the words:

'Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow:'

which having many times repeated themselves, were followed in order by the rest of the verse:

'You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.'

By a curious chain of associations my mind was thus led from those fancy gentlemen, or in technical terms, 'gentlemen of the fancy,' to the love-lorn maid who was the subject of Mr. Gay's ballad. I saw her 'all melancholy lying' on the sea-shore; I heard the roaring of the seas.

'Thus wailed she for her dear,
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear.'

With such a picture before me, in my mind's eye, how could I otherwise than forget myself? My cherries and your mother's pie-and-cheese helped Father Green into favor with the gamblers, and in turn brought them to hear him preach: their presence took me to the coast where gold and diamonds grow: thence to where the seas were roaring, with hollow blasts of wind. There I beheld a melancholy damsel bewailing her absent lover; a picture such as no painter can adequately put upon canvas — a tragedy beyond the art of Siddons or Rachel:

'When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bowed her head and died.'

So safe a journey to the sea-shore, the sight of a picture so combining the sublime and pathetic, the closing scene of a tragedy so exquisite for grace and sorrow, were never more cheaply purchased.

But what sort of a sermon will Father Green bestow upon these hardened men? Will he show them the dark side of their fate, and warn them of wrath to come? Will he depict the misery they bring upon others, and overwhelm them with the deep damnation that boils and gurgles toward them in the heart of the neighborhood, for the firesides they have robbed of peace; for the bright young lives they have beguiled into darkness; for the hopes by them over-clouded with thick gloom, and the gray hairs by them brought down with sorrow to the grave? His text was this: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' His sermon consisted of a plain narrative of the life of Christ. It was simple and unadorned, and if done with art, the art consisted in not repelling the sympathy which the subject would naturally attract. There was not a fine passage or eloquent sentence in it. We were listening to a historical narrative, or if you please, to the life and adventures of a singular person. If the speaker had any lesson to teach, he did not disclose it: if he advocated any cause we were not aware of it. No one, I think, could doubt that he believed to be true the story he was telling. Aside from that or beyond it, he said nothing. There was an utter absence of exaggeration, and of every other apparent object but the development of his story. For the most part, it was serene and joyful, but toward its end the speaker's lips were seen to tremble, his eyes were slightly suffused, his tongue hesitated with suppressed feeling. But this effect was momentary; the story was made calm, whole, complete, and without a word of comment or inference, was left to produce its effects. I wish I had watched whether it produced any feeling of interest on the part of the gamblers, but if the sermon was intended for them, I do not know where their part of it came in. I forgot them. I seem to remember that the house was very still, but of every thing else outside of the story, I remember nothing. Sometimes when a boy, sheltered from sultry heats by over-hanging trees, I gazed upon the clear waters of a passing stream. Unmindful of other objects, its endless flow, its eddies, its light and shade, absorbed my thoughts. Since that time manhood and its phases have overtaken me; joys and sorrows have checkered my path; new scenes and new people, not of my childhood, surround me: gray hairs unbidden tell me that age advances; yet out from all things forgotten peep the glad waters of that sheltered brook. In my waking as in my sleeping dreams I wander back to gaze upon its endless flow and lie down under those over-hanging trees. Not unlike this have been upon me the effects of that sermon. Believing the Bible, I had before endeavored as I could, to carry into practice the belief common to Christians. It was, however, a belief in remote and mythical characters and events. Since that time there come over before me,

with life and fulness, the scenes of that story. I stand in their presence humbled and amazed. I find myself mentally repeating one and another of those verses you used to sing:

> 'I wish that His hands had been placed on *my* head,
> That His arms had been thrown around *me*,
> And that *I* might have seen His kind look when He said,
> Let the little ones come unto Me!'

These lines were written for children: but what age or station can feel other than as a child in such a presence?

Of the effects of this sermon upon the gamblers, if it produced effects, I am ignorant. They came after it again and again to hear him; not uncommonly waiting after the services to shake hands and exchange a few friendly words. Perhaps they rather imagined themselves to encourage him. They were seekers of pleasure, and a turn-out to church, with a pleasant discourse, was a variety. Perhaps in time some of them might have been touched by a higher sensibility. Men and women given over to shameless pursuits, their hearts are not all stony. You shall see them agitated with emotion before the mimic sorrows of the stage. With fiery indignation they behold helpless virtue writhing in the coils of fraud. Their countenances light up with unaffected joy at the triumph of innocence. But who can tell where their habits of mingling with us, and the consequent fading away of that abhorrence which is due to bad men, might leave us!

It happened, providentially it may be, that Rev. Mr. Felix Motherwort, A.B., came among us. He raised a warning voice, and showed us to be in the broad road to ruin.

Anxiety felt at first in regard to the tightness of Mr. Motherwort's white cravat, has gradually yielded ground, and people have begun to feel easy in its presence. It is now conceded not to be in any way connected with or typical of the 'glorious liberty of the Gospel.' If there ever was a practical Christian who looked and acted the character, perhaps Mr. Motherwort is that man. He carries with him everywhere his cross. He is indeed a cross unto himself and unto the world. In his coming his awful mission shines afar. Children run from him: houses about to be visited by his solemn foot-fall put on funereal aspects. Affected by his godly walk and conversation, well-meaning citizens of both sexes fall to misapplying texts of Scripture, and acknowledge impulses unfriendly to sin and the devil. Pleasure takes to itself wings and flees. Youth and merriment put on masks, and fear to show their natural aspects.

It appears that Mr. Motherwort was once a boy; but at an early age, so early as to be remarkable, he exhibited signs of sensibility. He read in newspapers first of all, the announcement of deaths, murders, and accidents. Several valuable tracts fell into his hands, and he shaped his own character after the models there exhibited. Seeing the promise of young Motherwort, and feeling that the harvest was ripe, and the laborers few, a neighborhood sewing-society took him in charge and educated him. Weeks and months spent he in congenial dryness and gloom among Greek and Hebrew roots. Smooth, unctuous, and sono-

rous Latin reminded him of the wiles of the Evil One, and warned him of death and judgment. Dim and melancholy moons waxed and waned, while he enlarged his naturally shining genius in the study of sectarian theology. When the early bias of his mind became fixed, and the mournful fancies of youth had ripened into bone and gristle of heavenly gloom, he was endowed with life-memberships in several societies, and sent forth to the harvest to thrust in his sickle. He did thrust it in.

Mr. Motherwell touches not, tastes not, handles not that unclean thing, the world. He knows only from theory how diverse and crooked the channels through which run the thoughts of men. He keeps, for publication after death, a diary, in which he writes often and much his devout experiences: and pity it is, a work of so much promise should be long delayed. It would not surprise him at any moment to hear a voice from the skies, saying, 'Motherwort, come up!'

His mind, his immortal mind, is clear; seeing through the decrees of fate, and 'justifying the ways of PROVIDENCE to man.' Refreshing is it to the soul to hear him explain the attributes, and how into each other they fit. Chalk in hand, he could go to the black-board, and demonstrate religion. Stating his propositions and proving them by books, then testing a given case by his propositions, he can tell what our HEAVENLY FATHER can and what HE cannot do. DEITY HIMSELF can never vary from the ways pointed out, unless by breaking one of Mr. Motherwort's syllogisms and refusing to be impounded. As a voice crying in the wilderness, Mr. Motherwort warns and remonstrates. He comes to us with the sword of the Spirit, and cuts fearful strokes. With its keen, inexorable blade, our wicked, fearful hearts are laid open. The peaceful sermons of Father Green, their still waters, their green pastures, their comforting rod and staff, treasured idyls in the living centre of the affections, are shut out from our horizon by storms and much lightning. We have been beguiled by the cry of peace when there was no peace. We stand on the brink of a precipice, the red right arm of avenging justice uplifted to hurl us over its abysmal depths.

Mr. Motherwort is not at liberty to avoid a duty which rests upon him, to show up the Pope. Far distant in Rome, with a cap on his head, that demure old gentleman busies himself with setting traps for the world. It is wonderful how he spreads himself. We all have duties to perform in regard to the Pope. In the meshes of his net are already entangled many nations. The locks of our republican Samson are in danger of being shorn, not by any fair Delilah, but by cargoes of raw Dutch and wild Irish men.

Mr. Motherwort is alarmed and pained at the spread of intemperance. He sees clearly that persons who touch nothing that can intoxicate, will never become drunkards. Hereon grows a syllogism which lays low wine, cider, and all spirituous and malt-liquors. Persons who make and vend these mischievous liquids, and especially persons who use them only in moderate quantities, are themselves the authors of untold sin. Drunkards deserve more friendly consideration, because misled by appetite.

Mr. Motherwort looks abroad upon our smiling land and feels the pang of slavery. The iron enters his soul. The slave-holder may be supposed less sensible to the moral qualities of the outrage by him daily committed, because of the force of habit and example; but what can be said of those persons in the free States who see the crime and their rebuke withhold? The world lies in a condition neglected and dreadful. Wrong and outrage abound. The gates of death swing to-and-fro on rusty hinges creaking: now partly closed by an aroused philanthropy: by unclean and leprous shapes of moral pestilence, in outpouring and hideous throngs, now driven wide open. Is there no more heard a reforming voice? Shall Rev. Felix Motherwort, A.B., fail to wrestle with iniquity?

One Sabbath morning; so bright and calm, the grass laughed away its dew; flowers with generous fragrance lifted their heads toward the sun; birds hopped from branch to branch and mingled their songs; there was turn-out of sporting characters to hear a sermon and prayers and hymns. Might it be possible that they felt, however vaguely, the waste and dreariness of life, useless and unblest? In the desert places of their hearts, solitudes long unbroken save by devouring passions or the dismal cry of lost virtue, might there be an unacknowledged yearning for cooling streams of generous sentiment, for seeds on which hope might grow, for songs of innocence? In obedience to the same power which directs the roots of trees sightless to their nourishment, were they turning to the cheerful voice of Father Green? In their restless reachings hither and thither with unsatisfied desire; under a sense of weariness from efforts to fill the soul with lawless indulgence, and with increase of supply feeling always greater emptiness, were they drawn, as the sun-flower to the sun, toward that trust in GOD which in ample fulness and content smiled through all his words and gestures?

Mr. Motherwort was present to improve the occasion. He pictured the Lake which burns with fire and brimstone, and described the tortures of that unhappy region. He made to pass before us a vision of the topographical features of the scene, enlivened with doleful cries and agony. This pleasing prospect he garnished and set off by a picture of saints on the other side of the gulf, satisfied with all refreshing and plentiful joys; with composure looking down upon their old neighbors writhing in their dismal abode, and denying them, to moisten their parched tongues, a single cooling drop of water. A variety of figures were made to wander up and down the quenchless flames, and to utter in hopeless wrangle and discord a sense of their lost condition. Lessons were drawn from these foreshadowings of doom, which were improvingly applied to the pursuits of men.

Mr. Motherwort was not unconscious of the merits of this discourse. He modestly inquired of Father Green how he liked it, and if he would please point out its defects. Father Green doubted if it could be improved. Never perhaps had it been his fortune to hear a discourse which produced upon the audience, especially upon persons of nervous sensibility, more marked effects. One suggestion, which might or might not be worth considering, had occurred to him.

Mr. Motherwort would be glad to hear it.

The suggestion was, whether the effect might or might not be heightened by mixing the sulphur, say in equal proportions, or some such matter, with assafœtida.

Mr. Motherwort looked a shade more solemn than before, but said nothing.

Sporting characters have not since shown in that house the light of their gay vestments and jewelry.

The next time Father Green met them he inquired how they liked his friend Motherwort?

'Uncommon nice man,' said one.

'Take the hair off any thing in these parts!' answered another.

'He was a-toasting of us,' continued another, 'till we was a-done brown and fricasseed!'

'Yes, Sir'ee-bob!' added another: 'The little devils took us on the hooks of their tails and held us up to the fire till we swelled and sizzled beautifully. Says I to Black Hawk, says I, see me roast and puff out. I go you a V that I do pop open or that I don't. Flip the copper to say which?'

'But suppose, boys,' said Father Green, 'it should all turn out to be true? The BIBLE certainly speaks of a lake that burns with fire and brimstone, and of lost souls suffering in it.'

'Come, now!' says Black Hawk, a little cowed: 'You don't think we are thieves and murderers and fiends, do you?' 'Upon my word!' said Father Green: 'If you do not want to be saved enough to ask for it, there seems to me a decided probability you may not be saved. In the world are so many people, the LORD might be able to get along well, leaving you and me out of his calculations. If we entirely prefer the company of Satan in this world, what motive can our LORD have for making us HIS unwilling guests in the next? I tell you frankly, my friends, that in my opinion, those who serve the devil work hard for poor pay. It is strange that a set of as shrewd fellows as you are, should be so bewheedled and duncified by that Old Humbug! You serve him night and day, make his enemies your enemies, his friends your friends, and what get you for it? No wives, no children, no home, no property, no reputation, no true love, no rest. Free course of irregular and lawless appetites held out as his chief lure and reward, he gives in such coarse and mercenary modes as to spoil all excellency of relish. The mistress who pillows your head on her bosom, and for a price talks sentiment to you to-night, for an equal price and with equal pleasure to-morrow night would betray you to the police. Are you sick, your great master peeps into your solitary room, in the third, fourth, or fifth story of some cheerless mansion, puts his thumb to his nose, and twirls his little finger at you. If you die — but that would be shocking! Let us not talk about it. Well, boys, I must go on: I wish you well.'

The Rev. Mr. Felix Motherwort, A.B., is the life and soul of progress and reform. He makes us hear his voice while it is yet to-day. Under his leadership has been formed an anti-slavery society, the members of which call themselves brothers and sisters of freedom. They are salty, and most likely, the salt of the earth: their sentiments, especially on

occasions when nothing of the kind is expected, they freely speak. If more people would join this society, it would do a great deal of good. Slaveholders, if they would attend its sittings, could hardly fail to be improved. It charges itself with the serious duty of loading, wadding, ramming-down, priming, taking aim of and cocking public opinion, which might before now have been discharged with effect, but for unexpected mis-fires. Against future accidents of the same kind to guard, a great work remains to be done in the neighborhood and the Church. At the feet of this society the world and the Church lie in ignoble repose. It is to be feared that self-interest, mammon, moral emptiness, in short, cotton, may be at the bottom of an indifference so unaccountable. Greater is the need that freedom's trumpet should be blown, until its piercing sounds and multiplied echoes shall disturb the general numbness.

Not long ago this society came near electing a friend of freedom to the office of probate judge, which would have been a blow at the institution of slavery greatly to be remembered. It happened that the candidate was a user of tobacco in several ways. A portion of the society look upon tobacco as an uncleanness and pollution. They think its use befouls the body and makes it an unfit temple for the Spirit to dwell in. They would as soon tolerate slavery itself. They cannot conscientiously compromise with any kind of foulness.

The candidate promised to forego chewing: he presumed his segars were harmless. It would n't do: his segars also must be destroyed. Away went his segars, but his snuff remained. He promised to reduce his snuff to three pinches a day; and this, some of the moderate brethren thought might be a fair compromise. On this point grew a division which threatened disaster to humanity's cause. With troubled spirit in vain Mr. Motherwort lifted up his philanthropic voice. Willing was the candidate to yield his three pinches, but the friends of tobacco would listen to no such terms. They did not require him to use tobacco, but if he were required to abandon its use, they were all as good as disfranchised. The question might as well be met. If the anti-tobaccos would vote for no man who used tobacco, the pro-tobaccos would vote for no one who did not use it. So the brothers and sisters of freedom were split.

Mr. Motherwort prudently endeavored to compose differences. He explained how this new strife might endanger the cause in which they all embarked together. He thought the tobacco question might be postponed. Both pro-tobaccos and anti-tobaccos were surprised to see Mr. Motherwort show the white feather. They did not look for *him*, of all men, to tamper with principle: they did not expect to see him so suddenly turn conservative! As for them, they must do their duty, and let consequences take care of themselves. If all at once, and unaccountably, their respected friend Mr. Motherwort had become afraid to face the music; if he had been influenced, they would not say, by personal considerations, it was no reason why *they* should falter in carrying out their principles. No: the banner was hung on the outer wall, the fight must go on. A caricature was got out, representing Rev. Mr. Motherwort, his white cravat drawn almost to the point of strangula-

tion, astride of an enormous tobacco-plug, trying to lean both ways at the same moment. The friends of freedom were beaten, and for yet another period the estates of deceased persons must be settled on pro-slavery principles. The feelings of Mr. Motherwort were wounded and embittered. The brothers and sisters of freedom were 'sweet bells jangled out of tune.' A highly respectable and sedate portion of the public was rather pleased than otherwise, seeing that the compromises of the Constitution had been preserved, and the dissolution of the Union was no longer imminent.

We have also a Maine Law Society, which is doing a great deal. It is visited once in a while by an 'apostle of temperance,' who tells interesting stories of persons who signed the pledge and were the better for it. Mr. Motherwort also has the honor to be on intimate terms with a number of reformed drunkards who used to be dirty brutes, and who are now shining examples for mankind, because they are not dirty brutes any more. It is a distinguishing thing to have been a sot, and to have starved and bullied one's wife and children. Of this sort, one of the most valuable did us the honor to address the society. Rather coarsely he told his experiences; but with satisfaction to himself, and edifying particularity of details, he related to an applauding audience how he had driven his sick wife out of doors, and broken the back of one of his children. They call him the 'Beetle of Temperance.' He said if there had been no 'sperits' which he could possibly get hold of he never should have done it. So long as a drop of the accursed liquid remains on sale, he claims to be liable to commit again the same barbarities. And every other man who does not live up to the temperance pledge, he tells us, is hurrying on to similar acts. The Beetle of Temperance draws large crowds, and is honored with copious hospitalities. The outrages confessed by him are not confessed as his sins; they lie at the doors of those who manufactured and sold the liquor, and especially at the doors of all who used it in small quantities. Having washed his hands of the responsibility, no man is more indignant at these wrongs than the Beetle. But Beetles of Temperance and Apostles of Temperance are not alike. As one star differeth from another star in glory, so an apostle is higher than a beetle. Behind this Maine Law Society we have a Carson League, which watches it; behind this is Rev. Felix Motherwort, to watch the League. Committees also have we to wait upon Beetles and Apostles.

This year the Maine Law Society would have swept every thing before it, and would have elected a tee-totaller to the Legislature; but the nominee on their ticket was not strongly committed against Popery. A portion of the temperance league disliked the Pope more than they disliked alcohol and fermented liquors, and so between the two dislikes the cause suffered, and its friends were beaten.

Father Green is not active in these useful and reformatory organizations. When pressed he acknowledges to be great the evils against which they are aimed, and hopes they will do good. He feels less sure of results than some do. Let others go forward who see more clearly. Hence we are separating into parties, and a large portion of our people are either Greenites or Motherwortarians.

I hope never to lose my affection for Father Green, but surely the world must roll over. The waves of progress and reform may not be staid.

Mr. Motherwort has recently written and published a powerful tract entitled, '*The Blaspheming Young Coffin-Maker who was Bored to Death with an Auger.*' Nicholas Bottleweiler worked at the trade of making coffins, and frequently took into his stomach alcoholic and fermented drinks. He amused himself at his work by wondering how the demand for coffins should so equal the supply; and is supposed to have made a little money and to have gained a pretty number of drinks by hiring his services one night to recapture a runaway slave. Ever after this event his dreams were unhappy. He dreamed he was in one of his own coffins, and lowered into a dreadful burning lake, where the varnish on his coffin took fire and made his condition bad. At other times he was lowered into the same burning liquid in one of his cast-iron coffins, which became hot and baked him. At other times his breath would seem to take fire and burn like a spirit-lamp. Of a bright morning, when most things were bright and fresh, he was haggard and tired with these terrible dreams. At length his soul was fearfully roused to learn what it should do to be saved. In all the imaginary scenes of terror through which he passed, the liquor-dealer of whom he bought his drinks, was present, increasing the conflagration by pouring on alcohol; and the negro he helped to catch, followed him, or stood over him with a lighted sulphurous torch. He felt himself dreadfully burthened with sin, and his past life stood before him in awful judgment. He joined a temperance society, and an abolition society, and after sufferings to which no pen but that of Mr. Motherwort can do justice, the clouds broke away, and he leaped for joy. For a season he tasted the consolations of hope. But the devil appeared to him, with hoofs and claws, and blue flames streamed from his mouth, while clouds of black smoke rolled from his nostrils. While Bottleweiler and Satan stood facing each other, the former sung a hymn, and with an impulse of vain-glory in his own powers, bade the latter do his worst. Soon the fearful shape begun to change its aspects, and like fogs moved by wind, assumed a variety of pleasing appearances, ending with the resemblance of a young, beautiful, and blooming female, to whom he had endeavored in vain to make himself agreeable, her bosom heaving, her eyes flashing upon Bottleweiler with tender fires, ready to fall upon his bosom with sweet confessions of regard: Bottleweiler attempted to throw his arms around her, but Satan rose from the earth between them, the blue flames again pouring from his mouth, the smoke rolling from his nostrils, and told Bottleweiler no earthly force could help him to the society of his beloved, except by submission to his requests. Bottleweiler must first go and take one glass of brandy; he must blaspheme in his old manner; he must curse abolitionists; and must strive to influence at least one companion to strike his name from the Carson League. Here Bottleweiler attempted to sing another hymn, but it stuck in his throat, and stopped his breath; struggling to recover which he awoke from his dream. But the kindness of his beloved, so different from her wont, and the glass of brandy, had been as it were seared into

his brain. Days and weeks he carried with him an unquenchable thirst for brandy, and his bosom was in tumult at the thoughts of that enticing vision. Worn out by unceasing appetite, at length he took a single glass of brandy, resolving to take but one. But alas! the barrier had been broken over; another and another glass followed, till Bottleweiler became a sot, and returned like a dog to his vomit, and a sow to her wallow in the mire. He cursed abolitionists, boasting his fulfilment of his league with Satan. One condition more, and only one, remained to to be fulfilled. He would persuade his friend Dailiwork to strike his name from the Carson League. Dailiwork was at service in a large establishment with machinery, when Bottleweiler approached, so under the influence of alcoholic drinks he could scarcely walk steadily. His tongue was thick, and he said: 'Dev'l take me, 'f I 'd stay in such 'n 'ornary ——'

He was going to say 'League,' but leaning too far back as he pronounced the above words, he was caught on the point of a two-inch auger whirled by machinery, and a hole bored clear through his vitals. In his few last moments he seemed to see unpleasant sights, mumbled to something to get out of his way, and uttered broken sentences about blue flames, and smoke:

> Thus it was feared that his wicked soul
> Was seized by Apollyon through an auger-hole:
> A warning to drinkers to touch and taste no more;
> Poor Bottleweiler died of an awful bore.

Such is an abstract and compendium of Mr. Motherwort's tract: but its literary merits are of a kind that nothing short of his language can give you a true notion of its power.

SHE DIED, YET IS NOT DEAD.

She died, yet is not dead!
Ye saw a daisy on her tomb;
It bloomed to die — she died to bloom:
Her summer hath not sped.

She died, yet is not dead!
Ye saw her gazing toward the skies,
But heaven beamed ne'er on mortal eyes:
She lingered, yearned, and fled.

She died, yet is not dead!
Ye saw her jewels all unset,
But God then made a coronet,
And put it on her head!

She died, yet is not dead!
By pearly gate and golden street
She walked her way with shining feet:
Go ye and thither tread!

Theodore Tilton.

THE GRAVE OF THE UNRECORDED.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

In a vine-girt valley
O'er the seas,
Nestled, calmly sleeping,
From the north wind's sweeping,
In the forest bosom
Of the Pyrenees:

Lies a chapel, shrouded
In the gloom:
From its ivied tower
Tolls the passing hour
On the stillness brooding
Over many a tomb.

Many a tablet crouches,
Dank and dim:
Scarce a name displaying,
'Neath those boughs, whose swaying
Ever seems to murmur
Nature's funeral hymn.

In the sternest shadow
Rests a stone
Rank with moss and sorrel:
Save a withered laurel,
Epitaph or moral
O'er the mound, is none.

In a laughing summer,
Long ago,
Ere the earliest blushing
Of the sun-rays, flushing
O'er the hills, had cloven
Through the mists below:

By the opal glimmer
Of the skies,
Toward that valley sleeping,
Shadowless and creeping,
Marched a grim battalion —
Murder in their eyes:

In their van, a peasant
Of the vale,
(From his couch they tore him;)
Gleaming swords were o'er him:
Dreadful death before him,
Should the traitor fail!

But a mighty purpose
Steeled his soul:
While, with well-dissembled

Fear his strong limbs trembled,
As he led them onward
To their bloody goal.

Through the gorge, they, toiling,
Silent strove;
He the van still heading,
Till they saw, far-spreading,
Many a cottage, peeping
Through its olive grove.

From a hundred falchions
Flashes break!
When a cry, far-ringing,
Clarion echoes flinging,
Down the valley rattles:
'Awake! To arms! Awake!'

Through the low-boughed orchards
Rolls the cry,
Far along the river,
Where the leaflets quiver
With the rushing echoes,
'To arms! Awake! or die!'

Then, for one dread moment
All is still!
But those blades, late gleaming,
Now with gore are streaming,
And a life is ebbing
On that vine-clad hill!

. . . . .

Fast the mist is rising
To the thirsty sun:
Bright the stream is flowing,
With a golden glowing;
But amid the grass-blades
Crimson streamlets run!

From the belfry-tower,
Clang on clang,
Peals of triumph rattle:
'GOD hath won the battle!
HEAVEN'S own herald surely
That blest warning rang!'

To the chapel, shrouded
In the gloom;
With a voice of wailing,
Sable garments trailing,
Bear they many a hero
To a hero's tomb.

From the vine-clad hill-side,
Peasants twain,
For the greed of guerdon
Drag a lifeless burden,
For, within his bosom
Was the gold of Spain.

In the shadowed church-yard,
All alone,
This fair form they bury:
With a careless hurry,
Flinging on the nameless
Grave a nameless stone!

Philadelphia, Jan. 19th, 1856.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER THREE.

THE YANKEES ABOUT THE ASTOR-HOUSE.

'Oh! there 's not in this wide world a pleasure so sweet,
As to sit at a hó-tel and tilt up your feet:
Pull away at the 'Cuba' whose flavor just suits,
And gaze at the world 'twixt the toes of your boots.'

BOSTON PAPER.

WHOEVER has lived, 'any thing like a good while,' at a New-York hotel, soon learns to tell where a man dates from by his *set*. Men *will* show themselves: and I, though by no means pretending to be one of the 'cute sort, do n't often miss telling what a man's 'havings' are, when I 've once given him a regular tax-collector's lóok.

Among the great variety of interesting creatures who flock, feed, and flourish about the Astor-House, the most curious are, beyond all ciphering, the Yankees. The Astor is the best place to study them. To gratify his particular taste, the Yankee prefers the Saint-Nicholas or the Metropolitan, and indeed there has always been a great rush of these children of the North, as some body calls them, to the last house. But the Astor is nearer business: it is there that business can be best driven during the off-hours, and at the Astor you accordingly find him.

To the Englishman, every body who hails from the u-niversal American nation is a Yankee. In his native ignorance he believes that Bostonians carry bowie-knives, that there are large manufactories of wooden-nutmegs in Philadelphia, that the North-River people excel in gouging out eyes, and that the South-Carolina folks are great as tin-peddlers. Even on this side of the Collins and Cunard ferry, a mysterious doubt exists as to the head-quarters of the real Yankee. Though the New-England States alone can give him birth, it is not less true that the Philadelphian regards as Yankee every thing north of Richmond, junior: the far-Western man applies the term to all the Middle States, as well as the Eastern: and the Southerner lumps up as 'Yankee,' every thing born on free-soil. Jack Downing says that Maine is the middle and kernel of real Yankeeism; Rhode-Island and Connecticut point to each other as the focus of the article: while the Massachusetts man will tell

you that the real slab-sided whittler is indigenous to Varmount and New-Hampshire, from the mountains of which he descends like a wolf on the fold to prey amid the fertile fields which lie green before him.

According to my own notions, (not claiming to be one of your 'cute sort, I 'm willing to be corrected,) the educated and intelligent Yankee, who cherishes at heart an intense local pride of birth and blood, is rather most at home in the Bay State, where he ripens as you approach Boston. The 'univarsal genius' who forces himself out into the world, and up to *any thing*, in spite of the worst draw-backs of fortune and education, (and who do n't generally stick at a trifle in so doing,) comes from farther North, while the Barnum or money-Yankee proper, belongs to Connecticut. There is also a variety of the desperate and sometimes dissipated Yankee, peculiar to Rhode-Island, where he is apt to belong to Cumberland or Providence, which latter town was written down more than a century ago in history as a remarkably hard concern. Coincident with Providence I may mention Newport, which was once the more flourishing establishment of the two; so much so in fact, that there are old folks at home in the watering-place who tell with pride of the day when if a Providencer wanted more than a whole gallon of molasses at once, he had to send to Newport to get it. But Newport is now like the Virginia gentleman who, having wasted his substance during the days of his youth by riotous living, and by jumping up behind on his neighbors' notes, was obliged in his old age to open tavern and sell rum in order to gain an honest living.

There are towns in New-England, such for example as Norwich, Connecticut, possessed of a refined and highly-educated society, which might be considered as more appropriate to the Fifth-avenue: that is, if the Fifth-avenuers had read a little more, and could boast a little information outside of the opera and the latest fashions. The Newcome who lands in one of these towns, expecting to find himself among the greenest of the most verdant sort of country-Yankees, is compelled to admit that there are no places in the world similarly *retiracied* which are less provincial or more agreeable.

But the Yankee, though cosmo-polite in general, and personally polite in particular, cherishes at heart a great sympathy for his own stripe, even when he hides it like the ground-work of a rising speculation from the world. Like Jesuits, Gipsies, and Free-Masons, the Yankees have among themselves a sort of mystic fraternity, and will 'explaterate' socially together in a way which they would be uncommonly scarce of showing to any outsiding non-Yankee.

I had often observed in the reading-room of our own and the up-town hotels a gray but fresh-looking old gentleman, who might, as far as looks went, have come from anywhere, or, for that matter, have gone anywhere, without looking particularly out of place. One evening I was sort of coïncidentally introduced to him by Neponset Peabody, ('Squire Peabody that was, of Thermopylæ, now of Beaver-street.)

'Mister Doolittle, allëaow me to introdëuce yëu to Mister Sloper.'

Mr. Doolittle rose and honored me with the bow of a gentleman of the old-school.

'I am happy, Sir, to make your acquaintance. I have frequently,

Sir, had the honor of seeing you, Sir, about the house. I have heard Mr. Stetson speak of you, Sir, as one of whom a more intimate knowledge was to be desired.'

'Sir,' said I, 'the pleasure as I reckon is about reciprocal.'

'A hotel like this, Sir,' pursued Mr. Doolittle, 'affords many facilities for studying the curious and agreeable phases of human nature. Nothing, Sir, is so pleasant to me as, after my daily devotion to business, (to which I have as it were a settled aversion,) to forget the miserable toil of traffic, and recreate my fancy by looking at folks as they run round here.'

'Business, Sir,' says I, 'must be business. Dollars are dollars.'

'The almighty dollar, Sir, is the pest and bane and venom of the country. We are becoming, Sir, a parcel of dollar-hunters, and it is with regret that I observe an increasing tendency among us, Sir, to regard without reprobation transactions which are not a great ways off from regular swindles. *Art*, Sir, should interest us. I make a point of going every day into Sherwood's, merely to study the exquisite painting behind the bar. Nor should *Literature* be neglected.' Here Mr. Doolittle flourished the Life of Barnum, which he held in his hand.

Neponset Peabody had been listening to all this with a look of ghastly bewilderment. At last he broke:

'I say, Mister Doolittle, I rather calculate nëow that yëu did n't hear this gentleman's name. Mace Sloper, Sir! Sho' — why yëu must a' known the Slopers of Chippety Whonk? — grand-son of old Azariah Sloper, who fit at Bunker-Hill. He an't a Yankee by birth — but he 's one of *us*, you know.'

'*We — all*,' replied Mr. Doolittle, beginning the word in New-Yorker and ending it in Yankee, 'I should kinder calculate that I *did* know old Azariah, and the hull lot on 'em. So yëu 're Mace Sloper, hay? Tarnal smart brother that o' yourn. I lost a thëaousand dollars once by him. It was just abëaout the most elegant chisel I ever stud. I never think on it, Sir, without admiration. Any body, Sir, who can shave as clëuse as yëu 're brother Madison shaves, deserves all the money he can git. Wäll, he dus! How do yëu like livin' here to the Astor, Mr. Sloper?'

'Pretty well,' said I, 'about middling.'

'*I* like it,' pursued Mr. Doolittle, 'because it 's a tip-top place *to bore and drum*. A Southern or Western man, Sir, when he goes skewtin' abëaout, buyin' goods in bissness heours, keeps his eye-teeth skinned. But up to the hotel a'ter dinner or supper-time, he feels sorter sociable-like, and can be hooked as easy as a bull-frog with red flannel. Half the time yëu need n't say nothin' to him about goods, for his head 's full on 'em, and if yëu only lay low, he 'll begin on *yëu*. There are men here, Sir, who I watch, so to speak — wäll, asleep and awake tëu. A man, Mr. Sloper, to be in business, should be nothin' *but* a business-man. Yëu just said somethin', Sir, which did yëu honor, when yëu said, 'Business must be business, and dollars air dollars!' It orter be written in letters 'er gold (if they did n't cost tëu much) in every young man's store. Talking o' business, Mr. Peabody, what do yëu think of Yonkville?'

'Stocks' sorter goin' to rise, I calculate,' replied Neponset. 'Eph Stebbins has sold 'em a tarnation lot of iron at half-price, and is goin' to take it in sheers. It 'll come out in the statement and make a rise.'

'Stebbings carn't deliver, of course.'

'Wäll — if the stock rises *very* high, prehaps he will. Then, Mr. Dëulittle, *we* hold on. If it don't — why, we sell.'

'Jest what my daughter Hopeful sed this mornen. She come dëoun to the store and asked me to buy her all the Yonkville I could find at sixty. '*Why*, Hope,' says I, 'what on airth sets yëu to buyin that stock?' 'Never yëu mind, Father,' sez she; '*it's comin' up.*' Now how under the sun did the gal find that all äout?'

'Sho!' cried Peabody, 'daon't yëu *see?* Sol. Stebbings, Eph's cousin, was an old beau of Hope's, and she got him into the secretaryship of the road. Sol writ to her, *of* course. Wal, Mr. Doolittle, as yëu and I and Eph have got all the Yonkville we can kerry, I dao n't care if Miss Hope *doos* git a slice. We 're the ony Eastern folks in it, 'less Mr. Sloper 'll take a few — and of course any body else may be stuck and be *darned!*'

'*Of* course,' placidly answered the old gentleman. 'By *the* way, Mr. Peabody, did yëu know that Vandam is in a mighty tight place?'

'Deu tell!'

'Fact. Ezry Bullard heerd Vandam tellin' on it to his brother in the cars, Tuesday night. *Ez* got rite straight out 'er the train and come tarin' back to New-York to see if I could help him make eny thing out on it.'

'*Thunder*-ation!' replied Peabody. 'Why, Vandam owns five hundred sheers of Yonkville. Set Old Hardy to threaten to sue Van, and Van's stock 'll all be in the market right away, But I can't take more 'n a quarter on 't.'

'Wall, sposen you and I, Steb, Hope, and Mr. Sloper — bein 's we 're all Eastern folks — just cut that Vandam stock into five pieces?'

'I 'm agreed,' said I.

'And I,' replied Mr. Peabody, as he rose to go. Just then a Baltimore man came within ear-shot, and Mr. Doolittle, as he departed, said:

'Sir, I am most happy to have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance. An hour, Sir, thus spent in congenial and elevated conversation, is, in *my* opinion, worth an eternity of the dull routine of conventionalism and trade. Good night, Sir.'

And with a courtly bow the good old gentleman bade adieu. In less than two minutes he had made the acquaintance of three Mississippians, and within a quarter-of-an-hour had invited them to a quiet supper in his parlor up-stairs. Walked off humming to myself the ditty of 'The Spider and the Fly.'

Messrs. Peabody and Doolittle, with their friends Stebbins and Bullard, are only a sample of the 'mean Yankees,' who have, however, by their brass, avarice, and marked peculiarities, given a sort of coloring to the entire race. Far superior to them, in every respect, are the quiet Yankees and the fast Yankees.

Uncle Ebbin, as we used to call him, was a good specimen of *a quiet Yankee.* He was somewhat short of stature, and had the dark complexion and bright eye peculiar to certain Rhode-Island families, who derive it from their Huguenot ancestry. Uncle Ebbin molested no body and questioned no body, though by some miraculous tact he contrived to be better posted up on people and business than any other man of my acquaintance. He would sit for hours silently chewing his Cavendish-cud of reflection, and gazing out into the park in summer or at the fire in winter, but keeping up meanwhile a mischief of a thinking, and digging out big nuggets of useful conclusions. People seemed some how to think that it was their bounden duty to go to Uncle Ebbin and tell him every thing. He was the confident of half who knew him. When sitting with him in his room, I have known gentlemen to enter fairly burning with impatience to disclose matters of moment. The secret of Uncle Ebbin's popularity as a keeper of confidences, consisted, as he admitted to me, 'in not caring much about hearing them, or in *making out* so.'

'Uncle Ebbin,' Smith would say, 'between you and me and Mr. Sloper, I should like your opinion on a little personal affair.'

'Well, now,' said Uncle Ebbin, 'Mr. Smith, if it is really personal, I guess you 'd find it best in the end to say nothin' about it.'

'Yes — I know — to any body else. But you can advise me, I reckon. You see that Jim Harrison ——'

'Wonder what all that noise 's about in the entry?' quoth Uncle Ebbin, turning an ear toward the door, as if Smith's story was about of no interest at all.

'Now, Uncle Ebbin, do *just* listen. You know that Harrison ——'

'Yes, I know,' answered Uncle Ebbin with the air of a man trying to appear attentive when he 's half-asleep. '*Dick* Harrison you said ——'

'No I did n't; I said Jim Harrison. Well, Harrison calculates to marry my niece, and ——'

Here Uncle Ebbin seized the poker, and began working away at the fire as if distracted.

'Now, Uncle Ebbin, do stop that infernal noise. My niece ——'

'Go ahead! I can hear you and fix the fire, too.'

'Niece Julia 'll marry Harrison, and I 've got to pay over twenty thous ——'

'Mace — got a segar?' inquired Uncle Ebbin.

'Twenty thousand dollars when she gets married, and Harrison 's got my note for ten. Now if I pay my niece, I can't pay Harrison; and visy versy.'

'Sho! how you talk!' replied Ebbin. 'But was you using the money for Julia or for yourself?'

'All for her benefit, every red.'

'Well,' (here Uncle Ebbin took up the poker again,) 'as Harrison 's a clever fellow, (a poke,) I think you 'd better (another poke) tell him the whole story.'

'I don't like to, Uncle Ebbin. He might take it into his head that ——'

'I guess not,' said Uncle Ebbin. 'He 's a pretty fair sort of a clever fellow.'

'Well, Uncle Ebbin, you know Harrison like a book. Now if *you* 'll only talk to him and fix things straight?'

'Well — meddlers only hurt themselves — I 'll try. But you must work up Julia's money as soon as ever you can.'

'I 'll do it, Uncle Ebbin, I 'll do it, and much obliged to you.'

In a quiet way Uncle Ebbin was a very liberal, generous man. Many of his charities, it is true, flowed over fields which afterwards bore him a rich crop in the way of business, but he generally managed these matters so as to do lots of good and to evade suspicion of interest. When he founded the Snagbottom Seminary, it was supposed from the earnestness with which he insisted that none but clergymen's widows should teach in the institution, that he only had a view to establishing a poor relative or two of his own. At the time, however, Uncle Ebbin *happened to know* that a rail-road would soon be built to that interesting village; and sure enough, in process of time, there came any quantity of customers over that road to the store of the famed patron of Snagbottom. But a very fair proportion of Uncle Ebbin's loose change was cast where it certainly brought in no reward 'this side of Jordan.'

There are thousands of Yankees like Uncle Ebbin, quiet, kind-hearted yet shrewd men, who attract but little notice in the world at large. Some how, with all his honesty and unobtrusiveness, he contrived to make even more money than friend Doolittle — a matter which puzzled the latter not a little. I solved it in my own way by concluding that, in the long run, a reputation for sterling honesty and kind-heartedness will aid a man *about as much*, even in business, as the most unlimited amount of humbug, though the latter be backed by any amount of brains. Friend Doolittle contrived to secure a tremendous lot of *new* customers; Uncle Ebbin never lost any of the *old ones*.

Hiram Twine was a good specimen of a go-ahead, yet honest, Yankee. Hiram had travelled the world over, knew every body, had an inkling of almost every thing, and never lost sight withal of *the main chance*. Hiram was *some* on horses, *numerous* at billiards, *immense* at ten-pins, and upward of considerable among the politicians. I know that when I say that Hiram was known to all, and beloved by many of the big-bugs at Washington, my assertion as to his honesty will be looked upon as rather shaky, or at least smoky — but it is true nevertheless. Perhaps he set off the evil effect of his political associations by an incredibly extended intimacy among clergymen of *most* denominations and ladies of *all*. Uncle Ebbin and I followed Hiram one fine day up Broadway, and watched him as he bowed. Such a mess of salutations never before greeted any one man, unless it were the Governor, or Clark of the KNICKERBOCKER. Among the nodders were

John Van Buren.
The Four-Cent Man.
Mrs. Van Huysensplash and daughters.
Brother Greeley of the '*Tribune*.'
Tom Hyer.
'George.'
The Lime-kiln Man.
Judge Hardshell.

Mrs. Fitzsplendid Buckhorn.
St. Leger of Cuba.
Rev. Dr. Eagles.
The Editor of the Bunkum Flagstaff.
Our Cousin Frederick.
Col. Cobweb.
Sim Draper.
Our Fanny.
Brown of Grace-Church.
Carl Benson.
Baron Spolasco.
Little Jacob.
Dan Bixby.
George Law-less.
Rev. H. Ward Speecher.
Miss Van Killem.
Rev. Rufus W. Griswold.
Sappho Basbleu.
Le Grand Smith.
La Belle Pirouette.
J. E. Cooley.
John Wheeler.
Cogswheel.
Boventhien Van Spuytentyfel and family.
The Original Jacobs.
Puffer Hopkins.
Madame Killdeville.
Dr. Francis.
Col. Du Solle.
Bancroft.
Kate.
O'Connor.
N. P. Wiggles.
Burton.
Pat Hearn.
Collins.
Caleb Lyon of Lyonsdale.
Grinnell.
† Bishop ——.
Par Venue, Esq.
Mrs. Beauty Belle Ermine.
Count Gurowski.
Count Tschistosserdetschijetschestnostsky.
Counsellor Slashing.

And numerous other ladies and gentlemen well known in our gay metropolis.

Hiram's ostensible occupation or profession seemed to consist in taking hold of any thing that turned up, though he did n't confine himself strictly to this particular line. Mysterious stock operations in London, lobbying in every legislative assembly in the country, and vast gettings-up of corporations, alternated with a little cock-fighting, a very little tiger-scratching, and *not* a little love-making, occupied a portion of his time. He was singularly well looked upon by the editorial fraternity, having been at divers times 'one of 'em' himself, and always having a quiet hand in the game somewhere as proprietor, correspondent, or the LORD knows what. Hiram delighted in 'little dinners;' and at these assemblages which he gave about once a day on an average the year round, you seldom failed to see several gentlemen whose somewhat disordered hair, pale countenances; and noble, intellectual expression bore witness to the wearying yet elevating influence upon the system, exerted by the 'sitting up late for the mails.' Great institution, those mails!

I shall give no personal delineation of Hiram, for the chances are, reader, ten to one that if you 've ever been *about* in the least yourself, you have seen him and 'spoked to him.' Hiram is getting to be well known in these days; in fact, there are a great many of him — though I 'm sorry to say that all are not equally commendible. From the salmon-haunted shores of California to the seal-skinned frozen wastes of Captain Nat Palmer's Land; from the Esquimauxy track of Grinnell's exploring-boat to the hide-and-horny port of Valparaiso; from London to Canton, and from here to Hades, the shrewd, accomplished, gentlemanly Yankee Hiram is 'around.' Once in a while a stray word or a quaint phrase betrays his Northern birth; and once in a while, too, a *rayther* close trade indicates a somewhat more than average perception of his own rights. But he is not of the Sam Slick and Yankee

Hill school. Those delineations of the Yankee have long ceased to be faithful portraits of the great mass of the sons of New-England, and it is evident enough to the most unpractised vision that in a very few years — long, perhaps, ere the Pennsylvania German or Southern Cracker shall have lost the dialect of his fathers — Mr. Doolittle and Lot Sap Sags will be among the things that were. It is not, in fact, until a type of character begins to vanish, that it becomes universally known and understood.

STANZAS: THE PARTING.

'It is thus the bright visions and joys of youth break up
For ever!' FESTUS.

I.

It may be we shall never meet again;
I know we shall not meet for many years:
And ah! perchance our meeting may be then
As now our parting is, with mournful tears.

II.

We shall have learned that life 's an earnest thing:
Not a mere dream of summer flowers and skies:
Nor TIME, an angel bright, whose changing wing
Grows but more gorgeous as it swifter flies.

III.

And each new year will bring us more of care:
Will teach us how our brightest hopes decay:
Till we shall learn to think that *all* things fair,
Even for very brightness, pass away!

IV.

We shall be older then — perchance more wise,
If it be wisdom that we know the truth,
How, one by one, each fervid feeling dies,
And the heart loses its best joys with youth.

V.

We shall be changed: those lips as fresh as morn,
All warm and dewy, may be thin and pale:
Or, I may see them curled in bitter scorn,
As friends desert thee, or as true hearts fail.

VI.

The love-light in thine eye will pass away:
Care make its resting-place thy fair young brow:
Ah! should we meet again, some future day,
Thou wilt not be the same I part from now.

L. W. P.

ENTRANCE OF THE CRIMEAN HEROES INTO PARIS.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN

'While passing down the Boulevards to witness the entrance of the Crimean heroes, I met a friend looking on the fête with a gravity mingled of sternness and melancholy. Before his German imagination there was passing down the Boulevards — not seen by French eyes, dazzled by the halo of French glory, that surrounded the war-worn soldiers — a ghostly procession of the thousands who will *not* return from the Crimea! His vision was filled with a terrible 'dance of death.'

NEW-YORK PAPER.

THEY come! the Imperial cohorts come!
With clanging trump, with rolling drum;
With musket-clash, with sabre-clank;
Troop after troop, rank upon rank!

Beneath thy splendid Arch d'Etoile
See the Imperial bands defile:
Dragoon, Chasseur, and Cuirassier;
The grim, stern-visaged grenadier;
The Voltigeurs of St. Antoine;
The dashing Zouaves' brilliant line;
While the thronged pavements ring and reel
Beneath the artillery's iron wheel.

These be no gala-troops, I ween,
Marching with warlike port and mien
By thy fair borders, lovely Seine!
For as the lightning scathes the oak,
So is each helm by sabre-stroke
And bullet-dint all rent in twain;
Each gay garb soiled by battle-stain.
Yet proudly their brave banners fly,
And proud their step, and brave their eye,
Though scored with gashes rough and grim,
With bandaged brow, and shattered limb.

A stranger gazed upon that scene
With folded arm and gloomy mien:
He saw not in that proud parade
The tossing plume, the brandished blade,
Nor were there present to *his* gaze
Brows radiant with victorious bays.

Forth, where the Black Sea's billows roar
Around the rough Crimean shore;
Far forth, where Russian tempests blow
Horrid with drifts of blinding snow;
Forth, where the flames of conflict roll
O'er thy rent walls, Sebastopol;
Forth, where the shattered rocks are strown
With purple gore, and mouldering bone;
Forth, where the sparkling snows are spread
With anguished life, with mangled dead;
There forth, his mournful fancy flees:
The dead, the lost, alone he sees!

He views those gallant regiments
Swarm from their countless huts and tents:

He views them on that flaming height,
The Mamelon, in stormy fight;
He marks their thousands disappear
Beneath the murderous strife's career;
The blazing mine, the ensanguined wall,
The bayonet-thrust, the splintering ball,
The cannoneers, all grimed with smoke,
The bursting shell, the gashing stroke;
And all those frightful scenes of hell
Where Death and Vengeance toll the knell!

On thy stern heights, dark Inkermann!
He sees Death lead the battle-van;
The Redan reddens with its flood,
And Alma is baptized in blood;
Fierce Balaklava's waving grass
Reeks where the steps of Slaughter pass;
The Gaul, the Briton, and the Turk
Are toiling at their dreadful work!

He sees no brave heroic crowd;
He sees the spectre and the shroud:
He sees no manly form of life;
He sees the dagger and the knife:
He sees in place of flags displayed,
The dripping bayonet — the blade:
He sees no laurelled conquerors there,
But desolation and despair!

Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIOGVOLK

MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

PART ONE.

I was not born for this. No. One odd circumstance with another, a lack of self-reliance and an infirmity of will, (signal vices of my character,) have stranded me upon this queer occupation. My friends say of me: 'He has no energy, and he is fit for nothing better.' Well, so be it. Here I am, and here I seem likely to be. Lucky perhaps I am, and better cared for in these hard times, than many a poor fellow with more than twice my deserts. My life has been a rambling and unsteady one. I have read and seen much of men and manners, and something of books. Having a tenacious memory, and being accustomed to minute observation, and possessing a taciturn disposition, a habit of musing upon what is passing around me has grown with my years and has become inveterate. My present way of life is surely monotonous enough in its routine: the tread-mill excepted, I can scarcely fancy any more so; yet it affords me much food for my peculiarity to feed upon. I have here a sort of familiar footing with the

extremes and the middle of society in this metropolis. Many trifles are dropped in my hearing in the casual talk of men and women, who are my temporary guests, that give me a clue to dispositions, habits, character, and modes and phases of life and traits of men that might be sought in vain from observation of people in their more studied intercourse with the world. One-half mankind are always wondering how the other half live. From my point of view, I look on as their gaze of wondering curiosity is fixed upon each other, and by a mystery of my own can often unravel the secret web of both, as they thus unconsciously betray it to me. When I was much younger, I had a passion for omnibus-riding. However, the rattling noise of the huge wheels over uneven pavements, and the shortness of the ride, often interrupted my opportunities for observation, and cut short my meditations sometimes in the very crisis of the little dramas my characters were performing. In my rail-car much of this difficulty is obviated. Here I have an endless chain: beside, I see more, and hear more, and muse more: whether my musings be worth the jotting down, with a doubting mind I leave others to determine.

PART TWO.

HERE we are at Barclay-street, going up. It is a close damp evening in October. It is growing dark. The car is filling: that is to say, the seats are filled, and some of the sitters are holding children or parcels as large in their laps, or between their feet. Now the aisle is full, and short men are hanging upon the leathern straps pendent from the rails at the top of the car, and tall men are knocking their hats over their eyes against the same rails. Women are crowding in, looking around with any but approving eyes upon the men quietly seated and staring at them as they enter and pry their way wedge-like through the living mass. There is yet standing-room for a few more, by encroaching a little upon the toes of those who are seated. By closely packing, after the manner of smoked herring in a box, still a few more may be accommodated. Accommodated! 'GOD save the mark!'

On we go, stopping at every corner for more passengers. In and in the crowd pours, and the wonder is that one little car can carry all. The poor little mules strain as they go up the ascending grade, sometimes pulling themselves off their feet before they can move the great load of humanity: finally, aided by a lifting hand from myself and the driver, they stagger on. The car is now getting full: I mean by that, the inside is packed to its utmost capacity, and the platforms are full to overflowing; but there is yet a little hanging-room upon the steps, and this must not be lost. Those who sit by the windows are very likely aged, or feeble, or rheumatic, or consumptive: at all events, the windows must be kept shut. Those sitting by the front-door are dapper old clerks in down-town banking or counting-houses, who never 'take exercise,' and to whose frail carcases a puff of fresh air is as terrible as a blast of keen and nipping nor'west wind in January, and so the door must not be opened. The car is air-tight, except at the back-door. The forward motion of the cars prevents the access of air from this direction,

and the mis-called ventilators at the top are 'inoperative and void' as the Missouri Compromise. I stand compressed upon the hinder platform. A hot gust of foul 'second-handed' air pours out from the back-door full in my face. Faugh! it stifles me. The reek of mouldy dripping umbrellas, the aroma of decomposing India-rubber, the exhalations from the bodies and clothing of sixty human beings in various conditions of cleanliness, the odor of innumerable parcels of mysterious contents, fill the atmosphere, if this clammy steam that is stenographing epitaphs upon the windows can be called atmosphere. This vapor in turn is warmed to more than blood-heat by animal contact in passing through the furnaces of so many pairs of lungs in every state of soundness and unsoundness, and is not made more aromatic or savory by the contact. It is hot and moist and stagnant, and sickens me. But this is my cross, and I must bear it. How the passengers endure it voluntarily, passes my comprehension. Surely New-York must be a healthy place if the inhabitants can endure this.

It may be a fancy of mine, but the undertakers' shops always seem to look more bright and cheerily than is their wont as the cars, thus crammed with living freight, labor on and pass their doors. They seem to be on the look-out for a good time coming. If I do n't miss my guess, they 'll have it ere long, if we can keep the road and 'accommodate the public' as we now do. It has been falsely rumored they paid us toll to secure the 'good will' of any little trade in our way. But this is a gross slander, and so far from the truth that I am half-tempted to reveal the truth, that we secretly pay them for holding themselves in readiness in case of any little accident occurring on the road to any passenger being obliged to be set down for want of breath. But I must not betray secrets of my employers.

I open a window occasionally to let loose the pestilential gases, but instantly some lover of fœtid air closes it, with an imprecation against the conductor. I carry my point only in collecting fares of those who have a sense of cleanliness, and prefer to stand upon the front-platform with the driver. It is often a matter of wonder, and always of great impatience to some within, that I am so long occupied in taking these outside fares. I must have the door open to do this, and as the fresh current cools my face and fills my lungs, I am in no hurry to close it. I feign never to perceive the shivering and grimaces and stamping of feet and rubbing of hands of my little shrivelled friend, who always will monopolize the first seat by the door at this end of the car. I know he selects this place so that his gallantry, such as it is, may not be disturbed by seeing the women compelled to stand near the other door while he retains his seat. But a good airing will not harm him. A man whose habits of life have generated in his diseased mind an antipathy to ventilation, has no right to mount guard and keep hermetically sealed the only place the breath of life can enter to those who are famishing for it. If it is necessary to his distempered sense of comfort to inhale the effluvia, it seems to me he has no right to compel his neighbors to endure the nuisance. 'I may be wrong, but that is my opinion.' It makes me maliciously merry to see him wince and kick and stamp as I let a snow-drift come in upon him on a raw day in January. Now I let the

breath of Heaven pour in, and give those who have lungs not yet wholly decomposed, and do n't affect infection, a chance to fill themselves with fresh draughts. I leave the door a-jar, and proceed to collect the inside fares. I am scarcely inside myself, before up pops my little friend, and with an angry anathema and an impatient jerk, slams the door tight.

On we go. I work and worm my way through the conglomerated mass, bundled together like trussed hay. Occasionally the car is brought to a full stop, and the 'standees' are thrown against each other like alley-pins by a 'ten-strike.' They would fall to the floor were it not that like ● row of tenement-houses in our upper wards, they support each other. Click! the bell strikes, and on we go again. We are getting up-town. The crowd standing and hanging in the aisle is growing thinner; the riders on the steps drop off; and only a few women are standing inside. The men being the stronger, have fought their way into each seat as it has been vacated, and as the car stops suddenly with a jolt or a bump, the poor women get a momentary rest by being thrown upon the laps of the kind-hearted men, who blandly smile and do not resent the familiarity. Thus we jog on to the end of our journey at Forty-second street. Blessed be the man who invented cars! Did he ever fancy he was inventing an engine for Burking sixty human beings at a time? Thrice blessed be the man who invented the straps and poles and steps to hang passengers upon!

PART THREE.

We are going down, a bright crisp morning in December. The car is half-filled with well-dressed, gentleman-like men, and a few ladies looking gay and cheerful. Some old fogy guards the front-door, as usual, and of course not a whiff of fresh air is permitted to enter. This is all very well until every seat is taken, and the cramming of the cars begins. When the aisle is crowded, and the straps and rails are all hung full, it begins to be oppressive. Now a man squeezes in, dressed in black, (a color in woollen clothing remarkable for its tenacity of bad odors,) reeking with the stale miasma of dead and buried tobacco-smoke; some, who are only half-pinioned by the proximity of a neighbor, or do not require both hands to hold up by the straps or other support, are picking their teeth, and the exhalations of sixty half-digested breakfasts are moistening the car-windows with a thick perspiration. Some read a damp newspaper; others hang their heads in patient submission. The atmosphere becomes intolerable, and some passengers being in the full vigor of the morning, can endure it no longer. One makes desperate lunges at the windows; another contrives various subterfuges for getting the front-door open again and again, and a few get out and finish their journey on foot. These latter gain time; for about this point the little mules begin to grow weary with their disproportioned burthen, and move at a snail's pace. These are my trials. The passengers expostulate, but it is 'the custom of the country,' and can't be helped. The railroad company can't afford to lose a passenger. It is said the corporation was created in a very remarkable way. The 'cats and dogs' that made up the capital stock which the present owners' money went to pay for, it is shrewdly suspected had so little intrinsic value

that, when they who organized the company had been paid off, at their own fabulous estimate, for their 'live stock, etc.,' the real capital of the company was but 'a beggarly account of empty boxes.' And thus (those who claim to be in the secret say) it happens while a less rate of fare would enrich a company that had a fair start, we starve upon high prices, and enormous contributions from those whose good-nature we abuse so abominably. This is a deplorable state of things, but what genius will help us out of the dilemma? I look forward trustingly into the dim future for that Utopian day when the number of cars shall be doubled, and a conductor shall not incur the risk of his discharge by refusing to take up passengers when the cars are properly filled. At present I see no remedy, unless perchance some enterprising people should drive the company into bankruptcy, and, selling out the road and fixtures, purchase it at its real value: then by putting on thrice the present number of cars at certain hours of the morning or evening; reducing the rate of fare nearly one half, and doubling the salaries of the conductors, they might become the richest company in the world. I talk occasionally of this matter to 'outsiders,' and when contemplating the increase of salary, become quite enthusiastic. But, you see, I am careful to speak only to those who have discretion, so that it shall never get to the ears of my employers. If they should get wind of my revolutionary principles — handy-dandy! what would become of me? Ah! I fear I should be arrested for embezzlement and —— discharged.

WE ARE NOT OLD!

BY M. L. SPENCER.

We are not old, though years have rolled
Like shadows from our path away,
Since first to me thou didst unfold
Thy love — oh! happy, happy day!
We are not old!

Thy cheeks are fairer than the rose,
Thy lips are sweeter than the dew
Thy hand is whiter than the snows,
And as the heavens thine eyes are blue:
We are not old!

Time dealeth gently with us here,
No change our hearts have ever known;
Our joy increases year by year,
For sweet contentment is our own:
We are not old!

As in the past may we glide on,
All gently down the stream of life;
And when we reach our journey's end,
May we together rest — my wife:
We are not old!

REMINISCENCES OF KATIE AND I.

BY SARAH I. C. WHITTLESEY.

KATIE and I were frolicsome chits,
When KATIE and I were small;
Living together, two little wee bits
Of bairns, in Old Time's hall:
KATIE and I,
Two frolicsome chits,
Two little wee bits
Of bairns, in Old Time's hall.

One had tresses of auburn hue,
The other had golden curls;
Eyes of hazel, and eyes of blue,
Had we two troublesome girls:
KATIE and I,
In Old Time's hall,
When we were small,
Sunny and sinless girls.

I loved KATIE as never a child
Worshipped a child before,
For KATIE was modest and meek as a wild
June-bud on a lakelet's shore:
Little sweet KATIE!
Oh! never was child,
So lovely and mild,
Thus worshipped by child before!

But one came softly to Old Time's door,
One sighing September day,
Telling us childhood's lease was o'er,
And bidding us both away:
KATIE and I,
From Old Time's door,
To a broad sea-shore,
That sighing September day!

And never since then have the skies looked blue,
To sad little KATIE and me,
Since coldly and kindless he parted us two,
There by the sobbing sea:
KATIE and I,
We 're drifting apart,
But together in heart,
We 're crossing the sobbing sea.

I wonder if ever the winds will blow
Our shallops together again,
While the noons and the midnights come and go,
Like satyrs along the main—
KATIE's and mine?
I wonder if they,
Through the sparkling spray,
Will side by side journey again?

It is not because that my soul is dark,
And hath not a beautiful ray,
That I sit at the bow of my buffeted barque,
And watch through the night and the day,
For the far-off shore,
Where the world's wide fleet,
Will by-and-by meet,
At vespers of life's short day:

But this is the reason that oftentimes,
Through the winds and the sobs of the sea,
I list for the vesper's silver chimes,
From the bell of Eternity,
By angels rung;
For KATIE will come,
From her wave-rocked home,
And worship at eve with me!

Alexandria, (Va.)

TO DYE OR NOT TO DYE?

'NEVER SAY DYE.'—BOWERY BOY.

DEAR MR. KNICKERBOCKER: I have here asked a question which to a superficial reader may appear synonymous with that of the poor melancholy Dane, but I doubt not you will at once perceive the difference. Though to die, and not to be, and *vice versa*, have so long been supposed to mean the same thing, I am confident that Hamlet, amid all the perplexities and trials which beset his path, never took the subject of dyeing into consideration at all. This is a problem to be solved by us moderns, and the theories and practice of the ancients can throw little light upon our duty in regard to it.

I confess at this moment it is an individual question, one asked of myself by myself. It may seem rather impertinent not to keep it to myself; but it is a question of such momentous interest, and one so nearly affecting a large portion of your readers, that I cannot but hope for sympathy while I lay before you my doubts and fears, and frankly tell you how the arguments for and against dyeing strike my mind.

The good old Mr. Spectator in his day was of infinite service to distressed damsels of every age and condition. How frankly the Annabellas, the Honoras, and Lydias of that generation poured their sorrows into his listening ear; how tenderly he sympathized with them; how wisely he instructed them! I have always felt that society would be immensely improved if the journalists of our day had something of his knightly gallantry, and would allow the weak and suffering to appeal to them in this personal manner for instruction upon intricate points of etiquette and propriety, and for redress of grievous wrongs. Whether

any thing is left in editorial hearts of his chivalric courtesy remains to be proved. But I will hope for the best, and speak as to a friend.

I confess I should myself have never thought of dyeing: it is a thing for which I have no natural partiality whatever. But nearly two years ago, a dear young friend of mine, who was standing beside my dressing-table as I made my toilet, exclaimed with great vivacity:

'Cousin Elsie, why don't you dye? It would be *so* becoming; you would look as young as any of us; no body would dream you were over twenty-five. I certainly *would* dye if I were you.'

The idea of being beautified and rejuvenated was a pleasant one, I confess; but to dye for it did strike me rather curiously. As I turned the thought over in my mind, Fanny continued:

'It was only last evening mother and Miss Peak were talking about you, and Miss Peak said, 'She did n't doubt you would get married right away if you would dye; for gentlemen, you know,' she said, 'think a great deal of appearances;' and so they do, do n't they, Cousin Elsie?'

'I am afraid they do, Fanny,' I replied, with a little sigh, 'but yet it can only be the weaker sort of men who are influenced by them. I am sure those will not be who are truly wise and good.'

And yet to tell the truth, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, I hardly believed this; for my many years of experience had gone to prove just the reverse, and that wise and good men as well as foolish ones do think a good deal of appearances — more than they ought to think; but I would not take it back, for it was best to inculcate sound morality in my little cousin.

As I have said, the subject of dyeing was thus first brought before me two years ago. Since that time similar advice has been given me at least fifty times, to speak moderately. It has been offered by intimate friends and comparative strangers; by those who have dyed and those who have not; by those who sincerely desired my welfare, and those who were, to say the least, a little indifferent about it. The reasons given to induce me to do it have varied with the tastes and characters of the advisers; but I think they may all be comprised under three divisions:

First: It would make me look young.

Second: It would greatly increase the probabilities of my obtaining a husband.

Third: It was the fashion: every body is dyeing now-a-days.

To be sure, good old aunt Dorothy added to these motives: 'It is so *cheap*, Elsie. Why, there 's the great 'Hair Restorative' costs only seventy-five cents a bottle! Think of that!'

I was at first inclined to smile at my good aunt's enthusiasm; but when I remembered it took Nature years and years to turn a tow-head into a chestnut or black one, I agreed with her. It *is* cheap, marvellously cheap: and when I reflected more upon it, I really felt that it was a piece of economy to get a bottle at any rate: and I did. It now stands on the upper shelf of my closet, and I never look at it without feeling anew that it was an excellent investment, in a pecuniary point of view: really the *cheapest* thing I ever bought.

Trifles sometimes bring about a crisis in national affairs, and so it is in little domestic perplexities. Last night our maid-of-all-work brought

this long-standing controversy quite to a point, by casually remarking, as she passed through my room, while I was arranging my hair:

'Why, and indade ma'am, you 're as gray as your mither's ain self; but if you would be afther usin' the dye, ma'am, there 's nary a lady in the counthry would look half so beautiful and plasin'. It 's a weddin' we'd be hevin' thin, and in luck ye 'd be intirely;' and so with a great grin on her broad face, she went out.

It was the same old story over again; looking young, and a husband: and I then resolved that I would take up this vexed question, examine it soberly and candidly, and decide once for all.

So I sat down before my glass and took a deliberate survey of myself. I had removed my combs, and my hair, still abundant, fell loosely about my neck and shoulders. It was very gray, there was no denying it; and some long, soft locks were really white. I drew out one of the whitest, and twined it caressingly around my finger. Dear old lock! it had been my companion in many a changing scene, and was still dear to me in spite of the silvery hue it wore. There seemed some magic in its touch; for as it rested there, and I smoothed it tenderly, there gathered all around me fair young faces, beautiful with hope and love. The air was filled with music and ringing peals of laughter; but amid all the mirth and merry uproar of glad voices, a tone softer and sweeter than all others fell upon my ear, and thrilled my heart with delicious pain. I felt a warm breath on my cheek; a stray curl was pressed to lips which uttered fervent, burning words, and — and ——

I press the silvery lock to my lips unconsciously, and tears fall thick upon it. There are no glad voices now, no low-breathed tone — the vision has passed away!

Shall I dye or not?

'It will make you look young again, so that no body will dream you are over twenty-five.' *Will* it? Let me reflect, I said, upon that a little. There is Sally Bishop: a year ago her hair was of very much the same shade of mine, a hue or two fairer, it may be; and now it is as black and glossy as any girl's of sixteen. It is really wonderful to see: but does she look young, as if she were twenty-five, or under? Ah! Miss Sally! there are queer little lines running all along under those raven tresses; they form curious parallelograms and triangles under the eyes and round the nose, and creep in mysterious curves to the mouth and chin, tell-tale wrinkles which dyeing does not smooth out at all; there are tell-tale artificial teeth, tell-tale shrivellings of the once ruddy lip, tell-tale dimness in the sparkling eye, tell-tale sharpness in the rounded cheek; in fact, the whole face is one great letter-out of the dread secret which the hair is trying to conceal. It is an unequal combat, and the face comes off victorious. No, Sally Bishop does not look young; and she has dyed: how do I know that *I* should if *I* dyed? My face has wrinkles on it; my eyes are dimmed; my lips shrivelled. Young again! — there was something saddening in the thought. Youth never comes but once with her brimming cup of joy: it has come and gone. I have drunk of her sparkling wine, but shall never drink of it again — never on earth!

But as I sat there, I asked myself, and now I ask you, Mr. KNICKER-

BOCKER, 'Why should I, Elsie Elderly, *wish* to look young again?' I am not young; why not wear an honest, truth-telling face, that shall say frankly, 'Here's a middle-aged woman,' to all who look upon it? I know youth is beautiful; oh! how beautiful, with its own delicious loveliness! But have not life's summer and autumn also charms? We don't insist upon having spring leaves and buds the whole year through, and should consider that a poor arrangement of the seasons which gave us no leafy June, or golden-tinted October. If we could, by some mysterious process, analagous to that of dyeing, transmute the autumnal peaches, plums, and pears into clusters of bright flowers, and let them bloom as freshly as in May among the fading leaves, would it be thought desirable? I should not like to take upon myself the responsibility of saying it would not: I only ask the question modestly. If we do not find it necessary to have spring the year through, why insist that a woman shall have the beauty of youth her whole life long? Is there to be for her no summer-day of perfected loveliness: richer, fuller than the blossoming beauty of spring?—no autumn hour, with its serene light and sacred stillness, wrapping her around with a glory all its own? Tell us, Mr. EDITOR, how this is. If we *must* deck ourselves with spring ringlets, and light fantastic garlands, we will submit to our destiny as cheerfully as possible: we will make ourselves over to milliners, dressmakers, and hair-dressers, to be brightened and dyed and stuffed into as good a likeness of youth as they can manufacture. But one thing is certain, Mr. EDITOR, *I* shall not dye in order to look young until I hear from you, for these two reasons: First, I am not quite sure it is necessary I *should* look young; and second, if it *is*, I am not certain dyeing will bring about that desirable result.

So, having disposed of this branch of the subject, let us turn to the second reason for dyeing: namely, the probability of getting a husband if I do.

Now, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, I feel that we are coming on very delicate ground, and if I breathe into your ear every thought which entered my heart in that hour of solitude, you must never tell a living soul: no, *never!* I am sure you never will, and so will conceal nothing from you. Now as regards a husband being a blessing, indeed *the* blessing of a life, I never thought of doubting it. It is an axiom which one seldom thinks of contradicting: and yet I said that night, 'Elsie Elderly, tell me truly, do *you* want a husband? Look at yourself as you are, at husbands as they are, and speak out the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' Thus adjured, myself began to think: but some how the thoughts changed into a vision. It was a vision of a lovely home, in which were gathered all home delights. In it loving eyes beamed tenderly; low voices breathed delicious words, and uttered names of thrilling sweetness, which can be uttered nowhere else; and around it the angels of peace and purity and joy folded their wings, and guarded it from evil. And amid all the light and beauty of that home, I saw one so noble in intellect, so lofty and pure in purpose, so faithful in affection, so gentle and forbearing in disposition, that I was about to utter, 'Yes.' But when I turned from the ideal to the real, from the husband that *might be* to the husbands that *are*, to A.'s hus-

band, with his coarseness; to B.'s, with his shallow brains; to C.'s, with his selfishness, and to others I could specify, I hesitated. All these friends of mine I knew regarded their husbands as the very quintessence of manly excellence, but yet I was not sure my eyes would ever be anointed with the transforming oil which made theirs see, as seeing not. Then I thought of the material yet unappropriated: of P——, the widower, who is running about to get some body to recommend some body to him, and then introduce him, and then he will propose, and then he will marry: very much after the same fashion boys play, 'One to begin, two to show, three to get ready, four to go,' and then make a great leap—*somewhere;* of Q——, the bachelor, hard-featured and rich, who is so afraid of being carried off by some scheming mamma or money-loving daughter, that he never ventures into society, and feels, whenever a woman bows to him in the street, as if a great pit-fall was opening at his feet, and blesses himself when she has passed by, and he is not entrapped; of R——, who has consigned three incarnate angels to a better world, and is looking about with 'one dropping and one auspicuous eye,' as Shakspeare hath it, for a fourth; feeling that there is abundance of room in his great heart for her to enter in and take possession; of—— but I fear, Mr. Editor, you will think I am ill-natured, whereas in reality I am one of the sweetest-tempered persons in the world, though I say it who should not; so I will only add that on the whole my reply to the question was: 'No, I thank you, not at present. A husband is a very good thing, an excellent thing, a thing to be sought after, a thing to be valued; but I think I will just now put forth no active means to procure it. If Providence should send one, and he should be of an entirely different stamp from those above named, it will be time enough then to think of it; just now I will not trouble myself.' I continued, still speaking to myself of course, in a confidential way: 'And one thing is very certain, I will never dye to get a husband; no, indeed!' and my tone grew very fiery and indignant. 'No, indeed! if in the world there is a person who would not value me for what I really am, for whatever of womanly worth or refinement I may possess, but who would *take me* (to use that intolerably vulgar and demeaning phrase so common now-a-days) if I were but guilty of paltry trickery and deceit, of assuming the semblance of an outward charm, that man of all others is the one I would wish never to approach me; never, with any kind of intentions whatsoever. Has it come to this? Is all the purity and truthfulness of a woman's nature reckoned of so little worth that she must needs use disguise to win affection? A charming basis truly would such a falsehood be for a life-long trust and faith!'

No, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, I cannot submit this question to your decision; for even your powerful influence will never induce me to dye to get a husband, because I am very sure I do not want one who could *thus* be won. I can only desire you to whisper to all your fair friends, that self-respect and the respect of others, such as can only spring from an upright spirit which scorns petty arts and intrigues, are elements of that true and lasting affection which alone can make them truly happy.

There remained only the third reason to be considered, namely, every body is dyeing now. Yes, we know it. We see hair of every

shade, from the sea-green of Tittlebat Titmouse, to the royal purple which typifies magnificence; we are compelled to look on heads which are white on top — a dingy white — and black at the sides, with every intermediate hue between; we sit opposite at table to masses of hair which are crisped, frizzy, and of an indescribable coppery dulness, bearing the label *dyed* upon them as plainly as it could be affixed. Yes, it is the fashion, and fashion is a despotic sovereign. Does n't she put our bonnets on the back of our heads, or rather the top of our necks, and send us out all unprotected from the blast, when the mercury is ten degrees below zero? Does n't she trail our richest silks and satins through the sloppiest portions of Broadway? Does n't she transform us into inflated balloons, and sail us along the streets to the great discomfort of every passer-by? To be sure she does, for who but she could ever compel us to submit to such annoyances? Parental authority, the force of law, the power of principle? Never! We should snap their cords asunder; but Fashion binds us with stronger bands. And if she says we must dye, must we not?

Again, Mr. Editor, I would appeal to you in behalf of those feeble few who would fain be free from this kind of slavery. I think there are some dear sisters, who, like me, love the old gray locks which lie in peace upon their brows. Those tresses were our pride in our long-past girlhood; we wove sweet flowers among their shining folds, we tended them with loving care in summer's heat and winter's cold; and now that Time has touched them with a silvery hue, we value and cherish them all the more. They have shaded our throbbing temples in many an hour of bitter anguish, (perchance sorrow and pain have helped Old Time to bleach them,) they have been laid with soft touch upon our flushed brow in hours of joy, and we fain would let them descend unmolested with us to the end: the mark of age it is true, but the record, too, we fain would hope, of some victories won, some sorrows healed, some sweet peace obtained.

Must we dye them because it is the fashion? or may we not, dear Mr. Editor, wear them quietly and comfortably to our life's end, secure of the respect of the really sensible, as well as of the approbation of our own consciences? Will not you, in your editorial dignity, deign to stand by us and speak a word of kind encouragement? Then like the dear Mr. Spectator, of Queen Anne's day, you will be held in grateful remembrance by many an old but still friendly heart, and go down to future ages as the corrector of social evils, and the upholder of the truly good and graceful.

A CAPITOL PARADOX.

During the late run 'upon the Banks,' our friend William Pitt Palmer made the following 'Capitol Paradox' for us in one minute by the watch, with one hand tied behind him:

Two hundred and twenty Congressional tongues,
Than Stentor's each one scarcely weaker,
All wagging away, at the top of their lungs,
For two months, yet never a *Speaker!*

FOURTH ODE OF HORACE.

'Nunc acris Hyems.'

Now Winter flies before Spring's warm-breathed gales,
The waters rouse them from their silent sleep,
The eager sailor trims his idle sails,
To seek a dang'rous pathway on the deep.

No longer now the stable's warmth invites
The lowing herd to leave the sun-cheered fields;
The fire-sides now have lost their old delights,
His meadow-earldom now the White-Frost yields.

His lace-like livery is laid aside:
Submissive to the Vernal Queen's soft power,
Old Earth assumes the garments of her pride,
The living glory of the grass and flower.

Now Cytherean VENUS leads the dance,
The Graces with the Wood-Nymphs hand in hand,
And all the while the Moon, with kindly glance
And loving smile looks on the joyous band.

Look! from the black volcano fitful gleams
Tell that the Cyclops' master lights his fire.
See! from its flame-crowned top long lurid streams,
Betray the monster-laborers busy there.

Now twine a fillet of dark myrtle-leaves,
Or weave a wreath of any wild-wood flower
That disenchanted Earth its freedom gives,
A chaplet fit for sacrificial hour.

For PAN demands his long-accustomed rite,
An offered lamb, perchance a bleating kid;
And Spring to leaves and buds brings morning-light,
And so 'tis meet an orison be said.

Death comes! a guest who for no welcome waits,
Who knows no difference in the ranks of men;
Alike he enters the proud palace-gates,
Or threads the path to Misery's loathsome den.

This evanescent life, of scanty span,
Forbids Ambition's aim and long design;
No moment yet to come is sure to man,
And PLUTO's shadowy home may soon be thine.

Alas! not there to choose the banquet's lord,
Shall rev'llers rattle dice in merry strife;
Nor dear THERESE be loved, though here adored,
For charms of Earth shall cease with ending life.

H. V.

BLACKSTONE.

THE 'human mind' is the prey of many vagaries. One of these consists in acquiring, as the result of some mysterious mental powers, the absurdest notions of men and things. The child conceives of Brazil as a 'place' where men go to shovel up three-cornered nuts from the caves of the anacondas, and that they may be swallowed by those amiable serpents without harm, and be released in time to make up their loads before dark; of France, as an immense country, as much as ten miles square, devoted entirely to the cultivation of flowers, where the inhabitants spend their time in bowing and making fine speeches to each other; of Russia, as a large field of perpetual ice and snow, inhabited by ever so many men, and a terrible monster called a Czar, whose principal amusement is cutting off the heads of his subjects, and eating their bodies. The youth never thinks of King Pepin without associating with that diminutive personage a sword considerably the longer of the two; he always sees Columbus in the act of stepping from his boat at Hispaniola, with a banner in one hand and a sword and spy-glass in the other; he fancies Shakspeare to have slept in the collar with strings, and never to have been divested of it for a moment; he cannot conceive of Milton as a boy, and is necessitated to believe he was always a man in a black gown, and never was born at all. There are men in the prime of life who fancy that Sir William Blackstone must have been the intensest of the Old-World 'fogies,' in a state of preternatural dryness, and that he was always to be found in the same place, writing heavy treatises on Law, and making interminable extracts from musty authors, dryer, if possible, than himself; that he was in short a machine, which when he died had only run down, and could have been made to go for ever with an occasional winding. This is the absurdest idea of all. There are men — I do not fear to say it — who have read every page of 'Blackstone's *Commentaries*,' and are now living. They never speak of the feat as a thing extraordinary, and seem even to have formed something of an attachment for their author, and profess to admire his style. These men have never been charged with insanity, and with moderate care will be certain to escape the horrors of the strait-jacket. The incredulous reader — who must not murmur at being classed with the blissful laity — would do well, in default of time or the needed volumes, to follow me through these few extracts from the 'Life of the Author' which is prefixed to the work above alluded to, and afterward to form some idea of his style and spirit, from the portions of the work itself which I shall have had the kindness to transcribe for him.

'Sir William Blackstone was born on the tenth of July, seventeen hundred and twenty-three, in Cheapside, in the parish of St. Michael le Querne, at the house of his father, Mr. Charles Blackstone, a silkman, and citizen and bowyer of London; . . . who died some months previous to the birth of William, the author of these justly esteemed Commentaries. . . . Even from his birth, the care both of his education and fortune was kindly undertaken by his maternal

uncle, Mr. Thomas Bigg, an eminent surgeon in London, and afterward, on the death of his elder brothers, owner of the Chilton estate, which is still enjoyed by that family. The affectionate, it may be said the parental, care this worthy man took of all his nephews, particularly in giving them liberal educations, supplied the great loss they had so early sustained, and compensated in a great degree for their want of more ample fortunes. And it was always remembered, and often mentioned by them all, with the sincerest gratitude.'

Two things are learned here: one, certainly, that Blackstone was once a child who did not dream of Law, and whose more than common misfortune was happily turned to his advantage; the other, measurably, that his biographer was an honest, genial-hearted, and slightly garrulous old man, in love with his subject. He tells us that at the age of seven the predestined Commentator 'was put to school at the Charter-House;' and five years after 'was, by the nomination of Sir Robert Walpole, on the recommendation of Charles Wither, of Hall, in Hampshire, Esquire, his cousin by the mother's side, admitted upon the foundation there.'

'In this excellent seminary he applied himself to every branch of youthful education, with the same assiduity which accompanied his studies through life. His talents and industry rendered him the favorite of his masters, who encouraged and assisted him with the utmost attention: at the age of fifteen he was at the head of the school, and, although so young, was thought well qualified to be removed to the University; and he was accordingly entered a commoner at Pembroke College in Oxford, on the thirtieth of November, seventeen hundred and thirty-six, and was the next day matriculated.'

The repeated scholastic honors and triumphs achieved by the youthful Blackstone justified the hopes of his excellent relative, and excited the admiration of the faculty and of his fellows. In the delivering of masterly orations and the composing of prize poems, he especially distinguished himself. His course was eminently rational, at both school and college; and he succeeded in converting the dryest studies into mere amusements. He was particularly fond of the science of Architecture; and 'at the early age of twenty, he compiled a treatise entitled, '*Elements of Architecture*,' intended for his own use only, and not for publication, but esteemed by those judges who have perused it, in no respect unworthy his maturer judgment and more exercised pen.' The classics, however, and 'particularly the Greek and Roman poets,' were his chief delight.

But he had now reached that critical point in life at which it becomes necessary for most young men to decide once for all as to their future plan and course. The interesting passage which follows may serve to illustrate the not infrequent conflict of tastes and interests which takes place at this period:

'Having determined on his future plan of life, and made choice of the law for his profession, he was entered in the Middle Temple on the twentieth of November, seventeen hundred and forty-one. He now found it necessary to quit the more amusing pursuits of his youth, for the severer studies to which he had dedicated himself, and betook himself seriously to reading law. How disagreeable a change this must have

been to a young man of brilliant parts and a fine imagination, glowing with all the classical and poetical beauties he had stored his mind with, is easier conceived than expressed: he alone who felt, could describe his sensations on that occasion; which he did in a copy of verses, since published by Dodsley, in the fourth volume of his miscellanies, entitled, '*The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse;*' in which the struggle of his mind is expressed so strongly, so naturally, with such elegance of sense and language, and harmony of versification, as must convince every reader that his passion for the Muses was too deeply rooted to be laid aside without much reluctance, and that, if he had pursued that flowery path, he would not perhaps have proved inferior to the best of our English poets.'

And to show that these elegant tastes were afterward but kept in subjection, and not eradicated, our biographer adds:

'Several little fugitive pieces, beside this, have at times been communicated by him to his friends, and he has left (but not with a view of publication) a small collection of juvenile pieces, both original and translations, which do him no discredit, inscribed with this line from Horace:

'Nec lusisse pudet, nec nom incidire ludum.'

Some notes on Shakspeare, which, just before his death, he communicated to Mr. Stevens, and which that gentleman inserted in his last edition of that author, show how well he understood the meaning, as well as the beauties of his favorite among the English poets.'

Enough perhaps has been quoted to illustrate this branch of the subject; and indeed the proper limits of an essay like this are not sufficient to contain more. It will have been seen 'what manner of man he was,' and that was the extent of my design. It may not be thought amiss, however, to hint at the extent of his labors.

Beside the 'Commentaries,' upon which his fame on this side of the water is principally founded, he was the author of various other works, mostly on kindred subjects; among them 'Lectures on the Laws of England,' from whence was taken much of the substance of his later work. These lectures were commenced five years before, and in their delivery 'justly signalized his name and rewarded his labors.' He was presented with various offices of trust and emolument, and was offered many which he did not accept. Having been appointed one of the 'Delegates of the Clarendon Press' he found on entering upon the duties of the office, 'many abuses which required correction; much mismanagement which demanded new and important regulations. In order to obtain a thorough insight into the nature of both, he made himself master of the mechanical part of printing; and to promote and complete a reform, he printed a letter on the subject, addressed to Dr. Randolph, at that time Vice-Chancellor.' His efforts in these respects were completely successful, and brought him much honor.

The most considerable of the offices which at one time or another he had the honor to hold, was that of 'Vinerian Professor' of common law in the University of Oxford, to which he was unanimously elected on the twentieth of October, seventeen hundred and fifty-seven. 'In this

situation he was (he informs us in his introduction to the Commentaries) led, both by duty and inclination, to investigate the elements of law, and the grounds of our civil polity, with greater assiduity and attention than many have thought it necessary to do; and on the twenty-fifth of the same month, read his first introductory lecture, one of the most elegant and admired compositions which any age or country ever produced. This he published at the request of the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses, and afterward prefixed to the first volume of his Commentaries.'

'Many imperfect and incorrect copies of his lectures having by this time (seventeen hundred and sixty-three) got abroad, and a printed edition of them being either published or preparing for publication in Ireland, he found it necessary to print a correct edition himself; and accordingly, in November, seventeen hundred and sixty-five, the first volume appeared under the title of '*Commentaries on the Laws of England*,' and in the course of the four succeeding years the other three volumes; which completed a work that will transmit his name to posterity among the first class of English authors, and will be universally read and admired as long as the laws, the constitution, and the language of this country remain.'

At the ripe age of thirty-eight Mr. Justice Blackstone married, and with his wife 'passed near nineteen years in the enjoyment of the purest domestic and conjugal felicity, (for which no man was better calculated,) and which, he used often to declare, was the happiest part of his life.' He had nine children. He expired on the fourteenth of February, seventeen hundred and eighty, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. 'To the public his loss was great; to his family and friends irreparable.'

The following is the concluding paragraph of the admirable sketch from which I have drawn so largely:

'Mr. Malone, in an advertisement to a supplement to his edition of Shakspeare, says: 'Sir W. Blackstone is one of the most eminent literary characters that the present age has produced;' and in the preface to a '*Fragment on Government*,' we find the following: 'He it is, in short, who first of all institutional writers, has taught jurisprudence to speak the language of the scholar and the gentleman; put a polish upon that ragged science; cleansed her from the dust and cobwebs of the office; and if he has not enriched her with that precision that is drawn only from the sterling treasury of the sciences, has decked her out, however, to advantage from the toilet of classical erudition, enlivened her with metaphors and allusions, and sent her abroad in some measure to instruct, and in still greater, to entertain the most miscellaneous, and even the most fastidious societies.' '

In this somewhat unwieldy figure, Mr. Malone has expressed a truth which no one competent to form an opinion in the premises will venture to call in question. And it is possible, if any could be found at this late day, perfectly conscious of the chaotic state of the science of law when Blackstone wrote, and the consequent immensity of his labors, they would award him praise more enthusiastic still, and employ figures of poetry as extravagant as any with which we are acquainted.

Conscious of the meagre justice thus far done the memory of the illus-

trious subject of this essay, I have but to preserve its unity and complexion in the presenting of a few brief and unsatisfactory 'specimens' of his style. I cannot think, however, of mangling in this way the admirable 'Introductory Lecture' before alluded to, nor the elegant essay upon the origin of the idea of Property, which worthily commences the Second Book. Let the reader borrow the work from some legal friend, and peruse them in their entirety, fearing nothing. Meanwhile, these few morsels may not prove altogether nauseous.

In chapter third of the First Book, (upon 'The King and his Title,') it is the endeavor of the author 'to trace out the constitutional doctrine of the royal succession, with that freedom and regard to truth, yet mixed with that reverence and respect which the principles of liberty and the dignity of the subject require.' Few will object to the length of the following passage, and other few, in the present deplorable state of the public affairs in this country, may see in it a shadowing forth of evils we had thought peculiar to ourselves, our form of government, and also the remedy, the proposal of which may one day startle the conservative:

'It must be owned, an elective monarchy seems to be most obvious, and best suited of any to the rational principles of government and the freedom of human nature; and accordingly we find from history that in the infancy and first rudiments of almost every state, the leader, chief magistrate, or prince hath usually been elective. And, if the individuals who compose that state could always continue true to first principles, uninfluenced by passion or prejudice, unassailed by corruption, and unawed by violence, elective succession were as much to be desired in a kingdom, as in other inferior communities. The best, the wisest, and the bravest man, would then be sure of receiving that crown which his endowments have merited; and the sense of an unbiassed majority would be dutifully acquiesced in by the few who were of different opinions. But history and observation will inform us, that elections of every kind (in the present state of human nature) are too frequently brought about by influence, partiality, and artifice; and, even where the case is otherwise, those practices will be often suspected, and as constantly charged upon the successful, by a splenetic, disappointed minority. This is an evil to which all societies are liable; as well those of a private and domestic kind, as the great community of the public, which regulates and includes the rest. But in the former there is this advantage; that such suspicions, if false, proceed no further than jealousies and murmurs, which time will effectually suppress; and, if true, the injustice may be remedied by legal means, by an appeal to the tribunals, to which every member of society has (by becoming such) virtually engaged to submit. Whereas in the great and independent society which every nation composes, there is no superior to resort to but the law of nature: no method to redress the infringements of that law, but the actual exertion of private force. As therefore between two nations, complaining of mutual injuries, the quarrel can only be decided by the law of arms, so in one and the same nation, when the fundamental principles of their common union are supposed to be invaded, and more especially when the appointment of their chief magis-

trate is alleged to be unduly made, the only tribunal to which the complainant can appeal is that of the GOD of battles, the only process by which the appeal can be carried on is that of a civil and intestine war. An hereditary succession is therefore now established in this and most other countries, in order to prevent that periodical bloodshed and misery which the history of ancient imperial Rome, and the more modern experience of Poland and Germany may show us are the consequences of elective kingdoms.' (B. I., 192, 3.)

Counting the doctrine of the 'divine right of kings' to be 'wild and absurd,' he indulges in several epigrammatic sentences upon that head:

'And it is no wonder that a prince [James I.] of more learning than wisdom, who could deduce an hereditary title for more than eight hundred years, should easily be taught by the flatterers of the times, to believe there was something divine in this right, and that the finger of PROVIDENCE was visible in its preservation.' And after alluding to a statute of Parliament in the reign of that monarch:

'Not a word here of any right immediately derived from HEAVEN; which, if it existed anywhere, must be sought for among the *aborigines* of the island, the ancient Britons, among whose princes, indeed, some have gone to search it for him.' (B. I., 208, 9.)

In the chapter treating of the 'King's Prerogative,' after a train of ingenious and eloquent reasoning to the effect that 'the king can do no wrong,' but that oppressions spring from some *branch* of the sovereign power, he treats of the appropriate remedies for unusual wrongs:

'Indeed, it is found by experience, that whenever the unconstitutional oppressions, even of the sovereign power, advance with gigantic strides, and threaten desolation to a state, mankind will not be reasoned out of the feelings of humanity; nor will sacrifice their liberty by a scrupulous adherance to those political maxims, which were originally established to preserve it.'

And checking his speculations with a reverential observance of the proprieties of the *subject*, he concludes:

'But it is not for us to say that any one, or two, of these ingredients, would amount to such a situation, [virtual abdication;] for there our precedent would fail us. In these, therefore, or other circumstances, which a fertile imagination may furnish, since both law and history are silent, it becomes us to be silent too; leaving to future generations, whenever necessity and the safety of the whole shall require it, the exertion of those inherent though latent powers of society, which no climate, no time, no constitution, no contract, can ever destroy or diminish.' (B. I., 245.)

And in the passage treating of the king's prerogative of making war and peace, we find a sentence or two which may be commended to our modern 'fillibusters.'

'Whatever hostilities therefore may be committed by private citizens, the state ought not to be affected thereby; unless that should justify their proceedings, and thereby become partner in the guilt. Such unauthorized volunteers in violence are not ranked among open enemies, but are treated like pirates and robbers; according to that rule of the

civil law, *hostes hi sunt qui nobis, aut quibus nos, publice bellum decrevimus: cæteri latrones aut prædones sunt.*' (B. I., 257.)

The extracts which follow are written in a less didactic and pleasanter vein than the preceding ones. In some, indeed, we may fancy the grave lecturer smiling behind his hand, or with his finger alongside his nose winking blandly upon the young 'limbs' assembled around him. In speaking of the king's ecclesiastical revenues, he thus alludes to the occasional unwarrantable uses of them in former times:

'Our ancient kings, and particularly William Rufus, were not only remarkable for keeping the bishoprics a long time vacant, for the sake of enjoying the temporalities, but also committed horrible waste on the woods and other parts of the estate; and to crown all, would never, when the see was filled up, restore to the bishop his temporalities again, unless he purchased them at an exorbitant price.' (B. I., 282, 3.)

In the part relating to the king's revenue from wrecks, the following distinction is observed:

'It is to be observed, that in order to constitute a legal *wreck*, the goods must come to land. If they continue at sea, the law distinguishes them by the barbarous and uncouth appellations of *jetsam*, *flotsam*, and *ligan*. . . . . These three are therefore accounted so far a distinct thing from the former, that by the king's grant to a man of wrecks, things jetsam, flotsam, and ligan will not pass.' (B. I., 292.)

Here is a whimsical definition of waifs.

'Waifs, *bona waviata*, are goods stolen, and waved or thrown away by the thief in his flight, for fear of being apprehended. These are given to the king by the law, as a punishment upon the owner, for not himself pursuing the felon, and taking away his goods from him. . . . . Waved goods do also not belong to the king, till seized by some body for his use; for if the party robbed can seize them first, though at the distance of twenty years, the king shall never have them.' (B. I., 296, 7.)

Dickens, in his 'Last Cabman,' and other writings, has shown us the 'vip' of the present day: but when we learn from Blackstone, that his distinguishing qualities are hereditary, and 'bred in the bone,' our admiration of his eccentricities is lost in sorrow at this new proof of the unalterableness of human nature:

'This revenue [from hackney-coach and chair licenses] is governed by commissioners of its own, and is, in truth, a benefit to the subject; as the expense of it is felt by no individual, and its necessary regulations have established a competent jurisdiction, whereby a very refractory race of men may be kept in some tolerable order.' (B. I., 326.)

But the *under-sheriffs* and *bailiffs* far exceeded their humbler contemporaries in the nicer shades of moral turpitude.

'These salutary regulations are shamefully evaded, by practising in the names of other attorneys, and putting in sham deputies by way of nominal under-sheriffs: by reason of which, says Dalton, the under-sheriffs and bailiffs do grow so cunning in their several places, that they are able to deceive, and it may well be feared that many of them do deceive both the king, the high-sheriff, and the country.' (B. I., 345.)

Here is a bit of etymology not be to found in the 'Study of Words' by Mr. Trench, or any similar book:

'But, as these [bailiffs of hundreds] are generally plain men, and not thoroughly skilful in this latter part of their office, that of serving writs, and making arrests and executions, it is now usual to join special bailiffs with them; who are generally mean persons, employed by the sheriffs on account only of their adroitness and dexterity in hunting and seizing their prey. The sheriff being answerable for the misdemeanors of these bailiffs, they are therefore usually bound in an obligation with sureties, for the due execution of their office, and thence are called bound-bailiffs; which the common people have corrupted into a much more homely appellation.' (B. I., 345, 6.)

In those days the duties of the coroner were multifarious and responsible. One branch of his office was 'to inquire concerning shipwrecks.' Another is thus quaintly described:

'Concerning treasure-trove, he is also to inquire who were the finders, and where it is, and whether any one be suspected of having found and concealed a treasure; 'and that may be well perceived (saith the old statute of Edward I.) where one liveth riotously, haunting taverns, and hath done so of long time;' whereupon he might be attached, and held to bail, upon this suspicion only.'

In observance of the requirements of the feudal constitution, which was introduced in England upon the Norman conquest, 'the lands in the kingdom were divided into what were called knights' fees, in number above sixty thousand; and for every knight's fee a knight or soldier, *miles*, was bound to attend the king in his wars, for forty days in a year; in which space of time, (says Blackstone, with a tinge of sarcasm,) before war was reduced to a science, the campaign was generally finished, and a kingdom either conquered or victorious.' As an edifying comment upon the text, that rare wit, Chitty, says, in a note: 'We frequently read of half a knight, or other aliquot part; as, for so much land three knights and a half, etc., were to be returned; the fraction of a knight was performed by a whole knight who served half the time, or other due proportion of it.' Overcome by the exquisite humor of this remark, we may imagine the worthy annotator on the confines of apoplexy, with a martyr-like resignation depicted in his purple visage. That sly wag allows his spirits to carry him away in one other place. It is in his extended note after the first section of the Introduction. In some advice to students he says:

'It is a prevailing notion, that an *attendance upon the courts* during the sittings in term and at *nisi prius*, is indispensable to the complete education of the law-student; but this may be very safely postponed till he is well acquainted with the general principles and practice of the law, especially as, unless he is singularly fortunate, he will have sufficient time for this mode of improvement after he is called to the bar.' After this unfeeling joke, who could wish to read further of Chitty? Let us return to the genial pleasantries of our author. In enumerating the immunities of corporate bodies he reveals to us the origin of the apothegm that 'Corporations have no souls:'

'Neither can a corporation be excommunicated; for it has no soul, as is gravely observed by Sir Edward Coke!' (B. I., 477.) Some hard winking there! And it is not too much to fancy a subdued chuckle,

upon the enunciation of the third requisite to make a 'tenancy by the curtesy of England:'

'3. The issue must be born alive. Some have had a notion that it must be heard to cry; but that is a mistake. Crying indeed is the *strongest* evidence of its being born alive; but it is not the *only* evidence.' (B. II., 127.)

After having said that 'a seizin in law of the husband will be as effectual as a seizin in deed, in order to render the wife dowable,' and that if the land abides in the husband 'for the interval of but for a *single moment*, it seems that the wife shall be endowed thereof,' he illustrates the law by this curious anecdote:

'This doctrine was extended very far by a jury in Wales, where the father and son were both hanged in one cart, but the son was supposed to have survived the father, by appearing to struggle longest; whereby he became seized of an estate in fee by survivorship, in consequence of which seizin his widow had a verdict for her dower.' (B. II., 132.) Here, leaving his youthful auditors plunged in a sea of emotions, painful, ludicrous, or whimsical, we may suppose the learned doctor to have paused and taken a glass of water.

Here, too, *I* will pause, and leave my blessing with the patient reader; who, if this essay shall have determined him to purchase the work in whose praise it was written, will never cease to thank me.

JACQUES MARMOR.

Scraplings.

I SAT me down in thought profound;
This maxim wise I drew:
It 's easier far to like a girl,
Than make a girl like you!
But after all, I do n't believe
My heart will break with woe;
If she 's inclined to love 'that chap,'
Why, bless her, let her go!

—

STANZAS TO ——.

I.

I AM thine in my gladness:
I am thine in my tears:
My love, it can change not
With absence or years.

II.

Were a dungeon thy dwelling,
My home it should be;
For its gloom would be sunshine,
If I were with thee.

III.

But life has no beauty,
Of thee, love, bereft:
I 'm thine, and thine only:
Thine — '*over the left!*'

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE WITH HIS BROTHER JOSEPH, SOMETIME KING OF SPAIN. In two volumes: pp. 760. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA: or, Interesting Anecdotes and Remarkable Conversations of the EMPEROR, during the Five-and-half Years of his Captivity. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. With Illustrations. In one volume: pp. 662. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE first of the above-named works contains a translation of all the Letters and Orders of NAPOLEON published in the Memoirs of King JOSEPH. Added to these are a few letters of NAPOLEON's, taken from other sources, and a few not written by NAPOLEON himself, but which are of value from their intrinsic interest, or as explanatory of portions of his autographic correspondence. It is wonderful to see, with every new revelation of NAPOLEON's character, how his genius rises to the loftiest standard. We venture to say, that to the careful student of history, in the NAPOLEONIC era, these volumes will elevate their subject higher in popular estimation than all the mere eulogies, which from first to last have been written of him. His forecast, his prescience of coming events, his genius in conceiving, and his boldness and rapidity in carrying out his great plans, in which nations were his play-things, have nowhere been more forcibly represented, than in the letters and orders embodied in these two volumes. We make two extracts only, but the reader will not fail to observe how perfectly characteristic they are of the 'Great CAPTAIN.' The first finds him in the Imperial Palace of Schönbrunn, master of Vienna, and preparing for the battle of Wagram. The letter is dated from the Palace, October the tenth, 1809, and is addressed to 'M. le Général CLARKE,' probably an uncle of ours. ('O my prophetic soul! — *my uncle!*' — HAMLET:)

'M. LE GENERAL CLARKE: I wish you to write to the KING of SPAIN to impress upon him that nothing can be more contrary to the rules of war than to publish the strength of his army, either in orders of the day, in proclamations, or in the newspapers; that when he has occasion to speak of his strength, he ought to render it formidable by exaggeration, doubling or trebling his numbers; and that, on the other hand, when he mentions the strength of the enemy, he should diminish it by one-half or one-third; that in war moral force is every thing; that the KING deviated from this principle when he said that he had only 40,000 men and the insurgents 120,000; that to represent the

French as few and the enemy as numerous, discourages us, and gives confidence to them; that it is publishing his weakness throughout Spain. In short, to give moral force to the enemy is to take it from one's self; for men naturally believe that in the long run the small number will be beaten by the greater. The most experienced general finds it difficult on the field of battle to estimate the enemy's numbers, and the instinct of every one is to imagine them greater than they really are. But when a man is so imprudent as to allow such ideas to circulate generally, and to authorize exaggerated accounts of the enemy's strength, every colonel of cavalry who goes on a reconnaissance sees an army, and every captain of voltigeurs discovers battalions. I see, therefore, with regret, the bad influence which has been exercised over the spirit of my army of Spain by repeating that it opposes a force of 40,000 men against 120,000. The result of these announcements has been to lessen our reputation in Europe, by making people believe that it rests on no foundation, and to give moral force to the enemy and weaken our own; for, I say again, in war feeling and opinion are more than half of the reality. The art of great captains has always been to make their numbers appear very large to the enemy, and to persuade their own troops of the enemy's great inferiority. This is the first time that a general has been known to depreciate his own resources and to exalt those of the enemy. The private soldier does not judge; but officers of sense, whose opinion is worth having, and who have knowledge and experience, pay little attention to orders of the day or to proclamations. I trust that no more such blunders will be made, and that on no pretext whatever orders of the day or proclamations will be made tending to make known the real strength of my armies. I desire that all means, direct and indirect, be taken to spread the highest opinion of our numbers. The French troops which I have in Spain are twice as good, three times as good, as regards steadiness, bravery, and even numbers, as those that I have in any other part of the world. When I conquered the Austrians at Eckmühl I was one to five, and yet my army fancied itself at least equal to the enemy; and even now, although we have been so long in Germany, the enemy has no idea of our strength, and we try to make it out greater and greater every day. Far from owning that at Wagram I had only 100,000 men, I try to prove that I had 220,000. Constantly, in my Italian campaigns, when I had only a handful of men, I exaggerated their numbers; this served my purpose without diminishing my glory. The skill of my operations, including that of exaggerating my strength, was afterwards recognized by generals and intelligent officers. With paltry motives, petty vanities, and small passions, nothing great has ever been done. I hope, therefore, that faults so great and so mischievous will not be repeated in my army of Spain.'

The subjoined letter to his brother JOSEPH, (written after having gained seven victories in nine days, made nine marches in the depths of winter, most of them over cross-roads, and drove away or frightened two armies, each much larger than his own,) is dated at 'Montmirail, February 14th, 1814:'

'MY BROTHER: It is nine o'clock in the evening. I write a line to acquaint you with the happy result of the battle of Vauchamps.

'BLUCHER's head-quarters were at Vertus, (a village about half-way on the road between Châlons and Montmirail.) He had been joined by KLEIST from Germany with twenty-four battalions, and by a new Russian corps of twelve battalions, in all 20,000 men, but was separated from the rest of his army. On the thirteenth he moved on Etoges and Champ-Aubert. The DUKE of RAGUSA retired without fighting. I left Château Thierry at three this morning, and reached Montmirail as the enemy was just at its gates. He took up his position at the village of Vauchamps. I beat him, took 8000 prisoners, 10 colors, and three guns, and drove him back, fighting up to the gates of Etoges. His loss in killed and wounded must have been more than 4000 men. My killed and wounded were not 300.

'The means by which I obtained these great results were that he had little cavalry, while I had from 6000 to 8000, and very good, with which I kept outflanking and surrounding him; and that he could use few of his guns, for fear of losing them, while I crushed him all day with grape-shot from 100 pieces of cannon. My three household squadrons covered themselves with glory. I had them always in hand, made them charge repeatedly, and they took 1000 prisoners. I think that I mentioned to you yesterday that the Duke of Treviso is closely pursuing the shattered remains of SACKEN and YORK by the cross-road to Reims.'

How much the following savors of RICHARD the Third, in its compressed announcements and brief directions! It bears date the next day after the foregoing, and from the same place. RICHARD says, it will be remembered:

—— 'Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge:
Use careful watch — choose trusty sentinels:
Stir with the lark to-morrow!
. . . Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising. . . .
Come, bustle! bustle! — caparison my horse:
Call up Lord Stanley — bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot:
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John, Duke of Norfolk, Thomas, Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse:
They, thus directed, we ourself will follow,
In the main battle, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse:' etc.

'I shall start as soon as the day breaks, and I shall reach La Ferté-sous-Jouarre early with my guard; thence I shall proceed in person towards Meaux. I cannot understand why the Duke of Reggio did not defend the bridge of Bray.

'Yesterday, the fourteenth, the Dukes of Belluno, Reggio, and Taranto were to join between Nangis and Guignes. I have no doubt that I shall soon learn what has taken place. In the article which you will insert in the 'Moniteur' on the battle of Vauchamps, you must mention as prisoners Prince Woronzow, Russian general of division, and a Russian brigadier-general. Their corps acted as rear-guard during the night, was charged and routed; 1200 prisoners and four pieces of cannon were taken.

'It seems that the enemy's operations are confined to the right bank of the Seine. The cavalry from Spain might therefore have assembled at Fontainebleau; as the bridges of Melun and Montereau are cut off, it can join us only by the bridge of Corbeil. It appears that there still are 1000 men of the national guard of Montereau without arms, and that they are all in want of camp-utensils. Order them to be properly provided. Send General Radet's gendarmes (which ought to reach Paris to-day) to meet the 7000 or 8000 prisoners who are about to start from hence. The peasants have picked up here on the battle-fields more than 40,000 muskets, which the rapid movements of our troops prevented us from collecting. Perhaps the national guard of Paris might obtain many of them by sending agents among the country people. As the enemy is manœuvring on the right bank of the Seine, and has partisans on the left bank, it is important to reinforce the cordon which protects Paris on that side.'

The same day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, he writes:

'I am surprised that you have not received the courier whom the chief of the staff sent to you from the field of battle at one in the afternoon. I shall be at Meaux early this evening with my guard. I do not know whether the whole of my foot-guard will be able to get so far, but I hope that it will march beyond La Ferté this evening. It will be difficult therefore for the foot-guard to reach Guignes before to-morrow afternoon. The wisest plan will be to retire behind the Yères, and to avoid engaging the enemy. If this position is such as to make it impossible for the enemy to attack the army to-morrow, it should remain there. If, on the contrary, an attack should be feared, the army, leaving a light corps to protect the road from Brie, might fall back upon Fontenay, on the road to Meaux, and meet me. The great park, after passing Brie-Comte-Robert, should move to the road between Fontenay and Paris. However, I shall probably before night receive news of the army, and I shall then give positive orders; I shall be at Meaux this evening in person. At any rate I will not lose a moment in informing you of my intentions. I presume that the barricades toward the Jardin des Plantes are finished, and that you have placed there troops and guns. A commandant must also be appointed for Bicêtre, and a battalion and some guns placed there: this advanced post sweeps the whole road. If the enemy, notwithstanding the checks which he has experienced, should persist in his advance, which would probably occasion his total ruin, all our forces, artillery, infantry, and cavalry, should be brought together by the bridge of Corbeil or by that of Choisy. These bridges must be held, not destroyed; they are necessary to me in order to manœuvre on both banks; for as soon as the enemy begins to retreat in good earnest I shall cross over to the other bank to pursue and to surround him. For this purpose I must use the bridges of Corbeil and Choisy, as those of Melun and Montereau are destroyed. The Yères has overflowed and is not fordable; it will protect the army for at least three days. On the seventeenth I shall be ready to attack.'

One other passage, and we must leave the work for the reader's deliberate perusal: well assured, that it will confirm and strengthen all his ideas of the magnitude of NAPOLEON's plans, and the '*ubiquitous* greatness of his all-conquering genius.' We quote from a letter dated 'Nogent, February 21, 1814:'

'MY BROTHER: You need not be uneasy about Orleans or Montargis. The movement which I am about to make will draw off the enemy immediately; his different corps will be glad to be able to fall back as soon as they can. I think that it would produce a good effect if the EMPRESS were to write to the town of Orleans in nearly these terms: 'I hear that the town of Orleans is threatened by 1500 of the enemy's skirmishers. What! the town of Orleans, which contains 40,000 inhabitants, is afraid of 1500 horsemen! Where then is the energy of France? Organize your national guard; form a company of gunners; take from your own stables the horses which are required. I have ordered the Minister of War to furnish you with twelve pieces of cannon and five howitzers, to enable you to defend your town and your property. The enemy who ravages our country and plunders our towns is as implacable as he is faithless. To arms then, inhabitants of Orleans! and let your conduct confirm the opinion which I have of you, and of the energy of the French nation!'

'Such letters, signed by the EMPRESS, will be more effective than if they were signed by me. Let this letter be sent with one from the Minister of the Interior. The municipal authorities should meet to receive it, and then organize the national guard, form a company of gunners, prepare teams, and place the town in a state of defence. A deputation to the EMPRESS should give an account of the measures which they have taken.

'The Duke of TREVISO has cut the bridge at Soissons. The Minister of the Interior must write to Soissons to desire the national guard to be organized and the town placed in a state of defence. I think that the EMPRESS should write to Lille, Valenciennes, Cambrai, and to the other large towns on the northern frontier, in nearly the same terms as to the town of Orleans, varying the expressions according to circumstances, and the proofs which these towns gave of their zeal during former wars. These letters ought to be in the EMPRESS's own handwriting. I think also that a proclamation made by the EMPRESS, as Regent, to Belgium, would be of use. This proclamation might be drawn up in the form of a letter addressed to the Mayor of Brussels, the Mayors of Ghent, of Bruges, Mons, etc. The EMPRESS should acquaint them with my victories, and tell them that the English wish to separate them from France, and place them under the yoke of a prince who has always been hostile to their country and to their religion: and assure them that the enemy will soon find that no peace will be signed unless the natural limits of France are admitted. These letters to the mayors may be varied in their expressions so as to make as many different proclamations. Write to Montargis and Nemours to form the national guard. Let the Minister of War send pikes everywhere. Order the national guard of Beauvais to be organized, and above all take care to let all this make a great noise in the newspapers.

'The enemies have committed all sorts of horrors in every direction. The Minister of War must send good reporters to the towns which they have occupied, to draw up narratives of the atrocities which have been committed. These reports are to be inserted in the 'Moniteur.' I wish also the towns of Nogent, Provins, Nangis, Bray, Montereau, Sens, Epernay, Château-Thierry, Reims, Soissons, etc., to acquaint the municipality of Paris with all that they have suffered, and these letters to be placarded in every direction; for, in short, one must not deceive one's self as to the fact (and you ought to say so) that the Russians intended to sack and burn Paris. It is therefore the duty of the government to convince the inhabitants of this. I even think that it would be well if deputations from these towns came to read their addresses to the conseil-général of Paris. It can only do good if the Parisians hear on all sides: 'It is you who were attacked; it is you whom they intended to pillage.''

The second of the works named at the head of this notice has been prepared with the author's accustomed and widely-conceded ability. It is mainly collected from the well-known memorials of LAS CASAS, O'MEARA, MONTHOLON, ANTOMMARCHI, and others. NAPOLEON's conversations at St. Helena, scattered through the numerous and voluminous memorials that have been preserved of him, are replete with the highest interest. 'During the long agony of his imprisonment and his death,' writes Mr. ABBOTT, 'he conversed with perfect freedom upon the events of his marvellous career, and upon all those subjects of morals, politics, and religion, which most deeply concern the wel-

fare of our race.' The author takes his reader to St. Helena, introduces him to the humble apartment of the great but fallen EMPEROR; gives him a seat in the arm-chair by the side of the illustrious sufferer, reclining upon the sofa, or leads him to accompany the EMPEROR in his walk among the blackened rocks, and thus to listen to the glowing utterances of the imperial sage. The volume is admirably printed, and well and profusely illustrated.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES THE SECOND. BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Volumes Third and Fourth: pp. 1275. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

IN looking one day, in company with the late lamented HENRY INMAN, after that distinguished artist's return from England, at the noble picture which he had painted of the renowned historian whose great work is here continued, we remember that he said: 'I never saw such a treasure-house, such an intellectual granary, as that head. If there should come a famine of mind upon Great-Britain, he could supply the whole realm from his vast depository.' The careful reader of the volumes before us will regard this language as less exaggerated than its figurative form might cause it, at first sight, to appear. Wonderfully as the immense collection of facts, from all sorts of sources, is condensed, there still remains evidence of a minuteness of research that has not been equalled by any kindred production within the last hundred years. It is a work of utter supererogation to speak at this day of MACAULAY'S style, so renowned has it become; so copious, full, ornate, picturesque. But some how or other, we confess to a weariness of its very richness, after having devoured it for fifty or a hundred pages at a time. We don't affect travelling *all* the while over grand mountain scenery. 'Pleasant vales scooped out, and villages between' make us *more* to enjoy the sublime and the grand in nature, by the very contrast. But it may after all be questioned whether the great English historian *could* vary his style were he to endeavor to do so. It has become '*his own*,' literally, and we presume can no more be changed than it can be imitated. He is too uniform in his methods, remarks a judicious reviewer, not to incur the charge of monotony. 'His perpetual brilliancy and point sometimes produce a dazzling effect. We tire of so intense a light. The alternation of a milder glory, would be grateful relief. We are liable to satiety from the repetition of his peculiarities. His manner becomes a mannerism. The perpetual recurrence of the same *form* of expression seem an infringement upon our freedom. We are almost willing to dethrone the idol for the sake of variety, and perhaps should have been better satisfied with a less degree of excellence, if clothed in an easier and more natural garb.' As this 'History' is already in the hands of tens of thousands of readers in all sections of the country, an elaborate review of its pages would not only be adscititious, but would require an apology, at this late day after its publication. In the previous volumes, the history of England is brought down to the completion of the Revolution of 1688. The present narrative commences with the accession of WILLIAM and MARY to the crown, and extends to the Peace of Ryswick in 1697, a

period of about nine years. 'Destitute of men of commanding genius, sunk in the depths of moral and political corruption, crowded with the intrigues of selfish and unprincipled adventurers, subjected to direful sufferings from famine, pestilence, and civil war, this interval presents as dreary a spectacle as can be found in the annals of the British Islands.' Since writing the foregoing, we perceive that Mr. MACAULAY has resigned his seat in the British parliament. That august body could better have spared any other one of all its members.

NOTES ON CENTRAL AMERICA. By E. G. SQUIER, formerly Chargé d'Affairs of the United States to the Republic of Central America. In one volume: pp. 393. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THESE 'Notes' appear at a time when they will be likely to command much attention, not only here at home, where the subject of the volume has been for some time exciting a constantly-increasing interest, but in Great-Britain also, where its theme, in various ramifications, is much discussed, both in reviews and influential public journals. The 'Notes' relate more especially to the States of Honduras and San Salvador; their geography, topography, climate, population, resources, productions, etc., etc. The work would seem to have had its origin in inquiries in relation to the feasibility of a rail-way route across the continent, instead of the tedious and circuitous route by way of the Isthmus of Panama. An expedition was ordered, reconnaissances completed, and Mr. SQUIER's inferences speedily and fully verified. Upon the observations made, and the facts collected in the progress of this reconnaisance, and in conducting the negotiations resulting from it, the memoir before us is principally founded. Our author was compelled to depend almost entirely upon his own observations. There were no authorities, or accredited sources of information upon which he was to proceed, or which might serve as a nucleus for an aggregation of facts. Upon all subjects connected with the history, the natural features and resources, climate, population, productions, and trade of the country, there existed a profound and almost universal ignorance. Of printed books and public documents he had none to assist him; and he tells us that it was 'equally vain to seek for data among the State and local archives, where, to an original total lack of order, gross neglect and wanton destruction had been superadded, to confound and defeat all investigation.' One thing Mr. SQUIER has resolutely set his hand to do; and that is, to correct the geography, the maps and charts of the country which he describes, and which have heretofore been received as authentic. He dwells especially upon the servile perpetuation of the arbitrary political subdivisions of the country, made under English authority, to sustain the pretensions of the British government. 'They are impudent pretensions,' says Mr. SQUIERS, 'which map-makers in England, accessory to the schemes of their own government, have adopted without scruple.' 'These be parlous words,' but they are verified by examples which will be considered as coming within the scope of actual proofs. The volume is nervous in style; well executed typographically, and liberally illustrated.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF PHILIP THE SECOND, King of Spain. By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. In two volumes: pp. 1228. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.

'A MEDITERRANEAN sea of soup, said SYDNEY SMITH, 'awaits PRESCOTT, on his arrival in England.' The popularity of this eminent author as a historian is fully equalled by his popularity as a man. The difficulties, arising from defective vision, under which he has labored in writing works which will go down with increasing admiration to future generations, have only served to enhance his reputation for amplest research, and the most condensed and admirable arrangement of his facts. Moreover, he has 'great facility in seizing the picturesque elements of isolated scenes, and re-producing them in choice cabinet pieces, often possessing minute and exquisite beauty.' It has been well and forcibly said, by one among the most capable of our metropolitan critics, that Mr. PRESCOTT's historical narratives are always 'clothed with many fascinations. Ever transparent in style, it flows with an easy and graceful motion, with the windings of a gentle stream. His sentences are cast in a mould of lucid brevity. He is wholly free from affectation, from extravagance, from grotesque fancies or expressions: in short, he has none of the vices of the spasmodic school. His artlessness and simplicity are visible on every page of his writings: they almost bring you into personal relations with the *man*, as well as the *author*: they give you a certain home-like sense of freedom: they inspire you with something like a feeling of affection — certainly of confidence — and a perfect conviction that you are listening to the discourse of a good-tempered and well-disposed gentleman.' The following, from the pen of Mr. GEORGE RIPLEY, whose critical acumen is unquestioned, and whose confirmation of our own humble literary judgments we have before had occasion to cite, affords a proper estimate of the work under notice:

'THE portion of European history embraced in the volumes extends from the abdication of CHARLES V., in 1555, to the death of Queen ISABELLA, in 1568. Apart from the important political relations of that period, it is crowded with events of stirring and romantic interest in singular harmony with the genius and taste of the eminent historian who has devoted the assiduous labors of several years to its study and record. The alliance between Spain and England, and the marriage of PHILIP to the 'bloody' MARY; the war with Pope PAUL IV.; the retirement of CHARLES V. at Yuste, and the details of his private life at the celebrated Jeronymite convent at that place; the extirpation of Protestantism in Spain; the career of ALVA in the Netherlands; the siege of Malta; the fates of DON CARLOS and his step-mother, the beautiful ELIZABETH of France; are among the highly suggestive themes which that era presents to the pen of the historian.

'The principal English authority on the subject has hitherto been found in the pages of WATSON, a writer of moderate pretensions, who, although in some respects a sufficiently agreeable narrator, was not so imbued with the spirit of historical criticism as to elevate his work to the rank of a permanent classic in English literature. In regard to this point, Mr. PRESCOTT presents a strong and admirable contrast to his predecessor. One of his most signal merits as a historian — and which, of course, lies at the foundation of all distinguished excellence in this department of literary art — is his obvious accuracy and discrimination of research. In this quality, without the apparent pedantry of the Germans, he shares their unsurpassed preëminence. No difficulties in the path of investigation are too formidable for his enterprise and perseverance. Few

writers exhibit a higher degree of intellectual courage in leaving the beaten paths of tradition and ascending to the original sources of information. In his devotion to the purest and most authentic evidence, he emulates the fidelity of GIBBON himself, and even surpasses that of ROBERTSON, who we should judge is his favorite model of historic composition.

'In procuring the materials for this work, he has been singularly fortunate. The public archives of the great European capitals have been freely open to his inspection. Many which have been hid beneath the dust of ages are now liberally exposed to the examination of the scholar, and Mr. PRESCOTT has not neglected to avail himself effectively of the advantage. A detailed account of his procedure in the collection of materials is given in the preface to these volumes, and will be read with interest by every scholar.

'Nor is Mr. PRESCOTT less remarkable for the discretion with which he handles his materials than for his zeal in tracing them to the most satisfactory sources. He is always calm, temperate, judicial. He weighs evidence with caution, fairness, and good sense. He is never seduced into the indulgence of tempting fancies, and never becomes the victim of forgone theoretical conclusions. He never permits the influence of favorite ideas to throw a coloring over the procession of affairs.'

Mr. PRESCOTT's high reputation abroad has secured to him the honor of being elected a corresponding member of the Institute of France, of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, and other renowned learned societies. With the modesty that always accompanies true merit, Mr. PRESCOTT bears his honors meekly, while his countrymen rejoice in them, as worthy tributes worthily bestowed. We must not withhold our cordial commendation of the typographical execution of the work, which is most creditable to the care and liberality of the publishers. The types are large and of a beautiful mould, the paper is firm and white, and the printing all that could be desired by the most fastidious book-fancier. Four good engravings (of PHILIP the Second, DON CARLOS, Prince of the Asturias, the Duke of ALVA, and MARGARET of Parma) embellish the volumes. The sale of the work we learn has been most extraordinary, and is still upon the increase: a fact not less creditable to our national taste than honorable to the talents of the gifted author.

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By WASHINGTON IRVING. In three volumes. Volumes First and Second: pp. 1022. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY: C. T EVANS, Number 18, GILSEY-Building, corner of Cortlandt-street and Broadway, General Agent for the State of New-York.

MANIFESTLY great as has been the labor which has collected, collated, and condensed the *matériel* of this work, as far as it has advanced, it is none the less evident that it was to our preëminent American author literally a 'labor of love.' We remember hearing Mr. IRVING describe, one pleasant June day at 'Sunny-side,' the only time that he ever saw General WASHINGTON. The General, for it was on Sunday, had been worshipping at St. PAUL's Church in Broadway, the entrance to which, at that time, was in Fulton-street. The congregation was slowly leaving the sacred edifice, and all eyes were turned toward the dignified and imposing presence of the PATER PATRIÆ, who was

returning the salutations of those who had the good fortune to be near his person. As he passed by the Scottish nurse who had charge of the then little child who is now the author of the great national history before us, she raised him up in her arms, held him toward the GENERAL, and observed that he was named after him. WASHINGTON patted the little boy's head, gave him a smile of long-remembered sweetness, and passed on amid the crowd of his almost reverent admirers. From a child, therefore, it may be assumed, our author's interest in his now world-renowned subject has grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. Certain it is, that thus far the work before us promises to be the best Life of WASHINGTON which can be handed down to future generations of the American people. Of its style, we have already expressed our humble opinion. That for clearness, richness, conciseness of arrangement, truthful grouping of incidents and scenes, it is unsurpassed by any modern work, has already been conceded by the best critics. The first volume treats of the earlier part of WASHINGTON's life, previous to the war of the Revolution; giving his expeditions into the wilderness, his campaigns on the frontier, in the old French war, and the other 'experiences' by which his character was formed, and he was gradually trained up and prepared for his great destiny. 'Although a biography,' says the author, 'and of course admitting of familiar anecdote, excursive digressions, and a flexible texture of narrative, yet for the most part it is essentially historic. WASHINGTON, in fact, had very little private life, but was eminently a public character. All his actions and concerns, almost from boyhood, were connected with the history of his country.' The writer therefore was obliged to take glances over collateral history, as seen from his point of view, and influencing his plans, and to narrate distinct transactions apparently disconnected with his concerns, but eventually bearing upon the great drama in which he was the principal actor. Mr. IRVING may well claim to have executed his task with candor and fidelity; stating facts on good authority, and avoiding all false coloring and exaggeration. This, we have no doubt, will be the judgment of posterity. His work is founded on the correspondence of WASHINGTON, which affords the surest and amplest ground-work for his biography. This he consulted as it exists in manuscript in the archives of the Department of State at Washington, to which he had full and frequent access, as well as in 'WASHINGTON's Writings,' as published by Mr. SPARKS, to whom Mr. IRVING pays this cordial and well-deserved tribute: 'A careful collation of many of them with the originals has convinced me of the general correctness of the collection, and of the safety with which it may be relied upon for historical purposes: and I am happy to bear this testimony to the essential accuracy of one whom I consider among the greatest benefactors to our national literature, and to whose writings and researches I acknowledge myself largely indebted throughout my work.'

The first volume closed with a description of the Battle of Bunker Hill: the second opens with an account of WASHINGTON's taking command of the armies, with descriptions of the British and American commanders, and of the revolutionary army, and ends with the triumphant close of the campaign, after the crossing of the Delaware, and the battle of Trenton. The reader knows what

stirring events, that literally 'tried men's *souls*,' were crowded into this period: and here they will find them recorded as they have never been set down before. It is useless to commend the volumes to the public. The public well knows their character and their value. No previous American work, of a kindred description, has ever acquired so rapid and continuous a sale. Its typographical execution and externals are in all respects faultless.

CYCLOPÆDIA OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By EVERT A. DUYCKINCK and GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK. In two volumes. Vol. II.: pp. 781. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

WE have noticed briefly this important and elaborate work, which deserves far more than a passing comment. There are perhaps none better qualified than the Messrs. DUYCKINCK, by taste, culture, habits, and opportunity, for an undertaking of the kind. As editors of the '*Literary World*' for many years, they have taken cognizance of literary men and books: their antiquarian researches have been long prosecuted: in the course of foreign travel, and by keeping an eye open to the occasions which our own country affords, they have collected many rare and curious volumes, and have one of the best-stocked and most costly private libraries which can anywhere be found. Added to this, their position has thrown open to them every available source of information, and their genial associations have brought them in contact with many of like tastes, who have willingly and generously put them in possession of their own stores. So much for literary fitness. They also brought to the task, together with indefatigable industry, a love of letters for their own sake, a right spirit, and a disposition which has so long manifested itself in an appreciation for all which is genial and ennobling in literature, that it would disdain to make their work a vehicle for any private partialities. The most distinguished and the most humble authors, in the narrative of what they have done, or written, are alike succinctly and candidly dealt with; nor do any, in the plan of the work, arrogate a large space. The writings of each are judiciously classified, and briefly but acutely analyzed; while their characteristics are neatly and elegantly expressed. If, therefore, any omissions may be noted, or any mistakes in matters of fact have crept in, in the preparation of so large a work, they have no doubt been unavoidable, and will be rectified in subsequent editions. That many future editions will demand their care, we cannot well doubt, nor that the *Cyclopædia of American Literature* will be eagerly sought for, and placed in all public libraries; nor will any private collection be complete without it. It is not only valuable as a book of reference, nor to be consulted as a dictionary, but is interesting to read through in course.

The first volume contained as a frontispiece an elegant engraving on steel, one of the most satisfactory likenesses of FRANKLIN which we have seen. The second is prefaced by one equally well executed of J. FENIMORE COOPER, from a daguerreotype by BRADY. It commences with a review of the life and writings of J. K. PAULDING, and embraces notices of about five hundred American authors, more or less known to fame, accounts of public institutions and

seats of learning, besides being profusely embellished by hundreds of well-designed engravings upon wood. Although but a very small space is allotted even to the most distinguished, we have thus two volumes, royal octavo, containing in all fifteen hundred pages, embracing personal and critical notices of nearly a thousand American writers, with selections from their writings, from the earliest periods to the present day; with two hundred and twenty-five portraits, four hundred and twenty-five autographs, and seventy-five views of colleges, libraries, and residences. The following remarks from the preface will indicate some of the principles by which the authors have been guided in making selections for their work:

'The passages to be selected for quotation in a work of this kind must frequently be chosen for their minor qualities. The brief essay, the pertinent oration, the short poem, the song, or squib of the wit may be given, where it would be absurd to mutilate the entire line of argument of a work on philosophy, or where it would be irreverent to violate the sanctity of a treatise of divinity, by parading its themes, plucked from the sacred inclosure of the volume. It has further been an object in the extracts to preserve the utmost possible completeness; to present a subject as nearly as practical in its entire form. . . . We have kept in view the idea that a work of the opportunities of the present, should aid in the formation of taste and the discipline of character, as well as in the gratification of curiosity and the amusement of the hour. The many noble sentiments, just thoughts, the eloquent orations, the tasteful poems, the various refinements of literary expression, drawn together in these volumes, are indeed the noblest appeal and the best apology for the work. The voice of two centuries of American literature may well be worth listening to.'

And will no doubt be heard with effect. Those two centuries are proved to be not altogether a barren waste. Their track is relieved by bright thoughts, brilliant fancies, enough to distinguish many names in the annals of mind, if not in the ranks of professed authorship. We would suggest to the Messrs. Duyckinck that their farther researches might disclose worthy materials for an additional volume, which would not make the work too cumbrous, considering the magnitude of the design.

Five Hundred Mistakes of Daily Occurrence, in Speaking, Pronouncing, and Writing the English Language, Corrected. In one volume: pp. 73. New-York: Daniel Burgess and Company, Number 60, John-street.

This is undeniably a very useful little book: it is calculated, and *well* calculated, to induce, and to *effect* that correctness in language, which many grammars, half-studied, as nearly all grammars *are*, would fail to produce. The book, to adopt the words of the preface, 'is designed as a *practical* aid to persons who commit habitual blunders and improprieties in speaking and writing.' It does not present a treatise on grammar, but takes up '*Five Hundred Common Mistakes*,' such as are made daily in conversation, and exposes, explains, and corrects them, in a striking and epigrammatic manner, which makes a quick and deep impression upon the memory. The errors that are noticed in this volume consist variously of abuses of grammar, misapplications of words and phrases, improprieties of metaphor and comparison, mis-statements of meaning, faults of pronunciation, and numerous other inaccuracies which creep into daily conversation. The book will be found to be of invaluable service to all per-

sons who are in the habit of misusing many of the most common words of the English language, distorting its grammatical forms, destroying its beauty, and corrupting its purity. A great majority of the corrections are admirable, and in all respects judicious, while others (very few, to be sure,) strike us as entirely adscititious. For example:

'405: For 'He *attacted* me without the slightest provocation,' say *attacked*.'
'406: For 'I called on him every day in the week *successfully*,' say *successively*.'

Well, yes: it *would* be best to follow both of these directions: we never knew or heard a man who *did n't*, without any such advice to guide him. We beg to propose two kindred 'corrections:'

'501: For 'Cats *eate* mice,' say 'Cats *eat* mice.' Mice is a noun of multitude, signifying several, and governed by cats.'
'502: For 'Shads *is* come,' (upon the advent of that species of fish in the Hudson, in the spring-time,) say, 'Shad are *arrove*.' The inelegance of the one form of expression, and the propriety of the other, are visible at a glance.'

Seriously, however: our copy, we are informed, is of the first edition. In subsequent editions many errors have been corrected. The work will well reward its purchaser. Its sale, we learn, is very great. We wish it abundant success.

LIFE OF CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE, THE MARTYR-SPY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By I. W. STUART. In one volume: pp. 230. Hartford, Conn.: F. A. BROWN, Publisher.

THIS volume supplies, and *well* supplies, a very important desideratum in American revolutionary history. 'It is hard,' says Mr. STUART, 'that a spirit so exalted as was that of Captain NATHAN HALE; that a life and conduct like his, so pure, so heroic, so disinterested, and so renowned by an act of martyrdom, one of the most galling and valiant on record, should not have been fitly commemorated hitherto, either by the pen of history or biography.' Even as to his remains, no one can certainly tell their place of repose, although his ashes rest somewhere in our great metropolis. Authors of books upon the Revolution have hardly made mention of the fact of HALE's arrest as a spy, for which office he had volunteered, and his execution, which was attended by circumstances of unwonted cruelty: 'MARSHALL, RAMSAY, GORDON, BUTLER, BOTTA, have not one word to say concerning him. BANCROFT has not yet reached him. HANNAH ADAMS just mentions him: and popular school-histories merely allude to his fate.' But this strange neglect, we are glad to say, is here remedied. From a great variety of authentic sources, there is now gathered together in the volume before us a well-digested history of the 'Martyr-Spy of the Revolution.' In addition to whatever had attained to print, Mr. STUART has 'been so fortunate as to obtain HALE's own diary, with several letters written by, and many addressed to him. Beside this, there are reminiscences from HALE's own attendant in camp; from the soldier who was his companion for a portion of the time, on his last and fatal expedition; from the lady to whom he was betrothed; and from one of his pupils, who had a lively recollection of him. Many other of HALE's cotemporaries have supplied information respecting him, including some who actually saw him executed. The re-

sult is a volume of great historical importance and great interest, written with a conscientious desire to do justice to the memory of one who laid down his life in the service of his country; a man who certainly deserves as much sympathy, among ourselves, as ANDRE has found in England. Of this man, worthy of all honor, we here have the life and death clearly narrated, from first to last, and a sad record it is, albeit most honorable to HALE's memory. The Appendix contains the genealogy of the HALE family; a sketch of Mrs. LAWRENCE, the lady to whom HALE was betrothed; the Diary we have mentioned; and that portion of Hon. H. J. RAYMOND's speech at Tarrytown, October, 1853, (at the dedication of the monument erected to commemorate the capture of Major ANDRE,) as referred to the conduct and character of Captain NATHAN HALE. The volume contains nine well-executed engravings, illustrative of HALE's life.'

There may exist, in the minds of historians, a reluctance to exalt the character of a military spy. But what a noble heroism was that which induced HALE to offer himself up an almost certain victim to his love of country, and his disregard of personal safety! Moreover, who employed him? General WASHINGTON, the 'Father' of that 'Country' for which he offered up his life. A spy is one of the 'strategies' of war: if the *cause* be good, should its *instrument* be dishonored? Who knows but that HALE had been incited by the advice contained in the characteristic autograph-letter of WASHINGTON to Major TALLMADGE, which we had the pleasure to forward, by request, to Prince DOLGOROUKI, of Russia? A careful man was to be employed to 'go within the British lines on Long-Island: to see whether they were *keeping* the bullocks that were driven into camp, or whether they were *slaughtered*, for packing: and whether they were making up woollen or summer-clothing for the troops.' Now how could this intelligence—so important to WASHINGTON, and the disposition and destination of his forces, (as indicating whether they were to move, and *if* to move, whether their course was to be to the South or to the North,) have been obtained, *except* through the services of a spy? But enough on this point.

It was a coincidence, although perhaps not a 'singular' one, that the ink of the following was scarcely dry, when the book under notice reached us in our daily town-parcel, and was laid on our table: There is one remarkable, at least a very distinctive object, which points out the place, on the unbroken crest of the gently-sloping hill a little west of 'Old Tappaan,' where ANDRE was executed, and where his remains so long reposed, previous to being removed to Westminster Abbey, in London. Very near the spot where the rude stone that marks his first place of sepulture now rests, rises a tall, straight cedar-tree, which can be seen from all the lower adjacent region. There it

> ——— 'STANDS up unbent,
> His fair and fitting monument:
> And long will sunset's light be shed,
> As now, upon that cedar's head,
> That green memorial of the dead!'

By-the-by, *apropos* of ANDRE: he never *intended* to be a spy. Against his stipulation, his intention, and without his knowledge beforehand, he was conducted within one of the American posts. Here he was *obliged* to don a disguise, in order to concert his escape. He evinced his great anxiety, in all that

he subsequently said and did, not to be considered 'in the vile relation of a spy within an enemy's posts.' 'But HALE, respected as an efficient officer, and beloved as a man, despising the shame, if there were any, and courting the ignominy, if such was to be his lot, went forth, against protestations of friends and remonstrances of fellow-soldiers; and was detected, arrested, executed: lamenting, with his last breath, that he had but *one* life to offer up for his country.

But before we close this already too extended notice, let us present what has always been our own impression in relation to *one* circumstance connected with the execution of Major ANDRE. He was a close prisoner, with no possible chance of escape, and from first to last evinced no disposition to do so. Before the day appointed for his execution, he wrote the following letter to WASHINGTON, which our old friend and correspondent, 'R. S. C.,' of the State Department at Washington, has kindly copied for us from the original, preserved in the Government archives:

'SIR: '*Tappan the 1st October*, 1780.

Buoy'd above the Terror of Death by the Consciousness of a Life devoted to honorable pursuits and stained with no action that can give me Remorse, I trust the request I make to Your Excellency at this serious period and which is to soften my last moments will not be rejected.

'Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce Your Excellency and a Military Tribunal to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour.

'Let me hope, Sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these Feelings in your Breast by being informed that I am not to die on a Gibbet.

'I have the honour to be
Your Excellency's
most obedient and
most humble servant,
JOHN ANDRE, Adj. Gen.
to the Brit: Army.'

To His Excellency,
General WASHINGTON.'

'Why could not this 'last request' have been granted?' is a question which has been often asked by Americans whose love and reverence for WASHINGTON are not exceeded by the most illustrious and devoted of his countrymen. *We* are unable, as *all* are unwilling, to believe, that resentment of treatment awarded to American officers and soldiers by the British leaders, should have led WASHINGTON to retaliate in kind. The time, the crisis, the great interests at stake; the necessity of firmness and inflexible resolve; must have constituted the *quo animo* of WASHINGTON'S indifference to, and neglect of ANDRE'S honorable (and we shall always think *reasonable*) request, to die the death of a soldier. But at that time, WASHINGTON'S temples were throbbing with the cares and dangers of an infant empire: he had been deceived 'in the house of his friends.' ARNOLD had turned against him, and against the country who looked up to him as a Defender, a Deliverer. Looking to *Posterity*, WASHINGTON would have added another chaplet to his laden brow had he granted ANDRE'S touching request. From *his* 'stand-point' he reasoned with characteristic caution. But he was wrong: for 'the quality of mercy is not strained: it droppeth like the gentle dew from heaven:' and that dew of mercy would have brightened, more and more, every revolving year, the emerald green that crowns the slope where ANDRE slept, while it would have added freshness to the wreath which will ever surround the brows of 'THE GREAT AND THE GOOD WASHINGTON.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'THIRTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO — A FACT!' comes headed the following, from our 'Up-River' correspondent. 'Out of the North cometh cold,' saith JOB: and warmth, too, our readers will add, when they have perused the weather-record which ensues:

'*Inter Boreales: Jan 27.*

'THIRTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO: This is ten degrees lower than the god MERCURY had snuggled down in his crystal cell at my last. *Amabile frigus!* as HORATIUS has it. Delightful coolness! Have you ever tasted it? Clap your tongue on a bar of cold iron, or a smooth sleigh-runner, and it will polish it up, and remove the fur. Lunar caustic is a fool to it. Boys have sometimes tried it when 'coasting,' or running down hill with their small sleds.

'Doctor KANE, the gallant explorer, who has done every thing except fastening the American flag on the top of the North Pole, has sketched a lively portrait of JACOBUS FROST, with biting and remorseless tooth, and almost chills you to the bone; although, at the same time, he fires the imagination in depicting the gloomy, grand, majestic Arctic scenery. He makes you acquainted with a multitude of icy pranks; and, with a literary genius not always allied with a bold and dashing spirit, he adopts and he adapts the hard, impracticable, and technical terms of peculiar science, so that their very sound suggests the poetry which is found not more beneath Italian skies than in the midst of bitter-cold, crystalline realms. See him at first collecting water from 'the beautiful fresh pools of the ice-bergs and *floes*,' then 'quarrying out the blocks in flinty, glassy lumps' (to melt for daily drink) in WELLINGTON Channel, then sailing through the 'sludge,' soon changed to 'pan-cakes and to snow-balls,' until, at last, he says: 'We were *glued up*.' Then the crew walked over 'decks dry, and studded with *botryoidal* lumps of dirty, foot-trodden ice,' while the rigging over-head had 'nightly accumulations of rime.' Then the hatchway became 'a mass of icicles. The opening of a door was the signal for a gush of smoke-like vapor, every stove-pipe sent out clouds of purple steam, and a man's breath looked like the firing of a pistol on a small scale.' He goes on to describe the singular effects of cold on different substances. Dried apples became 'one *solid breccial mass of impacted angularities, a conglomerate of sliced chalcedony*.' 'Butter and lard required a heavy cold-chisel and mallet. Their fracture is conchoidal, with hæmatic (iron-ore pimpled) surface. Pork and beef are rare specimens of Florentine mosaic, emulating the lost art of petrified visceral monstrosities

seen at the medical schools of Bologna and Milan.' Such were the queer doings of Nature among the Arctics, while the graceful ship, that thing of life, lay paralyzed in the frozen ocean, a moveless picture, with her spars and feathery outlines just visible in the solemn light. Dim glowed the taper within the stout bulwarks, no cheerful fire blazed on the hearth, no flame roared up the pipe; fire was represented by a little spark, a faint ignition; but the hearts of the *men* were warm and brave. It looked like the 'pursuit of knowledge under difficulties' — the study of practical geography with the advantage of the original maps, to be sure, but in a very cold school-room. Nevertheless, in what snug farm-house, in what wealthy home, in what well-endowed institution, could be found a better-ordered family? Their passions were rectified in the icy air, they were apart from the petty meannesses which distract society, science flourished, luxury was unknown, except the keenest kind which comes from the pursuit of noble enterprise. Better for man is that purifying atmosphere, the keen and cutting ether which circulates about the pole, than balmy winds which buoy over tropic seas the spice and frankincense of islands which are placed like gems beneath the equatorial belt. It is better to be fixed in the midst of those compacted masses, to roll among the ice-bergs, and to cool your tongue with cracked-up, flinty lumps, than take the bath in genial surfs, or suffer lassitude among the roses. True energy and vigor are northern-born, and cradled beneath the polar star. At stated intervals they send their forces to subdue the citadels of luxury, to be shorn themselves of all their Vandal roughness, to be melted down in turn by soft effeminacy, and to be again revived and conquered by fresher hordes. Thus is the process going on: the current flows from north to south, but at each return it takes a westerly direction. The course of empire is to the north and west.

'Cold, like heat, (nutritive of sloth,) induces sleep. But, in the first instance, if indulged in, the result is death. So that in coldest climes activity is the very condition of life. Bestir yourself, harness your dogs, be off among the Esquimaux, chase the foxes, grapple with the white bear, spur your rein-deer over the mainland and glassy coasts; beat your sides, stamp your feet, ye sentries, or you are dead men. In the ordinary meaning of the words, the lazy will not make an exertion to 'get a living,' but they will stir their stumps if otherwise they must die. Brain-work is vigorously and beautifully accomplished within the Arctic circle. That circle is a zone of strength to girdle up the loins of such a man as KANE.

'ILLI robur; et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat.

He went forth and returned again to his nest in the rocks like an eagle with a strong wing. He stood still and gazed from his high eyrie through the translucent air. What strange phases and varieties of adventure had he not known! Sword in hand he had fought his way through fierce brigands in the tropics, and to the very gates of Mexico; penetrated to the baracoons of Dahomey and to the slave-marts of Whydah; ascended the Nile to the confines of Nubia, and stood within the shade of Egypt's solemn monuments; clambered up the Himalayah; battled with the ladrones of the Indian Archipelago; suspended by a bamboo rope, went down two hundred feet from a projecting cliff into the crater of the Taal of Luzon; clambered seven hundred more through the scoriæ to make a topographical sketch of the interior of that great volcano, and, last of all, paced the deck of his beleaguered ship, or stood beneath the bright stalactites which clustered about his door-way, while he gazed upon the icy barriers heaped up by ages.

'Great is man! He yoketh the ox, he putteth a bit in the mouth of the horse,

subdues the ground, places his hand on the mane of the sea, dives into the bowels of the earth, mounts into the air, says to the mountains, 'Be cast down!' makes the high places low and the crooked places straight, brings the elements into obedient vassalage, snatches the fire from heaven, puts a girdle round the earth in twenty seconds, and, with a god-like prerogative, he makes the winds his messengers, and his ministers a flame of fire. Great is man!

'I had not intended to allude to KANE, but commenced with a different object, to speak of the effects of intense cold. *Thirty degrees below zero* are sometimes experienced in this latitude, although we neither feed on train-oil, nor harness dogs, nor drive rein-deer, nor travel with snow-shoes; and I assure you that the weather is quite comfortable at that point. It is intense, but still. Ordinary winter clothing will suffice. When you snuff the open air, you are aware of its quality from the fine and icy net-work, finer than spider's web, which is woven instantaneously within your nostrils as the breath goes out, and which is dissolved and spun again with a tickling and a tingling sensation. The lungs imbibe freely and refreshingly as if cool wavelets of a brook. The snow squeaks beneath the feet. Within doors you are startled by sundry noises; the timbers of the house groan, the boards contract, and tear up the nails with a sound which resembles the explosion of a pistol, and is repeated at short intervals. The smoke rolls upward from the chimneys in white volumes — white as the snow itself. The flanks of the horses are well powdered, their manes and shaggy coats are tagged with little pellets, a hirsute beard of icicles hangs from their chins. As they stand thus enveloped in vapor, and a white steam gushes from their nostrils, they seem like mythic creatures come back to realms of matter-of-fact. The eaves of houses are adorned with massive, sharpened pendents, which would be deemed most rich if carved in wood or marble, but which are superber yet when of transparent crystals. This architectural ornamentation, made by the still and master-hand of Nature, alas! that it should be removed as quickly, as noiselessly, and as magically as it was fashioned, by a breath or by vapor, in a night or in a day; that one by one the icicles should all drop off, and nothing be left but a rude uncomely gutter. In the morning, the windows of your chamber are not covered with delicate frost-work, in which you can trace out many pictures, but coated with a thick snow, through which external objects are invisible. If you have courage to resume your walks, go visit the pools where you have once dropped your line for the speckled trout, the water-course, the cascade, or the cataract. There you will see superb congelations, immense icicles. Mill-dams are frozen, and, with all their foam and frothy billows, arrested and petrified as by a magician's wand; the great rocks are covered with a massive coating, and from the brow of the dripping precipice hang immense ice-drops, sharp and glittering pendents, while shafts and columns, and glittering boulders of every form, are seen about, and the whole landscape is arrayed in the utmost gorgeousness of winter.

'Not long ago, at the midnight hour, I sat inditing this by a cheerful light. A stealthy cold crept along the floor, and stole about the feet. I heard the boards and timbers cracking, I arose and piled on the pitchy logs, then went out into the keen night-air. What a scene! The moon was at the full. Within a hundred yards, at the base of a steep hill upon the right, a range of manly Doric columns, carved out of native marble, and worthy of ancient Athens, composing the capitol on the portico of this sovereign State, glistened in the white beams, and a beautiful dome was upheaved in the very spot where, within the memory of living men, the audacious wolves, and bears, and catamounts were wont to prowl. All around lay

a vast scene of rolling mountains, white from peak to base, the surface of the snow as hard as ice, and glistening like purest alabaster. It was a cold, a glorious, yet solemn sight. Light without warmth! You could read the finest print. I had a polar feeling, such as KANE had when he searched for FRANKLIN'S grave among the bergs of ice. I sniffed and snuffed the breeze bare-headed for a moment, and then retreated into summer heat. Cold contracts: it crystallizes iron, and it drives the soul into snug, concentred quarters. It makes home pleasant, and by contrast adds a new delight and zest to genial warmth. Now the historians please, now the poets satisfy. Ah! how pleasant to be in a snug home, when the tempest dashes against the windows and upon the roof; or in an illuminated library when the winter howls without! But I was about to describe the physical effects of intense cold. Man readily adapts himself to any climate, and can live *sub Dio frigido*'— be very comfortable at thirty degrees below zero — or breathe, like the fire-king, in an oven hot enough to bake bread. It is all habit. Other animals seem to suffer little. Cows and horses bear the weather well. As to hogs, they are not sensitive: they are as tough as J. B.: either their hides are leathery thick, or bristles are warm as Saxony wool. Give them provender, and a chance to put one hoof in the trough, and they do not care whether Mercury goes up an inch or down a foot. I can perceive no sign of suffering unless indicated by a grunt. It would be unfair to interpret that dialect as expressing the voice of complaint.

'Birds sometimes perish, and are pierced through the vitals by a sharp icy dart, as they are struck dead by electric fire; but if they belong to Northern climes, they bear up (*penna metuente solvi*) with an untiring wing.

'The other day, I saw a flight of snow-birds sit down in a garden-patch to pick at the seed-vessels of a few dry weeds, and as they rose up to fly, and wheeled about, they seemed like a flurry of vast snow-flakes, their bosoms were 'so white as no fuller on earth could whiten them.' It is funny to see a single file of geese fast asleep, standing upon the ice on one leg, like so many zanies, looking like the relics of that great shot once made by Baron MUNCHAUSEN. But a Shanghai rooster is out of place in this latitude. He can't stand it. There was a tall, scrawny fellow about the premises, and his feathers looked like porcupine quills. The first cold snap came, and in the night watches I no longer heard him crow the hours in accordance with the town clock. In the morning he came not down from his perch: he grappled it with the clutch of an eagle's talons: it was the grab of death. From crest to Pope's nose, he was as stiff a piece of poultry as you would find in the stalls. For three months yet the Winter reigns lord paramount, and then the tender buds will begin to swell, and the willow bark turn yellow with the ascending sap. Patience! patience! Snow-banks now: but with a few more waxing, waning moons, the coaxing zephyrs will come along, the floods subside, and the tops of Ararat become green. But when the blue-bird shall begin to dress his plumes, and twitter upon the naked branch; when violets venture out with fragrant breath in cosy coves, beneath the sheltered rocks; when the blue sky appears in patches on the white concave; then when the rills and streams shall burst their manacles, and gash their way, with bubbling noise, through rocks and pebbly beds; when the tender blade puts forth, the swallow darts in his eccentric path, the chirping robin comes to build and pick his dainty spot among the boughs, the little martlet, undeterred by romping children, once more plasters up his house beneath the blooming eaves; and when the summer bursts with flowery and triumphant process down the vale:

'I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows. F. W. S.'

A Day among the Ice. — On some sweltering hot day next summer, reader, as you walk along the sultry streets, and see the irregular blocks of crystal ice, slowly melting away upon the incipient mossy-green, sweating pavements of the areas of metropolitan dwellings, you will perhaps call to mind something of what we are going to *try* to describe for your instruction, and perhaps edification. One bright, cold morning in late January, we made one of a party of four, bound on a trip to Rockland and Highland Lakes, to witness, at our leisure, the cutting, gathering, and storing of ice, for the New-York and other domestic and foreign markets. It was truly a winter journey. A bright sun tempered the 'nipping and eager air,' and yet it 'bit shrewdly,' as we ascended the hills of Rockland, and saw on our right the frozen Tappaän-Zee, with its narrow channel of cold, blue water; on our left the distant hills of Ramapo, and before us the 'Great' and 'Little' 'Torn,' and the 'Hook' mountains, which lord it over the Great Bay of Haverstraw. Presently, the white and silent lake spread out before us; dotted here and there with groups of men and horses with their riders, looking like a small 'allied' army, deploying and 'strategising' upon some Crimean plain. The great ice-houses, near the eastern border of the lake, were sending out their white steam-puffs, indicating that all was bustle and activity 'thereaway,' as well as upon the frozen bosom of the lake itself. But let us approach a little nearer, and 'see what we shall see.'

Our first purpose will be, to present to the reader an external view of Rockland Lake, with the workmen upon it; next, to sketch the manner in which the product of their labor is harvested in the ice-houses upon the shore; and, 'thirdly, and lastly,' to give an interior view of the great reservoirs of which we have made mention. You descend to the eastern shore of the lake. Scattered over its adjacent surface, you observe men seated upon a low sled-like looking vehicle, drawn by a span of horses. These are numerous; and are the *planes*, beautiful 'instruments,' upon which one man sits, while the snow-ice is removed beneath him, leaving a smooth surface of pure ice for the operators who are to come after him. These are followed by the 'scrapers,' a triangular instrument, also drawn by two horses, with a man seated on one of the animals, and another on the scraper. This operation removes all the refuse snow and snow-ice which has been loosened and liberated by the planes. The next thing the observer remarks, is the process of 'marking out' in 'fields,' in long straight lines, like the extended furrows made by an expert ploughman, turning up the glebe in a level pasture-field in the spring-time, in the country. Then follow the ice-ploughs, 'singing a quiet tune,' as, with different depths of puncture, they follow each other along the marked lines, until they have cut the gelid mass to the required depth, (if we remember rightly some five inches.) The 'fields,' thus made, and thus laid out, are now ready for another set of operators. It should be mentioned, that these great 'fields' are *sawed* out, with long saws, such as are used in the country for separating saw-mill logs: with this exception, that there is nobody at the lower end of the saw to *co*-operate: a defect which struck us forcibly, (as we took the saw from the hands

of the operator and essayed to saw 'some,') and which we suggested to him. His response was peculiar. He said the operation *was* open to that objection, but if *we* would take the *lower* end, he would do the best with *his*. From that moment we 'did n't seem to take no interest' in *that* branch of the ice-business. But in the mean time, let us allude to the watery avenues, by which these 'fields,' rent and dissevered into smaller parcels, are to find their way to the great store-houses. This is accomplished by means of wide canals, cut in various places on the lake, all of which lead directly to the great reservoirs upon the shore, and which are kept from freezing in the 'still midnight cold' — that works so silently yet so effectively for the *Knickerbocker Ice Company* — by boats, passing and re-passing along them, in the long night-watches: and those who man them, we are glad to say, are rewarded with a true KNICKERBOCKER generosity for their arduous service. The cross-furrows in the 'fields' mark out blocks of the uniform size of twenty-two by twenty-six inches. Their transparency and their thickness are well known to all of our metropolitan readers, who have seen them going in, of a summer's morning, to the ice-depositories of our great hotels, the ASTOR, St. NICHOLAS, and the like, among our numerous superb public houses. Well: 'now look sharp.' Do you see those men, standing at regular intervals, along the outer line of that distant 'field' of planed, and swept, and marked and ploughed ice? You do? Well, do you see that they have broad chisel-prys, as sharp as the best axe you ever swung, and that, 'with heavy beat and slow,' they are separating that 'field' (there are one thousand 'blocks' in it!) from the general mass of the lake's solid covering? Look again, and you see smaller 'fields' made from that; then *those* made less; until by-and-by the broad canals are filled with oblong rafts of ice, cut to the canal-pattern, and men either gliding gently on them, 'pushing on and keeping moving,' or else drawing them with long hook-poles, toward their cold and silent mansion. We hope, reader, that you may see this clearly; because we are now going to approach the vast ice-houses on the shore. Observe, please, that the several canals lead up to the sides of these vast reservoirs, covering in all some four acres, and thirty-five feet in height. Take the two largest, for example. You see six 'elevators,' as they are called, or inclined rail-way planes, leading down into the canals, which canals, by plank barriers, are narrowed to the width of the rail-ways: and here the narrowed 'fields' are separated into blocks; and an 'endless chain' revolves by steam, to which iron fingers are attached, each of which picks up a block; and there, one after another, all day, and often all night, as regular as clock-work, seventy-two of these blocks, at equal distances apart, and in regular succession, are ascending these 'elevators,' to descend, on gently-inclined planes, to the particular part of the building where the men are waiting to pack it away in uniform and successive layers. And what a sight it is to see these vast ice-accretions in store! We stood in the great 'Hall,' as it is called, in the middle of the largest structure, then nearly two-thirds full, and the only portion of all the houses that had not been crowded to repletion. We were looking toward the light, and as the sun shone through the blue-green transparent cakes, lighting up the whole scene with the subdued, weird radiance of an ocean-cave, we could n't help dreaming that we 'dwelt in marble halls' of more than regal magnificence. When we had seen how the ice was protected from the burning heats of summer by such

non-conductors as tan-bark, charcoal-dust, rice-chaff, saw-dust, fine salt-hay, and the like, we descended with our friends: and after a most agreeable repast, at the residence of a hospitable friend, we took sleigh, behind a span of black (and a little *too* lively) ponies, and were off for *Highland Lake*, eighteen miles distant; our road leading through the large, flourishing village of Haverstraw, which 'rambles' along the west shore of the great Bay of that name, and under the lofty peak of the 'High Torn,' which pinnacles the highland coast of that region. A drive of twelve miles, over a road continually 'up hill and down dale,' flanked at intervals by precipices sheer down an hundred and fifty feet, brought us to CALDWELL'S Landing, at the entrance of the Highlands, having passed on our way Stoney Point, VERPLANCK'S Point, and one or two other localities made memorable by important deeds in the Revolution. Ordering supper to be ready on our return, we moved onward, three miles and a half farther, when we drew rein at a small cottage-house under the mountain, directly opposite 'Saint ANTHONY'S Nose,' whose snow-covered mass rose cold and bleak into the wintry sky, making his black nostril, which a train of cars was just entering, look doubly 'pokerish.' Here we dismounted, and taking a well-trodden foot-path through the deep snow, we walked up the hill-side a short distance, then over its crest into a kind of forest amphitheatre, as completely shut out from view as if we had been in the depths of the wilderness in the great west. The solemn stillness of that winter-forest was *audible*, so intense was it. Presently, at a turn in the snow-path, there came suddenly upon the ear a sound which actually seemed to take possession of the atmosphere. Like a Presence, it *filled* the surrounding wintry woods. A moment more, and the cause of that noise was revealed. Standing low in the basin scooped out by NATURE before us, arose the *Highland Lake Ice-House*, a large square white structure, like those we have endeavored to depict at Rockland. Not a human being was to be seen, except ourselves — four 'KNICKERBOCKERS,' by profession and 'community of feeling.' High up before us, like water-troughs leading down from a distant height to a high flouring-mill in some deep gorge or ravine, came the ice-troughs, or 'leaders,' resting upon tressel-work supporters, and terminating in two spiral rail-ways, through which the building was filled with the unsown, uncultivated, but most prolific and bountiful ice-harvest. These troughs, or 'leaders' disappeared entirely in the distance: and all that we saw, was the huge blocks, immense in size, that with a swiftness greater than that of any locomotive that ever *flew* over an iron rail, with 'a rush, a roar, and a rumble,' came, as if from out the very sky toward which we were looking up at them, and whirled round, and finally *up*, the spiral rail-ways, and so, with diminished speed into the great ice-house, where they are received by a full corps of workmen, and 'slode' into the places which they are to occupy, until called from their icy cavern, in the fervors of the summer-solstice. No one could see this, and say that it was not sublime. 'Great power, in motion,' says BURKE, 'is *always* sublime:' and these immense blocks of ice, rushing on, at regular intervals, and with *inconceivable* swiftness, with no visible propelling force, and depositing themselves unseen, was an almost *awful* development of the fact. At the speed with which those immense cakes of ice flew, each one would have crushed an elephant, had that graceful and fragile quadruped crossed its track.

Little remains to be added, in illustration of this scene. Suffice it to say, that by a snow-path, we followed the 'leaders,' or ice-troughs up to the lake, which is small, but deep, and very clear and pure, and surrounded, in its still and sheltered basin, by a circular wall of beautifully-picturesque hills. It affords a single 'crop' of from thirty to forty thousand tons of ice, of the best kind, which is the capacity of the building where it is stored. The process of preparing, cutting, etc., is the same as at Rockland Lake; but no machinery is required to take it out. It floats from a dead level into the 'leaders,' and starts upon its inclined rail-way plane 'of its own motion.' From the great reservoir it is taken, when wanted, by another short inclined plane, not a stone's-throw off, (we don't mean our old friend the eminent portrait-painter ELLIOTT'S *stone's throw*, for that, 'Young KNICK' avers, is half-a-mile,) to the dock and the ice-barges that 'lie thereby' upon the west bank of the Hudson. The entire distance, from the Hudson to the lake is somewhat under eighty rods. For convenience of cutting, securing, storing, and shipping ice, the facilities afforded at Rockland and Highland Lakes, are not surpassed, if they are equalled, in America, or in any other part of the world. We have given our readers a faithful picture — in no respect exaggerated; contrariwise, we have really understated what we saw, and marvelled at, and wonderfully enjoyed — and we trust that when they stir the ice in their champagne, or clink it against a tumbler of pure Croton, or sip it in ice-cream, or other gelid delicacies, in the coming summer, they will have received a new impression as to how ice, in vast masses, is secured, and stored, and brought to market, for daily use, in the Great Metropolis, and other towns and cities in the United States. Let us look at it for a moment, as exhibited in a brief newspaper account of the business and facilities of the '*Knickerbocker Ice-Company*':

'ROCKLAND LAKE, being within thirty-five miles of New-York, immediately on the west shore of the Hudson, and furnishing, as it does, the best quality of ice, either for shipping, or for family use, is the most valuable property of the kind in the vicinity of the metropolis, and has for years supplied the city with more than half the ice consumed by its inhabitants, and its trade and shipping. At this point the Company has eight ice-houses, covering an area of nearly four acres, and capable of storing about one hundred and twenty thousand tons of ice! Two of these houses, which will contain about forty thousand tons each, are furnished with steam-engines, of forty-horse power, for taking ice out of the lake, and elevating it, by means of inclined planes, into the houses. Here, on the nineteenth of January, the Company had not far from one thousand men employed in securing the present crop of ice! At 'Rockland-Lake Landing' the Company has about one-and-a-half acres of land, on which there is a capacious ice-house, a dock, and dry-dock, a hotel, barns, sheds, etc. This land has a river-front of about one thousand feet. At 'Fort MONTGOMERY,' (this is Highland Lake, just described,) the Company has an ice-house, which stores from thirty to forty thousand tons of ice. At *Æsopus*, they have an ice-house, holding about twenty-two thousand tons of ice, which is taken from the river by steam-power, as at Rockland Lake. At '*Binnewater*,' better known perhaps as 'COLE'S Pond,' they have an ice-house which stores about six thousand tons. This pond is about three-quarters of a mile from Æsopus. At *Rhinebeck*, the Company owns the 'Long Dock,' and an ice-house storing twenty thousand tons, recently built. At *Flatbush*, on the west bank of the Hudson, they have also a house holding fifteen thousand tons; and at *Barrytown*, still another, holding ten thousand tons.'

Now this is a small paragraph, but it tells a large story, and one that is

true in all particulars. Fourteen barges, with a carrying tonnage of six thousand tons; one hundred and twenty horses, drawing over a hundred ice-waggons about the city. *These* are the vehicles that you see 'dropping coolness and refreshment' in all the thoroughfares of the metropolis, as they 'go on their way rejoicing' many a thirsty soul. When you are awaiting your morning three or six pounds, reader, in the coming hot days, and are asking, 'Has n't the ICE-MAN been round yet?' you will '*think* on these things.'

But let us be 'getting along home.' We all — 'us four and no more' — walked by the solitary snow-path, through the silent and leafless woods, until in a moment the frozen Hudson spread before us, and St. ANTHONY'S Nose, blue with the cold, arose before us. Arrived at the cottage, we uncovered our ponies, who were warm and comfortable, took sleigh, and before the evening gloaming had come on, we had arrived at CALDWELL'S, where a supper-dinner awaited us, such as you could scarcely find in our city: delicious tea and excellent coffee; tenderest beef-steak; the rarest delicacies of pickles; the regular KNICKERBOCKER dough-nuts, or krullers; with nameless other 'goodies,' which it is not necessary to particularize: the whole presided over by a lady of the old school; with manners dignified, quiet, gentle; a face and complexion pleasant and most fair and engaging: like a beautiful apple, dried a little, but unwithered and without a wrinkle, and beaming with the 'quiet evening sunshine of a good heart.' After supper, we waited until the moon arose upon the lovely, though bleak landscape, and then departed for our 'several places of abode.' As to what we saw and experienced on our way homeward, pleasant or otherwise, we shall hope to have something to say of that hereafter. As our colored Rockland orator, 'Black SAM,' says, when in one of his extempore addresses he raises an 'argument' which he can neither explain nor illustrate, 'Question on dat!' But 'no more *at present*,' 'any how!'

A BEAUTIFUL COMPOSITION BY GEN. JACKSON. — The following beautiful inscription is engraved upon the tomb-stone of the wife of General JACKSON, erected over her grave in Tennessee. It was written by the brave old General himself; and for terseness and beauty of expression, has seldom been exceeded by any similar monumental record. We derive the copy from which we quote, from an esteemed friend, who has carried it in his pocket-book so long that it has become well-nigh illegible:

'HERE lie the remains of Mrs. RACHEL JACKSON, wife of President JACKSON, who died on the twenty-second day of December, aged sixty-one years. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods. To the poor she was a benefactress; to the rich she was an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament: her pity went hand in hand with her benevolence; and she thanked her CREATOR for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and yet so virtuous, slander might wound but could not dishonor: even DEATH, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transplant her to the bosom of her GOD.'

How much love, veneration, and true feeling enter into this heart-felt, fervent epitaph! It is among the best of the many great and sententious things

that came from the old Hero's heart and pen. He was a good husband, a faithful friend, a stern patriot — a noble AMERICAN, in heart and soul. We are sorry now that we ever gave a vote against him. TIME brings wondrous changes, when DEATH has set his seal upon the deeds and events of an eminent public life.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — If the reader does n't laugh as heartily as we did at '*Gideon Grinder's Turkey-Raffle*,' we make a bad wager of an affirmative 'guess.' We have known just such an old 'SLY-BOOTS' of a 'Friend' as Mr. LELAND describes:

'TALKING about turkey-raffles,' said GIDEON, 'I always think of the first one I ever dipped into. When I was about sixteen, my father thought it high time for me to be moving into business. I had always lived down in Delaware on the farm till this time; so I started for the city with a letter to my uncle. Now uncle was a staunch old Quaker, in the dry-good business, and he at once took me into his store to let me learn business, and into his home to look after me out of business, so that I was pretty well guarded at both corners. But boys will be boys, and I soon found among the young men in the store one or two who were willing enough to teach me city-ways. I was a pretty apt scholar. Well, time flew round, and one Christmas-eve, about two years after I came up to the city, I was down at the store packing goods to fill some order, along with another young man named NAT. Says NAT. to me:

''GID., my boy, this is rather hard, to have to work on Christmas-eve, ant it?'

''Rather!' I answered: 'but then to-morrow is Christmas, and we 'll have that for a holiday, any way!'

''Not as you knows on!' said NAT. NAT. used a great many slang phrases. Then he added: 'OLD SHADWELL (my esteemed uncle) said he should give us to-morrow as holiday, except a *few* hours in the morning, when we might pack some goods to fill that Mobile order — just for exercise! Now GID., if we do have to come down here to-morrow, we will just make a time of it — you bad better believe! I 'm going to bring a bottle of whiskey, and if there 's any virtue in that old counting-house stove, it 's got to come out in the shape of hot water; so hurrah for whiskey-punches!'

'There was something irresistibly attractive to me in the idea. Here, right in my esteemed uncle's strong-hold to brew that awful abomination called by the world's people whiskey-punch; in this store, where six days of the week he was bodily present, and mentally present on the seventh. 'It shall be done!' said I to NAT. And then we went to work in earnest and packed the goods, nailed up the boxes, marked them, and having finished this much, we went down stairs to the counting-room; for we had been at work up-stairs while packing. The head-clerk, who was busy at the books, told us we might go, and he would leave the keys at my uncle's house.

''Mr. SHADWELL,'' said he to us, 'says you must pack those goods for Mobile to-morrow morning, and as soon as you get through you can have the rest of the day to yourselves.'

''Thank you for nothing,' said NAT. to me in a low voice; and we left the store. It was a bitter cold night, and as we passed an oyster-cellar, NAT. spoke out again:

''GID., what do you say to a few of the natives on the half-shell?'

''Done!' I replied: 'I can stow away half-a-dozen.' So down we went. There was a crowd in there, and great excitement round a table, where a man stood with dice-box rattling the bones. Having eaten the oysters and finished a couple of glasses of ale, we turned to see what caused the crowd and excitement.

''A turkey-raffle!' said NAT: 'hurrah! here 's a cheap way to win a Christmas-

dinner. And look what fat turkeys! I'm bound to have one chance.' So NAT. put down his money; and at the sight of his boldness I determined to go in too: so I contributed; and after the amount was made up, the dice were duly thrown, and a famous large gobbler fell to the share of a beef-steak-faced, burly, 'broth of a boy,' who was porter in the store next to my uncle's. I tried my luck the second time, and by great good luck threw the highest; and a rousing hen-turkey became mine. Now I had never given it a thought that I should have such good-fortune; and as I took up the defunct hen-turkey, I felt 'sold,' without being so.

"'What shall I do with her?' I asked NAT.

"'Why,' answered NAT., 'take her down to the store and leave her there. To-morrow morning bright and early we 'll get her, have her cooked here at the cellar, and have her sent back to the store, and have a first-rate Christmas-dinner all to ourselves. I board up at old Mrs. SHINEY'S boarding-house, and I won't get any thing fit to eat there; and your uncle, Old SHADWELL, never makes a spread on Christmas; so it 's the best thing we can do.'

'I agreed with NAT., and we both started for the store, but the head-clerk had gone, cleared out, and the store was locked up.

"'Well,' spoke NAT.; 'there 's no help for it; you 'll have to take her home with you, and keep her all night. But mind you, bring her down to the store with you bright and early.'

"'All right, NAT.; you 'll see her in the morning;' and so saying I put her under my over-coat, held her by the neck with one hand, and covered her body and tail as well as I could with the coat-skirts with my other hand, and propelled toward my esteemed uncle SHADWELL'S house. Arrived there I rang the bell softly, and as the servant-maid opened the door I rushed in, nearly oversetting her, so great was my anxiety to reach my chamber unobserved; but my foot tripped over the door-mat, and falling, the hen-turkey shot out about six feet ahead of me into the entry.

"'Och, shure, misther GIDEON, and are yiz afther bringing a babe inter the house?' asked BIDDY, as the flesh-colored mass shone out under the light of the hall-lamp.

"'Keep quiet, BIDDY,' said I, hastily picking up my turkey: 'it 's not a baby, only a Christmas present;' and I darted up-stairs just as my esteemed uncle's snuff-colored coat was seen coming out of the parlor, and his voice came winding up-stairs:

"'GIDEON, what is thee doing?'

"'I fell on the stairs, uncle!' I shouted back; and so I was allowed to gain my chamber in the third-story back-room without any further impediment. It was a fine, clear, cold, moon-light night, and I determined I would hang the turkey out of the window, where I thought no one would see it, and take it in early in the morning, and after breakfast carry it down to the store and dispose of it as NAT. had proposed. Thinking over the turkey I soon fell asleep, and in my dreams I distinctly heard my esteemed uncle SHADWELL'S voice saying:

"'GIDEON, thee is very thoughtful to remember thy relations thus. There was need of a turkey, and thou hast brought it. Rise, take in thy fowl, and hand it to me, for thy aunt will see that it is hung up with care and drawn with neatness!'

"'It 's already drawn. I drew it to-night at a raf——' This I spoke out loud. A sharp rap at my chamber-door showed me that I had answered a question made in the body. I opened the door. There stood my uncle.

"'GIDEON,' said he; 'I was out in the garden, and happening to glance upward, I saw thy Christmas present for thy uncle hanging at thy bed-room window. Thee is very kind; thee need not wait till the morrow, but even give it to me now. I will confide it to thy Aunt PRUDENCE, and she will see that the cook draws it, and hangs it up in the area.'

'Had old SHADWELL turned a hose-pipe at me, and soaked me with water, he could n't have stunned me more. However, I made a virtue out of a necessity, and, taking in the turkey, I handed it to him.

"'How much did thee give for it, GIDEON?'

"O uncle!' said I; 'don't ask the price of a present.' I didn't believe it would conform to his ideas of propriety had I told him that I won it at a raffle.

"Well, GIDEON, thee is one of the world's people, and have strange ways; but I won't press thee to know how much thee gave; perhaps thou hast been cheated; for the chicken-hucksters in the market worship Mammon. Let it go. I thank thee for thy present.'

'And down stairs he went, while I returned to bed mad as a hornet, and yet in the intervals of anger ready to laugh at the ease with which my esteemed uncle had 'boned' that turkey. Next morning at breakfast, Aunt PRUDENCE greeted me with a smile and said:

"GIDEON, thee was very kind to present us with that turkey. We will have it for dinner to-day. So remember to come home early.' I went down to the store, and when I had told NAT. of my misfortune, great was his wrath; however, he calmed down, and after abusing my esteemed uncle like a pickpocket, he brought out a bottle of whiskey, put some water on to boil on the stove, and in the interim we packed the goods. After we got through with this, NAT. brought out lemons and sugar, and in a few minutes we had the tallest kind of a punch brewed, and sat till dinner-time discussing its merits. Then we rose up, and with slightly clouded 'intellex' started for our different homes. When I reached Uncle SHADWELL'S, and sat down to dinner, great was my disgust at seeing the turkey brought on boiled. A boiled turkey as a *piece de resistance* I despise. And Uncle SHADWELL! There he stood, carving-knife in hand, ready to go in and cut off the wings. Delusive hope! a hand-saw would have been more useful than that steel blade, sharp as it was. First slily coquetting with the steel, Uncle SHADWELL next plunged the fork into the turkey, and then made his first cut at the turkey; he might as well have tried to cut out gun-flints with a razor! Uncle SHAD. grew red in the face; he, the man of peace, yet prince of carvers, not able to cut a turkey! He made a second attempt.

"GIDEON,' said he, 'the hucksters have proved too much for thee! They have sold thee an aged turkey.'

'The punch was in my head, and as I looked round the table at the guests, (for two or three had been invited,) I answered very meekly:

"I thought she was tender and true!'

"Truly tough,' replied my uncle, 'but not tender. Thee and friends will have but a tough dinner to-day.' And so it turned out; boiled leather would have been tender compared to it. But I had my revenge for losing my turkey in the sad-looking faces around me, and I came to the conclusion that the next time Uncle SHADWELL saw a turkey hanging by moon-light out of his nephew's window, he would n't at least have a Christmas dinner on the strength of it. So ended the fruits of my first turkey-raffle!'

THE annexed lines were prefixed to the New-Year's Address of the carrier of '*The Age*,' a weekly journal published in Maine. They are very original and striking: and we are sorry that the kind correspondent from whom we derive them, did not permit us to see how the machine 'worked,' and what kind of poetry it 'turned out,' after it 'got under way:'

'THE fire shines bright on the hearth at night,
And the curtains drooping low
Fling a rosy gleam o'er the Poet's dream,
As his fancies come and go.

'His brow is pale, and the rattling hail
That falls on the frosty pane,
Can't break the sleep that his worn eyes keep,
As if never to wake again.

'Yet hark! he hears, though with half-closed ears,
On the door a rapping low,
Still he turns not round at the gentle sound,
But simply murmurs, 'Pox!

''Tis only the bird that EDGAR heard,
As he tapped at the window so,
And I'm no craven to fear a Raven,
Or let in a beggarly crow.'

'Hark! it raps again, and with might and main:
The Poet awakes at last,
And opens the door, as with angry roar
The wild wind hurries past.

''Tis the CARRIER-BOY, who wishes him joy,
And asks in a faltering tone,
If he will write a few lines that night,
And kindly give him the loan.

'The Poet looks wild at the blue-eyed child,
Then clutches him by the hair,
And makes him abide by the chimney-side,
As he sinks back in his chair —

'Pulls up the machine, and with dreadful mien
He oils each rusty wheel,
Then seizes the crank, and with many a yank,
Brings out a poetic squeal.'

How Yankee is '*yank!*' THE other evening, coming up through the thick-ribbed ice in the steamer '*New-Haven,*' with our friend Captain HULSE, we observed in the saloon, standing upon a marble table, a beautiful *Pin-Tail Duck.* It was shot by the CAPTAIN on one of the great bayous of the Mississippi, and had been most admirably preserved by Mr. BELL, the celebrated Taxidermist. While we were examining the bird, and expressing our admiration of its glossy, gray-mottled plumage, Captain HULSE, with characteristic generosity, made us a present of it. With hearty thanks, we gave it 'acceptance bounteous,' and that same night took it home with us. It was placed upon a tall stand in the sanctum, of which pleasant apartment it at once established itself as a prominent and graceful ornament. In the morning, when MARY came in to 'dust' the apartment, she saw the bird; slipped quietly out, shutting the door carefully behind her, and said to Dame KNICK: 'O Ma'am! there 's a beautiful duck in the sanctum, and I want to catch it! One of the windows is open onto the piazza, and I want to go out and shut it, to keep the duck in!' And out she went, and *did* shut the window and blind for that purpose. Now if this, which is an exact and literal fact, is not a tribute to Mr. BELL's skill, not to say *genius*, we do n't know what *could* be. The bird was truly 'as natural *as life.* - - - THE correspondent who sends us the following pellucid and comprehensive '*Lecture on Truth,*' we *rather* suspect is personally acquainted with JOHN PHŒNIX, *alias* 'JOHN P. SQUIBOB:' certain it is, their *styles* are so much alike that you 'can't tell t' other from which.' Professor VAURIEN, it will be seen, (every body is a 'Professor' now-a-days,) nding himself, 'unexpectedly,' of course, invited, through the influence of his personal friend, the Hon. PRURIENT L. HALFJOHN, to deliver a moral lecture before the 'Biological Institute,' selected for the subject of his discourse the

application of the differential and integral calculus to TRUTH in general. The report has been received, through a letter from the author to an intimate friend:

'AN intelligent and fashionable audience, consisting of the members of the Biological Society, their friends, and the representatives of the city press, having assembled, the lecturer was introduced by the Hon. PRURIENT L. HALFJOHN, with a few brief and felicitous remarks; after which, bowing urbanely to the ladies, and directing the summary expulsion of a rude boy who had crawled in at a window without paying, Professor VAURIEN commenced as follows:

'In a popular work, which may be found upon the centre-table of every lady, and in the library of every statesman — I need hardly say that I allude to the First Volume of Sir WALTER SCOTT's Infantry Tactics — the following striking paragraph occurs:

'The object of the '*about face*' is to face to the rear.'

'The contemplation of the singular fact thus evolved in the simple and forcible language of the great Poet, has developed some considerations upon the constitution of Truth, which I now propose to present perspicuously to your minds. In so doing, the naked truth will be exhibited, with a decent regard for public opinion, and the falsity of the assertion, made in one of the poems of COLEMAN and STETSON, that 'Truth *lies* in the bottom of a well,' rendered apparent by a course of philosophical reasoning.

'By a beautiful application of the differential theory, the singular fact is demonstrated, that all integrals assume the forms of the atoms of which they are composed, with, however, in every case, the important addition of a *constant*, which, like the tail of a tadpole, may be dropped on certain occasions when it becomes troublesome. Hence, it will evidently follow, that space is round, though, in viewing it from certain positions, the presence of the cumbrous addendum may slightly modify the definity of its rotundity. To ascertain and fix the conditions under which, in the definite consideration of indefinite immensity, the infinitesimal incertitudes, which, homogeneously aggregated, compose the idea of space, admit of the compatible retention of this constant, would form a beautiful and healthy recreation for the inquiring mind: but, pertaining more properly to the metaphysician than to the ethical student, it cannot enter into the present discussion.

'It is here alluded to as the opening to a field of contemplation and investigation worthy the examination of those representatives of the nation, who have, at present, abundant leisure to devote to such vigorous mental exercise. Our immediate business is with the troublesome constant in its generality. We do not need to particularize; as PLINY the Elder remarked of the needle in the hay-mow: 'It will do to reason upon in bulk.' Assuming, for present convenience, that facts are things, let us reason accordingly: deliberately, for time is eternal; and cautiously, for nothing can be more uncertain than facts, and the presence of the peculiar constant adds to the uncertainty instead of annulling it, integrals though facts be. As, in our small but efficient Navy, one man cannot, unassisted, be guilty of mutiny, so cannot his individual volition be creative of fact. In fact, fact cannot be created. It must preëxist, and to that preëxistence, as well as to the fact itself, must be attached and mentally comprehended the variable constant. That mental comprehension must be dual; of the mind that promulges, and of the soul that is impressed by it, both retaining, being integrals, the variable invariable. From these simple considerations we draw the substance of what vain mortals, each with his or her changeable constant attached, call TRUTH.

'TRUTH involves the inception of its preëxistence, followed by enunciation and comprehension, and accompanied in both mental essences, by homogeneous arrangements of accordant constants of variable constitution.

'With this clear view of an hitherto misunderstood conception, its positive applicability to the ordinary affairs of the world is rendered impracticable without an equally lucid consideration of attendant constants too numerous to be readily reconcilable with one another and with the subject under discussion. And under this difficulty has the world existed ever since the beginning of the precession of the equinoxes, and so it will continue to roll on while time shall last, accompanied by its ever-increasing swarm of variable invariables!

'Ingenious approximations are all that the patient investigator dares to substitute for the remote Truth, which, like the lost Pleiad, every one thinks he can see. So standeth the world gazing agape upon plethoric immensity and saying, 'There is Truth!' The world, here alluded to, is an aggregation of individuals with their respective constants in various states of order and confusion. Suppose a communication from one of these head-quarters of reason and its reception by another:

Can condemnation be predicated, or odium exhale from the accidental incompatibility of the attached constants? Hardly. Does approbation confer upon such communication the property of indubitable veracity? Such were a far-stretched conclusion. Examine well your variable constants, and too often you will detect defects in their co-existent accordance.

'The subject admits of much deep thought and profound study, and is commended to the class before named as an occupation for eternity. These few hints may show the open path to deeper investigation, and those who value TRUTH may pursue it. Meanwhile let the broad mantle of charity enwrap your own and your fellow-mortals' errors. Seek patiently. Until the end is attained, condemn not rashly. May not your own constant be a little out of order?'

'Amid a storm of applause, I was borne by the Hon. PRURIENT L. into the next room, where the door-keeper was waiting to render his account of the evening. A hasty inspection of his book educed the gratifying fact that the receipts of the night amounted, over and above expenses, to the handsome sum of four dollars thirty-seven-and-a-half cents! But what are net receipts compared with fame!

'An embarrassing circumstance has, however, been brought to my notice. The committee of the BI. who got out the mammoth posters announcing the lecture, in order to secure a full house, rashly pledged in my name one thousand dollars to the Cabmen's Orphan Society, and the treasurer is even now awaiting the receipt thereof at the door. In this emergency my self-possession does not desert me. I am now busy painting my visage with a burnt cork, and PRURIENT has turned my coat wrong side out, so that I may pass him under the assumed character of GUMBO CHAFF. I shall discontinue lecturing. It has its annoyances. FLINT's new hat, which he so liberally lent me, 'for this night only,' has been used as a spittoon by a reporter during the whole evening. PRURIENT advises me to leave. He says he will procure me a mission to the Choctaws through his influence with the Sec. of the Int —— (there! I had nearly betrayed his confidence,) with a distinguished person, the S–cr–t–ry of the I–t–r–or, and I will start to-morrow. When you get another letter you will know my whereabouts.'

Apropos of 'SQUIBOB:' his portrait in our last has excited universal cachinnation. An old and very popular correspondent writes as follows concerning it: 'Allow me to congratulate you on the remarkably accurate picture of Mr. JOHN P. SQUIBOB. It is a study. How I laughed, and could n't keep my eyes off him! Ask Mr. BURTON whether it would be possible to arrange a theatric mask which should be a fac-simile of that head? I will say nothing of the nose, the ear, the costume, and most elegant neck-collar; but the intellectual cast of the frontal bone, those grinders, few and far between, but important; that one eye, almost sealed, and the beautiful way in which the other peeps over the nose; together with that genial relaxation about the mouth, so that every iota of ivory is made to tell; yea, the whole represents (in a squinting manner which speaks 'wollums') the idea of a 'indiwiddle' who knows something, and combines with his knowledge a total eclipse and abrogation of the moral sense. - - - IN the subjoined '*Song of the Sailor's Wife*,' just received from our friend and correspondent, the 'PEASANT-BARD,' there are tender thoughts, deftly expressed, which will find their way to the heart of many a wanderer on the great deep, not less than to many a watcher by the fireside or the 'lonely shore:'

'WHEN the soft south blew, and the banks green grew
O'er SACO, winding through to the sea;
With a kiss and a smile, my sorrow to beguile,
JAMIE left me, as he said, only for a little while;
But a year it is gone, and the months onward creep:
He 's away where the gray billows play, on the deep!

'I look from the door, when the day is o'er,
On the star-spangled floor of the sky;
There 's the Star of the Tar, in the blue North afar,
And I wonder if his eyes, too, up-looking yonder are;
So I look, and I muse; and I pray, and I weep:
He 's away where the gray billows play, on the deep!

'When the cold winds beat, and the wintry sleet
Flits like a winding-sheet past the panes,
How I fear for my dear! — the waters wild appear
To be going o'er his bark! and his last adieu I hear —
'DEAR MARY!' — on the winds, as hollowly they sweep:
He 's away where the gray billows play, on the deep!'

This song will make its 'water-mark.' - - - CHARLES LAMB speaks, in one of his essays, of 'the light and cheerful every-day interest in the affairs and goings-on of the world which makes the barber such delightful company.' And he goes on to say: 'In my comparison of professional temperaments, I hope no other trade will take offence, or look upon it as an incivility done to them, if I say, that in courtesy, humanity, and all the conversational and social graces which 'gladden life,' I esteem no profession comparable to the barber's. I bear great good will and affection to this useful and agreeable body of men. My truly polite and urbane friend, Mr. A ——, in Fleet-street, will forgive my mention of him in particular. I can truly say, that I never passed a half-hour under his hands, without deriving some profit from the agreeable discussions always going on there.' Now how true this of *our* barber, and *our* barber's saloon, our 'familiar place' for sixteen years! Mr. AUGUSTUS BLESSING, at Number twelve, Ann-street, near the American Museum, has heard more 'good things' from politicians, poets, editors, etc., than would fill a big volume; and all the while his soft hand was removing beards without the knowledge of the wearers, or deftly rolling up, in graceful curls, or trimming artistically the flowing locks of his thousand customers, or mayhap laying out the 'metes and bounds' of a graceful moustache. - - - WELL done! — or as AMINADAB SLEEK says in the 'Serious Family,' 'Abomina-a-tion!' Here 'comes us up' a correspondent, (following in the wake of a contemporary who has labored to prove that we *have* a BOURBON, but *no* SHAKSPEARE among us,) with an effort to prove that what has been called '*The Puritans*' never existed! What then becomes of 'Plymouth-Rock,' that 'Blarney-Stone' of all 'Yankeedom?' Why, that celebrated boulder can be none other than a sort of adamantine 'Mrs. HARRIS:'

'AGES have rolled away since JASON and the Argonauts set out on their famed expedition, perpetuated to us by history and wreathed by poetry with charms which will never decay.

'Not quite lost in the far distant past, its sacred reminiscences, tragic and romantic, still linger behind, like the reflected rays of the sun when it has set, or like the odorous memento which the skunk bequeaths when his heroic deeds are among the things that were, and his spirit has returned to the place of its origin. But Truth, not only stranger but stronger than fiction, has knocked this fantastic tale back into its pristine nothingness and taught us to feed our fancy on more substantial food.

'Less than two hundred and fifty years ago, *our* Argonauts were in the world, and made a voyage which CLIO treasured up in her store-house, wherewith for centuries to feed the credulity of her worshippers. Why should we transport our thoughts into the days of

Greece's incipient existence, and task our brains over the wild fancies that emanated from that land of poetic day-dreams, when this great modern miracle lies at our own doors unexamined? Is there more reason why we should unhesitatingly gulp down the story of the 'May-Flower,' than that of the Argo? Surely this age which can make the Trojan War a myth, the foundation of Rome an old woman's story, SHAKSPEARE but a name, and BONAPARTE a saint, ought not to shrink from this question, equal in interest to them all, and engaging, as it does, all our feelings of sympathy, love, and admiration.

'A company of one hundred, we are told, left their native country at the commencement of a severe winter, poorly provided with food and clothing, in search of a land of which they had heard, but knew almost nothing, expecting to brave, at their arrival, the attacks of a savage and resistless foe: the motive prompting them being a religious feeling, and the ultimate result of their voyage the United States! It was a cunning tale. Such an expedition must have been romantic in the extreme. We read of it as we read of the exploits of ÆNEAS, or ROBINSON CRUSOE. Then, too, there is sentiment in it. The idea of those hardy men and women giving up home and friends for the sake of enjoying their religious convictions, is truly touching. But above all, we love the story because it relates to our own ancestors. Why should *we* give it up? Who ever heard of a Greek's discarding the tales of ancient Greece? What Roman ever ceased to believe in the wolf-suckled ROMULUS, or nymph-inspired POMPILIUS? What Englishman does not boast of the deer-stealing SHAKSPEARE? But let us set a different example. Why should we wait for future generations to ridicule our selfish superstition? If we laugh at ALEXANDER bending in reverence over the tomb of an imaginary ACHILLES, shall we be found weeping over these traditionary legends, eulogizing these myths, and worshipping abstractions?

'It is time that poetry should be separated from history, and that, in judging of past events, we should be guided, not by sentiment or passion, but by the immutable laws of probability. We have the records of the Pilgrims, it may be said. True, and so we have of the life of SHAKSPEARE; but who does not know, at least within the last two months, that SHAKSPEARE was an 'airy nothing,' to which can no longer be given 'a local habitation and a name'? The truth of the records must rest on tradition. How, then, are we better off than we should be with the tradition alone? In such matters we must be our own judges. Does it, then, seem to us probable that the Pilgrims should leave just at the beginning of winter; that they should choose for their future residence a bleak, uninhabited wilderness; that they would do this for the sake of a new-fangled notion, and that, in less than two centuries, the matured result of such a wild exploit should be the most powerful republic on earth? Divested of our prejudices, we can give this question only a negative answer. But *sat verbum sapientibus*. The bare suggestion of the subject will doubtless free all inquiring minds from the dominion of this superstition, so that this shall prove to be in history, if not in philosophy, truly a BACONIAN era.'

Sons of the Pilgrims! to the rescue! - - - 'Mr. K. N. PEPPER, Esq.,' has nearly completed a '*Pome*,' entitled 'TIRKLE.' It is an astonishing performance, even for *him*, and will eclipse all his previous effusions. The following is the 'great Argument:' *Part First*, describes the Home of the MUD-TIRKLE, before AMBITION made him her sport and prey. *Part Second* depicts the lordly SEA-TIRKLE; his rapacious and cruel disposition, intimidating even the whale and sword-fish; and his habit of coming ashore to lay eggs! In *Part Third*, the MUD-TIRKLE sees his huge rival; is stricken with envy; miserable by the conviction that he can never hope to equal him, he finally pines away and dies! What a field for PEPPERIAN 'genus!' - - - SOME years ago there was a man, and a rare wag he must have been, who lived

in Providence, R. I., 'which his name was CHASE,' a grocer, whose advertisements were so amusing, that they were copied from one end of this continent to the other. He understood the *art* of advertising rightly: and so does our friend LUCIUS HART, of Burling-Slip. It is no use trying to skip his announcements in the daily papers. They won't let you do it. Here is one which we cut from the lively and pleasant '*Evening Mirror*,' our friend FULLER's paper, the other day:

'New Year's Day by Steam.

'AND while the bubbling and loud hissing URN
Throws up a steamy column, and the cup
That cheers but not inebriates, waits on each,
So let us welcome happy NEW-YEAR in.'

''Yours with a steam,' wrote the Engineer at the close of his letter. And steam mingles with all our affairs. It got into the head of Young TOMPKINS; for after he took 'Schnapps' into his stomach, he heard loud snaps in his head; 't was all occasioned by steam. And that strong glass of sling, which Miss CHARLOTTE put into the hand of JONES to drink her health, caused his hand to be put into a sling — all owing to steam, and not to the slippery side-walk.

'But the 'steamy column' from those

'Splendid Coffee-Urns

in Burling-Slip, is followed by no such disasters.

'All who are in favor of steam with a good safety-valve, may find URNS, COFFEE-POTS, TEA-SETTS, etc., which will be esteemed highly not only on New-Year's day, but for years to come.

'For sale, wholesale and retail, by LUCIUS HART, 4 and 6 Burling-Slip.'

This 'tells the whole story,' curtly. - - - THE 'cold term' for the last four weeks has kept us for the most part in the country. Advices from the printing-office have been few and far between: and lo! when we send down eight or ten pages of 'Gossip' — pretty *good*, too, we thought — there comes us word that 'the number is more than full,' from what we had already sent: so that we must wait for another month to have 'our say' about many matters and things, of which we did 'list to speak.' - - - MR. JOHN DISBROW, near Haverstraw, on the Hudson, makes a WINE from the pure juice of the ISABELLA grape, which is in no respect obnoxious to the Maine Law; *mainly* because it is not a fermented wine. It is simply, wholly, and without admixture or fermentation, *the pure clarified juice of the grape*: sweet and luscious, and greatly desiderated by the ladies. Open to no objection on the score of being 'strong drink,' it is much used for sacramental purposes. It is put up in neat cases, and the demand for it is constantly increasing. We perform, we apprehend, a public service, in calling attention to this excellent wine, of native growth, which is destined to a wider reputation. - - - WHEN our friends do us the honor and the kindness to drop in upon us at our nice apartments in *Appleton's Building*, and we should not be so fortunate as to be in town, they will secure to themselves a great pleasure by going a little farther up stairs to the studio of Mr. JEROME THOMPSON. We know of no young artist who has so very much improved. He has landscapes on his easel that evince true feeling for nature, and a success in color, which will surprise even his warmest admirers. We shall advert hereafter to an autumnal scene of his, 'Gathering Apples,' which promises to be one of his best efforts.

Brief Record of New Publications.

'MEISTER KARL'S SKETCH-BOOK.' — It has not at all surprised us to see the high encomiums which have been passed upon this various and most entertaining book by the public press. It deserves not only all the praise which it receives, but the wide circulation which we are glad to learn it has already attained. Much of it was originally contributed in chapters to our pages; when its graphic descriptions and rollicking humor won for it an enviable reputation. We present below a passage in a somewhat different vein from that in which Meister KARL has usually indulged in the KNICKERBOCKER. It is a '*Refrain*,' bearing as its title, The Night of Heaven. To our conception, it is very beautiful:

'IT is dark when the honest and honorable man sees the results of long years swept cruelly away by the grasp of knavish, heartless adversity. It is dark when he feels the clouds of sorrow gather around, and knows that the hopes and happiness of others are fading with his own. But in that hour the memory of past integrity will be a true consolation, and assure him, even here on earth, gleams of the light in heaven!

'It is dark, when the dear voice of that sweet child, once so fondly loved, is no more heard around in murmurs. Dark, when the little pattering feet no more resound without the threshhold, or ascend, step by step, the stairs. Dark, when some well-known melody recalls the strain once oft attuned by the childish voice, now hushed in death! Darkness, indeed; but only the gloom which heralds the day-spring of immortality and the infinite light of heaven!

'It is dark, when, in later life, we tread the scenes of long-vanished pleasures — pleasures pure and innocent, whose memory has often thrilled our soul — whose voices, like those of some phantom-band, are ever sweet and sad; but never sadder than when chiming with the after-echo, 'We return no more!' Ring as ye will, sweet voices, there are loftier joys awaiting in the golden Eden-Land, which lies beyond the sun-set of life, and is gladdened by the light above, in heaven!

'It is dark, very dark, when the grim hand of sickness has passed fearfully over us with its deathly magnetic stroke, and left behind the life-enduring sorrows of blindness, decrepitude, or debility. It is dark, sadly dark, when we are neglected for the fair and comely who abound in this gay and heartless world. Cheer up, thou poor sufferer; for there be those among the angels who love thee, and thou wilt yet shine fair as they, when touched by the light above, in heaven!

'It is dark in the heart of man all over this fair, green world. It is dark beneath the noon-day sky — dark in the sun-ray, the moon-beam, the star-light. But for the true heart and trusting soul, who lives in the life of love and gentleness, there beameth ever a light of joy from Heaven!'

'THE ANGLO-SAXON, EUROPEAN AND COLONIAL GAZETTE,' is the title of a handsome double-sheet, published in Boston under the editorial supervision of our old friend and contemporary, Dr. BARTLETT, for so many years the judicious and able conductor of '*The Albion*,' of this city. In the opening salutation of this new weekly gazette, its future line of policy is reduced to the three following points: 'To present a succinct view of the general news, and commerce, and political intelligence of Europe, more particularly of the British Isles: to promote reciprocal trade between the British Provinces and this country; and to bring to light and reveal the yet hidden riches and resources of the former, so that they may be made available in the markets of the world: and to preserve, as far as possible, a friendly understanding and good-will between Great Britain and the United States.' With such views and sentiments, and under the prestige of so favorable a specimen-number, there can be no doubt of the ultimate success of the '*Anglo-Saxon*.' Dr. BARTLETT is a gentleman of long experience and decided ability in his profession, and will prove a valuable accession to the city of Boston, as a citizen and a newspaper conductor. The subscription-price of the '*Anglo-Saxon*' is only two dollars a year.

THE 'ALBION' ENGRAVING. — Ensuing, please find what we *ought* to have said before, and what we *had* said, in effect, but which was twice crowded out, with various matters, not yet spoken of, but which bide their time:

'THE ALBION — now among the oldest of our city papers, having attained to its thirty-sixth year — makes on New-Year's its annual gift of a fine, large, original steel engraving. The picture is entitled '*Three Members of the Temperance Society*,' and represents the heads of three horses at a trough, drinking. The engraving is by RITCHIE, from one of HERRING'S most successful paintings, and is worthy of both engraver and painter. By an advertisement it appears that the subscriber who prefers the fine engraving of 'Niagara,' which was given last year, the 'MARY, Queen of Scots,' or any other of those published by the ALBION, can have his choice. The ALBION, we are happy to learn, gains vigor with its age, and was never so flourishing as now.'

'FOREST TRAGEDY, AND OTHER TALES,' is the title of a very handsome volume, from the popular press of Messrs. TICKNOR AND FIELDS, Boston. 'GRACE GREENWOOD' (Mrs. LIPPINCOTT, of Philadelphia, conductor of that charming and instructive juvenile journal, '*The Little Pilgrim*') is the author. We like it even better than her 'Greenwood Leaves,' which established her reputation as an easy, graceful writer, with an observant eye for all the beautiful works of GOD, and a heart with which the common pulse of humanity keeps time. '*A Forest Tragedy, or the Oneida Sisters,*' is an Indian story, founded on actual occurrences during the time of the American revolution. The description of Indian female character is feminine and truthful; such as no one but a woman's heart could conceive, or a female pen describe. The story is one of exceeding interest. '*The Minister's Choice*' will please every young lady who wants to get married. Does n't this include a goodly number of readers? 'Expect so!' It is a *very* clever love-story, and its incidents well told. '*St. Pierre, the Soldier,*' '*Alice's Tryst,*' and '*The Child-Seer,*' complete the volume; but we have only space left, in this brief *record* of new publications, to commend the volume before us to the attention of our readers.

THE 'SUNDAY DISPATCH.' — We perceive, by the daily journals, that Mr. C. B. BURKHARDT has become one of the proprietors of this large, well-conducted, widely-circulated, and justly popular Sunday Gazette. Mr. BURKHARDT holds a ready pen, which for several years has been employed upon the paper to which he is now permanently attached. We congratulate his co-proprietors, the public, and himself upon this undoubted enhancement of the interests of each and all. The 'DISPATCH' was never more full and various in its contents, or better conducted than under its present auspices.

THE KANSAS REGION. — A recent work upon this region, from the press of Messrs. FOWLERS AND WELLS, can hardly fail of attracting much attention at this time, when so much public interest is felt in the information which it presents in a comprehensive and yet condensed form. It is, in fact, a compendious and faithful description of the scenery and climate of Kansas, with an exhibit of the character of its indigenous productions, the capabilities of its soil, the facilities it provides for trade, to which information are added the results of experience and extended observation, so far as these affect the well-being of pioneers and others.

*** OF certain of the following publications, we desired much to have 'our say' on the present occasion: we can however but mention, at this time, their reception and their titles: PARSONS' 'Life of Sir WILLIAM PEPPERRELL;' 'Dreams and Realities of a Pastor and Teacher;' 'RACHEL GRAY,' a Novel; READ'S Poem, 'House by the Sea;' SMITH'S 'Tour in Chili;' 'The Prince of the House of DAVID;' KINGSLEY'S 'Sermons for the Times;' THACKERAY'S Ballads; 'Plain Talk on Home Matters;' 'Heart and Home Truths;' 'The Day-Star;' CATHER'S 'History of Ancient Woodbury;' 'The Three Marriages, a Novel;' WILSON'S Logic; THOMPSON'S 'Christian Theism;' 'Miss BUNKLEY, the Escaped Novice;' WILSON'S 'Mexico and its Religion;' 'LUCY BOSTON,' a Novel; 'DR. ANTONIO,' a Tale; 'The Sacerdotal Tithe;' JOHNSON'S 'Instructions for the Analysis of Soils;' HUDSON'S SHAKSPEARE; 'Teaching of Scripture and The Church on Holy Baptism;' 'Address and Poem before the Sigma Phi Fraternity,' at the General Convention, Geneva; MILES' 'Postal Reform;' BURRALL'S 'Address before the Laurel-Hill Association of Stockbridge, Mass.;' J. M. SCOVEL'S Lecture upon 'Literary Success:' PETERSON'S Illustrated 'Library of Humorous American Works;' 'Woman's Faith;' 'The Lost Hunter;' 'The Creole Orphans;' SPALDING'S 'True Idea of Female Education;' 'Tolla, a Tale of Modern Rome;' Hon. E. JOY MORRIS'S Remarks in the Legislature of Pennsylvania on moving a Vote of Thanks to Dr. KANE, of the Sir JOHN FRANKLIN Discovery-Expedition; 'Sketches of the City of Detroit, Past and Present;' 'The Letters of Madame DE SEVIGNE;' 'Unison of the Liturgy;' 'The Widow BEDOTT Papers;' 'The Attaché in Madrid;' 'The Sacred Plains;' 'Diary of the late AMOS LAWRENCE;' 'A Journey in the Seaboard States;' 'Our Cousin Veronica;' 'The Works of CHARLES LAMB:' 'The City Architect;' PORTER'S 'Reader;' WILLIS'S 'Church Music;' HENRY'S 'Elements of Psychology;' BROWNING'S 'Men and Women;' LOSSING'S 'National History;' with others, which we lack present space even to mention.

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MY OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

THE honorable place, Mr. EDITOR, assigned to my former communication, encourages me to persevere in recalling the images and features of the past: and I now proceed to pass in review some of *my old acquaintances*, departed this life, and now, it is to be hoped, enjoying, through mercy, happiness in the next.

From my father's being engaged in public life, during the Revolution, and for some years after, and from having myself occasionally served in the State Legislature, I have, from an early age, enjoyed the privilege of becoming personally acquainted with most of the prominent public and private characters that have figured upon the stage of political and domestic life for the last three-score years and ten.

The earliest dawn of my recollection was awakened in Albany, although I do not remember that I was born there, and am well assured that I was not: but do remember the funeral of Lord Stirling, which was the most brilliant event which occurred there during the war, and which I saw from the window where I was perched up for the purpose. I was delighted by the spectacle of the military pomp displayed on the occasion; but my joy was turned to sorrow by falling from the window-seat upon the floor of the apartment: which nevertheless served to impress the pageant in the street more deeply upon my memory, and impart to it greater solemnity.

The scene of my next reminiscence lies lower down the Hudson, somewhere on the shore opposite Newburgh, where I remember sitting on the knee of a tall, grave-looking gentleman in blue-and-buff, of whom I felt much in awe until he smiled upon me as he set me down, and told me that he was going to his home a great way off, and I might never see him again, but that I must not forget him. I never shall: nor will the rest of mankind, to the latest generation — for it was WASHINGTON. I did, however, 'see him again,' often: and the next time was as he landed at the Battery from the Governor's barge, when he came on to be inaugurated the first President of the United States.

During the residence of my parents in the vicinity of the army, I formed the acquaintance of many other Revolutionary officers of rank. The one principally associated with the time and place, was General Henry Knox, afterward Secretary-at-War, who was left in command of West-Point. I recognized him afterward in New-York by the black silk handkerchief which bound up the hand in which he had been wounded at Germantown. At this period I became acquainted also with his lady, who was quite a character. Short and thick almost to globularity, she strove to protract her perpendicular axis by raising her hair and head-dress to as great a height as any of the towering edifices described in my last. For lessening her horizontal diameter there was no remedy: at least it never, as I can remember, was diminished; and it must absolutely have increased, when General Putnam, while in command in this city, refused to let her cross the ferry to Powle's-Hook, in pursuit of her husband. When demanded the reason of his refusal, 'Old Put' referred to the order of the commander-in-chief, 'not to permit any *heavy baggage* to go over.'

The other Revolutionary officers of my acquaintance were Generals Schuyler and Tenbroeck; Baron Steuben and his aids, North, Walker, and Fairlie; Colonels Hamilton and Troup; Majors Clarkson, Lewis, W. S. Smith, Fish, and Webb, and, at a later period, the Marquis La Fayette, all of whom are too well known in history to require notice from my pen. I cannot, however, resist referring to the anecdote of the Baron related by President Duer in his Address before the St. Nicholas Society, that while dissuading Governor Clinton from ordering the militia to fire on the 'Doctor's Mob,' there came a brick-bat that knocked the poor Baron in the head and his benevolence from his heart, when, as he fell, he exclaimed: 'Fire, Governor, fire!'

The most eminent civilians with whom I became acquainted after our removal to this city, were John Jay, Rufus King, Gouverneur Morris, Egbert Benson, and Chancellor Livingston; the principal clergymen were Bishop Provoost — *parsons* (as they were then called) Beach and Moore, of the Protestant Episcopal Church; Doctors Livingston, of the Dutch Reformed, and Rodgers of the Presbyterian, Churches: the most distinguished lawyers, beside Hamilton and Troup, who had now returned to the bar, were John Lawrence and Brockholst Livingston: the leading physicians were McKnight, Jones, Romaine, and the Bards, father and son: and the most prominent among the merchants and bankers were James Desbrosses, (pronounced De Bruce,) Peter Kemble, his partners, the Gouverneurs, Cornelius Ray, Le Roy and Bayard, William Seton, William Edgar, Alexander Macomb, William Constable, Daniel Ludlow, and Henry Remsen.

From being connected with the family of Governor Jay, I was, while a youth, invited to dine at the Government House, which stood facing the Bowling-green; and I remember that there was at table an English lady of that class which can find nothing in this country, animal or vegetable, to compare with the productions of her own. After many 'odious comparisons,' she was asked by the Governor, what she thought of English cranberries. 'Oh! infinitely superior to yours!' was the

briak response. Now cranberries are to this day an article of export from this country to England.

Of Rufus King, although I enjoyed his intimacy, I have but little to say: owing, probably, to his absences as minister to Great Britain, and at Philadelphia and Washington in the Senate. Among other virtues, he was remarkable for his prudence. He was once one of a company at Saratoga Springs, who were sitting together at table after dinner, when one of the party, by way of pastime, proposed that any gentleman present who committed a fault against good manner, or an impropriety of behavior, should be fined a bumper. All, in turn, were found guilty except Mr. King: whereupon Rensselaer Schuyler, a son of the General's, moved that he should be fined *for being found in bad company*.

Of Gouverneur Morris, what I have said in my former communication is sufficiently characteristic. I shall only add an occurrence at the baptism of his son. The ceremony took place at the time the Russian General Kutusoff was pursuing his career of victory over the French, much to the exultation of Mr. Morris, who had boasted of it in a speech in the Senate. Among the persons present at the christening were two nephews of Mr. Morris, his presumptive heirs. Said David to Martin: 'What is to be his name?' '*Cut-us-off*, to be sure,' said Martin to David: and Martin, though no saint, proved a prophet greater than David.

Of my old and genial friend Benson there is little need of adding any thing to the admirable memoir of his life lately delivered before the Historical Society by Mr. Henry Van Schaack, son of the life-long friend of its subject, the great lawyer of Kinderhook. Impartiality, however, demands notice to be taken of a sin of omission of which my friend Egbert was guilty, but for which I dare not condemn him, as, like him, I purpose myself to continue a bachelor through life. I fear, too, I am in danger of following his example in another respect, in the commission of a fault common among persons of our age and condition, and for which indulgence can only be expected from contemporary conversationists. I must nevertheless introduce a trait necessary to complete his portrait. He had been an able lawyer, and a learned and upright judge, yet latterly he not only preferred talking, that 'vice of age,' to listening, but from deafness, or inattention to what was said to him, fell into the habit of giving a standing answer to every interrogatory put to him. 'None, Sir, none,' was the stereotyped formula. If asked what church he attended, or what religion he professed, 'None, Sir, none,' was the unconscious response: notwithstanding he was a constant worshipper at the Dutch Reformed Church, of which, too, he was for some time a ruling elder.

This mention of a church reminds me of the clergy. The first on the list is, of course, Bishop Provoost. He had been a staunch whig in the Revolution, and for that reason was preferred by our revolutionary Episcopalians, upon the reörganization of the Church after the war, to Dr. Benjamin Moore, who had remained in the city while it was in possession of the British troops, but who nevertheless succeeded to the episcopate. The

first was every inch—in circumference—a bishop, but never 'magnified his office.' He was, moreover, an accomplished scholar, more fond of the experimental sciences than of scholastic philosophy, and a gentleman in his manner. 'And the second was like unto him.' They were both upon the best of terms with their contemporaries of other denominations: the elder of whom were Dr. John H. Livingston, of the Dutch Reformed, and Dr. John Rodgers, of the Presbyterian Churches. The one was noted for the dignity of his deportment; the other for the mildness and simplicity of his manners. A story is told of these two venerable divines, which if not true, 'well,' as the French say, 'deserves to be.' Upon meeting each other in the street on a winter's day, when the ground was covered with snow to a depth equal to that of the last season, after exchanging mutual salutations, the weather, of course, became the topic of conversation. 'A deep snow,' said Dr. R. 'Tremendous,' said Dr. L. 'I hope it will disappear soon,' said Dr. R. 'Not suddenly, Doctor, or we should have another deluge; but *gradually, gradually*, Doctor.'

About these days James Duane, who had been a member of the Continental Congress, was Mayor of the city, and Judge of the District Court of the United States. Richard Varick was Recorder, and succeeded to the mayoralty. Both were able and efficient magistrates, notwithstanding they differed much in character, disposition, and manners. Mr. Duane was mild, conciliatory, and bland, while Colonel Varick — for he had been an officer in the Revolution — was more energetic, and somewhat peremptory and dictatorial. One was a warden of Trinity Church; the other an elder in the Dutch Reformed. Both were good Christians, and therefore catholic in their principles and charitable in their feelings. It seems to me that there was then greater harmony among the different sects than now-a-days. Can it be that the principles of toleration were better understood, or that progress in spiritual has not kept pace with improvement in temporal affairs?

'Old Sam Jones,' the elder, succeeded Colonel Varick as Recorder, but I never knew much of him, nor did any body else, though he lived to the age of ninety and upward. It was because he cultivated no intimacy except with his black-letter law-books, and with Mr. Jay, when Governor. I well knew, however, his sons; the elder of whom was generally known as Samuel Jones, Junior, until he was past sixty. He inherited his father's law-learning with his books, as well as his complexion, which had imbibed its hue from the parchments he had pored over. When the 'old' gentleman was transferred to Albany as Comptroller, his youngest son David accompanied him as private secretary to Governor Jay; and well he became the station: though he might occasionally fancy himself the principal, yet a more honorable, brave, generous, gentlemanly, high-minded man I never knew. His father was succeeded in the recordership by Richard Harison, an elegant scholar and accomplished gentleman, as well as a sound and well-read lawyer. He had been a tory in the Revolution, and had remained in the city while it was in possession of the British; but upon the organization of the Federal Government under the present constitution, he was ap-

pointed, upon the recommendation of Colonel Hamilton and other leading whigs, to the office of District-Attorney of the United States for New-York, which he held as long as the Federalists continued in power. The same liberal policy toward the tories who had remained in the State during the war, or had returned to it after the peace, was pursued by the first Governor Clinton.

Mr. Harison was succeeded in office by Edward Livingston, who had represented this city in Congress, and had given the casting vote of the New-York delegation to Mr. Jefferson, in his contest with Colonel Burr for the presidency. His elder brother, the Chancellor, was about the same time appointed minister to France; and Edward had the further good fortune of succeeding Colonel Varick in the mayoralty. Subsequent pecuniary embarrassments, however, induced him to abandon both offices, and remove to New-Orleans, where he retrieved his fortunes, private and political, by his practice at the bar, and his election to the Senate of the United States. He had served on the staff of General Jackson in the battle of the eighth of January, with whom he had formed an acquaintance in Congress many years before, when the General was a representative from the State of Tennessee. These circumstances probably led to his being selected by Jackson when President, as the successor of Mr. Van Buren as Secretary of State, when the feud among the women blew up the cabinet constituted of their husbands, as well as to his nomination as minister to France. While in the former office he drew up the famous proclamation of the President against the *nullification* and other treasonable projects of South-Carolina, and had earned a yet more enduring reputation as author of the Civil Code of Louisiana. I knew him well, and witnessed his fearless and untiring devotion to his duties as President of the Board of Health during the yellow-fever of 1803. His exposure to the disease while visiting the Bellevue Hospital, brought it upon himself; but his indomitable spirits, aided by the skill of his physician, a Dr. Ramsay, who came from Edinburgh to study the disease, and the careful attendance of his nurses, carried him through. Notwithstanding the proverbial reputation of the Livingstons of that day for talent, Edward exceeded them all, except, perhaps, his cousin Brockholst, son of the famous Governor of New-Jersey, who was more distinguished at our bar, and rose to be successively a Judge of the Supreme Court of this State and of the Union. Both were remarkable for good temper and amiable deportment.

After the removal of Mr. Harison, the office of Recorder, as well as other municipal dignities, seemed to descend upon a sliding-scale. It was held in succession by John B. Prevost, step-son of Colonel Burr, and of course a *Burrite;* Maturin Livingston, a son-in-law of Governor Lewis, and therefore a *Lewisite;* and Pierre C. Van Wyck, a *Clintonian;* gradually degenerating in correspondence with the several State factions to which they belonged. A mischievous editor had the list printed in his newspaper, with types gradually diminishing in size, and closed it by observing that neither his fount nor 'the force of gravity could further go.'

A BERKSHIRE BREEZE

BY GEORGE H. CLARK.

And this is Berkshire! Broad and bright
The volume opens to my sight:
Valleys and lakes are at my feet,
And beaded brooks come down to meet,
With many a plash and arrowy bound,
The calmer stream that shines below:
Fair stream! that having sweetly wound
Its loving arms the hills around,
Lingers to clasp and keep them so.

I 've seen full many an autumn day
In many a bright October,
And mused beneath the foliage gay,
And walked the hill-sides sober:
But never, in my wanderings all,
Did my delighted vision fall
On lovelier scene than this!
Here where the eye in roving rests
On valleys and on mountain-crests:
On hills all overpranked with trees,
On clouds that flush yon azure seas —
The purple clouds, whose crimson gates
Seem pathways to the world that waits —
The world beyond of bliss.

Here have the frost and sun-shine met
It seems as if some airy rover
Last evening's sun-down had upset,
And spilt its dyes the woods all over.
Oh! Beauty is a mountain maid,
And artist-troops unseen attend her:
This is her autumn masquerade,
And these her robes of regal splendor.

And, nestling all among these hills,
Peep out the pleasant homes of men,
Who, flying from the care that kills,
Are hither come to plume their quills —
Knights of the rampant pen!
Yes, when the fragrant winds of June
Put all the mountain-harps in tune:
When birds made vocal silent bowers,
And wet their glistening wings in showers:
When the bright plough-share turned the mould,
Whose effluence filled the ambient air,
And travelling sheep from many a fold
Flecked the green hills and pastures fair;
Then did these town-caged pilgrims yearn
To leave the city's brick defiles,
And from the noisome pavements turn,
To bask in Nature's genial smiles.
And hither do they wend their way,
Primed for a long, bright holiday.

Here, snug ensconced, and safe imbowered
  Among the old umbrageous trees,
Where sentient life is rosy-houred,
  They court luxurious ease.
Perchance they court, in idle dreams,
Mid winding paths by lazy streams,
  The half-forgotten muse:
There give Imagination play,
While Fancy plumes her airy way
  To bathe in heavenly dews.

Here comes, to rest his weary brain,
  The over-tasked divine,
Hoping to find surcease of pain
  Beneath the mountain-pine.
He comes from probing saddened souls,
  From pondering his great MASTER'S plan,
From dubious dreams of what controls
  That strange, perplexing creature, man,
To read in Nature's open face
  The secrets never taught by art,
And feel the dews, the hopes, the grace,
  That heal the bruised and bleeding heart.

The air, the streams, the trees, the flowers,
Transport him back to childhood's hours,
And whisper sounds that are to him
Sweet as his mother's cradle-hymn.
He flies to sports, that, when a boy,
Filled youth's elastic life with joy;
And seizing fish-pole, line, and hook,
With stealthy tread he seeks the brook;
Impales, unmoved, a fellow-worm,
Sees it in tortuous writhings squirm,
Adroitly casts his hair-line out,
Stops — listens — jerks — and lo! a trout!

Thus day by day he beats the stream,
  Till, tired and sun-burned, yet elate,
  He sees the season culminate,
And wakes from his delicious dream.
So, having at his ease amassed
Sufficient health and strength to last
Till Winter's toilsome march is past,
Takes one long breath his lungs to fill,
Repacks his 'EDWARDS on the Will,'
  Then back from whence he came:
There, in vexed waters, never still,
Beneath the great tree Igdrasil,
  To fish for nobler game.

Here is the summer haunt of him,
Whose riant fancy loves to swim
  In a poetic sea of fun:
A brimming, broad, and liberal sea,
Before whose breezes, dancing free,
  His shallop loves to run.
That light barque never comes to shore
Without a freight of precious ore:

For pregnant is the bellying sail,
And perfumed is the favoring gale
That bends his taper mast,
And when his pennant points to land,
Impatient listeners crowd the strand,
Awaiting HOLMES's last.

And this long-promised son of song,
For whom the world has waited long,
Though baptized in Castalia's dews,
Stand lightly toying with the muse:
He to his own intense delight,
Provokes our whetted appetite
With intellectual whips and creams,
And such like unsubstantial themes;
Gives us the play-hours of his wits,
In tantalizing crumbs and bits;
Just lifts the screen, that we may guess
What hoards of wealth behind it press,
Till, though rebellious midriffs ache,
And non-resistant muscles break,
Yet, with our nerves relaxed and sore,
Like DICKENS' boy we cry for MORE!

Let pedants, if they will, condemn
The luscious fruit, too rich for them,
For jaundiced eyes too fair:
Yet would they peel the velvet rind,
And squeeze the juicy pulp, they'd find
The seeds of wisdom there.

Sworn foe to humbug and to cant,
He rips the windy bags of rant;
Strips from conceit the lion's skin,
And lets the tell-tale sunlight in
On empty heads to shine;
His wretched victims writhe and quail
With inward pangs, and visage pale,
As if the wag had dipped his pen
In some unsavory albumen,
Or antimonial wine.

But when he turns his harp to Spring,
How clear his liquid notes!
The birds rush by on whistling wing,
And soft the choral music floats.
Beneath his footsteps blush the flowers,
The lordly elm above him towers;
The maple-buds in clusters fair
Hang their frail garlands in the air,
And the lithe birch its tassels swings,
Witched by the west wind's winnowing wings.

The hyacinth and daffodil
Their perfume through his lines distil;
Among his leaves a dainty group
Of lilies of the valley droop;
The delicate fern its fingers spreads,
Pale mountain-daisies lift their heads,
The snow-drop turns its sweet lips up,
The tulip flaunts its gaudy cup;

The purple lilac's fragrance comes
To wile the bees from winter homes;
The arbutus clings to kiss the ground,
The harebell swings its censers round;
The cowslip from its velvet bed
Just shows its unpretending head;
The honeysuckle flings perfume
Above where lowly violets bloom,
And golden butter-cups uplift
A chalice for night's dewy gift.

In wild profusion heaped about
He pours his wealth of language out,
Until the feasting mind is cloyed
And sated with the sweets enjoyed.

One need not seek the warming fields
To watch the early blossoms grow,
His page the old aroma yields,
And there you feel them bud and blow.
His floral groves and rustling trees
'Smell of the woods and morning breeze,'
And cheated by the bright ideal
'The gorgeous minstrel flings before you,
His prismy sketches all seem real,
And heaven's own blue is bending o'er you!

And in his thoughtful, pithy lines
The welcome news transparent shines,
This is the coming man!
One single line admits the fact,
That half his powers are held intact,
When, as to pose us puzzled wights,
He tells us that he never writes
So funny as he can!

Considerate bard! to spare the lives
Of us and of our precious wives,
By keeping on an even poise
The valve that stops explosive noise:
But ah! if through some sad mistake,
In an unguarded hour,
He should omit to watch the break,
What awful work the slip would make,
What wrecks proclaim his power!
Buttons would fly and waistbands burst,
Men tumble in convulsions dire,
While wailing infants, half-way nursed,
Would shriek to see, prone in the dust,
Their mothers and their hopes expire.
Strong-featured men would find their jaws
Expanded like a rose full-blown,
And, chuckling o'er the exciting cause,
Forget amid their pains to groan.
In droves they would go wild and die,
And piled along the pathway lie,
Like suicidal gnomes;
And coroners' juries all would find,
In most irreverent frame of mind,
Died from excess of HOLMES!

Oh! when he brings his Paixhan gun,
Prepare, ye vaulting bards, to run —
Ye weaklings, stand from under!
His EPIC through the world will crash,
Majestic as the cataract's dash,
As brilliant as the lightning's flash,
As solemn as the thunder!

LETTERS TO ELLA.

NUMBER SEVEN.

A COUNTRY seat and prospect like Ellas-land, require so much outlay that it becomes expedient to find out economies; a barouche with one horse does well enough in lieu of a coach and two horses; one man, who includes in his own person the requisites of gardener, hostler, boot-black, and cow-herd, serves the purpose nearly as well as if a separate professorship were endowed for each; he feels his consequence more, and is quite unable to quarrel with himself as to the division of labor. A single horse, proof against the folly of flags, fire-crackers, and broken harness, fastened to a carriage with the whole family on board, moving prettily and stoutly over streets, as if he would not thank another horse to divide with him the honor of drawing such a load, inspires one with regard. It is a pleasure to take care that his hay and oats shall be sweet, his bed comfortable, and his grooming friendly. Approaching him with a palm-full of oats, I say to him: 'Roane, you are a horse indeed.'

He makes a low, soft, friendly sound through his nostrils, as if he would say: 'You are the master I like to see.'

I make to him an unspoken speech, by signs and tokens; patting him on the nose, rubbing his neck, slapping his smooth haunches; which he seems to understand to mean, as it does mean, that he and I are pledged friends. I warm up towards him with kind sentiments, and reach him yet another handful of oats; and he takes it as one who drinks my health, and hopes for many a chance to drink it, as we grow old together.

'When she comes home,' say I to him, silently; 'when Ella comes, you shall have the honor of drawing her; no other horse, no not if he were the king's horse, shall rob you of that pleasure, or share it. If, at any time, for purposes of style, it shall happen that other two horses shall be used to draw her, it shall avail them nothing; it will be for form's sake only; you are the horse that has my confidence, and to you she will look as her friend.'

Roane assents by another low, sociable sound, through his nostrils, and seems to wish to say:

'And the way I will do it will be a joy to the damsel.'

The horse and man are both many things in one, and they have together a very good understanding; a touch of the whip means that the horse is to go faster, if it shall suit his convenience, but otherwise not; it gives the driver's consent to a more rapid movement. When starting from any point, considerable manœuvring and showing of signals remind one of the sailing of a fleet; indeed there appears a mental proclivity on the part of the driver, not uncommon in more important characters, to enhance to himself the importance of his office; he carries on with himself the theory of driving an indefinite number of horses.

We call him the Commodore. His birth-place was somewhere in Germany, not far from some river, and near some town, in some prince's domains; but it would be an urgent matter that could induce me to pronounce or remember any one of several names necessary to locate it. In his appearance and in his habits, he is more Scotch than German; it is highly probable that Ireland is partially represented in his composition. He does not fully belong to any present classification, but is what gardeners would call a seedling; a sort by himself. Perhaps no individual of the human race has ever been endowed more richly with capacity for blundering; but his intuition is a clear running river of integrity, never in the smallest degree mixed or muddied with wrong dispositions. As regular as a clock, he needs no winding up; and his striking part does not get out of order. If set upon a piece of business under general directions, the chances would be largely in favor of his missing the mode you intended; but taking pains to get him in a condition to begin right, you may then let on the motion with assurance that he will go through the matter in the way he begins it. Show him what part of the horse to hit, when necessary to use the whip, and the Commodore will not vary from the particular spot half an inch in a week. As yet, however, no discovery has been made how to break up his illusion of driving a multitude of horses; with his single horse and barouche, he expends more management and intellectual combination than would be requisite for the ring-master of a circus. He pronounces his 'Who-o-o!' with a copiousness of voice needing not to be more ample for a six-horse team.

With such an outfit did your mother move in state, out of the borders of Ellas-land, toward the city, to make a call on the lady of General Cleaver.

When we first knew General Cleaver and his excellent lady, they were about beginning the world: their chief stock in trade and capital in business consisting of two small children, with little reason to fear but an inventory, at regular business periods, would continue to show a handsome per centage of profit in kind. His name was then ornamented by no superfluity whatever; but with coat off, and sleeves rolled to the elbow, plain Cleaver, as cheerily and heartily as another man, earned monthly wages. Lady Cleaver was then laughing Maggy, and with her little folks inhabited a smaller suit of rooms than is worth while to mention. At that period of her life, she was the most accomplished person, in the art of fried cakes, it was ever my fortune to know.

Had there been a public concert for the frying of cakes, no one could have denied to Maggie Cleaver the honor of being set down on the bills for a solo. Not far from her narrow abode flourished a cake-shop, famous in all the borders of the city for its fried cakes, which bore a striking resemblance to those made by Mrs. Cleaver; but aside from this coïncidence of qualities, no other cakes like them could be found. Mr. Cleaver was a hearty man, and had an eye to the main chance: he nibbled little bits of profit from a variety of things, and grew in worldly gear. At the first, fortune gave him a distant recognition, passing with an equivocal look, more like an artificial smirk, or grin, than an expression of regard; she learned in time to give him a neighborly nod and a hurried smile, like one whom she had met and with whom acquaintance was ripening; then she made cordial bows and expressive smiles, until quite recently she broke out into an overflowing laughter and hearty affection. She drank him bumpers in successive pork speculations, and was glad to show herself walking the streets with him. The Cleavers now occupy a three-story stone front, on —— street, and drive a coach with a span of large bays. They are one of our 'highly respectable' families. General and Madame Cleaver regard with favor the progress of democratic institutions, though they do not think it necessary to conceal their opinion that too little weight is given to blood and family distinction. The Cleavers are a military family; the General's father having been out in the war of 1812, during which, he was thought well of as the driver of a baggage-wagon; indeed he was wounded in that war, and carried to his dying day his honorable scars. His wound was the result of carelessness in the commissary department, in watering the whiskey served out for rations. At the ordinary strength, the elder Cleaver knew how much he could drink and remain sober; and being a man of great regularity of habit, he seldom stopped short of the quantity. On the day of the accident, it was stronger than common; not to the extent of drunkenness, but resulting in a complication of his faculties, by which natural objects presented themselves in three or four shapes at once. In a peaceful effort to get out of the way of a stump, which was both frisky and hostile, Cleaver fell under the wheel of his own wagon, and beside abrasions and bruises, his leg was broken. After the war, when he was obliged to purchase his whiskey at a variety of places, want of uniformity in its strength was more frequently seen in its effects upon him; showing the injurious tendency of mixtures in the liquor trade upon a man who had served his country and never drank to excess. His memory was clear as to events; but as he advanced in years, there were signs of its laches as to persons and places. He could describe, with graphic power, several of the bloodiest scenes of the war; but, by a lapse of recollection, was apt to place himself in the thickest of the fray. He came to be known as one of the veterans, and was in demand for fourth of July processions and dinners: insomuch that if the apostrophes addressed to him by orators on such occasions could be gleaned into a book, they would make up an affecting portion of American literature. He lived to behold the rising orb of his son's fortunes, and was gathered to his fathers: having been found one stormy morning in the mouth of a

sewer, over which it is supposed he stumbled. The vital spark had fled, so far as known, without a murmur or a pang. His son has erected a monument to his memory, ornamented with military emblems, and inscribed:

'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: for their works do follow them.'

A mild radiance is thrown upon the splendor of General Cleaver's social position, by his gracious amenities: he allows his children to play with ours; he speaks encouragingly of your father; in our presence he makes believe that he feels much as he used to feel; the only mark of elevation he persists in is a scale of expenditure greater than his neighbors can possibly afford. He has purchased a large library of books, excellently well bound; some in Greek, some in Latin, some in French, and others in the most ancient of modern English, in regard to which he makes no concealment. On the contrary, he invites persons of distinction to make a free use of it, and with a liberal spirit speaks of his books as if he did not care who knows he has got them. He has also sent to Paris, to Florence, to Rome, for paintings, the works of the old masters: not one has been allowed to pass his threshold, unless cracked and faded, and otherwise showing signs of decay. A few pieces of statuary mark his residence as the abode of taste and refinement; he was gracious enough to tell me how he managed, through a friend, to buy in, at a public sale, the whole lot of pictures and statuary, at a low figure, of a nobleman; who had squandered his fortune in the fine arts, and was reduced to the necessity of selling out to save himself from prison. I have since learned from another source, that the same nobleman sells out upon an average three times a year, and thus furnishes to travellers extraordinary chances to purchase works of merit. General and Madame Cleaver, as a matter of course, are watchful of the appproaches of parvenues, and guarded against associations with persons who are not the thing; in conversation with inferior persons, when accident or business throws such in their way, they are rather careless and distant; but with persons of 'position,' they are vigilant of grammar, being conscious of the peril of singular verbs with plural nouns, as well as other misadventure among parts of speech. They have undergone that great change, which consists in passing out of a condition where our thoughts are necessarily directed to gathering the means of support, into a condition where the mind is at liberty to be free from the cares of gain. I think it very well to laugh at them, so often as a chance can be found, because it is so exceedingly funny that they should presume to have more money when they have smaller learning and manners than some others. A sly sarcasm, a ridiculous rehearsal of peculiarities, are probably the best, certainly the most fashionable way for literary and other characters, less successful in making money, to indemnify themselves for Cleaver's good fortune.

For my part, I think as well of General and Madame Cleaver as when they were poor: I am willing to take as much pains to keep up the acquaintance and make it agreeable now as then; I rather think I am as sure to see and speak to him in passing as ever I was. For aught I can see, your mother returns Madame Cleaver's civilities with

as much good-will now as ever. We are not inclined to drop our friends, merely because their fortunes have changed; their grammar is not worse, except from the pains taken with it, than it used to be; Madame Cleaver's fried cakes are equally relishing, and the wit and judgment of both are thought to be better than before. There is, to be sure, a certain incrustation of style in their mode of living, that renders approach more measured and ceremonious; but I think I have discovered that they adopt it because they do not wish to fall short of what is proper in their position; and not with a view to be exacting of others. Indeed, I thought we were successful at Ellas-land, on a recent visit, in making the General and Madame Cleaver forget their new dignities and responsibilities and become altogether free and jolly on the worst kind of grammar. It was a pleasure to see them relax and feel easy: they promised to come again.

On the occasion of your mother's visit, she was informed that Miss Adeline Cleaver had finished her education and come home. We used to call her Lollipop; because so stout, romping, and good-natured; and because her face was, generally, laid off, like a map of the world, into lakes, seas, continents, and mountains, by the marks of molasses-candy. But this was before General Cleaver was understood to be rich: she has since been trained, by a quantity of hairy professors, in music, dancing, drawing, and worsted; and finally polished off by a year in Madame Changarnier's school for young ladies. Madame Cleaver was sorry Adeline was not at home. She wanted your mother to see her; but upon the whole, Madame Cleaver was glad Adeline was not at home, because she wished to say a few words in confidence; she wanted to know what I think of Mr. Philemon Asbestos, commonly called Phil Fireproof, as a young man of parts; and whether he is likely to shine in the world: not that Adeline cared any thing for him, but he comes to see her once in a while, takes her to concerts, and that sort of thing. Mrs. Cleaver had also heard of Rev. Mr. Motherwort, and hoped he would do a great deal of good; she hoped General Cleaver might be induced to go to hear him; for the General, although meaning to be a good man, and hoping to be a Christian, would sometimes on a sudden speak his sentiments amazingly. She also mentioned a queer woman who had come to their church the last Sabbath, and had been shown to their pew; and looked so odd beside of Adeline, that she wondered the sexton would bring such a person there. Your mother thought from the description that the Florentine must have reäppeared. Mrs. Cleaver did not suppose that such a person would be mistaken for a relation of theirs; and consequently did not care about her having sat with them: it was, at any rate, not worth speaking of.

When your mother had finished her call, an occurrence took place the particulars of which I cannot precisely ascertain; but the following is not far from the truth. She had seated herself in the barouche, and Commodore had closed the door, but had not taken the reins, when the driver of a passing team spoke sharply to his horses, urging them forward. Knowing himself about to start, Roane mistook the signal from the driver of the team for a command from the Commodore, and

accordingly moved off briskly; the reins dangling and the Commodore running after him. Your mother acknowledges to have been frightened, as well she might; but of the numerous men along the sidewalks, not one will admit that he saw any danger; and few have spoken of it, who were not, when the crisis happened, on the point of doing something exceedingly expert and fearless, to stop the horse. But so many motions were made, and so many noises uttered, that Roane soon imagined there was danger, and took to his heels in good earnest. Coming toward him on horseback, were Miss Adeline Cleaver, Mr. Phil Asbestos, Miss Nell Blodget, and Uncas Heminway; their horses in lively mood, and the riders sporting gay colors. Collision seemed unavoidable; and those who since deny that there was occasion to be frightened, stood helplessly holding their breath, and paralyzed at the sight of imminence of peril. Just at the moment of fate, a young man, carrying a surveyor's instrument, his pantaloons tucked inside the legs of his boots, and wearing a rough-and-ready hat, dropped his instrument, darted to the middle of the street, fastened himself to the horse's head, and after being carried a few yards, brought Roane to a stand. It was a dangerous experiment for him, but entirely successful. The horses of the company of young folks being near, pranced and whirled at the sudden apparition. Mr. Phil Asbestos lost his stirrup and came to the ground; Miss Adeline's horse shot by Roane, and in passing gave his heels a fling at the young man, which, unfortunately, broke the small-bone of his left leg. Miss Adeline soon had her horse under command, and, with help, dismounted. Miss Nell Blodget's horse caught his bit in his teeth and galloped down an alley; Uncas following in gallant style, and finally, by good horsemanship and presence of mind, getting both her horse and his under control. The only person hurt was the stranger, who had no part in the matter, except as before stated.

Mr. Phil Asbestos, possibly not more than satisfied with his own part of the transaction, regretted that the stranger should have so unnecessarily rushed into danger; for Phil himself had his eye upon the running horse, and, at the proper time, would have caught him by the bit, and saved all parties from harm. A number of gentlemen on the sidewalks at the time, gathered around the carriage, and regretted the breaking of the leg; they knew beforehand that something would be broken; the horse, allowed his own course, would soon have stopped of his own impulse. Uncas and Miss Nell came riding back to the group; but whether Miss Nell had looked at him more kindly than usual, or had thanked him in words expressive of regard, is only suspected from his appearance; his face was shining with satisfaction, and when told that a leg had been broken, he burst into a broad and hearty laugh; as if the breaking of a leg were an excellent and funny affair. Among the male spectators, the hero of the occasion won small thanks and no praise; but the ladies, as is common on such occasions, got up an opposition, and had him comforted. Miss Adeline's horse had done the deed; her house was near, and thither he must go to await the surgeon. Ellas-land would have claimed the privilege of requiting his services by its hospitalities: but it was more distant, and the ride would

be discomforting. Miss Adeline took him home as her trophy. Your mother recollected having seen him, but not knowing whether he would choose to be remembered in connection with the occasion, when she saw him did not recall his thoughts to it. Uncas, only, of the persons present, knew him as the young man who filled the situation destined for himself in Mr. Heminway's exploring party, and to that extent introduced him to the company. The young man preferred going to a hotel; but there was no hotel of the first class within a considerable distance, and the active gratitude which flowed in upon him from the ladies, would listen to nothing of the kind.

I did not hear of the affair until I reached Ellas-land, in the evening. In the morning, I called at General Cleaver's to thank James for his good conduct, and to see if I could in any manner add to his comfort. Mr. and Mrs. Blodget also called for the same purpose. General Cleaver is a man who on occasion not only shows the milk of human kindness, but the cream and butter. He had once himself won distinctions by stopping a runaway horse, and was not insensible to the honor due to an exploit so perilous. To see how James was cared for, would almost have tempted Phil Fireproof to wish his own leg had been broken. While I was sitting there the door opened, and in came Miss Adeline whom for years I had not seen.

I was a little startled and surprised to behold so great a change. She has her father's somewhat searching and lustrous blue eye; with her mother's brown hair, and fulness of figure: a shape lacking neither elegance nor luxuriance; a carriage of the head and neck bordering upon majestic; and as tidy a foot and ankle as you shall wish to see of a summer's morning:

> 'Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
> To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.'

Her dress was the ordinary morning-dress, but had been got up with an eye to effect; and her bearing was subdued and graceful. I looked to see a romp, somewhat compressed and modified. On seeing a lady, with a presence fit to be described as distinguished, I was a little confused.

I said: 'Miss Lol——!'

'Miss Lollipop,' replied she, laughing, and helping me over my blunder.

She inquired kindly for you; and after a very few words left the room. The impression I formed of her is, that she is like Seignor Blitz's magic bottle. You recollect that this bottle produced brandy, wine, gin, or any thing demanded. Miss Adeline has no character of a decided cast, but is a rich capability; her husband, that is to be, if he have the tact, will mould her mind and draw from it very much the kind of qualities his own character may invite. To use another figure, she is like one of the fine prairies of the west, presenting to the eye a picture of bloom and cultivation, but lacking yet the plough-share of mental discipline. The seeds of moral consistency and beauty have yet to be sown. I noticed that General Cleaver's eyes rested upon and fol-

lowed her with continual freshness of delight; and I said to myself, she is a sort of Ella to the General.

Before I left, Father Green came in, between whom and James the greeting was very cordial.

James said the accident was just in time, and perhaps fortunate.

Father Green wanted to know his meaning.

James looked at me, as if doubtful whether to explain himself in my presence, and I rose to go; but Father Green said he wished to see me, and signified to James that he might talk freely.

James said the exploring company had returned to town the evening before the accident, and at the time it happened he was returning from a surveying excursion of a few hours, to determine a question which had arisen since their return. They had found a new route, cheaper than the first, which relieved Mr. Blodget of the dépôt, and would bring it upon ground belonging to Mr. Heminway. Mr. Heminway had invited James to his house, and treated him with kindness and confidence. James said he had commenced this business in order to break up the habit of gambling, when ——

'When, in fact,' interrupted Father Green, 'it is only a different game, played with different cards.'

'Or, perhaps,' added James, 'with loaded dice.'

'It may not turn out to be so hard as you imagine,' said Father Green; 'but let us hear about it.'

Mr. Heminway commenced, James proceeded to state, by saying I was a man of the world, and could be of great service to him. The fact is, said he, Blodget is a dunce; he had no need to run against me; but judging me by himself, he supposed I intended to speculate, as perhaps I should, but it 's not in my line of speculation; then he run the road through my farms, which he might have avoided. Now, I 'll show him a thing or two. The new route brings the speculation to me; and as in the beginning, I did not look for it, I can afford to scatter the profits to gain the victory. You see Blodget is always at work at these things, and therefore keeps nursing public opinion: it is his line of business. But I operate in land, and titles do not depend on public opinion. I am behind-hand, and must make up for it. It will not look well for me to change my habits suddenly; and you must help me. You must explain, in strict confidence, to some body, who will carry it to the newspapers, the advantages of the new route. At first, I shall play low, and put down a two-spot; I will send a donation to the Orphans' Asylum; then the Widows' Home must have a lift; and, when I have drawn out Blodget's honors, I will trump them with a colporteur or two. If the worst comes to the worst, I 'll endow an institution: I 'm not to be balked, James: if necessary, I 'm determined to endow an institution. While Mr. Heminway was explaining his plans, said James, there came in a preacher, who introduced himself as Rev. Mr. Motherwort. Mr. Heminway received him with deference and smooth politeness. Mr. Motherwort said he had come in the name of the Lord.

'Indeed!' said Mr. Heminway. 'I am happy to have the honor to make you welcome.'

'I have come,' said Mr. Motherwort, 'to invite your attention to a

subject of great importance to the community. You are doubtless aware that your influence in this community is very great: and the means of doing good at your disposal are almost unlimited. There is a chance to lay up for yourself great store of happiness, and to do a vast amount of good.'

Here, James said, he discovered in Mr. Heminway's eyes a kind of suppressed gleam of impatience; but it passed away, and he replied to Mr. Motherwort:

'This is a curious subject, Mr. Motherwort, this doing good. I have often thought of it, and it bothers me. It's expensive; but that I don't care much about. Once in a while I get a glimpse from the looking-glass, and the hairs are changing color rapidly. The other day, I said to myself: Here you are, old fellow, rich enough it is true; but what is the advantage? Heminway, said I, it is not certain that you amount to much, any how. What are you going to do with yourself? In a short time, said I, you 'll be a done-over individual. It will be said of you, in the language of Gray's Elegy, or some poet, I forget which:

> 'Old Grimes is dead! that good old man,
> We ne'er shall see him more;
> He used to wear a long blue coat,
> All buttoned down before.'

'Yes, Mr. Motherwort, that's the end of us! Now, said I to myself, Heminway, you 'd better be up and doing; or to use the language of Dr. Franklin, to express the same idea, 'Go it while you 're young.' But what shall it be? I thought I would encourage meritorious young men. I thought I would sort of gather 'em about me, and pat them on the head, and help educate them; help to train up the young idea in the way it should shoot, and then let it slide. Perhaps, said I to myself, it may be said of me: He was a friend of youth, and an encourager and helper of merit. Well! I tried a number of meritorious young men, and they were confounded bores. A real scamp, who kicks up a flurry now and then, and raises the Old Harry, more or less, one who has juice in him, I can get along with; but your meritorious young men I can't endure. Well! That project has gone the way of all flesh. I dismissed it with the doxology:

> 'Orr as by winding Nith, I musing wait
> The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn;
> I 'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
> And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.'

Then, what should I do next? I thought, perhaps, I could n't do better than to live quietly, in the dissemination of charity and good old rye whiskey. What more can I do, Mr. Motherwort?'

James related this with animation, and said it was spoken so rapidly, and in so much apparent earnest, that Mr. Motherwort had no opportunity to interrupt. But at the above point, Mr. Motherwort's pent-up emotion broke forth:

'Is it! That 's the very thing!'

'Right so,' said Mr. Heminway. 'It gives me more comfort than

any thing else. I 'm glad to hear you say so: there 's nothing more fills and warms my soul, than the approbation of good men!'

Mr. Motherwort was obliged to break in again:

'I — I — I — hear me a moment! I did n't mean what you think, Mr. Heminway. I came to talk with you about that very thing; about whiskey; but GOD forbid that I should approve the use of it! Never! no, never!'

Mr. Heminway, James says, was the picture of surprise and astonishment.

'Object,' says he, 'to whiskey? to good old rye; a pure article; *and you a minister of the Gospel?*'

Mr. Motherwort, equally astonished and thrown off his balance, exclaimed:

'I declare it to be immoral, unhealthy; it is poison. I denounce it. In the name of morality I protest against being understood to assent to such astonishing and gross misapprehensions of my objects!'

At this point, James says, the dialogue became very loud and exciting, and but for its grotesqueness he would have left them. Mr. Heminway continued:

'Poison? Immoral? Unhealthy? Thar 's a mistake, Sir, somewhar. It operates to tan and toughen the coatings of the stomach, and renders man as near immortal as he 's capable of. As to its morality, Sir, and its social barings, listen and I will a tale unfold. When my daughter Fidele was married, now ten years gone, we had a rouser of a wedding. It seemed but a month or two since she had been trotting on my knee and playing with rattles. Jehu! how time flies. True enough, I wanted her to marry, but not yet; she was my plaything. When I looked at her in the morning at the breakfast-table, it seemed to straiten out the wrinkles on my face; when I went home at night, her arms round my neck drove away the blues. Noble Fidele! Flowers grow over her now: grass and flowers; and birds sing on branches over the spot Well, Sir, Fidele was to be married. I could n't help it; nature must have her way. The only objection I had to her lover was, that the rascal fugled her away from me too soon. That 's what we get, Sir, by raising children! I was glad she had a lover, and glad he was a clever fellow, and I felt a kind of joy in it; but her mother and I had some crying over it, all to ourselves. We opened up the old mansion, and gathered in our friends; lighted up lights, struck up music, made the tables heavy with good things, and made all manner of signals for happiness; but it would n't come. Thar was a load on my heart. Fidele was going away; it was the last of Fidele for us. It happened that a number of my old neighbors gathered about me, and shook hands and congratulated me on my happiness. I could 'nt stand it well. Something kept rising in my throat. Says I, at length, I 'm sure it 's not so *very* happy, after all; and looking round, I saw they all took. Now said I, Mother, just you let us have the north-west room to ourselves. Let the young folks dance and frolic here. So I took a lot of old codgers, like myself, into the north-west room, and ordered up a quantity of old rye. The door of that room opens into the lower hall, and the lower hall opens out upon the grass-plat under the peach-trees.

It was a warm August evening, and the doors all open. After drinking a few times round, we agreed upon the following rules. Man, said I, was made to mourn: and I made a little speech, quoting Young's Night Thoughts:

> 'As youth and love with sprightly dance,
> Beneath thy morning-star advance,
> Pleasure with her siren air,
> May delude the thoughtless pair;
> Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
> Then raptured sip, and sip it up.'

We agreed that at each drink each man would place himself at the back-side of the room, exactly opposite the door. If he could rise and pass out through the door without touching either side, he was to come back and drink again; but if he touched, in passing out, he was finished. He was to be the best man who could pass out the greater number of times without touching. Well, Sir, the next morning at daylight we were all on the grass under the peach-trees.'

'Which of them,' inquired Mr. Motherwort, 'passed out the greater number of times without hitting?'

'That I don't know,' said Mr. Heminway; 'it was n't me! Now, Sir, we don't have such social pleasures any more. Pure liquor is hard to be got. Society is going backwards. I went to a wedding the other night, and it was as sober as a camp-meeting; thar was no liquor, nor even a pack of cards. I can't help thinking the children which spring from such weddings will be thin-blooded.'

James says, at this point of the interview Mr. Motherwort apparently gave it up as a failure, and was about to leave; but James, under the impression that Mr. Heminway had forgotten his plan of making himself popular, made an allusion to the conversation of the morning, which recalled his mind to it. Mr. Heminway then said to Mr. Motherwort. the subject of temperance was one that struck a pretty hard blow at his prejudices; but he would be glad to see him again and talk it over more fully; he hoped Mr. Motherwort would call again; he had seen a tract, which was powerfully written, and he would be glad to converse with a man of talent.

Mr. Motherwort left more softened and encouraged than he would have been but for Mr. Heminway's recollection of his own plans; and James thought, by reminding him, he had done a benevolent act; because, at least, one person had been better pleased than if it had been omitted, and that person the Rev. Mr. Motherwort. But James went on to say that Mr. Heminway apparently counted upon him to help him forward with his overtures for winning public favor, and his accident had perhaps been fortunate, in extricating him, without offence, from an agency which he did not think Father Green would commend.

Father Green replied, that Mr. Heminway was an illustration of the old maxim: 'Barking dogs seldom bite.' Mr. Heminway was in the habit of saying a variety of things he never intended to perform, and derived gratification from being able to create surprise.

After Father Green and I left James, as we did, together, we concurred in the idea that James must be removed. For General Cleaver to take James to his house, Father Green said, was like taking a lighted

torch to a powder-magazine. He did not know enough about James to recommend him to the friendship of young ladies and families. It was finally determined to take James to Nathan's, and put him under the care of Emily and of Father Green himself.

LONGFELLOW'S BIRTH-DAY.

Do you ask me, college-student,
Poring o'er historic annals,
What event this day recordeth,
In the past, or in the present,
Lifting it above its fellows,
Making its remembrance famous?
Was it battle or invention,
Confiscation, revolution,
Birth of king, or death of hero?
None of these, my bright-eyed student,
Something better — something dearer.

Take your seat upon the rail-road,
Notwithstanding all the snow-drifts,
Christmas snow-drifts, still unmelted,
Which have held unwilling travellers
All night long in bands Circean:
Take your seat within the rail-train
Notwithstanding all the hindrance,
All the peril and disaster
That the people have encountered
In this tightest of all winters;
Winter that hath conquered steam-craft,
Kept the lecturer from his audience,
Grinding their impatient boot-heels,
Chafing, hoarse with disappointment;
Split the water-pipes and cisterns,
Plagued the house-maids and the brake-men,
Maimed the iron-steed and rider;
Iciest winter, most unyielding
That our oldest man remembers —
Man of ninety years remembers:
Boldly climb into the rail-car,
Having promptly paid your ticket,
Shut your mouth and travel onward,
Onward to the north of Boston,
Where the Casco's silvery water
Weddeth nobly with the Ocean.
Ask your question there of Casco,
And if that fair bay reply not,
Onward press, and ask the mountains,
Guarding with reflective foreheads
Maine, our most north-eastern sister.
Ask them, and from breezy tree-tops,
Groves of oak, and pine, and hemlock,
Where the axe-men get their timber —
Timber, that in ships and schooners,
Goes to visit all creation:

Murmuring through those breezy tree-tops,
Will the solemn mountains answer:
'He whom ancient Harvard loveth,
He whom gray-haired Europe honors,
He who struck the lyre of ORPHEUS,
Bowed the stiff-backed Runic legends
And the lore of many nations
To our Anglo-Saxon metre;
Sang the Skeleton in Armor,
Snatched the Norsemen's mystic tower
On the pleasant isle of Newport,
From the winnowing of the wind-mill,
Slander of the cotton-spinners;
Sang EVANGELINE the tender,
HIAWATHA, HIAWATHA —
On this day was born among us,
Dawned like tuneful star upon us.'
They will answer, they will tell you:
'He's our own, and we 'll maintain it,
Will not leave the matter doubtful,
Like the seven bewildered cities,
Sparring after sightless HOMER;
No. We 'll fight, if it be needful,
Challenge every crested hill-top,
That would rival our pretensions;
Dare New-Hampshire's white-capped lordlings,
Dare Vermont's green knights in armor;
We will fight with Tom and Greylock,
Old Wachusett, old Monadnock —
Even the princely Alleghanies,
Even the towering chiefs of Mexic,
Cordilleras, Cotopaxi,
Popocatapetel also;
If they bar our just pretensions,
We will fight with swords and lances,
Splintered from our granite boulders,
Fight with rifles and revolvers,
Forged within our rocky bosoms
By the smouldering fires we wot of.
Down we throw our glove, engaging
Thus to deal with all opponents,
Till they own, subdued and lowly,
He is ours, and cry, Peccavi!'

Then they bant their heads together,
And I heard those mountains counting
Busy as at banker's table,
Warily like board of brokers:
'Seven times seven — yes, that's his number,
Number of the years he 's measured,
Three times nine of February,
That's the day he came among us,
Dawned like tuneful star upon us;
Don't forget the date or number,
Write them on your peaks with lightning,
Don't omit to buy his portrait,
Fold the rainbow round the figures,
Round the figures and the portrait,
Keep them as a joy for ever.'

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Hartford, (Conn.,) Feb. 27th, 1856.

THE HISTORY OF CAPTAIN SAMPSON STRONGBOW

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE LION AND UNICORN IN EXECUTIVE SESSION.

FROM the debate in the Upper House which was reported in the last chapter of this history, the reader will have surmised that certain Messieurs Lion and Unicorn were personages of some little note at the spacious mansion Bullscrown. If the well-born reader, who just now stood gazing into the peaceful and moon-lit bed-chamber where our noble earl and his family lay folded in such happy slumbers as PROVIDENCE with suitable discrimination bestows only upon the nobility and gentry, will take hold of the historian's coat-tails and follow him as he gropes his way through the dark passage which leads to the back-stairway, then down the latter into the culinary or torrid zone of the mansion, then across the kitchen and through the servants' hall, he will see at the end of a narrow passage off the hall a door with a long glass window above it. This is the entrance to the butler's cozy quarters. And here, at this late hour of the night, when the very rats are rubbing their eyes from drowsiness, a light is still burning and tobacco is still fumigating in the bowls of long clay-pipes. Standing on chairs we can look through the pane above the door, and quite at our ease make a few notes of the cut and conversation of the persons who have such important business on hand that the day-light hours are not sufficient. There are two of them. Yonder big-bellied, red-nosed man, with a flagon of ale at his elbow and coils of tobacco-smoke settling affectionately upon his head, is honest Joe Unicorn, butler to his mightiness the earl. That is enough to say of him for the present. But the guest on the other side of the table we cannot fix on our historic canvas with a single dash of the brush. For the thousand and one ordinary patriots, heroes, and jail-birds of this grand historical panorama, the historian has provided himself with a basket of postage-stamps, which, as occasion requires, he sticks on the canvas, and appends the toga or the gallows-robe, the laurel or the halter, according to the necessities of the moment, thus saving both his time and his money. But here our ingenious device will not serve us. This is a gentleman of the most respectable, indeed of rather elegant, perhaps somewhat exquisite, dress and demeanor. He has handsome legs, admirable for ball-room purposes, terminating in small, neatly-dressed feet, but his breast is broad and deep, and his head is very large and covered with an immense bush of hair, which is thrown back from his forehead, and falls in leonine masses on his shoulders. His beard is ample and lordly. It well becomes the firm jaw, the large mouth, the broad, strongly-carved brow and nose. The eyes are deep and watchful, and when the mouth is closed, with that half-savage grimness of expression, it might be said there was something uncomfortable in their glare, which the close observer might detect. But now,

when the red-nosed host with his lively converse has evidently pleased him of the heavy mane, the mouth relaxes into the charmingest of smiles, displaying teeth of the whitest ivory, and lighting up the countenance with so gracious an expression that we instantly acknowledge our physiognomy at fault, and tender at once historical civilities to so prepossessing a gentleman. Surely this Mr. Henry Charles William Augustus Lion is as distinguished a personage, so far as externals are concerned, as one would meet in the genteelest society, and we may be certain it was some arrangement of fortune about which he himself was not consulted in advance, that placed him here at Bullscrown in the subordinate capacity of steward to the earl's estates. People professed to hold divers opinions about the merits and demerits of Mr. L., but as he knew very well how to keep his own secrets, the public comments ranged as widely as they do concerning the late Nicholas Romanoff of St. Petersburgh.

By listening, however, to the conversation of Mr. Lion and his friend honest Joe over their pipes and ale at this hour of the night, when secrets, like mice, may venture out of their holes, we may get some insight into the plans of this incommunicative gentleman; perhaps may even obtain revelations as astonishing as the European correspondents of the N–w-Y—k press sometimes favor the public with, concerning the policy of their particular friend the Emperor of the French.

'Now, my worthy Sir,' said jovial Joe, 'excuse me if I say that you unreasonably distrust your own talent. If you can't play as good a game as any of those chaps t'other side of the ditch, then I 'm more mistaken in my opinion about the number of guns you carry than I often am on questions where the human mind is up for consideration. Look you: there 's Quivretoes — there 's Thumbscrew, both of 'em once stewards like you; and what did they do, and they without brains enough between them to fill a pint-mug? Why, they each managed to trip up the old 'un just like any superannuated scare-crow pensioned off from duty in the corn-fields ten years ago, and slipped his own feet in the noble boots as smooth as a whistle. An't you as sharp as the Marquis? An't you as cool a blade as the Don? Excuse me, Leo, but your modesty keeps you under.'

'But Joey,' Mr. Henry Augustus responded, 'you do not consider that those gentlemen did not have such an intractable, venomous tenantry to manage as I would surely find in my way. I might easily enough contrive to 'trip up the old 'un,' as you express it, but it would only bring the whole rabble upon me like a herd of wolves. There the difficulty lies. The earl's people have become so outrageous from long license, that I take my life in my hand daily when I go among them.'

'Why, my king of beasts,' returned valorous Joe, 'what old granny has been telling you pokerish stories to-night? Who ever before saw the regent of the woods turn tail to a mob of hedge-hogs? Here 's a transmogrification such as no man ever heard of before; they 've caught a cub of the royal lion in the desert and brought him up in a sheep-yard, and lo and behold! when he has grown big as a bull, and ought to make men and animals quake with his roaring, he opens his mouth and says *baa*.'

'Joey,' said the other, 'you vastly under-rate the odds against me. When the beer is good and the tobacco strong you are very apt to think that you are Jupiter, and can cut giants in two with your pipe-stem. But I can tell you the work you have laid out for me needs a more substantial Jupiter than can be made for a shilling. It is full of hazard that a bold man might well hesitate to meet; and in event of failure, what a fate will it be to be torn in pieces by a herd of wild boars.'

'Ha! ha! Leo,' said dauntless Joe; 'there are more ways than one of managing those swine when the time for it comes. Trust me, we shall see the day when the entire drove will greet you with such loyal squealing that the man in the moon will have to stop his ears. I do n't say that you are to carry the thing through with a high hand, for I admit that at present the job would be rather expensive. But take a lesson once more from your namesake of the deserts. We will suppose he has in his mind a particularly fat ox in the farmer's herd, which he would like for his own larder. Now how does *he* lay his pipes? Does he march out of the woods in broad day with his tail in the air, and proclaim to the whole township, '*Boo-woo-woo! I'm that awful great big diabolical old male lion as eat up the peddler and his horse day before yesterday, and I'm* HUNGRY! Egad, not he. You will see him leave his lodgings about dusk, quietly remarking to Mrs. L. that he engaged to meet a party with whom he had business at 8.30 P.M., and will be at home early. Then you will see him stealing warily into Friend Jackson's inclosures, skulking along on his belly if necessary, and before any body is apprised what the order of exercises is to be, he takes ox by the nape of the neck, flings him on his back, and canters off to Mrs. L. and the cubs. How smoothly the thing is done! no uproar, no scuffling, no scampering of the young cattle, no profanity on the part of the old guardian bull, no outrages committed by Friend Jackson's blunderbuss, nothing disagreeable or ungentlemanly about the whole transaction. How easy, now, Harry, for you by a little finessing, to carry off the prize. To tell the truth, it seems to me particularly chicken-hearted to show the white feather when certain things are certain things. Eh, Harry?'

'Ah!' said Mr. Henry Augustus, as a gleam of intelligence shot from his eyes, and the white teeth came in view; 'you mean — ah — so-and-so ——'

'Exactly: ha! you irresistible dog, I could see it to-day plain as the nose on your face. Come, Leo, confess to me 't is as I have told you, eh?'

'Well, Joey,' the steward said; 'perhaps I have indulged myself with unwarrantable surmises; but I do confess to you what I have never hinted to a living soul, that I have sometimes ventured to think that had fortune placed me in a more exalted sphere of life, the lady you have alluded to might possibly have regarded me with sentiments which no nobleman in Christendom could perceive to exist without the most exalted satisfaction.'

'Who can doubt it?' said Master Unicorn; 'and when one considers the matter, what is there in the least strange about it? Here, Leo, the case is in short this. You are by nature a gentleman.

Fortune, who is our legal guardian, (and a mighty corrupt old fox, too,) scandalously bestowed your heritage on some of her own ill-born pets, and put you off with a stewardship here at Bullscrown. But notwithstanding that, the mark put upon you in Nature's stamp-office can't be rubbed out. There you sit, as plainly a gentleman as any peer in the world — a great deal more so than some I could name that are now snoring under pictorial bed-quilts. Wrap you up in a beggar-woman's cloak, and the very curs would recognize the ten-pound stamp on your brow and refuse to bark at you. But old Beef — Earl they call him — what is he? A clown, a boor in his begetting, birth, and breeding, with no more gentlemanly blood in him than a hog. All the coronets you can pile on his head can't hide the two-penny stamp the clerk hastily stuck on his forehead ere he shoved him aside in disgust. Call him, then, for the sake of the argument, a hog, and it 's more truth than poetry. What is Madam Bess? Why, a high-bred, delicate, and dainty roe. Now, my dear Sir, behold the high-bred and silver-hoofed roe married by compulsion of her parents to a gross, cross-grained, low-minded wild boar, that holds by means of his tusk the fee-simple of a thicket and patch of wild plum-trees, and a slough to wallow in during dog-days, and by virtue of this estate has got himself enrolled in the peerage of the forest with the lordly elephant and the knightly leopard. What doom awaits the tender bride but sickness of heart, deathly mortification of the whole spirit? Let now the royal-blooded lion appear on the scene. What though he comes in adverse circumstances, defeated, an exile, and for a time consents, disgusting and base employment though it is, to enter the service of the wild boar, and patrols his plum-orchard, and snaps off the tails of vulgar pigs that trespass on the grunting baron's park. Can it be doubted that my lady-deer, by the sympathy that lurks in noble veins, would soon discern the royal quality of the bailiff, and grieve that the high-born exile was not her mate instead of the disgusting forest swine? Hey?'

'Powerful reasoner!' ejaculated the steward.

'Well, then,' the butler proceeded; 'in like manner the Lady Elizabeth, a peeress by birth and nature, matched to one that is only noble by virtue of certain square inches of sealing-wax plastered on sheep-skin, is it to be supposed that she, when a man of fine spirit and princely demeanor is daily under her eye — a man that would dignify any coronet or cocked hat in the world, will be insensible to his presence, even though he wears not the robes of nobility, and is barred by the roguery of Fortune from the place for which Nature appointed him?'

'Upon my word, Doctor Unicorn,' the steward said, 'give you a place to stand, and you can move a world with your logic. But in sober earnest there is much that is right in your ideas. I hold it to be a truth underlying all sound religion, that some men come from the hands of their MAKER of high nature, disdainful of low occupations, ordained to command, while others are of a commoner grain, constituted for obedience; and when the latter by any means become possessed of authority above the former, the divine law is so openly outraged, that the natural order of things should be restored the quickest way possible, and that without being very particular about the means. Consider, as

you say, the person who has been invested, by some freak of Fortune, with the titles and properties of the house of Beef. His very figure and deportment show what *he* is. Mark his coarse, brawny limbs, his huge back, the very model for a boatswain. Observe his unbecoming ways of guzzling malt liquor at the public house with vulgar individuals; his general low habits and promiscuous avocations. When he walks, does his bearing proclaim the patrician? No; it might well be some half-tamed savage blundering along in civilized garments, without any of that air, that Byzantine port and carriage which is the true certificate of nobility.'

'Yes, by the great Tom, Leo, it might be some monstrous, ungainly hippopotamus, with the boar's appetite for swill, the ass's lust for thistles, the hyena's judgment of cookery, the wild bull's conception of the fine arts. I saw him this morning come bellowing out of the breakfast-room like some unnamable Behemoth, and I wondered then in what freak Nature made him. Egad, I believe she had just been kneading a batch of bulls of Bashan, and in a whimsical moment put a roll of the dough in one of her tins for baking white folks, and let it go in the oven with the rest; then christened the monster that came of the experiment John, and turned him out among the briers of Bullscrown, where, contrary to expectation, he contrived to live, and even persuaded the aborigines that he was a human being. Now, after contemplating this practical joke, I look at you, and observe at once that Nature moulded you with infinite pains. Here, in the first place, is a straight and elegantly-formed leg, differing from his as the limb of the blooded Arabian steed differs from that of the dray-horse, and that too is becomingly incased in fine cloth, instead of coarse, abominably-fitting breeches, and terminating not in an immense dumpling inserted in a leathern cavern, but in a well-shaped foot, indicating in itself a most choice pedigree. Next I look at your body, and see that is not a clumsy frame of bones lashed together with the thews of a buffalo, a mass of mere animal strength and stomach, but a gracious and princely one, and at the same time abounding in manly vigor. The head, too, is not round and solid like a cannon-ball, which may be a suitable arrangement for men that thump each other's crowns with pewter-mugs, and delight in such deeds of chivalry as that, but it is the very figure-head of a monarch, indicating sagacity, valor, eloquence, piety, munificence, justice, and every thing else that was forgotten when our noble earl up-stairs was on the stocks. Now, my Lion, when I see these things, how can it be otherwise than clear to me that Fortune once on a time was boozy or cross, and dropped on the mug of our friend John the coronet that was made on purpose for you?'

It might be thought that honest Joe would be regarded by his friend as drawing it rather strong in his comments on the excellencies of the latter; but the truth was, Mr. Henry Augustus had a vast capacity for compliments, and it required a pump that could throw several gallons per minute more than the Unicorn apparatus, to flood Mr. Lion's organ of self-esteem.

'Joseph,' he replied warmly; 'you are an honest, blunt, plain-spoken fellow, with a head as clear as your hand is true and your heart sound.

A certain Gothic rudeness of phrase and illustration might offend courtiers and grammarians, but I have no such squeamishness. I am satisfied to take you as you are.'

'Yes, Leo,' cried Joe, 'If any body expects to find bully Joe Unicorn transmogrified into a professor of genteel conversation, he will wait till the world gets tolerably gray. If folks are n't fond of bears, let 'em go where bears an't. There an't much besides bear in a bear, and so I do n't have much hope of myself. Old Beef and I were probably turned out of the same shop; and when he becomes the glass of fashion, doubtless I 'll be the mould of form, but I do n't look for it any earlier. Harry, I saw you and the earl walking together this morning, and I said: 'Suppose some stranger should set eyes on that pair, and which would he name for a peer of the realm? Would n't he swear that my Lord was some rascal of a burglar, with a crow in his breast-pocket and a set of spoons hid in his sleeve? He would convict him on indictment by his own countenance in a minute.' Afterward you two went across the green. Did you then bate a jot of that dignity which Cæsar wore when he went to buy mackerel of the fish-wives as well as when he ordered a bill to a third reading in the Senate? Did you by low familiar joking with the rabble agree to the doctrine that men are but a pouch of buck-shot, all poured out of one spoon into the same mould?'

'I trust not, Mr. Unicorn,' the steward said; 'I trust that I have too high a sense of the duties of men born to exercise rule, to forget at any time, and especially at such times, that Byzantine port which ought always to distinguish such.'

'Ha!' quoth Joey; 'is it according to Byzantium to drink buttermilk in a ditcher's cottage? By the great Tom, Leo, I declare to you that I saw friend Behemoth yesterday morning drinking buttermilk in Tom Clod's hut, and anon he came out with a ragged brat on his shoulder; and may I die if he did not tramp a good league with his fishing-rod, and the little scoundrel straddling his back and clutching his hair with both hands.'

'Mr. Unicorn, you appal me. 'T is astounding to see to what a pass things have come on this estate. The tenantry have been pampered, trifled with, humored, till all distinctions are lost, all decencies disregarded, and a full half of the revenue suffered to fall in abeyance. There was a time when the steward might lash the villains, might hang them if he chose: but 't is so longer. The earl is no longer a lord, nor is the steward his minister and confidential friend. The peer in his descent drags the servant with him, and *I* am a mere butt for the populace.'

'Yes,' the butler said, 'it is a cursed disgrace. I would as soon be bottle-washer to a blackamoor cook as be a member of the cabinet at Bullscrown, with a horde of boors to stick their elbows in my ribs whenever they please, But so it is. The other day the coachman upset a red-headed boy with the hub of a wheel. Great guns! there was such a rumpus on the premises as soon as the rabble got wind of the accident, that a bee-hive with a monkey in it would be a place of celestial quiet in comparison. If you were to tie up an idle churl and give

him summarily a dozen on the brawn with a cart-whip, the whole estate would be in a buzz as if you had sold their babies to the King of Morocco. Oh gad! it makes me sick as a bull-frog to see such performances, I'll offer a thousand guineas, payable at my office on demand, to any man that will find in all the history of mankind from the beginning down to the last tick of the clock, any thing like them. And I tell you squarely, Leo, that it lies at your door to take the sick man by the nose and force the necessary physic down his throat.

'Mr. Unicorn,' the steward said, 'I need make to you no secret of my desires, for I know you can be trusted, it being no less your duty than it is mine, and no less our duty than our interest to accomplish what I wish. It is my ambition to bring this estate back to the point from which it has lapsed, and to fix it there: and how can this be done without summary measures? If my Lord Beef outrages heaven by insane use or disuse of the powers granted him, another should receive the talent he rolls up in a napkin. I desire not his blood. I covet not his wealth: but let the lunatic live in ward with his keeper. The committee will gather up his wasted property, and discipline the scoundrel tenants that have so long taken advantage of the landlord's lunacy.'

'Ha! ha!' cried playful Joe; 'Most excellent!' The lunatic being once well laced in his strait-jacket, we shall get on famously. Power for Lion; pelf for Unicorn; raw-hides for John — ha! ha!'

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THE THREE WISHES.

'YOU'VE saved my life,' the master said,
'At risk of yours, my faithful NED;
And that a service so immense
May fail not of such recompense
As lies in human means to make,
(Would mine were god-like, for your sake!)
Three dearest wishes straight unfold,
Each shall be granted soon as told.'

'Well den,' grinned NED with ivory show,
'Since massa please to hab it so,
My firs' s'al be for — for — e'yah!
As much good old peach-brandy, sah,
As dis 'ere darkie an' his wife
Can jubilate in all deir life.
De nex' — Virginia weed enough
For me to smoke an' her to snuff,
Till life's las' mile-stone s'al be past.'
'It shall be so, NED — now the last!'
'De las' — hem — gorry! let me see —
W'at s'al it in partic'lar be?
Oh! now I hab him — chee, e'yah!
A *leetle more* peach-brandy, sah!'

W. P. B.

THE LILY.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

A POOL, as gloomy and dark and still
As the river of death, lies under the hill:
Rocks are above and rocks below,
White with the last of the winter's snow:
And the trees that rise in the lifeless air
Are old and jagged and wholly bare.

The hill is barren and bleak and cold:
Its last year's herbage is dead and sere:
Far underneath the frozen mould
Oozes the spring to its outlet here.
Laying my cheek to the silent earth,
I seem to hear in the depths below,
The troublous murmurings of its birth —
The ebb and pulse of its onward flow.

The violet blue, and the daisy dear,
Could never bloom in this lonely place;
Yet the Spirit of Beauty has lingered here,
And left a token of splendid grace.
For, floating upon that icy bed,
Embosomed among those rocks of snow,
A stately Lily uprears its head,
And mirrors itself in the wave below.

Every breath that the zephyrs send,
From blooming valley to barren hill,
Makes the Lily tremble and bend,
Swaying about, when the fount is still.
Lonely beauty, and lonely grace,
Born of a wave as black as night:
Is it the Lily's fitting place,
Where Nature pines with an early blight?

The loveliest slaves of Eastern lands
Are shrined and curtained from roving eyes:
In the loneliest waste of the desert sands,
Some flower blooms only to GOD, and dies:
And if, in my dream of the Lily fair,
I guard the beauty my eyes have won,
I read the lesson its white leaves bear,
And know its mission is nobly done.

O thou, who wouldst gaze in those waters dark,
And touch the Lily, with tainted hand,
Go, loosen thy sails and trim thy bark:
The flower and wave are in Fancy Land:
They are but types of our daily life;
Of the daily blessings and trials given:
The magical pool is the inner life;
The Lily, the thoughts that turn to heaven.

New-York, Feb. 29th, 1856.

THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF BILL MONEY DOLLARS.

BY KIT KELVIN.

IM PRIMIS.

THE auto-biography of Bill Money Dollars is a simple tale, written in simple style, teaching simple humanity. It is a simple thing to read it, and it is a very simple thing to forget it.

There was once a simple physician, who gave simple prescriptions, and effected simple, though radical cures. He was not fêted by the great with deviled partridges, nor was his palate tickled with Chablis; but he simply desired the 'Devil to have his due.' It is some time since he 'departed this life,' but a simple head-stone reads simply thus:

'ADMIRED for his modesty,
Mourned for his worth.'

Reader, if you will listen, I will read to you, simply: but you must bear in mind,

'THE earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.'

A PLEASANT face ornamented with a pair of spectacles, a head slightly bald, and a rotundity of person only visible among easy good-livers; a cheerful, jocose, orbicular-bodied gentleman, held me subject to order. He had been cashier for many years, and presided over a tastefully-furnished room, a massive vault, and several ponderous tomes, wherein were a multiplicity of figures — a bank and all its appurtenances. The door opened upon a pretty village street, lined with ancient elms, graceful in foliage, and inviting to the dweller and stranger. It was in the month of June: the air was loaded with the fresh fragrance of budding blossoms, and the plumed birds, drunk with joy, caroled dulcet notes, until the stillness broke again with the pleasing melody.

Fair to look upon, with a rich complexion, Pleasant Face smiled upon me as he pronounced the word 'good,' and, with a sigh which savored of a desire to possess, I was secured with many others by a band that Samson would have broken more easily than the withes of the Philistines. The light closed from me: I fain would have implored freedom, and danced merrily and high into the beautiful world, but I could not.

'Cashier! please change this bill!' 'Certainly; but I have no silver; give you bills. Have you seen the new issue?' and forthwith I was presented. The stranger took me and eyed me carefully. 'Very well done and very pretty — hard to counterfeit — Rawdon, Wright, and Hatch, eh? By-the-way, I received a letter from Tom yesterday.' 'Did you!' 'He says he is doing well, and shall leave the mines in about a

month.' 'Lucky dog!' said Pleasant Face, 'and here we are grubbing on.' The drawer closed upon me. 'What a queer existence is this,' I thought. 'Money is my name. What does it mean?'

'Good morning, Cashier!' 'How do you *do?*' was the response, placing a surprised, pleased accent upon the last word. It was his way, the manner of Pleasant Face.

'You have plenty of money, I suppose, and my credit is good, eh? Want it to-day, badly; going to buy cattle.' 'Well, you are clever and pleasant; how much do you want?' 'Oh! five hundred will do.' 'Large bills, Mr. Thrivewell?' 'Well, give me one hundred small, the rest large, if you please.'

I was upon the counter. 'Hallo! new money!' 'Five, ten, fifteen, twenty. Yes! One hundred small, I believe?' 'So, so.' 'Twenty-five, thirty-five, forty, (fine day, Sir!) forty-five, fifty.' 'Yes, things look charming this morning.' 'Fifty-five, sixty, sixty-five, seventy, eighty, ninety, one hundred. One, two, three, four,' recapitulated Pleasant Face, as he removed a pencil from his ear, and noted it upon his blotter, 'and new money at that.' 'Well, it will slip easier; 't wont stay put long.' Mr. Thrivewell was a large man with a red face and coarse voice, dressed in a gray suit, and wore an easy manner. Taking from the inside pocket of his coat a large wallet, he packed me away, and after a few more words with Pleasant Face, I heard him say, 'Good-day; come, get up, Charley!' and a rumbling noise startled me, for I felt conscious of being in motion. 'Well, this is a queer existence. Pleasant Face has given me away,' I soliloquized.

Mr. Thrivewell drove on, humming several tunes, of which I now know, were, 'Cheer up, my lively Lads,' and 'Yankee Doodle.' He made a funny noise from his mouth; and between the two, and 'Get up, Charley!' I got quite tired with the rapid jostling. But it suddenly ceased, by a queer exclamation from Mr. Thrivewell. 'Whoa! Never mind taking him to the stable; just bring some water here. Sha n't stop long.' I came to light among new faces and a smoky atmosphere, loud words and hearty laughs. 'Good morning, gentlemen,' exclaimed Mr. Thrivewell. 'Do you know whether Jabe Williams has got his lot of cattle yet?' 'Want to buy?' 'Why, yes, if I can git 'em reasonable.' 'Well, I was up there yesterday,' exclaimed a voice; 'saw Jabe, but he did n't say nothing about his critturs; suppose — do n't believe he 's sold them.' 'No, no, sold 'em, no!' broke in a gruff voice. 'He 's too steep in his price, any way. See here, I 'll jest bet a cool five *you* wont buy them.' 'Jabe is devilish dear, I know; Captain, give us some of your Santa Croix; but I 'll take that bet, for if he 's got them, I want 'em, and am after them. Pretty good stuff,' continued Mr. Thrivewell, smacking his lips.

'What a queer existence this is. But I like Pleasant Face and his ——' '*Get* up, Charley!' sang out Thrivewell, and away we rumbled.

I wondered what I was — my object in life; why my name was so often called. Valuable I undoubtedly was, and had peculiar power; but my existence was still a mystery, and I began to wish for developments and more light.

'Good morning, Mr. Williams!' 'How about those cattle?' 'You want 'em?' 'Not particular: will you sell cheap?' 'Cattle 's riz, you know, Mr. Thrivewell.' 'Well, never mind, I'm going into York State; I'll call, if I don't get supplied.' 'Well, hold on,' exclaimed Williams. 'They are just below the hill: I'll ride down and show 'em up.' 'Come, get up, Charley.' 'There, Mr. Thrivewell. There 's a fine crittur — girt six feet — four and past. His mate is beyond that black heifer. I 've got some ten or twelve I 'll sell.'

'Money is less trouble than critturs,' exclaimed Mr. Williams, as he threw me down with many others of my kind upon a table. I had changed hands, and was in a common room, but very clean and neatly furnished. It had the air of thrift rather than indolence. 'There, Mary,' giving me to his wife; 'That 's for you.' 'Jabe, you are real good. Now, we 'll get Fred and Sarah some nice things, and you know they need them, Jabe.'

From the many conversations I heard between Mr. and Mrs. Williams, I fully discovered my value, and the object of my life. The mystery was cleared up. I procured the luxuries and necessaries of life, purchased evil, rewarded merit; saved life as well as instrumental in its destruction. A curious, strange, startling, hopeful, painful object. At once a friend to the good, the wicked; to the divine instructor and the murderer; as safe in the possession of the latter as the former; a witness to ease, comfort, happiness, starving poverty, debauchery, and scenes of hellish passions. To be a friend to this, to these, to all. To be present when good might be done, and yet unable to accomplish it. To run a career rapid in its various changes, and to do naught by my own volition. I found also I should see Pleasant Face again, and although the time was uncertain, yet I looked forward to this period with pleasurable anticipation. My name was Bill Money Dollars, either of which was understood by every body. A fashionable mute, courted by all ranks, and eagerly retained. I brought smiles upon frowning faces, and sweet hope to the desponding; relief to the dying, and succor to all. Without me, mankind starved, cursed, and perished; with me, they exulted, triumphed, and made merry. Happiness, misery, comfort, discomfort, smiles, madness, charity, avarice, life, death, rapine, murder, all the objects man seeks; all the debasing extremities in which his vices incarcerate him, were embodied in me or mine. Strange and fearful object! What curious ingenuity of the imaginative brain fashioned me to produce the startling disparities, ease and poverty, life and death? And yet a frail tenure upon being I held. A puff of wind, a candle-spark, would destroy me. So is it with human life. To-day is — to-morrow *was*. It is even so.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams visited a neighboring city for their purchases. It was determined that Fred should have a new cap, Sarah a new frock: Mr. W. a new hat, and Mrs. W. a dear, sweet bonnet. The day was fine, and the ride an easy one, whiled away by a conversation partaking of that nature that a sufficiency of money and a willingness to spend begat. To hear the enthusiastic ardent articulations of Madam, with her oft-repeated 'Won't it be nice?' and, 'How pleased the children will be!' with the response, 'Yes, Mary; I think it is not only

our money, but we can spend it as we please,' would have delighted all save a miser or a prude *passé.*

The innocence, artlessness, nay, the naturalness of life and conversation of inmates of a country home, tell more of true happiness and pure confidence in an unalloyed state than the stiff, formal twaddle of suspecting conversationists or wedded ones in a crazy town. Numbers beget familiarity, and familiarity contempt. The father is dishonored, the brother disgraced, and the pistol or poison an inevitable result. Human nature is of such changing, unreliable composition, that circumstances too often erect the guide-board which points to pit-falls and irremediable ruin. No one can like the Pharisee honestly pray with a heart conscious of purity: 'GOD, I thank thee I am not as other men;' but all *should*, like the more humble and contrite Publican, exclaim, 'GOD be merciful to me a sinner.' It is from the simple fact that 'to err is human;' and the great omnibus of life carries far more of the one class than the other — which is it? Is this purely speculative, or honestly practical? Is it fiction, or common-sense? Are mortals incased, and no golden key to unlock the door? Is, then, temptation without a ragged chasm of frightfulness filled to choking with the fallen? Reader! You perhaps came from the quiet country, and all your sweetest memories, like dew on roses, are away among the hills and valleys of your nativity. The purling brook from which you pulled the speckled trout or cooled your limbs amid its whirling bubbles; the wooded hill, with its mossy rocks and carpet of many-colored leaves; the meadows, with air redolent with untainted fragrance of the clover and the everlasting; the orchard, with its pendent limbs heavy with 'seek-no-furthers,' and the juicy pippin; the old church, around which many evenings have you played 'I spy,' and 'The Gay Wolf'; the school-house whose benches bear sad defacings of the jack-knife you were proud to wear; the old straw hat upon its nail in the kitchen: the merry kitten playing with peeping sun-beams, and the drony fly upon the well-scoured floor; your mother, with her happy smile and approving nod; your father, whose very presence banished all fear of hobgoblins or ugly travellers; your brother, hasty, impetuous, but affectionate and kind; your sister, modest and persuasive; the crowing cock upon his humble heap in the barn-yard; the vain turkey, with wings grating the ground, and hideous gobble; the homely cur, who runs at your approach to greet you with a gentle bite; 'Lineback,' the cow, 'Charley,' the horse, 'Dick,' with bell on neck, that bleats as you pass; the village green, where with honest emulation and manly sport you sent the ball you wound and covered with leather one rainy day, when your mother helped you: say, reader, what gaudy show, what fashionable adornments, what distorted feature of a life in town can compare to this — to these? Tell me! Then do not smile at country artlessness. It is the Koh-i-noor of your happiness, civil, religious, domestic, public. It is the only sanative to purge the morbid feeling of no virtue you have had lingering about you, and robbing the life-chest of confidence of all its bespangled jewels, more precious than the gold of Ophir, more full of fragrance than the grapes of Eschol. The LORD do unto me and more also if I ever forget or despise the little hamlet and all its associations.

O Boyhood! passed amid such quiet, godly incentives—past, gone for ever. If no monument ever stands above my ashes where the wild bird warbles, and the flowing-brook pours out its lapsing lullaby; where the earth can grow green without the sacrilegious tread of many feet, I shall die unhappy. I have wandered many weary miles o'er land and sea, but the home of childhood, like the golden rays of mellow sun-set, has always shone above the splendor of palaces or the enchantments of the pleasure-world. It was humble, but within its walls was innocence protected by pious and devoted hearts.

'Get up, Bill! My dear,' said Mr. Williams, 'yonder is the spire, the Capitol. How the sun glistens upon the roof. Would you like to live in a city?' 'No! indeed; I am content: I should be too awkward and not sufficiently fashionable. Dark rooms; stiff speeches; afraid to laugh! No, no! Home is the place; the old fire-side, where we can do as we please.'

'You are right. *I* could not be happy in a city. Shall we fix off the children first?'

'Well, let me see: stop at——. Yes, I think we had better.'

A city! what is it? Many streets, some with rectilineal courses, some crooked and narrow, some prim and cleanly, more dirty, filthy, and foul: high aspiring spires above edifices of stone, dark-brown, white and time-soiled, with stained windows to exclude heaven's light and the sun-beam; wherein congregate silk and broad-cloth to worship GOD; a mixed multitude of good and indifferent—the real devout worshipper, the vain miss, with bracelets and tossing curls; the empty-headed fop, with slender cane and slenderer legs; the gouty retired banker, with the blossoms of turtle-soup and *deviled* fowls and the lingering mellowness of 'South-side' and 'Oporto' peeping from a red-veined face; the stately matron, with her easy air and well-cherished looks; the stranger, with subdued eagerness to stare, mindful of a pair of large black gloves and an ill-fitting coat, thicker boots than are fashionable to wear in town. A few trees, Nature's great ornament of earth, half-grown, consumptive, labelled 'Keep off the grass!' 'Dog-Laws,' as if they were *allowed* to remain merely to advertise the oracles of aldermanic wisdom. Countless heads of walking bipeds jostling each other into sour looks and ungentlemanly damns. Thundering omnibuses driven by a returned volunteer, a discharged soldier, or more worthy ones, who, seated aloft, like Jove upon his throne, look down on creeping mortals, and laugh at terrified females running the gauntlet betwixt hoofs, poles, carts, carriages, and the general chaos of a street, with whip in hand elevated above his head pointing to you as he sings his advertisement, 'Bleecker-street, ride up!' or tearing along like lightning run mad, passing a brother whip with an air of triumph and a bitter curse. Theatres, where persons strut their brief hour upon the stage and then *die*, to amuse lorgnette-gazers and the pea-nut *pit*. Saloons whose walls are crowded with the productions of a perverted easel, with a sleek-haired youth behind a counter, who delights in tossing 'brandy-smashers,' 'gin-cocktails,' or 'sherry-cobblers' for a pale slight moustache, with one hand in pocket and leaning with an air of *abandon* upon the other, at the same time he is telling a friend that the 'Old Gov-

ernor' is abroad, and he is '*about*.' Restaurants where bivalves are swallowed upon the half-shell by this same *slight moustache* late at night when scarcely conscious of his locality, and evidencing a superior and decided spirit of independence, mostly contingent upon several 'drinks.' Houses with green door-blinds, which the *slight moustache* frequents, and goes swifter on to a coffin and the worm. Massive warehouses, full from loft to cellar with foreign and domestic fabrics, supervised by sallow faces, anxious looks, and gray hairs; books posted and balanced by one who came from the country long ago, and now whose life-blood is slowly congealing for the last stroke his pen may make — and it is near; beggarly paid, and *he* knows it; but there is another fresh country boy with ruddy cheeks, just outside ready to take his place, and he knows it, and so he writes on. Banks, treasuring gold, silver, bills, notes, drafts — the gods of men. Newspaper offices where the ceaseless click of steam-presses worked by gasping men, run all day, all night, to tell us by early morn what has transpired the day before throughout the Union; for busy fingers are expressing upon wires the scenes the world has brought to light through the period of the buried day. The rickety stair-case and a back room where sits a fair one whose beauty is clouded by sorrow, and her poor garments scarcely covering the charms that ripen the hot blood of miscreants, the seamstress, plying her needle for fifteen cents per diem. The den lower down in the scale of vice than the house with the green door-blinds, in a damp, filthy basement, where the refuse of GOD'S creation and man's statutes meet to swallow the most villainous draughts of murder-inciting liquor, and talk hoarsely in mingled ejaculations of blasphemy and obscenity; the very place from whence has issued those who pursued directly their fellows, to send them by pistol or knife unanointed before their GOD. The high walls within which mortals who have leaped the barrier of innocence, run headlong down to crime, to take their last survey of earth and men, attended by one who wears a cocked hat, a sword, and an assistant ready at the drop of a handkerchief to cut the thread of life of him who stands erect with a white cap upon his head and a white vesture upon his body, all trimmed with black, and around his neck a cord attached to an ugly beam above. Ay! not only man but woman. The bold, impudent lad, proclaiming in torn accents the trashy papers he runs the city over with on GOD'S holy day, grating harshly upon ears of worshipping assemblies and defying the Law of the Mount, patronized by those who know better but care less. Drawing-rooms with their costly furnishing of rose-wood and mahogany; soft carpets, gilded books, trinkets and ornaments from voluptuous Paris or the Italian mart; and their occupants, one of whom has toiled much and long and erred a *little* to make *more* money, and *covered* his derelictions by some generous act lauded by purblind preachers and the press. The mother, daughter, son, who talk of operas, fashion, dress, a foreign voyage, all turning a deaf ear upon the wailing voice of some unfortunate one, and yet listening attentively to the dulcet tones of a well-known *roué* who has but ruin and misery in his attentions. The poor student in an attic, struggling on through dinnerless days and suffering nights to send home — his peaceful country home — a story of merited worth and

eventual success. Ay! the spire, the church, the street, the clanging steel of horses' feet, rumbling vehicles, the theatre, saloon, the counting-house, den, the marble hall, wealth, poverty, misery, infamy, selfishness; these belong to a *city*. And yet there is one pleasant thing, the little leaven in a city. It is to be awaked upon a Sabbath morn by the subdued, merry peal of mellow bells, talking to each other from distant streets, and sweetly arousing the sleeper to a consciousness that it is the day of rest; combining chords of harmonious music only excelled by that of 'falling waters, the voice of girls, the hum of bees, the song of birds, the lisp of children, and their earliest words.'

Sons of the plough and golden harvest! Daughters of daily industry and its reward! You who live where blow the zephyr and the morning breeze, pure, fresh, fragrant; where the squirrel chatters and the wood-bird sings; where the glad earth looks to heaven, puts on her robes of beauty, and smiles with tossing grain and juicy fruit; where leaps the cascade and bubbles on in eddying currents the brawling brook; where the hill, valley, rock and wood echo the bleat of lambs, and lowing herds stay there. Break not the chain of contented happiness: for *that* a city life can never give a recompense.

'How much did you say?' exclaimed Mrs. Williams. 'Two-and-sixpence, Madam, and I'll assure you it is cheap at that.' 'It is very pretty; I think it will become Sarah; do n't you think so, Mr. Williams?' 'Yes; though I like the piece with the blue stripe.'

'You may give me a pattern of both, Sir.' 'Yes, ma'am. John! cash!' and running came an active boy to take me to a desk, where, after being looked at sharply by a gray-haired man, I was placed within a drawer. A new home, but I could not blame Mrs. Williams. I was made for such purposes — a mere thing of convenience. Scarcely had I settled to my place ere the till was again opened, and the gray-haired man had given me to the active boy again, and from him I passed into the soft gloved hand of a pretty face, upon which I thought a smile peeped out when I looked up. That face! I have often thought of it since. It was beautiful. A soft shadow, so soft a passer would not notice it — a shadow more the result of memory and doubt than that of affliction, hung over fine, intelligent features; a dark eye and inviting lips, from which low, sweet tones made melody. She was slightly formed, and a mellow tint upon her cheek told of breezes and the fields; the same rich look I had seen before upon faces in the country.

'Well, Mary, I've made the purchase; for it was so sweet a pattern I could not miss it; and it is not too gay, either. You know the one we both admired so at Bradford's.'

'Shall you have it made up here, Isabel?' 'No; there is a poor girl in our village who fits dresses nicely, and I shall help her. She has given me satisfaction, and you know ——'

'Oh! I dare say; but then you know, Isabel, you might take the fashion home.'

'Yes; and be considered aristocratic.' 'Well, Isabel, have you seen your hero — your ideal.' 'No, no, Mary, do n't be silly.' 'Why, I'm sure, Bell, you need not be ashamed of that story. *I* should really

admire such an adventure, and then the *possible* meeting afterward.' 'You are highly romantic, Moll: I *should* really like to see him, but then it is so long ago *he* has forgotten it and me.' 'Ah! Bell, you do n't think so, and what 's more, you secretly expect to meet him again. You said in the hurry, confusion, and all that sort of thing, you wound your handkerchief about his hand when he was hurt.' 'I said I *thought* so, for I missed it.' 'Well, *of course* you missed it, and of course, silly girl, you did wind it. Now that handkerchief was marked in your name, and I know he will keep it and find you out.' 'O Mary! you are crazy; you cannot make me believe such absurdity. Why, he might have been engaged then: how foolish!'

'Well, Bell, we young ladies are expected to be romantic, and to love all noble, brave, manly hearts, and especially to delight in such adventures. Now, I will help you to find this hero of yours if you will describe him; and if you will confess that you do not care *any thing* for him, I'll love him myself if we ever meet.' 'Well, Mary, you are a great tease, and just to comfort you, and have a little sport, I will describe him.' 'Comfort *me!* oh! well; come, I have the paper and pen.' 'Ha! ha! what an idea, Mary. Is it not ridiculous, making a husband from an adventure? He had a dark-blue eye; about twenty-two or three years old; tall; brown, curly hair; rather slender; a peculiar smile; full, red lips.' 'Ah! you would n't like to kiss them, Bell, eh?'

'Mary, I'll not say any more if you go on so.' 'Nonsense, Bell, you must. Let us see how it reads. Dark-blue eye; about twenty-two; tall; brown, curly hair; rather slender; a peculiar smile; full, red lips. Why, Bell, you have n't described his nose or his voice.' 'Roman nose; and he had a sweet, gentle voice.' 'Of course. O Bell! there is no mistake.' 'What do you mean, Moll?' 'I mean that you are in love. Come, let us go down and play a game of chess; and as you are the better player of the two, I'll wager the successful check-mating on my part.' 'But if I am the better player, why do you say so?' 'Oh! I shall tease you if I say.' 'No; I'll take it in good joke.' 'Well, then, when we are in love, we cannot think of any thing else.'

'Check-mate it is, as true as I live, Bell,' rang out the merry tones of Mary. 'Hark! mother's voice: I must go and see what she wants.'

'Mary is a dear good girl, but a real tease. 'T is strange she should have the same presentiment. But I shall laugh it off.'

'Love let us cherish, cherish,' was Mary's melody, as she returned. 'Say, Bell, what say you to a walk? Mother wishes me to go down-street for her.'

'Well, with all my heart; and I must get me an article I forgot to-day when I was out.'

'Have you blue veils?' It was the sweet voice of Isabel. 'Do you like that, Mary? What is the price of this?' Another moment, and I had left the company of my fair owner, and was stowed once again in a deep, dark till.

'Confound the cash! 't wont balance.' A young face full of perplexity looked upon me, but the contracted brow soon smoothed, and I was carelessly placed in his pocket.

'Half-a-dozen on half-shell, and a mug of ale. Hallo! Tom, take a seat. What will you have? Here, waiter, duplicate my order. Well, Tom, what news?'

'Nothing, Jim. By-the-way, have you been to No. 10 lately?' 'No! but I saw her to-day in the store.' 'Any one with her?' 'Yes, a deuced pretty girl.' 'Is n't she? I fancy that girl; but then she is from the country, and rather reserved, and not inclined to get acquainted. How stupidly modest these country girls are!'

'That is true. Here, waiter! some more oysters — half-shell! She is very intelligent, and would if she were inclined make a great sensation.' 'Who is she? Do you know?'* 'Her name is Isabel Dale, a cousin of Mary's. Here, waiter, your change: bring some segars.'

I had passed into the boy's hands.

'Blow me! if I know much about such stuff, Bill. Comes hard and goes easy, like music from a bag-pipe. Change 's right, eh, Bill?'

'Ay! ay! blast the odds.'

I found myself in the hands of a queer person, different from any one I had ever seen, and he talked funnily, too. He had balanced upon the top of his head, inclining toward his back, a small, round, shining hat; large collar, blue, and worked with white; blue jacket and bright buttons; a belt about his waist, and his hands very hard and spotted with blue: when he walked he rocked from side to side. His trowsers came down loose over his feet, and a black ribbon about his neck. His face was very brown, full of wrinkles, and he was constantly chewing.

'I say, Bill, let 's make a dive here.' 'Ay, one place 's good as another.'

'I say, Captain Bottle, or what the d — l your name is, give us some Santa Croix.' 'Easy, Jim: luff! that 'll do.'

'I say, Bill: that plum-dough specimen yonder is making fun of us. If he says any more, I 'm blowed if I do n't spill his bilge-water.'

'Twig his top-lights, Jim, eh? Whew! Well, here 's to the lass that loves a sailor.'

'Bill, he 's made his signals again, and they are d — d piratical. I say, here, you scurvy lubber, do you want any thing of us?'

'Mind your business, or I 'll settle your accounts.' A fearful sound followed, amid cries of murder, and strangled oaths: and I only know its termination from the conversation that followed. 'Bill, that lubber will slip his moorings, or he has a better hulk than common.' 'It will do him good, Jim.' 'Petticoat ahead. Bill, let 's shake out a reef and overhaul her: she looks in distress.' 'Hallo! mother! Why, blow me, Bill, how sorry she looks; seen hard gales, I 'll swear. Here, take that, and bless your old heart! Cheer up. It 's the like of ye that we sailors know how to pity. We know d — d well the signals of distress.' 'And here, mother,' says Bill; 'here 's more for you. Go and get some *kill-grief*, and let it cheer your old heart.'

'You are very kind,' replied a feeble voice. 'I am very poor, and my family are suffering. This will help me; and may GOD be very kind to you for your generosity.'

'Come, mother, come in and take a cheer with us.' 'No; I never

use spirits: you are very kind.' 'Shiver my timbers, Jim; do ye hear that. Why, she 's one of the Bethelites, eh?'

Laid upon the table, a small room and its miserable furniture were about me. An old bureau, knobless and shaken, three chairs, a bed covered with scanty apparel, upon which lay a poor, emaciated girl of some sixteen years. The dark, glassy eye, sunken cheek, and hollow cough, told more than words the frail tenure of life she held.

'Clara, dear! some good, kind-hearted sailors gave me some money. Look! we can get along a little while longer.' The girl, feeble from disease, with exertion raised her head and looked upon me. An audible groan was all the answer.

Reader, were you ever a witness to a scene of poverty; humble, merited poverty; poverty that clung and would not be shaken off; poverty that ate to the vitals and sapped sweet life? Sordid man of business, whose chief object is to *get*, no matter how, but *get;* no matter if the fingers that worked for your benefit belonged to a diseased frame. No matter if the young bright eye dimmed and shut in death. No matter if cold and hunger and want and disease followed the pittance given for stitches taken. No matter. *Your* pockets clink with the shining metal: *your* bank account is large; swells to laughter. *Your* house has comfort, ay, luxury. *Your* daughter is merry and gleesome. *Your* son is ranking high at the university. Your wife has her carriage and driver. No matter, though it be the life-blood of some poor, loving, affectionate young being, that nourishes and warms —— No matter. But look ye. Cannot the pestilence enter your windows? Cannot the shroud enwrap your loved beings! Cannot the devouring flame consume, and hard-hearted creditors (seared like yourself) chase you as you have others? Cannot the full house become empty, and the halls once echoing with mirth and fashionable revelry by night be forsaken and dark? Cannot the tempter whisper, and despair unnerve your soul! Cannot a ghastly sight of blood and brains tell the sequel! Say, are these improbable? Be careful! The demon has already fixed his glaring eyes upon you. You are charmed, blinded, *lost* already! Go to, now. Let there be written upon the closed house, the black and charred timbers of the warehouse, engraven with deep lines upon the suicide's monument — *Fifteen cents per diem!* Let the passer stop and with eager curiosity point his finger to the words, and ask, 'What meaneth it?' Let the faded shadow of the dead girl sweep by, and whisper, 'It is the end of him who paid to clamorous poverty the pittance you read.' The finger is dropped, the stranger passes on and mutters, 'Shame upon the mortal; and yet it is the short-sighted selfishness of man.' Reader, would you a lesson be taught? Go and use your slight or powerful influence, as it may be, to aid the poor; to open the veins of charity in that hard-hearted man you know, and teach him the story of the widow's mite. Go, and like him who leaves a sphere of comfort, an atmosphere of civilization, and plunges amid scenes of vice, misery, and all repulsiveness to rescue, reform, relieve and nourish. Strike a helping blow, and stand by the end. Noble is the rescuer from shipwreck, but nobler is he who labors to rescue his erring fellow.

'Lilly' and 'Tany' will yet appear bright jewels, sanctified, redeemed in heaven, as witnesses for him who has made the deserted heart to rejoice, and the dens of wretchedness as peaceful heritages.*

The world knows not, cares not. The ceaseless tide of human life floats on, and when his work is done, and he himself goes *home*, his memory will be as the dew of Hermon, 'like apples of gold in pictures of silver,' ever bright, ever beautiful. Reader, can you doubt it? Let not the smile of incredulity, the careless 'tis well enough,' lull you into the bed of selfishness, and cover you as with a garment; for there is that in you which says there *is* a GOD, and just, who recompenseth the righteous, and heareth the cry of the raven. There is a reward, a punishment, for all. Let him who would mock, then, mock still. Sublime is the death of him who *does* with what HE has given; calm and peaceful like the falling of rose-leaves, so soft, so gentle, that the rising sun only evidences the vacant places of earth's sweetest ornaments.

A little boy sat at the foot of Clara's bed, and said the doctor had been in. 'Oh! yes, mother!' whispered the dying girl; 'he says I cannot last long. Merciful HEAVEN! be kind to mother and Charley! If they could only go with me!' The mother stood for a moment before the bed, and looked upon the wan features of her support: it was a look full of bitterness, the gall of despair and unmitigated agony; and falling upon her knees and throwing her arms about the faded form of Clara, she exclaimed, in heart-broken accents: 'O GOD of the widow, of the fatherless, have mercy upon me and mine! Man *may*, but THOU *canst* aid us.'

'Mother, it is all right. You will be provided for. Did you see Mr. Boyd?' 'No, dear child; he is out of town still, and his partner knows nothing of the business; he says all such settlements belong to Mr. Boyd. He said, he had no idea that there was any thing due you.' 'Well, mother, the balance *is* small, but it would help you some; but I would not go again. Let them keep it. It is a long ways for you, and you are not able. The kind sailors' money will do for us as long as I shall be with you: and then GOD provides for HIS children. So stay at home, dear mother.'

'Clara, it is wrong in me to feel so; but you — you — oh!' and placing her hand to her head, she wept the tears of true anguish. 'We are used to poverty; I could smile at *that*.'

'Mother,' said little Charley, 'there 's some one knocking at the door; shall I open it?'

The door opened, and a gentleman entered and stood looking toward the mother with peculiar earnestness, while he addressed her. 'Is this Mrs. Marll?' 'It is, Sir.' 'Mrs. Clara Marll, who lived in Mr. Bell's family, in Westminster?' 'It is, Sir.' 'I am sorry to have obtruded just now, Madam,' observed the stranger, noticing the sick girl upon the bed. 'Oh! no, Sir. This is my daughter, very low, but your presence will not harm her. We have no other room, and are accustomed to many inconveniences that poverty only knows.'

* A TOUCHING description of the rescue of these two poor neglected children, by the noble missionary of 'The Points,' from a loathsome intimacy with some abandoned, degraded blacks, was published in the *Independent*, (a religious weekly of New-York City,) April, 1853.

The stranger bore marks, the unmistakable evidences of a thoroughbred gentleman. His demeanor was subdued, but his air was dignified, and his look and tone seemed deeply to sympathize with the scene before him.

'You of course, Madam, do not remember me; for it is now over twenty years since we have seen each other; but I well remember your kindness to me when my mother died. I am ——'

'Victor Bell!' exclaimed Mrs. Marll.

'Mother!' whispered Clara, 'you are provided for. God is good. I faint.'

The shadow of death rested upon the eye-lids of the wasted girl, and with one common feeling, such as only sickness, danger, or death can produce, the panic-stricken mother and the sympathizing friend stood over the bed of Clara.

'Raise her head, Mrs. Marll, that she may breathe easier: it will soon be over.' 'Mother, Moth——' The scene was over; for a gush of blood ran down upon the pillow, and a slight shudder had sealed the colorless lips for ever.'

'O mother! is Clara dead?' screamed little Charley; and he, too, flung himself with his heart-broken parent upon the bed. There was a pause that followed, the silence of which, broken by successive sobs, only told the solemn cause. Tears coursed down the cheeks of Victor as he silently bent over the features of the dead, and in low but soothing tones spoke consolation to the widowed mother, and after an appropriate delay, deposited a heavy purse upon the table and withdrew. A long time the mother and boy lay upon the bed, until the hasty steps of aid and expressions of compassion fell upon their ears. Victor had returned with needful assistance, and all things were done decently and well. Help had come timely, and solaced the last hours of the dying seamstress. She had closed her eyes with the echo of friendship lingering in her ears, and upon her pale face the smile of hope was triumphant.

Clara was buried the succeeding day, and Mrs. Marll and Charley comfortably lodged in other quarters — the result of Victor's kindness; and he daily called to give by his presence that comfort which kindness and sympathy only can bestow. Mrs. Marll I found had been his nurse in infancy, and until the death of his mother, when the father removed to another region. The history of Mrs. Marll was like many others, a marriage entailing misery and ruin; for her dissolute husband left her destitute after the birth of Charley. Thrown upon the selfish tide of human life, the widow had struggled in vain for a comfortable maintenance. Latterly Clara had done much toward a support, but had chilled *her* life-blood by deprivation and hard, assiduous labor. This was the simple story of the widow. How many can tell the same! Ay, the splendid drawing-room, where the merry song and silvery music steal over the senses to entrance and enchain, while near by comes upon the evening breeze the low wail of crushed hopes, withered expectations, and fading life. They are neighbors, but know not each other. An ocean of style, rank, and fortune sweeps between them; the sinking ship bears with it a precious load of diamonds, while the proud

hulk enters port *in ballast.* The uneven allotments of life are the daily theme of discontented beings who cannot appreciate the impossibility of general wealth and ease. Man, in his philosophy and sage wisdom, can translate the mystical hieroglyphics when surrounded by plenty; but let the cold wind of adversity blow hard upon his back, and, bending like the pliant osier before the sweeping gale, he bitterly murmurs that others are not chased by misfortune. Why, then, these uneven allotments? Within the veil of the temple there speaks the oracle. Go ask; for 't is neither sanctified priest nor worshipping layman can read the hand-writing upon the wall. Reader, 't is folly to tell you to bear well the withering stroke of heavy affliction; to stand by with endurance when poverty consumes you; to speak well of fortune in your neighbors; to bide *your* time; for well is it known it is the advice of a mortal to his fellow; but then it is the better way. Blessed is he who endureth even unto the end.

'Mrs. Marll,' said Victor, upon one of his visits, 'I 'm about leaving town for another portion of the country, and I do not know when I shall return. Possibly never. You are provided for, as I have told you; but should you by unforeseen circumstances ever want a friend, this card gives you the address of one who will be to you in my absence what I would be if near you. There was an adventure occurred to me several years ago that has always interested me, and I dare say will you, and I desire you to know it, as possibly you *may* be able to aid me should the time ever come. Several years ago, while visiting the county of ——, I stopped at the village of S—— to spend a few days. As was my wont, I was taking a ride through the region, and had jogged on some ways from the village. Suddenly in the distance appeared a carriage with a horse under full speed, evidently uncontrolled by the person who held the reins. The road ran directly on the borders of a deep, sluggish stream; and should an accident occur to any vehicle here, it must necessarily place the inmates in peril by being submerged. I immediately reined in my horse, turned aside as far as possible, awaiting the result with breathless expectancy. I feared the worst, for the horse was approaching with frightful speed. The next moment I had leaped from my carriage and plunged into the stream to the relief of a young lady who had been thrown from the carriage, while the horse tore past me with his bits all foam, while still within sat a gentleman whose countenance bore great anxiety and fear. In leaping from my gig I struck my hand upon the step and cut it severely, I rescued the girl from the water, who was very much frightened, and possibly might have drowned before aid could have arrived, had I not been upon the spot. She immediately inquired if her father was safe. She could not have been more than sixteen, but she was very fair, and her features were those of intelligence and beauty. The wound upon my hand she bound with her handkerchief. I was about making arrangements to convey her to the hotel, when the carriage reäppeared, and the father and daughter were again together. He had succeeded in stopping the horse without injury, and in a few moments we had separated and were pursuing our different routes. The handkerchief I preserved. Upon it is the name of Isabel Dale. The name, I dare say, of the young lady I rescued. Upon my return to the

hotel, I found the strangers had tarried there sufficiently long for their wet clothes to be changed. The young lady told the landlord's wife she owed her life to a stranger, and had been very stupid not to have obtained his name. But the fright, anxiety, and confusion, were her only apologies.

'I may possibly be of service to you, Mr. Bell. I certainly shall never forget you again. God will reward you for your kindness to me.'

'Charles,' said Mrs. Marll, the succeeding day, 'take this' — giving me to the boy — 'and get the cap I ordered for you yesterday. It is the money the kind sailors gave me; but I cannot always keep it. Go, now, and ask for the cap in a gentlemanly manner. You must try to be as much of a gentleman as Mr. Bell; and you must always love him as more than a friend — your rescuer and benefactor. Your poor mother was every thing to his noble heart. He was always so, when no older than you are; ever generous, and kind, and affectionate.'

I was again adrift, ready for new scenes and acquaintances. And so is it with life. Mortals cling to loved ones and pleasant homes with obstinate tenacity; but there cometh the gale of change, and united hearts and happy firesides grow strange and unfamiliar; or, more than this, the whisper of death chills the beating pulse — it lessens, it ceases; the friendly smile, the cordial union, the noble heart, are all faded, broken, and silenced in the damps of an echoless grave: the grass springs up, and naught save memory tells of the one who has passed away. It is the history of all; upon it we rarely ponder; though we know it, yet we think our time is yet distant.

A strange face looked upon me — a thin-faced man: and his sunken small eyes brightened as in his count he made 'Two hundred, I believe I am right. John, take this money and get it exchanged for current bills. Be nimble!'

Thrown among a large collection of my species, more intelligence was given me of my value, and the various uses to which I was capable of being put. The broker was thin, very thin; his temples throbbed heavily, and an anxious, scheming look, with a premature gray among his locks, spoke of an earnestness in his business only excelled by his speaking desire to accumulate. I fancied I could see the reflection of gold and silver and bills sparkling from his eyes. He was employed unceasingly in counting; jotting figures down upon paper in the shape of a long book, and throwing down change upon the counter. All his words and conversation seemed to echo back — money. Occasionally he would draw a deep breath and a 'heigh ho!' as an alterative chorus; and what time he could spare from thumbing bills and quizzing silver, he conversed to others around him in a peculiar language, to me perfectly inexplicable; such as, 'Morris Canal; Erie Bonds; in the street; second board; market tight; exchange high; Eastern small; call loans; lenders good demand; coupons; under limit rates firm; closed fair; previous quotations; brisk request; shade lower; United States Sixes preferred stock; cotton dull;' in fact I supposed him slightly demented. It was a busy office, and a constant ingress and egress of business men. Their chief object seemed either to make or retain

money. Before night I was bundled extremely close with others, and conscious of being in motion.

I came to light in a distant city, and in a room in some respects similar to my original home; though differing in size and multiplicity of faces. It had a subdued air of silent work and atmosphere of books. Treated in a careless manner by a pale youth, precise and sober, I was consigned with a motley group to a huge parcel closely bound and labelled. The mouth of the pale youth was fast locked, save an occasional whisper indicative of number, that barely struggled into existence through the partly-opened lips. The condition of many of my family was sad; conspicuous in distress; tattered, soiled, and defaced.

It is thus with mankind. When the life-boat is first launched, careful hands and watchful hearts protect us. We float gently on into the *morning* bay, and then and there burst upon us scenes of dazzling beauty. The prisms of the rainbow are not more splendid; the feast of roses not more inviting. The chalice of soft-eyed beauty; the melody of seductive pleasures; the gate on golden hinges, opening scenes of ambition, renown, wealth, luxury, and satiety. Hanging upon the tree of Mars depend golden epaulettes and kingly gifts; from the imaginative forum, Authority, clad in glad vestments, winds from a silvery horn the song of oratory and choice adulation. Farther on, amid fragrant blossoms and undying verdure, palaces of retirement guarded by liveried attendants. The clouds are tipped with the carmine of everlasting sun-shine, and all is unutterably beautiful. The youthful eye grows blind by the gorgeous and intoxicating vista. 'It is mine — all.' Onward and forward rushes the mad youth. A warning voice, faint but prophetic, calls to him; he heeds it not. 'It is mine!' Onward and forward. The voice follows: 'Stay, presumptuous mortal, stay; beyond rushes the river of oblivion. Its current is deep and swift: you cannot breast it. It sweeps downward to old decrepid age and bitter disappointments.' But the plunge is already made, and far below from amid the turbid eddies, gasping with exhaustion, struggles a changing form; whitened is the hair, sunken the cheek, dimmed the eye, palsied the limb, faint and broken the voice. It is the poor youth, stranded upon the beach of age, and death is encircling him. Ignorant of the scale of life; sanguine in his own resources; heedless to the voice of his guardian-angel; blind to the experience of older mortals; indifferent to the dangerous reefs of the rolling current; negligent of the dismasted hulks about him; the rash youth, with his harness of gauze, makes the bold leap, the hazardous plunge, and is swept with his vapory strength and fleeting energies through the whirling eddies and rushing waters beyond aid and a rescue.

Seated upon the same high stool, with spectacles on nose, and the familiar 'How do you do?' from lips, sat Pleasant Face. I had been *redeemed*. No longer fresh and fair, with the look of rich elegance, but wrinkled and worn, I longed to recount the scenes I had witnessed: but he passed me over with a stranger's indifference, and to my old dark quarters I was consigned.

Pleasant Face was making arrangements for a journey, and I exchanged the drawer for his pocket. Desirous of rest, I was still unable

to procure it. Symbolical of the lot of humanity. Mortals toil and endure with the pleasing hope of a continuance and an age of ease and plenty. With this object the youth aspires to the busy scenes of life, and separates himself from protection and a home: he enlists in the battle, and catches the enthusiasm of the time and place; moves on; the airy phantom, his ideal, is just before him; he thinks he can grasp it at any time, but is fascinated with the excitement of the present, and pushes on; the phantom-cloud is still before him. Years accumulate and the mortal tires: he presses to embrace the great object of his strenuous exertions, and cease from cares and anxieties; but alas! he sees his embodiment of ease and plenty is but an air-built castle, and it fades from his vision and his hopes for ever. Mental suffering, physical endeavor avail nothing. He has reached the last round of life's ladder, and topples headlong among the crushed relics of mortality of those who preceded him after the same phantom, finding one common end. 'In memory of' is the mournful inscription that outlives the talent, the effort, and the man — the only evidence even that tells *he was.*

Despite my earnest desire that Pleasant Face should recognize me, we parted company without the sign of friendship, and I was once more adrift alone, faded, and worn. For some time I was unmolested, and saving an occasional glimpse of the outer world, where others of my fraternity exchanged hands, I knew and saw but little. At these times I observed the peculiar appearance of my possessor. He was a young, dashing man, elegantly attired, with a profusion of costly ornaments, evidencing either wealth or worldly policy. His conversation was varied, adapting itself to the capacities of those with whom he discoursed; evidently a man of the world; withal of easy principles, and yet demeaning himself modestly when circumstances dictated necessity. I was amused at the different characters which he assumed — good, bad, and indifferent; but the one in which he appeared the most at ease savored of evil; a speciousness which evidenced suspicion. For a time I enjoyed my imprisonment, but soon found the secret of the cause. It was the discovery that there were false representations of my value in worthless issues, and my fashionable owner was certainly aware of the existence of such.

Preaching morality to the world at large is a matter of questionable benefit. Man is of such conundrum qualities that present circumstances invariably weigh the heavier, and education also brings *its* influence to bear. It is not always the training of a child in the way it should go that prefaces a godly life. The wiser the criminal the more vicious has been the mark upon the moral world. Many tender-hearted mothers, faithful in inculcating healthful religion with the songs of the nursery, have wept tears of unutterable anguish over cold mortality once warm with hellish passions and recreant to the last pulsation. The *preacher* may *imagine* the life-battle, but he does not *know* it. Cloistered from busy scenes — the merchandise of conscience as well as of *perishables* — he can speak of the wrath to come with zeal and earnestness; but, exchange the surplice for that of commerce, and the same words of holy import which he now speaks may fall like hot sunshine upon burning sands. The truth is there, but the practice is adrift. It is the Present,

not the Past or Future, that dictates. The latter whisper; the former commands.

Upon a table upon which stood various bottles, filled and partly emptied, uncorked and sealed, I lay. The room was ornamented with costly pictures; but the light of day was excluded. It might have been night; at all events, gas-lights shot forth their forked glare, bringing into view the faces of six individuals encircling the table. Their features characterized lives of freedom of excess; their silence, the cold-blooded determination of the player, unconscious of others' misfortunes, and dead to the friendship of honesty. It was a desperate game of high deceit. Each knew his fellow's propensity, his utter want of reliable integrity; and they had seated themselves coolly to plunder, the greatest villain the richest in the end.

Such a scene is but a miniature of life. Are we not all striving for supremacy? The supremacy of wealth, rank, honor, and position? It is even so. Every alliance has its gambler. Some for the praise of approbation, generosity, sympathy, and affection. The famous physician, with world-renowned celebrity, is naught but a player. The same compressed lip and pallid face, are his attendants upon disappointment or another's success beyond his own. The *Reverend* exampler smiles upon his double Ds, with a side-long glance to the humble, unsuccessful player for the same. The idea, though simple, is fraught with a principle, a fact, that may not easily be confounded. Error in robes of scarlet clothes the skeleton, and this ghastly framework stands upon every man's threshold. The beam and the mote are to be remembered, as well as recognized; for they are inseparable. They rock the cradle of the infant, and look through the glasses of the old.

The silence that possessed the circle was finally broken, and during the conversation I gleaned a memory of my life. True, it had never been effaced; but it had passed, and for some time had I ceased to hope for its cultivation.

'I say, Bill, here is a mystery;' and the ringing glass and gurgling wine made a period. 'Here is an affair worth explanation: listen!' and from a daily paper was read the following: 'Ten Dollars Reward! Lost! with a light summer-coat of no value,'(and which may be retained,) a small cambric handkerchief, with a peculiarly embroidered edging, marked Isabel Dale. As this is a keepsake, but of little worth to the *finder*, it is hoped the same may be returned to Mrs. Marll, No. 179, —— Avenue.' 'And here,' continued the reader, 'is the identical *wipe*. I say, Bill, what can it mean?'

'That we are in the company of a pickpocket or thief,' was the gruff reply from the person addressed, who was partially maudlin, and fretted with heavy losses. A quick blow followed the rejoinder, and a few seconds turned the table into an uproar of a serious nature. Two strong, athletic men had closed in a desperate struggle; and ere the others could rescue either, the discharge of a pistol had told the story of one life, and summoned a night-officer to the doubly-locked door. As it was burst open, so were the windows of the room, proving, temporarily, the means of escape to those who were implicated, yet innocent

of the deed. In the confusion was left the very object of the players, together with the handkerchief and paper. The officer into whose hands I fell secured them.

Upon another table, but surrounded by the professed aids of justice, I discovered myself in close proximity to the same handkerchief, which, with myself, had witnessed the tragedy of the players. I saw, also, my old friend, Mrs. Marll, who was explaining her advertisement; evidently a witness summoned to assist in the matter. Her evidence was simply, that Victor Bell, while staying at his hotel, in —— street, had been robbed of a summer-coat, and the said cambric. Business hurried him from town; and for reasons well known to the reader, unwilling to lose the only clue to an interesting adventure, he had requested Mrs. Marll to advertise the property, with a reward well remunerating the person who should return it. Through payment to the witness, I again fell into the possession of Mrs. Marll; a singular and fortunate occurrence. I had ever desired to know the fate and further history of two individuals, in whom no one could be more interested than Mrs. Marll. Her circumstances had brightened, and she was the happy occupant of a snug domicil in —— avenue, where she gained her support through the generosity of Victor, as well as by her own industry and the needle.

'It is a singular coïncidence,' remarked Mrs. Marll to Charley, 'that this bill should come again into my possession, in connection with Mr. Bell. I received it from a kind sailor, the very day our dear Clara died, and the very day Mr. Bell found us. I am not mistaken, for I marked it. I can but hope its reäppearance is the herald of success to Victor. Could this mute, inanimate paper speak, Charley, how many scenes in life might it not depict! What strange owners does it have!'

My joy was excessive to be thus recognized. It was the first friendly recognition I had enjoyed since my existence.

Reader, is there not here a moral? We may not look upon the wealthy and the titled for a nod of memory. There is treachery in remembrance, for while it *exists* it denies *life*. To-day the nod is apparent; for the nodder wants your vote, your strength, your unqualified Yes — for the time being, merely; it is given, willingly. To-morrow, the proud head averted, the cold eye resting beyond you, the ear deaf to a friendly 'good-morning.' Remembrance *exists*, but it *denies life*. But from this gross *denial* springs a happy, bright, and buoyant issue: self-exertion, fed by laudable ambition. Well nurtured, it rises above all obstacles, and feeds upon the very comforts its parent failed in acoumulating. It is, however, a very easy matter to condemn human nature; but a very difficult affair to perfect it. Of books, there have enough been written to redeem and regenerate the entire human family. But the poignant word and bitter fact, clothed in the simplicity and regal attire of truthfulness, like wind-falls from the trees, drop to wither untasted. Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair' reaches the circle for which it was designed; so does the autumn-leaf leave the twig, to perish below, while the vernal season replaces the vacancy with fresh charms to be admired and lost again. It was this singular and contradictory element of character that troubled Paul, when he spoke of the

foolishness of preaching. Yet properly and with correct assiduity do we follow the mandate, 'Here a little and there a little,' that we may retard the rank growth of this deadly night-shade, which, although never eradicated, is cropped and measurably subdued.

'Is Mrs. Marll at home?' It was a sweet voice: the tones were familiar; but I could not individualize. 'Mrs. Marll, I have been recommended here by Mrs. Burley, for I want you to make me a bridal-dress. Can you do it, and have it finished by Thursday next?'

'I can do it; but I may not suit you,' Madam replied, looking upon the fair speaker; and so through and after a long conversation it was settled that the customer should call again upon a specified day.

'Mary Arch!' read Mrs. Marll from the card she held in her hand. 'A friend of Mrs. Burley: and she is to be the happy bride; and a sweet face she has.' And so I thought. It was Mary; fair Isabel's cousin. Could I but speak and tell Mrs. Marll that within her grasp was Victor's prize! How often are we within reach of the desired object, and still happy in ignorance thereof. The possession might dazzle us; might destroy us. If we are to enjoy it, the proper time *will* come, let intervene what may of the nature of delay. A greedy spirit nauseates like an over-fed child upon sweet dainties; but patience, having the reins to hold, drives us safely to the door of hope: and we arrive none too late for the feast, because, unbeknown to us, *we* are the *honored* guests.

Upon the table of the reception-room had been placed the handkerchief marked 'Isabel,' since the eventful period of the trial. The specified time had elapsed, and punctually at the hour rang the bell, and Mary, accompanied by another lady, entered. During the few moments before Mrs. Marll appeared, the young ladies busied themselves at looking through the books primly positioned around the astral.

'Why! this *is* funny!' exclaimed Mary, raising the cambric in her flesh-colored gloves. 'Bell, see here!' 'What!' said Isabel, looking with changing color upon it as she inspected the handkerchief; her own, again restored. 'Dear me, 't is mine: the very edging — the very mark! Why, Mary, what can it mean?' 'Mean!' eagerly cried Mary; 'mean! brown, curly hair; rather slender; a peculiar smile; full, red lips.'

Mrs. Marll entered; but the agitated and flushed appearance of the young ladies eagerly examining the little cambric, so full of interest to her, almost paralyzed the good woman. 'And what does it all mean, Miss Arch?' she exclaimed; 'do you know the owner?' The bridal dress was before her eyes; but hold! it was not for Isabel, though still it *might* be. 'Indeed I do, Mrs. Marll; Miss Dale.' Isabel looked up — her face so sweet, her cheeks mantling, a picture of beauty that motionless charmed the introduced. For a moment the twain stood speechless. 'It is mine,' said Isabel, 'and brings back a memory of my life that I can never forget.' 'Was it a carriage — a — an upset — a — a rescue?' cried Mrs. Marll.

'Dear me, Mrs. Marll,' said Mary; 'do you know *him*?'

Isabel sat down, and, covering her eyes, wept audibly — a picture of gold in a shower of silver.

The immediate errand was for a time forgotten. Fast flew the words; the long-sought-for information was given; the clue was found. Within the room was Victor's beau ideal — Isabel Dale! And where was he — Victor? From the door egressed two happy hearts: full of joy, life, hope, expectancy.

'Bell, what a prize is he! You have not hoped in vain. Your life-dream is realized.'

'No, Mary, not yet. I wonder if——'

'Wonder; no, he is not married. He is yours, as much as Fairfax is mine. And Bell, I 'll tell him he must postpone the wedding until there can be two. O Bell! I *am* happy!'

The pavement swam. The ornamental trees that were swiftly passed seemed filled with golden, prismatic buds to Isabel. Every body wore a smile; as if the little fluttering heart had tattled her simple story to the world. The very cool atmosphere was filled with all the sweet-scented perfumes of Lubin. The tattered son of poverty was neat, clean, and joyous. The driving Jehus were running like mad, to buzz the approaching nuptials. The loud-mouthed newsboy was cracking his lungs with the news of Victor's arrival. The rustling silks were but promenading to the wedding. The elegant-looking young man upon the opposite corner, staring her full in the face, was Victor, about rushing to a full and joyous recognition.

There was a letter lay upon the same table where the cambric was found. It had the simple address of 'Victor Bell, Esq., Old Point;' and Charley took it away.

It was a bright, balmy, October morning. I was still snugly stowed away in a small compartment in a porte-monnaie, with the initial upon it, 'M.' Mrs. Marll was evidently expecting some body; she looked very cheerful and contented. Isabel had been in the night before for a few moments, and I heard the words, 'To-morrow, I have no doubt; for so said the letter.' And I was not mistaken. During the day, Victor arrived. His meeting with Mrs. Marll was such as could be easily imagined. A part of the time was passed in reading a small gilt-edged note; and it must have been very satisfactory, for his actions were of an endearing nature, even to the letter.

Mrs. Marll was very busy, and an occasional word now and then convinced me that there were two dresses to be prepared rather than one, and so it proved; for some little time after, Charley spoke to his mother of returning with Mr. Bell and lady to Old Point.

I eventually passed into other hands, and finally, again redeemed, am registered upon the 'retiring list,' patiently awaiting my final exit. It is not far distant, for Pleasant Face has ordered a pale-faced clerk to count the value of my bundle for destruction. And now with Cervantes, 'I would do what I pleased; and doing what I pleased, I should have my will; and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it.'

Tirkle: a Pome.

DEDECAT TO MR. HUMSTON INTO THREE PARTS.

PART THE 1TH.

DISTINGUISH MUSE! your humble fren stil livs!
Threw 1 yeres streme he hes sadli Navvigaited
& not ben swalerd bi the bilos. Muse!
He hes ben coald — his clothe ben allso wet,
His helth verry poor. He hes hed Inflooenzy
& Alas! soar Throte. Biles hes contin-
Ued fur to maik pereodikle aperens,
& his hart hes ben wel ni broak compleatli.
Muse! your humble fren wil not complane.
The glory ov his acheevments pays him wel
Fur everythink inflictid onto him.
The imortle pome wich jest 1 yere ago
You helpt him fur to rite, wil ever liv
& magnify his naim like telescoaps
Wich maiks a grait Werld ov a litle star.
O Muse! no fire, no wotter, pane in bowls,
Or even HANAH'S Faither cant him stop;
Fur Potry is the spirrits as preserves
His Soal from spilink: taik Potry away,
& onfortinet PEPPER mus dri up & Vannish.
Ken you, o Muse, then hev the cruelty
To hang of like you did be4, & peraps
Not cum at al! lykely you may thinc,
Becos i dident di wen i sed i wood,
ime never a-goin to — wich is a mistaik.
i fele this tyme, O Muse, as ef i coodent
Deseve you ef I tride. besyds, the goak
(Ef youm onfelink enuf to cal it sech)
is raythor stail; and wel you kno I doant
Doo nothink twicet alyke: beleve me, Muse,
This tyme i di without reserv — to onct.
i hev prepaired a loc to send to HANAH,
Tooc from the moast conspicyous ov my har —
Shoink how i doant cair now fur loocs,
& never did much — but now no moar — alas!
o Muse — as wos so offish about the *Weelbarer* —
Good Muse — without wich evry pote hes got
A bad coald & cant sing: i taik my oth
ile never cum to you fur help agin.
Wot doo you doo fur egsersize wen you
Ant a-puttin up ov potes fur to rite?
It semes you otto be thankfle fur a opper-
Toonity for to maik a yung man famus.
Now cum & help me, Muse, doant be afeard —
PEPPER *must* write the pome — he feles his Our
Hes cum, & wood be glad ov your asistens:
o thinc a minnit ov the onborn milions
My gentle Muse, as 'll be ableeged to you!
At last youv roas abuv your pregudis —
i fele your fyre a warmin up my blud —

i ketch your breth, so swete & bamy too:
My preshus Muse! beleve me yourn til deth!
. . . . .
'Ambishun! powerfle soars ov Goody Nil!'
So sung the copper pote with silver toung —
(Onhappy she, with sech a missable faither!)
How ken you be a-settin peple up
To dooin thinks wich sune they fynd they cant!
its perfickli yousles to deni the charg —
& ime hapy to se you ant a-goink to.
Fur shaim! you otto be in beter biznes.
You rooind NAPOLIN — a cmart man,
Also CESER, ELICK SANDERS, Mr. CRUMMEL,
& 100 uthers into the saim sercle, —
Al lykli men til you saild in & spilet em.
it wos a onwarrantable Libberty, & cus you for it!
& wen you leve the Hewman Speshy a minit,
its oanli fur to insite a Resarecksbun
into the pesefle brest ov sum onfortinet Animle.
i now alood to TIRKLE: ded and gon —
Wich his story i shel now persede for to sing.

FUR away, bi shoars ov the wyld Oshun,
Sitooated about 20 rods frum the wotter,
Lay a peseful pon, not larg, not depe,
But a fare sise fur a moderat Tirkle.
On it was varis logs good for to set on
Wen the sun shynes, & dyve of wen Man
Cums with stun or duble bariled shot gun.
Nise tender frogs wos plenty & not shi:
Evrythink was faverble: & here livd
Hapy & contentid fur meny yeres — A TIRKLE.
He wos the kynd cald MUD, becos he never
Myndid the dirt, but tooc to it wen persood.
in cam Contentment he wood set fur days
Onto a log, a-dreamink in the son.
Ketch *him* a woryink! wot shood he wory for?
He hed al he cood ete & drinc & ware —
(Wich last sounds good, but doant signify much —
Lyke haf the comon potry — but to persede:)
He wos satisfide he coodent doo no beter.
The sentiment ov War he never felt,
Consekentli wos myld & Lam-lyke:
Peraps his oanli folt al that tyme, wos
His not hevin Energy enuf naterally,
& afterwerds his not knowink wen he wos wel of.
The Birds, a-flyin over, wood say to theirselves:
'Hapy, hapy Tirkle! Their he sets, esy,
With no cair onto his mynd, no trubble
Fur to liv; wylst we, poor fetherd Songsters,
Must fli & look sharp wether we wonto or not.'
His mynd rund moastli onto a femail Tirkle
Wich livd into a nuther pon lyke hisn
& hedent no crule faither for to order her:
Consekentli thay wos together moast ov the tym.
o, hapy was these 2 inosent Animles!
Lyke Bobby-lincs as wissel al the day —
Swete Tirkle-Flowers, a-bloink syde bi syde!

PART THE 9TH.

(HARK! doo i here a rore? — i here a rore.)
Go stand onto the shoar & vew grait Oshun!
Se the ships, skooners, & morfodyte Brigs
Wich cary sech imens cuantitys ov evry think
in varis direkshuns ore his boosum!
Se em leve the inteligent Shoars ov germany
Also ov ireland, Liverpool, Frans, afriky,
A-caryink ov peple, iern, wimmen,
Umbrels, & sailers, with uther thinks too tegus
Fur to menshun: se clods ov nite obscure swete Moon,
(Wich i is adrest a pome to — & sed evrythink:)
Behoald Darcnes ketch evry 1 bi sirpris,
& Ship pichink verry much: waivs roalink bad:
in plais ware its 60 or 80 fete depe:
Alas! sum a-cryin: captin rayther afeard:
Waivs (as i sed be4) a-roalink! awfle!!
☞ SE-TIRKLE is cam. 'he wocks the botom
Lyke a think ov lyfe.' (frum Byron) wot cairs
This awfle Savig ov the briny Sese
For eny sech smal maters? cuite nothink!
Alus cam, he slepes — dremes — etes minneys —
Roams in feroshus mewsinks threw the wottera.
Wen he gits disgustid with 1 kynd ov food,
(Wich Se-Tirkles air rayther ap fur to doo,)
He goas & dyits onto sumthink els
Cuickli — becos Helth spekes & ses: 'TIRKLE!
Tuik mi advys — be cairfle, or youm gon!'
Wich consekentli results into Eles & sech.
Wen his ferefle I gits set onto a Clamb,
His inards is Regoised with it to onct;
Oister likewais. nothink escaips his vizzhun:
Wich pirsipitaits the berth ov the yung Wale,
The muther being so confuged by its glans —
& maiks the faither trembil & bring Tribyout ov ile.
Wots mity swoard-fish into his hans — wots Se-snaik,
Conkerer ov Allegaiter? Wacks!
Wot ef this mity Objeck ses: 'ile go ashoar!'
He dus so direckli, dispysink ov paspoarts.
Wen he apears abuv the Aquis Elemen,
Wot dus he say? These werds with Dignity:
'Fairwel, Oshun! fur a few minits, Adoo!
Ef i choos fur to talk fresh are, Hoos biznes is it?
Let eny ov these cussid land Animles
Sho thayr fais: How i pitty em ef thay doo!
ile sho em how the magisty ov Se-Tirkles
Hes got to be observed onto al ocashuns!
i woodent yous no pirsonel egzerahuns: o no!,
ide depen onto mi I entyreli; — ide Wither em!
—— i wish fur to hev these Egs preservd. thay shel be!
& be the Mejum fur fewter Tirkles!
So sayink, (& wot cood he ad to sech remarcs?)
He graisfli retyrs lyke the meck-ide fon (frum MOOR),
& leves 2 or 3 mild ov the onhapy shoar
A-moarnink fur his loa. His Magestic Tale
Waivs a Eligant fairwel to evrythink
& he is sene a-goin doun lyke the settin Son,
With splender & enthugyastic Aplos.

PART THE 3.

AMBISHUN! remembrink wot i sed to you
into the 1st part, it wont be nessary to
Ashoor you ov my contemp; but peraps
Youm 2 bizzy a-rooinink ov peple to go bac,
in wich cais cus you, with imens disrespec.
Cum forids & looc at sum ov your werc!
Stand & observ that silen pon their —
Dride up with Sorow almoast into nothink!
Sise cum up frekentli frum the cuiet mud:
A vois moarns & ses, 'Alas! poor Tirkle!
Taik fur away his melancoly shel —
Gether up the trankil inosent clos —
& berry em in silens, cuietly.
O, he was al mi fansy panetid him: (frum MOOR)
& he is gon — swete, lovli Tirkle!'
—— That vois hes stopt — hes dride up lyke the pon —
Or wot is left ov boath is verry smal sise.

. . . . . .

The wind wos a-bloink worm frum the South-est,
(it was the tyme ov the Yelow feiver),
& brot the smel ov orangis & afrikens
Frum the troppicks cuite fresh & saloobris.
The pon ov the Mud-Tirkle wos cam — also
His mynd, maid trankil bi a good nites rest.
Hevin survayed his fechers into the wotter,
He adrest ov hisself into these few werds:
'TIRKLE! wil you taik a wock this fyne mornink?'
To wich he replide with plesyour: 'Sertinli,
& much ableeged to you:' wich settled ov the pint.
O, se that graisfle Animle a-walkin!
Wot dus he dreme ov? HAPINES, ov coars:
A-winkin to the tre-todes as he goas —
Wich resolvs fur to serenaid him bi nite,
Pirformans to comens at 8 o'clock persiseli.
Alas! — but Muse kepe cuiet fur a few minits.
Fait toald him fur to taik the bangs ov Oshun,
(Wich he hed ben their, so thougt nothink straing —
Bein a admyrer ov grait boddys ov wotter:)
So he went, wel plesed with hisself and evrythink,
A-humink, also a tryink fur to wissel.
Then he wocked fur a wile, a-lookin down,
Wile WO set a-straddle ov his shel,
A-lookin verry Meloncoly, & a-sheddin ov teres.
O, ef sum 1 cood hev turnd him aroun
imejitli, wot diferens it wood hev maid!
But noboddy dident — hens the Catastrofy.
Sudentli Mud-Tirkle cum fur to looc up:
Wot wos a-hed? *nothink ony a* SE-TIRKLE:
As ef that wosent enuf — wich i raythor thinc
it wos. he stood with Magisty — a-wunderink
Wot that litle cus wos their, a-cumink.
His douts wos sune dispeld bi actool facs.
'*Wen woz you born?*' sed he, wen 'Mud' cum up:
'*A-4 you wos!*' sed Mud-Tirkle, with Dignity —
Not imejitli pirsevin ov his sise;
'*Sa that agin!*' sed he: Mud-Tirkle sed it:
& then thay roas & stood onto thayr hynd lega.
'Arize! my son — stretch evry nerv!' (frum WOTS.)

Then sed Se-Tirkle, a-lookin doun
& holerink so the uther 1 cood here;
'o, i ken here you, verry plane!' sed Mud:
& imejitli discuverd he wos smal.
With al his egzershuns, wich wos verry grait,
He felt he wos a inferor kynd ov Tirkle;
So, lettin ov hisself doun as esy as he cood,
He cast his lonk & lingerin tale behynd, (frum GRAY,)
& syin depeli startid fur the pon.
in goin bac he stopt fur 1 moar efert,
Bein afeard he hedent dun his best:
He sweld so hard his shel begund fur to crac —
& yet remaned a verry smal Tirkle.
'*How hard it is fur to swel much wen youve got*
A shel!' he sed, in Considerble ageny,
A-givin away to the preshoor ov his felinks.
He felt bad. he wos sory he tooc the wock:
'Cus him,' said he, 'fur a imens Humbug!'
(Aloodin to the uther Tirkle). after wich
His spirrits fursooc him, & he wos tooc sic.
His femail fren did evrythink she cood:
'Chere up!' sed she, 1000 tymes per day:
But no youst — he dident taik no interest.
She begund fur to git scairt — & wel she mite —
To se him a-sinkin in spirrits & in mud.
At last he refuged fur to hoald no moar
Conversashun, & orderd her of ov the premisis.
Wich persedinks tooc her with sirpris:
'Mi swete Tirk-y is a-gittin huffy, aint he?'
Sed she, in a afectin vois cuite sorowfle,
Wich maid warm wotter ov his isy hart,
& cuverd ov his shel with pirspirashun:
'*Furgiv me, luv & stay — ile go miselft!*'
Sed he; & then onfortinetli went.
The settin sun went doun as he went up.
He hed prepaird a few remarcs fur hir,
Aloodin in onplesant tirms to Ambishun —
Wich Deth cut short in a onfelink maner.
The tre-todes sung — but cuite a diferen song:
(it wos a Disapointment to em al,
Fur thay wosent verry fon ov miner mewsic:)
it broak the femail tirkle's hart to here it:
Hir Spirrit now hangs roun the silen pon,
& spekes the werds aloodid to abuv.
Se-Tirkle's egs wos al woshed away
in a awfle storm as hapend that saim nite;
& he wos finishd bewfuly hisself
Bi a larg & splendid stroak ov litenink
Wich Overtooc him wilst a-huntin fur em.

MY preshus Muse! your PEPPER taiks his lefe.
He wont hev no moar Ocashun fur your Servis.
His WERC is finished — allso his poor Lyfe,
Nereli. he thancs you verry much fur al
Your kyndnes, wich hes been the maikin ov him
He hoaps the Warnink wich we se abuv
Wont be cuite lost onto the Hewman Speshy —
To wich, also to you & mi dere HANAH,
i leve mi faim, & say at last: FAIRWEL!

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER THIRD.

GIRLHOOD'S DREAMS.

When I awoke in the morning, I started up unconscious at first where I could be. The bright sun was shining full in my face, and the fear of being late hurried my toilet; yet I was scarcely dressed when the bell rang. Quickly I ran down, and with something of the buoyancy and elasticity of childhood; for the heart has a wonderful capacity at rebounding after many serious blows and concussions. Every thing looked bright and pleasant without; I was refreshed, and had a great desire to be blithe and happy. So I put on my sunniest face, and tripped lightly along, fully intending to greet my aunt with one of childhood's warm kisses, and to skip about her playfully and freely, as it must be she would prefer I should.

I opened the door, but all my gayety left me at the threshold; there was the same stately figure, and the same properly composed features; and notwithstanding my resolution to feel free and careless, I felt constrained and awkward, and was any thing but winning and recommendatory in my greeting.

'Good-morning, dear!' was pronounced in a tone which was unexceptionable, and which was really meant to be kind. I blamed myself for the chill which crept over me; reasoned, and wondered why I was thus paralyzed; made every effort to throw off the invisible fetters which bound me, and to believe my imagination alone was at fault; but in vain. I could neither speak nor move as I wished; and while wishing and striving to be agreeable, I knew that I was repulsive, and seemingly destitute of the feelings I was trying to manifest.

I succeeded in eating enough to avoid the suspicion of choking with home-sickness a third time; and after breakfast my father led me into the garden, and asked me how I should like staying in this beautiful place; at which I again burst into tears, and begged him to take me home. He endeavored to soothe me, and said I should feel better in a few days; that I had come so far, it would not be worth while to go directly back, and I should soon be able to run about the village and find other little girls of my own age to play with. 'My aunt,' he said, 'was an excellent lady, who would take good care of me; and now there was no one at home; but by-and-by, perhaps, he would come for me again.'

With this last assurance I brightened a little; but at the thought of the good care of my excellent aunt, my heart was only sick, and my brain almost reeled, for I had learned fully to appreciate excellent people, and was ready to say: 'Good Lord deliver me!'

But here I was, and here I must remain. I knew very well the part I must now act, and I acted it to perfection. I was never again

guilty of crying in the presence of my aunt, and cultivated assiduously an unmeaning smile which effectually hid from her all genuine emotion, and convinced her that I had not a habit of falling into any kind of ecstacies, either of love or grief. In short, I became an automaton, externally; but the deep waters within were a boiling caldron, which bubbled and burned and swelled, ever threatening but never overwhelming me.

I was sent to school, but walked and studied and played like a paralytic. I did not dare to form acquaintances among children, because I was never permitted to ask them to see me or accept their invitations. My aunt did not approve of children's playing together. They only corrupted one another; beside, amusements were a desecration of the precious time which was given us for a higher purpose; any thing in the way of diversion was sin. And so constantly did I hear this, that I came almost to believe it myself. But it must be either a very false doctrine, or there must have been in my heart more abundant materials for generating all manner of evil thoughts than is common to mortals; for I am very sure I might have spent every day in seeing sights, and every night dancing cotillions, and not have indulged as many thoughts offensive to the eyes of purity, as filled my bosom in all those years of solitude.

I was certainly quite respectful and obedient, to all outward appearance; but in my heart was all manner of rebellion and hatred. The life I was obliged to lead was contrary to all the principles and emotions which God had implanted in my nature. Did He in His wisdom make us for no other purpose than to practise self-torture? There are some who think to wear hair-cloth upon the body, and cover it with ashes, is a species of self-torture both sinful and ridiculous. But they go on to tell us that to keep the mind and soul on the rack, is not only well-pleasing to God, but absolutely necessary to salvation.

The slightest deviation from duty was sufficient, however innocent my intention, to bring upon me a torrent of unwomanly rage, or subject me to the still greater misery of meeting and sitting every day and hour with one who maintained toward me a sullen silence, which could not be broken by the most polite question or the most earnest entreaty.

I was dressed genteelly, and allowed all the privileges of one of the family; and I have no doubt she thought she treated me as she would a daughter; but there was this great difference: she could have loved a daughter with a very different love, and could not have maintained such sternness toward her; could not have resisted the leniency which love always prompts. How gladly would I have thrown my arms about her neck in childish confidence and affection, and wept upon her bosom. At times, too, this would have pleased her; but perhaps the next hour, in perfect innocence, I might commit an offence, which would incur a displeasure that would repulse me with cruel coldness for weeks; so I shrank from any manifestation which could not be supported by consistency.

Now and then the cold, stately woman would come down from her stateliness and talk with me familiarly and kindly; and a few gentle

words were sufficient to melt my heart. Oh! if she had been always thus, she might have won the affection she tried in vain to command, and made herself the only society I cared to enjoy. But this she could not do; and yet it was not so much her heart as her head that was at fault; and neither of these so much as a false education, and false ideas of right and wrong and duty: false ideas of religion, of GOD, and what HE requires. I have thought sometimes that some great disappointment might have embittered her, or some secret sorrow might have been ever gnawing at her heart, and by keeping her wretched made her cold and harsh. But when the heart has been once touched by sorrow, it learns to feel for other's woes, and especially softens at a story of heart-suffering. A thorough knowledge of one's self is the true key to a knowledge of human nature, and he who has seen his own need of charity, will be charitable towards others.

But flattery was the only key to the good graces of my aunt Quimbleby, and any body who was willing to act the part and take the trouble to be a hypocrite, might bask in the sunshine of her smile for ever. But this my soul abhorred: and not till reduced to the very last extremity of misery did it become my resort.

I wrote occasionally to my father, and occasionally received a letter in return, consisting of a few concise sentences; exhortations to the improvement of my time and duty to my aunt, and a general expression of interest and affection. Thus passed four years: and I cannot conceive of a life more corroding and deadening to a mind of exquisite sensibility and a heart yearning for sympathy.

I was then thirteen, a very awkward age, and a more than ordinarily awkward and uninteresting girl. I no longer revelled in dreams and fancies and fairy castles. My mind was paralyzed. I was afraid to think, and afraid to move. Then it was that with the energy of desperation I resolved either upon rebellion or deception. I was not allowed to write a letter to my father which was not inspected before it was sent, or receive one which was not read by another before I was allowed to peruse it. I could not remain in my room and employ myself about any trifle without being suspected of doing something improper or wrong; so I began to feel seriously inclined to do wrong, thinking I should fare no worse were I really guilty, and it was of no use to do right: I gained no credit, and received no less censure.

My aunt went regularly to church, and I as regularly accompanied her. I carried the Bible and hymn-book, and found the text and the psalm when mentioned, and thought I listened attentively to the service; but as I never obtained an idea from any thing I heard, I think I must have been uncommonly obtuse or careless. I never heard religion or any of its observances alluded to at any other time, and of course could not have its importance very strongly impressed upon my mind. I was forbidden to read secular books and newspapers on Sunday; but never understood the reason of this prohibition, as I invariably found her who made it perusing very different books from the Bible and the 'Whole Duty of Man,' if I entered her presence unexpected.

I had no taste for novels, and should not have thought of reading

them had they not been forbidden fruit. My mind was not at all mature for my age, and my heart still less so, and both in a state to preclude all appreciation of heart-histories; and love was never mentioned that it did not elicit an expression of contempt from the lips of Aunt Quimbleby, leading me to wonder how she ever came to be guilty of such folly if she ever was, and exciting in me an irrepressible curiosity to learn the history of her courtship. Long afterward, when she was in her grave, and her effects fell into my possession, I was gratified in this desire; and this was the resolution I made in consequence: my daughters and nieces shall never have the perusal of my letters; and if I ever grow up to be a woman and an aunt, I will not expect young girls to be more entirely free from folly than I was myself. Her wish was, probably, to save me from a similar fate; for I had good reasons for concluding that she had sacrificed much, and had not been rewarded with the degree of kindness and happiness that falls to the lot of some. As far as in her power she performed her duty faithfully to me, and banished novels and every thing bearing any resemblance to lovers from the atmosphere which I breathed.

Espionage is not less sure to teach art than tyranny to produce rebellion; and, as I said, amusements, friendships, and various temptations presented themselves to induce me to enjoy by stealth what I could not have openly or by permission.

I determined I would read a novel, and the one which fell in my way had a title which I should blush to repeat, and was one which I never saw in any conspicuous place on shelf or centre-table. I kept it under my pillow, and stole the hours from mid-night slumbers to peruse it. But one evening my aunt went out, saying she should not be home till late, and I ventured to bring forth the secreted volume, and enjoy a feast at a reasonable hour. Seating myself in the corner of the comfortable old sofa in the keeping-room, I so comfortably arranged all my affairs, that I could without difficulty put things in their usual 'state and condition,' without several moments' warning. When all was arranged for my convenience, and I was absorbed in the history of my heroine, what should suddenly enter but that stately form, startling me more than any ghost or hobgoblin. I was not yet sufficiently skilled in deception to conceal my confusion; but when peremptorily asked what I was reading, I answered, with all the composure I could summon, that it was a very interesting book that I thought she would like to hear; and when she had seated herself in the big arm-chair and taken her knitting, she said she 'would listen if it were no silly love-story or nonsense.' I told her it was a story, but not at all silly, and to prove my assertion, turned to a page on which were some quotations from Scripture and a serious reflection, and asked if I should continue.

'Well, if you must read, you might as well read aloud,' she replied: so I commenced the first volume, and was not requested to desist till very late in the evening; and every successive evening, as I resumed my seat, I inquired if I should read, and as invariably heard the reply: 'Well, might as well know how they come out,' till I had finished three sizable volumes of the rankest sentimentalism, and such nonsense as few school-girls would acknowledge themselves interested in.

If she had only been a maiden aunt, how easily all her strange ways could have been accounted for; but alas! for the infallibility of the judging world, she had been married, and had lived with her husband three years. This should have entitled her to the possession of all the graces; but there was some defect about the discipline of her married life: it left her scarcely better than it found her.

Every thing like natural enjoyment was forbidden: every thing that I longed for and could enter into with youthful enthusiasm was considered detrimental. To be thwarted, to be restrained, to be continually irritated, was considered the discipline necessary for life. But youthful exuberance was not so easily repressed; the heart's best feelings cannot be so easily crushed. Infinite wisdom knew better how to provide for the happiness of human beings, and they were not endowed with minds and hearts and souls for the purposes of self-torture.

I went to school, and had a school-girl's experience; one of those look-and-glance acquaintances which are so easily understood and so difficult to explain.

> 'Those evening bells, those evening bells,
> How many a tale their music tells;'

and if school-room walls could speak as plainly, how many a novel would they relate.

My friend Albert was a tall, handsome youth, dark-haired and dark-eyed. I think we had spoken only twice; once when we happened to meet at the school-room door, and a second time across the stove, where we had stopped to warm ourselves one cold December morning. Thanksgiving-day was near at hand, the merry festival of New-England, and a sleigh-ride had been planned among the young people, to take place on the evening of the festal day. I had for a long time ceased to receive invitations on any occasion of amusement, as I had never any thing but a decided refusal to give in return, and a distrust and aversion had become quite evident in the treatment I received from my companions. I never gave the true reason of my seclusion; for the sin of speaking evil of parents and guardians had been most emphatically pointed out to me; and though knowing and feeling that it was wrong and cruel beyond expression to immure me from all youthful sports and pastimes, and compel me to live a life too dull for age, I still thought it would be wrong to expose the cruelty and justify myself, and therefore told falsehood after falsehood without compunction. I insisted that I staid at home from choice, and allowed myself to be called haughty and exclusive, while writhing under the accusation, rather than betray her who was the cause of my humiliation. Girls said I felt above them, because my aunt lived in a fine house, and boys had little encouragement in making themselves agreeable to one so destitute of cordiality and animation.

But this time I was invited, and after blushing and stammering in inexplicable confusion, I said: 'I should be happy to go.'

The next moment I was regretting my decision, or rather indecision. I thought I had thoroughly learned to say No! I knew I should never have permission; yet how could I go without it? Often I tried to in-

troduce the subject, and as often my tongue faltered in the attempt, till I concluded to risk the consequences, and say nothing till the day of trial came.

In the mean time I revelled again in the fairy visions of dream-land. The handsomest boy in the village was to be my beau; and now it occurred to me how often I had looked up from my arithmetic and seen those dark eyes gazing, not upon the slate, nor upon any thing else connected with school-tasks: but we did not sit opposite, and it was much more difficult for me to ascertain this than it would have been in the old-fashioned school-house at home. And here might follow a suggestion, that it would have saved time, if I had only been obliged to look across instead of half-round, which I leave for the designers and artificers of school-houses to consider, or not, as they think best. I also remembered the bright red apple I had found one morning in my desk, and did not doubt any longer who placed it there! Indeed I began to feel almost happy, and to think I did not care whether my aunt was pleased or displeased. What difference did it make? Beside I had begun lately to feel a kind of freedom, when she had a fit of taciturnity; for when I asked her advice about any thing, she bade me 'do as I pleased,' and I had actually taken the liberty of so doing, knowing very well that there was no intention of conveying any such liberty as the words implied. But no fault was found, for I had conformed to the letter of obedience. Still I had many fears, and as the time drew near, began to experience attacks of palpitation which were not caused by dark eyes and red apples.

We were to have company on Thanksgiving-day to dinner. The great parlor was open, and fires were snapping in the great old-fashioned fire-places, up-stairs and down-stairs, in every habitable room. For a week there had been heard in all the borders the mortar-pestle and the pastry-roller, the chopping-knife and apple-cutter. Servants and errand-boys had been running hither and thither, and the whole house was topsy-turvy with the sweeping, brushing, and dusting incident to a grand parade which happened only once a year.

On the morning of the important day what a rattling of dishes of all shapes and sizes: knives and forks and spoons to be set in array upon the long table; the damask table-cloths and napkins must be brought from the great chest, and the plate burnished which had been lying dormant for a twelve-month. The earliest dawn of day found me busy with the preparations, determined to earn the forgiveness for which I scarcely hoped, and if diligence could earn it, to merit approbation. Yet the smile with which I was greeted was far from balm to my conscience, for I knew I should be considered as deserving something very different.

The thanksgiving sermon was not forgotten, and after being duly attended, cloaks, bonnets, and mufflers began to make their appearance in the great room, and merry voices to resound through the halls. There were gray-headed squires and portly dames, and fair damsels, but no 'youth of high degree;' these were interdicted ornaments or additions in any festal scene of ours.

My aunt was arrayed in her stiff brocade, and her kerchiefs and cap-

frills seemed to stand out with more than usual decision; but in her face and manners were concentrated all the blandness and beaming smiles which she must have been a whole year in fostering for the occasion. She was all graciousness, and I began to feel that no offence, however great, could bring a cloud upon such a sky.

But the next instant my blood was sent in streams like burning lava through my veins, as a shrill voice called out from the farthest corner of the room to know if I were going to the sleigh-ride? There were those present who knew I had promised to go, and there was one who envied me the preference of that dark-eyed youth.

I answered, 'Yes.' It was over, and I felt relieved, and my aunt betrayed by no word or sign that she was ignorant of the matter referred to, for which in my heart I thanked her, though I knew the tempest was gathering which must soon burst on me.

Dinner was announced, and there was no sensible diminution of mirth, though every opportunity conveyed a dagger-glance at me.

The turkey and duck and goose and chicken were duly carved and duly tasted and duly praised. The chicken pasty and the venison pasty and the pasty for which there was no name, were dispatched in their order. Puddings of all consistencies and pies of all known varieties came in succession upon the board, and then followed the fruits and the flummeries, hailed with no less acclamation.

Whether a Thankgiving-dinner or any other is a pleasant affair, depends upon the state of mind one is in; and this was any thing but a pleasant one to me. But though the guests were far from a source of enjoyment, I dreaded to have them depart. I knew the sequel of all the seeming and the merry-making. But the fear had a paralyzing influence which prevented keener suffering, and I was somewhat fortified for the storm which burst upon me the moment we were alone. It was a torrent of rage, of opprobrious epithets and withering accusations, which for a moment made me sink as if some guilty thing; but this was soon followed by a proud defiance, which checked the tears and stifled the sobs, but no word escaped me. I listened to the end, and respectfully retired.

How the sleigh-ride passed off I never knew, nor how he was received who came for me at the appointed time. I was condemned to a week of solitude, during which I did not resolve to abjure forbidden pleasures in future, but studied how to plan deeper and more skilfully in order to escape detection, and was so successful that I was henceforth considered a much more obedient and respectful girl. How well I deserved the praise will appear hereafter.

AN EPITAPH.

'Here lies in dust John William Wren,
Who always loved his fellow-men:
He was good and he was bold,
And full of mirth as he could hold.'

THE DESERT HEART.

'Tis not the dreariness of a heart,
Where love hath dwelt and disappeared;
A realm to sorrow set apart,
And sacred to a name revered:

'Tis not a garden gone to waste,
Where yet some lingering flower betrays
The greater loveliness which graced
Its walks and walls in other days:

It is a desert, where the light
Of love hath striven in vain to win
Its way amid the perfect night
Which buries all that enters in.

No living thing of beauty grows
Upon its wilderness of sands:
No beacon-star with promise glows,
Of brighter hours or better lands.

What tempter from a world below
Hath given this heart to understand,
That Love and Manhood may not go
And kneel to woman, hand in hand?

Who from his youthful lip athirst,
Hath dashed away the blissful cup,
And with forbidding keys accurst,
Locked the immortal fountains up:

Until he grew too blind or base
To count it either crime or loss,
To gaze on woman's form and face,
As on his gray-hound or his horse?

It matters not to such a heart,
How sweet a word or glance may be:
No marble master-piece of art
Is half so cold or calm as he.

His nobler nature has been sold
In commerce with ignoble thought,
Or wedded fast to gods of gold,
And idols of the sensual sort.

But woman — wronged, forsworn, forgot,
Of queenly form and angel face,
Will smile on him who asks her not,
And grant him her forgiving grace.

TAUNTON DEAN.

The Last of the Sparrowgrass Papers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Conference in the Library: Mr. Sparrowgrass writes an Essay: Life in Town and Life in the Rural Districts: Mrs. Sparrowgrass continues the theme: Two Pictures from Nature: and the Last Word.

'Here we are, Mrs. Sparrowgrass, just on the eve of retiring to private life. We must shake hands with our friends, and say 'good-by.' This is to be the last paper — 'to-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new.'' Mrs. Sparrowgrass smiled a little smile, and sighed a little sigh; then it became very still, but the clock ticked loudly on the library mantel, and the wood-fire chirped, and the sound of thread and needle tugging through a stiff piece of linen, were quite audible. 'I think,' said Mrs. S., after a long pause, 'I think there is a great deal to be said about living in the country; a great deal yet to be said.'

'True,' I replied, 'but I believe, Mrs. S., I have said my say about it. I begin to feel that the first impressions, the novelty, the freshness, incident to the change from city to country are wearing away.'

'Do you think so?' said Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

'Yes,' I replied, 'I think so; in truth I am very sure of it. Do you not see it with very different eyes from those you first brought with you out of the city?'

Mrs. Sparrowgrass said: 'She did not know but that she did.'

'Of course you do,' I continued; 'the novelty of the change is gone; we have become used to our new life — custom has made every part of it familiar.'

'Not to me,' answered Mrs. S., brightening up; 'not to me; every day I see something new, every day the country seems to grow more beautiful; there are a thousand things to attract me, and interest me here, which I never could have seen in the city; even the winters seem to be brighter, and the days longer, and the evenings pleasanter; and then I have so much to be thankful for, that the children are so strong and hardy; that we keep such good hours; and that you have grown to be so domestic.'

This compliment made me smile in turn, but I pretended to be very busy with my writing. The smile, however, must have been seen, I think, for Mrs. S. repeated, very softly: 'You *have* grown to be more domestic, and that alone is enough to make me happy here.'

'So, my dear,' said I, after a pause, 'you believe that, among other things, a domestic turn of mind can be better cultivated in the country than in the city?'

Mrs. Sparrowgrass assented by nodding like a crockery Chinese lady.

'Then,' said I, 'the fact is worth publishing, and it shall be, for the benefit of all concerned. And now let me read to you a short essay I have been writing on country life, seen in a two-fold aspect; that is, as we had imagined it, and as we have found it.

Mrs. Sparrowgrass placed the candles nearer the desk and resumed her needle-work. Now then:

'To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven; to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is the more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment.'

There are very few persons insensible to the tender influences of nature: few who do not feel at times a yearning to exchange a limited life, held in common with the vast multitude, for one of more generous boundaries, where the soul can repose amid contemplation, and the mind rest from its labors, and even the languid pulse thrill with an inspiration that is independent of excitement. It is this feeling that lends a crowning grace to works of fiction, that adds enchantment to narrative, that makes every virtue conceivable, that echoes into music, and blossoms into song. It is this feeling that leads us to prefer Sir Roger de Coverly to Sir Andrew Freeport; it is this that transports us with delight as we wander with Robinson Crusoe; this that weaves a spell of fascination around the loves of Paul and Virginia.

But we may leave the kingdom of books and pass from their royal domains into the broader commons of every-day life; and if yonder laborer, trudging along the dusty high road, far from the pitiless pavements, could give expression to his thought, he would affirm that this early summer Sunday morning is to him an idyl full of poetic beauty and tenderness.

Take, too, the city school-boy and his mates, and see them with uncontrollable instincts pouring forth from the avenues of the town to revel in the ragged grass of the suburbs; to sit, haply, beneath the shadow of a tree; or to bathe in waters that dimple over beaches of sand, instead of beating against piers of weedy timber. Take the school-boy, and if he tell you truly, he will confess that, even amid the discipline of the school, his mind was truant to his hard arithmetic and his dry grammar; that while he was seemingly plodding through his lessons, he was really dreaming of green fields and sunny air, tremulous with the murmur of brooks, and fragrant with the odor of lilacs.

Nor is this feeling limited to certain classes of men, nor is it incident only to our earlier years. It is the prospect of some ideal home in the country that often binds the merchant to the town, in order that he may win a competency to retire with; binds him to his desk until his head begins to silver over, and habit has made the pursuit of wealth a necessity. It is this ideal future that often haunts the statesman with pictures scarcely less seductive than ambition itself, with prospective hopes, which he promises himself some day shall be realized — some day when his labors are over, and the nation is safe. It is this that passes like a vision before the eyes of the soldier in the solitary fortress; this that lulls and cradles the mariner to sleep in his oaken prison; this that leads the angler into the depths of the solemn woods; this that depopulates cities in the sweet summer-time.

Most natural then as this wish may be, to those accustomed to the life of a city, there are certain seasons only when the desire throbs in the veins with an impulse not to be resisted; as during the feverish dog-days, or in the dewy mornings of early spring:

> 'THE Spring is here, the delicate-footed May,
> With its slight fingers full of buds and flowers;
> And with it comes a wish to be away,
> Wasting in wood-paths the voluptuous hours.'

At such times the heart, instinctively led by its own happiness, revels in anticipation of winding wood-paths, and green glades, and quiet nooks and streams, and the twitter of birds, and the voluptuous breathing of flowers, and the murmur of insects in the holiday fields.

But when the winter comes, the bright city, with its social populace, presents a striking contrast to the dreary, solitary country, with its lonely roads, dark plains, and desolate woods, so that the very thought itself is suggestive only of gloom and discomfort.

There are other considerations, too, sympathies that may not be readily nor rudely divorced; actualities by which we are strongly, though almost imperceptibly, bound to a city life, such as customary habits, familiar acquaintances, and communion with old, time-honored friends. These, in themselves, are often potent enough to prevent us. Separation is the saddest word in the book of humanity.

Then again come other actualities — little actualities of two, and four, and six years old, with preternatural eyes, and feverish lips, and wasted arms, mutely imploring us to follow the doctor's advice, and give them a change of air, not for a few weeks, but for a few years: and these have their influence. For I pity the parent who does not feel the welfare of his little ones nearest his heart. So that at last, after gravely weighing all arguments on either side, the great word is spoken: 'We will move into the country.' Once settled as a fixed fact, once established as a thing no longer debatable, the idea of living in the country, speedily invests itself with its old and happiest colors, puts on cap and kirtle, and cottages the future in an Eden of lattice-work and lawn. Thenceforth every grass-plat in the city becomes an object of interest, every tree a study, every market vegetable a vital topic. Anticipation can scarcely wait upon fluent time; weeks and months seem narrow and long, as the streets we traverse. At last the period of thraldom over, for such it seems, the May-day of moving comes, and then, with all the silver in a basket, and all the children in a glow, and all the canary birds in a cage, we depart from the city, its houses, and its streets of houses, its associations, and its friendships. We depart from the city, not forgetful of its benevolence, its security, its protection. Sorrow be to him who would launch a Parthian arrow at his own birth-place, wherever or whatever that may be!

It must be confessed, that the realization of a hope is sometimes not so beautiful as the hope itself. It must be confessed that turnpike roads are not always avenues of happiness; that distance, simply contemplated from a railroad depot, does not lend enchantment to the view of a load of furniture travelling up-hill through a hearty rain-storm; that

communion with the visible forms of nature, now and then, fails to supply us with the requisite amount of mild and healing sympathy; that a rustic cottage may be overflowing with love, and yet overflowed with water; that, in fine, living in the country rarely fulfils at once the idea of living in clover. To one accustomed to the facile helps of a great city, its numerous and convenient stores, its limited distances, its ready attentions, and its easy means of information and communication; the slow and sleepy village presents a contrast, which, upon the whole, can scarcely be considered as favorable to the latter. Plumbers are very slow in the country; carpenters are not swift; locksmiths seldom take time by the forelock; the painter will go off fishing; the grocer on a pic-nic; the shoemaker to the menagerie:

> 'The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker,
> And all of them gone to the fair,'

strikes harshly upon the nice, civic sense of one accustomed to the prompt exactitudes of the town. Say, however, that by the driving-wheel of perseverance, the customary inside economy moves on regularly as usual, yet are there new sources of disquiet: the chickens will walk into the kitchen, the dogs will get into the parlor, and the children will march into the dining-room with an incalculable quantity of mud. This last is the most grievous trouble of all, for how can we keep the children in, or keep them out? Then, too, there are other little matters: the well will dry up, or the chimney will smoke, or the dogs will dig immense holes in the garden-beds, or some body's wagon will take a slice off the turf-border of the grass-plat, or the garden-gate will fracture one of its hinges, or something or other of some kind will happen, in some way, to disturb the serenity of the domestic sky. And let it be remembered also, that although a green hedge is a very pretty object, it requires to be trimmed; that peas must be supplied with bushes from infancy; that Lima beans when they want poles, have to be indulged in that weakness; that tomatoes get along best on crutches; that corn and potatoes, being very courteous plants, require a little bowing and scraping at times with a hoe; that garden vegetables of all conditions seem rather fond of leading a ragged, vagabond life, and therefore should be trained by themselves, and not suffered to grow up in a rabble of weeds.

Let it then be fairly and candidly confessed, that living in the country does not exempt from care and laborious patience, those who build their habitations beneath its halcyon skies. There are many things which should have been thought of, and which one never does think of as accessories in the ideal picture. The first effort of rural simplicity is to disabuse the mind of these fallacies. Once understood that life in the country does not imply exemption from all the cares and business of ordinary life; that happiness here as elsewhere, is only a glimpse between the clouds; that there are positive disadvantages incurred by living out of town; and that anticipation must succumb to the customary discount; once understood, and carefully weighed in a just balance, life in the country becomes settled on a firm basis and puts on its pleasantest aspect.

Then a well-ordered garden presents manifold charms to the eye, whether it be when the first green shoots appear, or in the ripened harvest; then every bud that blows bears in its heart a promise or a memory; then rain-storms are fountains of happiness; then the chirping of early birds is sweeter than the cunning of instruments; then the iterated chorus of insects in the fields is pleasanter than a pastoral poem; then the brown, unbroken soil has an earthy smell nothing can match; and the skies, the river, the mountains, with a thousand touches, illustrate the bounty, the tenderness, the wondrous providence of the CREATOR.

Furthermore, the very toil, which at first seems like a hardship, betimes carries with it a recompense. As the frame becomes disciplined by the additional duties imposed upon it, the labor grows lighter, and more attractive; not only that, the blood circulates with renewed life, the eye becomes brighter, the muscles more elastic, cheerfulness begins to ring out its bells in the clear air, and sleep falls upon the lids, gentle as a shadow.

If you have little ones, think what a blessing such discipline is to them. Just look at the boys, and their red-blown cheeks, and their sled out in the snow there! Listen: did you ever hear such a Christmas carol in the streets?

Not the smallest item in the account is this, that for want of other pleasures, parents are prone, in the country, to turn their attentions to the little ones, to enter more familiarly into their minor world, to take a part in its pageants, to read more carefully its tiny history, to become developed by its delicate sympathies, so that in time one gets to be very popular there, and is hailed as a comrade and good fellow — one of the elected — and eligible to receive all the secret grips and pass-words of the order. And this is not to be lightly considered either, for how can we expect our children will make us their choicest companions when we are old, if we make them not our friends when they are young! And as a child is often like a star in the house, why should not the father and mother be nearest to its light? Jean Paul Richter somewhere says of children: 'The smallest are nearest GOD, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.' Therefore, it is a good thing not to be on the outside of their planetary system.

Take it all in all, then, we may rest assured, that although our first experiences do not fulfil the ideal images we had raised, yet when the fibres become familiar to the soil, and spread, and strengthen, we soon overcome the shock of transplantation. Then our new life burgeons and blossoms like a tree, that in more open ground spreads forth its happy leaves to catch the sunshine and the rain, the air and the dews; and ever and ever growing and growing, its harmonious proportions are uplifted nearer and nearer to that harmonious heaven, which GOD has hung with clouds and studded with stars, as types and symbols, only, of the glories of that which lies still further beyond.

'Is that all you have to say?' said Mrs. Sparrowgrass. 'That is all, my dear,' I replied, and then very composedly lighted a segar. The clock ticked loudly again, the wood-fire chirped, and the thread and

needle tugged its way through the linen with a weary note, like a prolonged sigh with the bronchitis.

'For my part,' said Mrs. S., after a pause of fifteen minutes' duration by the library-clock, 'I think you have not done justice to the country. You do not speak at all of the pleasant neighbors we know, of the pleasant visits we have had, and the parties on the river, and the beach in front of the house, where the children go in bathing during the summer months, and the fishing, and crabbing, and the delightful drives and rides, and the interest we take in planting, and the pleasure of picking off the early peas, and the quiet of our Sabbaths, and 'the charm of seclusion,' which you so often allude to in your library, when you sit down at a pile of books.'

'True.'

'And although it may be a trifling matter, yet it is a very pleasant thing to own a boat, and to have a hammock swung under the trees for the children to play in, or to read and smoke in, when you are tired; and to keep poultry, and to watch a young brood of chickens, and to have eggs fresh laid for breakfast.'

'I know it.'

'And even if we do meet with mishaps, what of them? I never do expect to pass through life without some disappointments; do you?'

'Certainly not.'

'And then you have scarcely alluded to the country in winter time: why, nothing can compare with it; I could not have believed that it would have been so beautiful, if I had not seen it and known it.'

(Three puffs of smoke in rapid succession.)

'And then to walk through a green, winding lane, with daisies and roses all along on both sides, as we often do toward evening, in summer, is a thing worth remembering.'

'Worth remembering? It is a poem in itself.'

'And the pleasant note of a cow-bell at night-fall, or in the wood by day is a pretty sound.'

'It is a wonder the golden chime of that bell has not been rolled out in melodious lines by some body:' (two puffs and a half.)

'And, although it may make you smile, there is something very musical to me in the bull-frog's whistle. I love to hear it, in early spring.'

'After that we may expect blue-birds.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. S.: 'ah! how fond the children are of blue-birds!'

'Yes, and how thankful we should be that they have such innocent loves.'

'I think,' said Mrs. S., 'children can scarcely develop their natural affections in the city. There is nothing for them to cling to, nothing to awaken their admiration and interest there.'

'Except toy-stores, which certainly do wake up an immense amount of admiration and interest in the small fry, Mrs. S.'

'True, but they are better off with a few occasional presents. I know how happy they are for a short time with them; but I fear me the excitement is not productive of good. Toys produce more strife among the little ones than all the pleasure is worth. For my part, I almost dread to see them come into the house, although I do feel grati-

fied in witnessing the surprise and delight with which they are received by the children.'

'That is a clear case.'

'If you want to see a picture,' continued Mrs. S., full of the theme, and putting down her sewing, 'I think I can show you one worth looking at.'

(One short puff, and one eye shut, expressive of an anxious desire to see the picture.)

Mrs. Sparrowgrass rolled back the library window-shutters, and the flood of white light that poured into the room fairly dimmed the candle on the table. There was the pure white snow; and the round, full moon; and the lustrous stars; and the hazy line of the Palisades; and the long reach of river glistening with a thousand brilliants. For from every point of ice there shone a nebulous light, so that the river seemed a galaxy studded with magnificent planets: and as we stood gazing upon this wondrous scene, we heard the sound of an approaching train, and then, suddenly reddening through the stone arch in the distance, there darted forth into the night, the Iron Meteor with its flaming forehead, and so flying along the curve of the road, thundered by, and was presently heard no more.

I think Mrs. Sparrowgrass rather surpassed herself when she conjured up this splendid vision, for she became very grave and silent.

'This beautiful scene,' said I, 'this glistening river, reminds me of something, of a scientific fact, which, although true in itself, sounds like the language of oriental fable. Did you know, my dear, that those vast Palisades yonder, rest upon beds of jewels?'

'Beds of jewels?' echoed Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

'Yes, my dear, beds of jewels; for these are basaltic rocks of volcanic birth, and at some time were spouted up, from the molten caverns below the crust of the earth, in a fluid state; then they spread out and hardened on the surface; so that if we go to, or a little below, low-water-mark, we shall find the base of them to be the old red sandstone, upon which they rest.

'I thought,' replied Mrs. S., 'they went down very deep in the earth; that they were like all other rocks.'

'No,' I answered, 'they are not *rooted* at all, but only rest upon the top of old red sandstone. Well, in the crevices between the basaltic and sandstone rocks, the mineralogists find the best specimens of amethysts, onyxes, sapphires, agates, and cornelians. And that this is the case with the Palisades, has been often proved at Fort Lee, where the cliffs begin. There the sandstone is visible above ground, and there the specimens have been found imbedded between the strata.'

'You are sure the idea is not imaginary?' said Mrs. S.

'All true, my dear.'

'Then I shall never think of them in future, without remembering their old jewels; I wonder if they were to tumble down now and expose their riches, whether the amethysts and onyxes would compare with the brightness of those frozen gems?'

'Certainly not.' (Shutters close.)

'And now,' continued Mrs. Sparrowgrass, 'I want to show you an-

other picture;' and with that she lifted the candle and walked softly upstairs before me into the nursery; there were five little white heads, and ten little rosy-cheeks, nestled among the pillows, and I felt a proud, parental joy in gazing upon their healthy, happy faces, and listening to their robust breathings.

'These,' said Mrs. S., in a whisper, as she shaded the light, '*are my jewels.*'

'And mine too, Mrs. Sparrowgrass,' said I.

'Yes,' whispered Mrs. S., very seriously, 'and if ever I should be taken away from them, I want you to promise me one thing.'

'Tell me what it is,' said I, very much determined that I would do it, whatever it might be.

'Promise me,' said Mrs. S., that while they are growing up you will keep them from the city; that their little minds and bodies may be trained and taught by these pure influences; that, so long as they are under your direction, you will not deprive them of the great privilege they now enjoy — that of living in the country.'

I M P R O M P T U

ON SEEING A LADY OF UNION-STREET, BROOKLYN, IN A CONSERVATORY WITH BIRDS AND FLOWERS WHILE WITHOUT, IN STRANGE CONTRAST, WAS A DREARY WINTER LANDSCAPE.

I saw a most beautiful vision,
In winter's dreary hours,
Tinted with hues Elysian,
Sporting 'mid birds and flowers.
A crystal wall, between us,
Flamed in the light of morn,
And I thought of royal VENUS,
Blushing, and ocean-born.

A voice to me was calling,
'To woo her not endeavor!'
And I felt like a spirit fallen
Shut out from Heaven for ever.
Now, in my midnight dreaming,
I see her beauty rare:
Her dark eye brightly gleaming,
And her silken raven hair.

Without, cold ice and snow
Were under the poet's feet;
But this vision gave a glow,
And a charm to the dreary street.
That form of beauty never
Will fade in his darkest hours:
A sylph he will see for ever
Sporting 'mid birds and flowers.

W. H. C. H.

'PER ASPERA AD ASTRA.'

I.

In the broad world of life and time,
Man still must nobly do:
Why should his shrinking spirit quail,
And his nerveless arm and footsteps fail
To bear him bravely through?
Invisible at his side
Doth an angel-presence glide,
And laying on his arm a hand of calm,
In accents which infuse
Strength as from mid-night dews,
Breathes the grand cadence of the old-time psalm:
'Per aspera ad astra,'
Through rough ways to the stars.

II.

Through the thick darkness which comes down at noon;
Through weakness, doubt, despair;
Through the bright isles where Ease, and Wealth, and Pleasure,
Charm the weak spirit with a syren-measure,
A Circean cup to share;
Through pain and shame and strife
And sin's dread death-in-life;
Through felon Penury's grim dungeon-cell;
Through joys and griefs and fears,
Hate, treachery, and tears;
Through these and more than these press on invincible:
'Per aspera ad astra,'
Through rough ways to the stars:

III.

Through rough ways to the stars:
If robed in rich brocade,
The tangled boughs which round thy pathway bend,
With piercing thorn will its soft tissues rend,
Like tattered flags displayed;
To pause, no still retreat
May tempt thy weary feet;
For as thy day is, so shall be thy strength:
And if at morn or even
Thy sun shall set in heaven,
Through ceaseless, firm endeavor, the rest is won at length:
'Per aspera ad astra,'
Through rough ways to the stars.

IV.

And from those glittering orbs on high,
Swift rays shoot down to show
By faintest adumbrations here
The glories of that cloudless sphere,
Faith wins, and toil below.
That full and sweet and holy rest,
Where the dwellers of the stars are blest:
And swells my heart with solemn joy and calm,
As through my hushéd soul
In angel-cadence roll,
The anthem-glories of that ancient psalm:
'Per aspera ad astra,'
Through rough ways to the stars.

ASTA.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY RELATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER FOUR.

IN WHICH MACE GOES TO THREE PARTIES AND A LITERARY RECEPTION.

THERE they are, four free tickets to supper, society, and sentiment, laid out on the table. One in a subdued, pumpkin-colored envelope; one dressed in post-office saffron; one big card, and one little one.

The big card summons me to *Boventhien Van Spuytenyfel's*, in the Fifth Avenue. Widow Twiggles goes in there too. We 'll start together at eleven o'clock.

The pumpkin-colored document announces a free fight at Mrs. Alderman Buster's. Nine o'clock.

The little card dead-heads me for the season at Mr. and Mrs. Inkerman's weekly literary saw. Eight o'clock.

The yellow proclaims that Sam Tag's wife upholds a gathering in the Bowery. Time, any time before or after sun-down.

I agitate the tinkler and bring up Jim, giving him orders to air a pair of patent-leathers. I know they 're low, but I'll not be the only man at Sam Tag's who is patent-leatherless. And I confide to Jim's brushing, a coat and pants which are not *bran* new. For work like parties, one should go in working clothes. Finally, I look out of the window, and seeing 'the flower youth' about, in *his* patent-leathers and shiny dress-coat, I tell Jim to bring me up the biggest and best bouquet, 'one most all camelias with a good many passion-flowers.' This I send to pretty Widow Twiggles, with compliments. It is now half-past six; time for Tag's. It will take the widow till eleven to dress. I can get through the three before that time, and back to the Astor.

So then, with Jim's aid I am fixed off. 'Sure an it 's iligant ye look, Sur, and it 's proud the lady may be ——'

'Hold your blarney: every word of your humbug 's a sixpence out of your pocket.'

'Och, and I 'd spake the blissed truth av it was a goold guinea. Sure an' ye 're jist the gintleman that 'll ornamint the par – rety tonight, and be useful in ateing up the champagne and madery ——'

'That 'll do. Now, Jim, get a good-looking carriage.'

I enter at Tag's. The entry is piled with hats, cloaks, caps, canes, over-shoes, coats, and the LORD knows what, all jammed into the completest 'hurrah's nest.' I prefer intrusting my surplus to the doubtful honesty of Cabbie, rather than plunge it into the certain death of yonder smash. As I open the door, I am nearly knocked down by a tremendous atmosphere of cheap cologne, musk, and a combination of camphene and coal-gas. I rush between two loving couples who, with a desperate effort at sentimental privacy, are seated on the vestibule-

step with their backs to the entry: hear something 'ketch' or tear, and not being naturally smart at remedying accidents, make my appearance on the scene of action, with about two yards of pink illusion ripped from some feminine skirt, picturesquely wreathed around my left leg.

The younger members of the party are engaged in one parlor, playing Copenhagen to the tune of 'A Few Days,' while in the other a by no means spiritless cotillion is being *danced* (not walked) in the old-fashioned style. Round the centre are two broad fringes of old folks, all of them very much at home; while at the back-door, I catch a squint at an ascending flight of nigger-servant faces, all of them on the broad grin, and evidently getting as much solid comfort out of their outside tickets as any *w'ite pusson* present. A small pocket-edition of a Tag, posted as a look-out, meets me, screaming: 'This here 's the way to mammy. Ma–my, here 's another gentle*man!*'

'Law bless ye, Sloper; I knew you 'd come. Waitin' for you, you see;' and with a hearty laugh Mrs. Tag shook me by the hand. 'Where 's that husband o' mine? I do d'cleer the man 's lost! Ta–ag!' Here Mr. Tag emerged from a jolly group of girls, and approaching gave my hand a regular Alf. Jaell squeeze, *à la* nut-cracker. 'Well, Sloper, how does your corporosity sagaciate? your most humble-cum-tumble;' and with a dreadful wink he murmured in a loud 'aside:' 'Long walk, I 'spose; just step up-stairs a second. *Try a drop of something permanent!*' And without waiting for remonstrance he hurried me up, followed by a train of friends who evidently knew what was meant by an arrival.

The group of darkies, assembled from all the neighboring kitchens, gave way with great politeness. Tag led me up-stairs to a side-board. 'Brandy, Mr. Sloper; Rum, Mr. Sloper; Gin, Mr. Sloper.' To avoid offending Tag (or myself) I try a little 'dark.' ''Shaw! why you han't got half a drink: *there!* Mr. Sloper, let me introduce ye. Mr. Pipes, Mr. Sloper; Mr. Sloper, Mr. Pipes; Mr. O'Rooney, Mr. Sloper; Mr. Sloper, Mr. O'Rooney; Mr. Grubbs, Mr. Sloper; Mr. Sloper, Grubbs; Smith, Sloper; Sloper, Smith; Hoggins, Sloper; Slope', Hog 'ns; Buck', Slop 'r; Jim, Slope; gentle*men*, (as a movement of importance became manifest,) '*here's at you!*' And with these words, down went the fire-water with wonderful unanimity.

'*Father*, Mother wants you right away down 'n the par—ler!' screams a bouncing, pretty Miss of seventeen, opening the door. Pipes, who is a gay bachelor, seizes on her as lawful captive, and pulls her up to the side-board. 'Well, Polly, what 'll you drink? It 's *my* treat!'

'I do n't like brandy. I like *wine*,' replies Miss Tag, with fascinating candor. 'And there an't no wine there.'

'Well, Polly, gim' me a kiss.'

'I won't—not till your first birth-day comes round again. An't you 'shamed to pull me that-a-way!' And with these words Polly bolted, followed by the party of dram-mers.

It is harder work for once in our lives to get down in the world than to go up; for while we have been imbibing, the cotillion and Copenhagen have concluded, and the entire stairway is covered with affection-

ate couples, most of them seated in the orthodox style, with their arms around each other's waists: the entire company singing with tremendous power of lung:

'Ro-ll on silver mo-on, guide the traveller on his way,
While the night-ingale's song is in tune;
Oh! I ne-ver, never more with my true love will stray,
By the sweet sil-ver light of the moon!

'As the hart on the mountin my lovyer was brave,
So handsome and manly to view;
So kind and sincere, and he loved me so dear,
Oh! my *Edwin* ——'

(Varied to 'Jakey,' 'Jimmy,' 'Billy,' or 'Charley,' according to circumstances, and accompanied by a significant glance.)

—no love was so true.'

Mr. Pipes, who is well known as a romp, has his right of exit considerably checked by the girls. A pin thrust into his leg by a young lady produces a prolonged howl of real pain, occasioning a deafening scream of laughter. Finally, on the last step, *Pipes* falls flat, bearing with him in his overthrow Miss Polly Tag, who serves admirably by her plumpness to break the force of his descent.

In the parlor Old M'Dowdle, of Grand-street, insists on introducing me to his 'gals,' Phemy and Elly. Both are quiet and lady-like. Elly is a real blonde beauty: and neither of them seem likely to scream on the stair-case, or play Copenhagen. They look out of place. The young men do n't seem to notice them much; and Polly Tag is a far greater favorite. Young Conkey — who is a clerk in Doolittle's — tries to 'come the agreeable' over Phemy, and she answers him politely. But they are not 'of a sort,' and Conkey feels for the first time in a week that he *can't shine*. The girls try to appear pleased and cheerful, 'to please Pa;' but I fancy that Elly looks sad. Perhaps she is thinking — as I am — of her poor mother, now dead and gone. That poor mother, though of one of our F. F's, was poor indeed when she married rich M'Dowdle. The girls have relatives in 'the upper circles,' whom they see once a year, formally. Very pleasantly situated in society are the Misses M'Dowdle. But I am glad to hear that they are going, after awhile, to Alderman Buster's. Well, we 'll meet again.

A young gentleman of Filibuster aspect, and who is an amateur performer on the banjo, has brought out his instrument, and after a little 'mock modesty,' proceeds to favor the company with a song, in one note, and which soon reminds one of the buzzing of a bee. Amid breathless admiration he sings:

'I went down town the other day,
And there I saw a man I say,
He sot down and tried to pray,
And I got up and went away.
Hoop! cheep! (A loud scream.)
Pollywiggle buster,
Whoop! cheep!
Walk along John!'

An overpowering roar of applause rewards this lyrical effort, amid which I silently escape 'without leave and alone.'

The moon is light as a cork. The carriage waits; but I linger a minute to enjoy the 'out-of-doors.' Never knew before what fresh air was. Along Grand-street into Broadway. It 's like plunging into a bath of life. Gas-light, shops, thousands of promenaders, steps, and voices. There goes a free fight on the pavement, lit up by the camphene-gin of some corner grocery: to be quenched to-morrow in the Tombs.

Inkerman's. Leave my fixings in the wardrobe-room, and listen meanwhile to others at the same business of 'peeling.' 'Seen the KNICKERBOCKER?' 'Yes; devilish good Table.' 'Is that book of yours out yet?' 'No, Scrib 's getting up the plates now.' 'Saw you last night at the Lyceum; how are you getting on with Miss Fitz-Asterisk?' 'She says she 'll play my tragedy, if I 'll cut it down to a half. See her ruined first: and *then* I wont.' 'Who 's here to-night?' 'Oh! its uncommonly big-buggy. Prince Poslifsky, on his travels; Rev. Ananias Longbow, who had his arm and leg eaten up by his parishioners among the Fejees. Fairy Flowery the poetess, and Diggy the ——' 'Mr. Porgle, I believe that I have already had the pleasure of ——' 'By Jove, here 's Yell!' 'Yell, my dear boy, *wee kates?* I hear that there 's so much genius in your last composition that when some body laid a copy of it on Miss Diddle's piano, the unfortunate instrument gave one groan and burst into a thousand flinders.' '*Be Gott, it is drue!*' 'Did you read my last poem?' '*Have* you seen my article in the ——' 'I will send you my paper containing ——'

Got out of hearing of the young men. Go up-stairs. Salute Mrs. Inkerman. *Do.*, Mr. Inkerman. Observe four close crowds, jams, or miniature mobs, one in each corner of the room, greatly resembling the bunches which coägulate in Broadway round a man in a fit, or about a dead Irishman. Find out that they are gathered around the four lions of the *soirée*, namely: First, *Prince Poslifsky*, who appears greatly amazed at his apotheosis. Second, *Rev. Ananias Longbow*, who is detailing the particulars of the dinner, where his arm and leg were eaten by the Fejees, who by a refinement of cruelty compelled him on the occasion to sit at the head of the table and say grace. Third, *Diggy*, the great Englishman. Fourth, *Fairy Flowery*, the poetess. Here and between is a miscellaneous group, all talking and all jolly.

'*How did you like Tag's?*' whispers a voice in my ear. I turn and behold Hiram Twine, 'about' as usual.

'I saw you, Mace; you did n't see me, hey? Your uncle bolted when you went up for a nip. Great party, that and this. Pretty girl that in the black fixings and white arrangements, with blue doings!'

'Does *she* write?'

'A *few*, *I* should say. Your uncle read the proofs of her first novel. Oh! but is n't she a screamer on the pathetic! She begun in the mince-pie line, and then ——'

'Hiram, what the black bottle *is* the mince-pie line?'

'Do n't you know? Well then, your uncle 'll elucidate it. What the literary people call *mince-pie*, is juvenile books, conundrums, and

strings of jokes and anecdotes for the weeklies. Next to mince-pie comes the *confectionery*, or articles on pictures, music, and other upper-crust puffery. That virgin there does the confectionery for two papers.'

'What, that pretty child?'

'Lord bless you; girls are turning up Jack everywhere now among the types. *Je*-rusalem! there goes Fibber at the piano. When I last saw him he was killing a nigger with a cheese-knife, on the Guinea coast. There 's no end to that chap's accomplishments. He wrote a book of travels last year, and had to invent every item in it. His own adventures were so wonderful, that nobody would have believed one of 'em. But come, your uncle 's going to introduce you to Fairy Flowery, the poetess.'

I am introduced to Fairy Flowery, and to all the lions in quick succession. I listen to a black-eyed belle, who keeps up a running fire of puns, jokes, and sallies which would make her fortune if she had half of them in a book; and I finally lose myself in a party of old bricks who, under pretence of 'looking at the picture,' are keeping up a small stag-party of their own at the end of the room. In this group, a man might, if so minded, become posted up on every subject, from the price of Julius Cæsar's cook's breast-pin, or the Hebrew for Wig-Wag, down to the next move in the Cabinet. If you want to know *any* thing, put in and win, for now 's your chance. There is n't a prince or potentate on his golden throne, or a starving nigger in Cow-Bay, who has n't got at least one acquaintance among that dozen or fifteen literati. Under cover of this immense multitude I delapse into the entry, and 'tortle off.'

I find Hiram in the street blaspheming at his cab, which, like the Dutchman's hen, has turned up missing. I ask him, 'Whither goest thou?' and as it appears to be *Buster's*, I trundle him in.

'Your uncle 'goes in' at Buster's for supper. He saw Buster yesterday getting a prime lot of terrapins — splendid pieces of shell-work; a count-and-a-half all round. Your uncle 's got three parties yet before him, and wants a lick at the provender before he goes out into the wilderness. Let her *bile!*'

Halt at Buster's. Hiram inquires of the grinning darkey who opens the door, if 'supper 's ready;' and being told 'not quite yit, Marst' Twine,' he gives the nigger half-a-dollar and an injunction to 'get up *one* lot of salad, with plenty of pepper in it!'

'Your uncle generally carries his own Cayenne to parties,' said Hiram, as we entered the dressing-room. 'He keeps it in a little silver *vinegar-et* box, and peppers it out of the holes where the perfume comes through. The other night, young Sol Aarons saw the box sticking out of your uncle's vest, and without 'by your leave,' he hauled it out and took a good long smell. Cayenne is n't *good* snuff, and they *do* say that he sneezed his eyes out. Beside, the red-spice is good in a free fight; *uncommon* good! But I forgot it to-night.'

The crowd in the dressing-room at Buster's is 'promiscuously imparticular,' according to Hiram. Very large lot of very young boys all very much alike and all very grave. Another selection of youths somewhat

older, who are gassing and chaffing very noisily. Above these are the grown-up bloods, who are grave again, while last of all are the jolly old cocks, who have just had some brandy, and who go off regularly once a minute in a tremendous all-round *guffaw*. Hiram knows every body: a great many of 'em know me. Wonder why Lymerly Brick, who was so easy and off-hand in the store this morning, is so stiff and polite *now?* Why, he 's dressed up; that 's why. Wonder why Old Crusty-smash, who never could speak civilly even to a bank-president, smiles so sweetly and takes such immense pains to get hold of my hand. *Dressed up and at a party:* great reason for a difference, an't it! Wonder why Timberly Doddle, who sees me three times a day without ever alluding to my brother Mad, all at once becomes so close set to know how the absent gentleman is. Dressed up — *dressed up!* That green-grass-velvet waistcoat with chocolate gravel-walk borders always sets Timberly to doing the *com eel foe*, and his idea of the *com eel fos* is to ask after people's relations. But though every body here is doing the *com eel* as strong as ever it can be mixed, I can see that Tag's flower-garden lies next to Buster's, and that a great many of the pumpkin-vines belonging to the former have meandered over into the alderman's diggings. Likewise I see a great many rummy weeds which seem to belong to the public road — as they *do;* for Buster 'has to keep up his political influence,' (to the endless shame of his family,) and his friends of 'The Tin-Pot' are ticklish colts, and require oceans of feeding and currying, to say nothing of 'accommodation' and brandy-and-water.

'Lord, what a jam!' We 're in the parlor. Rush, crush, sqush and brush! What an eternal clatter of voices! The air is as highly spiced here as at Taggs'; but it 's three quarters hot-house bouquets, and less patchouli, in this establishment. I advance ten steps through the squirming, jostling mob. A very pretty and very plump female stranger is squeezed face to face to me. I bend my head back with a tremendous effort to keep our faces from being pressed into a sandwich. I feel distinctly that another lady's cameo breast-pin is making a seal, in between my shoulders, and I can count some body's seven waistcoat buttons against my side. In wild despair, to save my life and the lady *visy-vees* I cast my arms around her, and suffering the infuriate multitude to squeeze my face against hers, I exclaimed:

'In-deed Miss — beg pardon — 't an't my fault.'

'Oh — Sir — oh — I know it can't be helped — oh–o–oh!'

The music 'louds up,' and without your leave I polka the lady out of the crowd, and stand her up against a vacant column. I find Mrs. Buster, who is in a radiant halloo of fine-cut glory, on the strength of having had *all* her invitations accepted, and of actually gathering the Van Skiters into her house. Mrs. Buster's mission on earth and sole duty of woman for the last five years has been to get hold of the Van Skiters. Alone she *could not* do it. But Buster (who now appears to her a demi-god) did. Yes; Buster and his money and the Tin-Pot and some mysterious machinery which Mrs. Buster don't understand, (and which it is very well she don't,) have brought the Van Skiters up to toe the mark. *Buster* fixed it! From this day forth Buster may come

home drunk when he pleases, or if he should take a fancy, may throw a Sevres vase at her head, or chase the child with a red-hot poker. All will be forgiven. He need only say Van Skiter, and Mrs. B. would pardon him even if he bore all the sins of all his brother aldermen on his head.

Hear the chatter round us! 'Beautiful weath ——' 'Error, my dear girl — an error. Lovely woman should never stoop to a marrying folly under fifty thous ——' 'And where has you been so long, dear Augustus James' —— 'Smith, let me intro' —— 'Deuce take it; what the thunder did you mean by makin' me smash that' ere China' —— 'Where do you keep the rum, Waiter, sa-y, that 's a clever' —— 'Feller! get off that lady's fixins!' 'And common doins like as he is has no biziness in sich society — that 's my i' —— 'dear Julia, if you love me, meet me to-morrow-noon at the corner of the Park' — 'Place No. 3 — *c'est la mon*' —— 'Cherished idol, shall we face the music and dance' — 'A Polka, did you say, Simblon — No — that 's *tres* low flung, *excessivement* or'nery.'

I admire as much of the upholstery as I can get a squint at. Every thing is expensive and bran new, including the antique pictures and vases. Not being smart myself, I can't criticise, but I hear a man who *ought to know* say something about 'bad taste.' I fancy Widow Twiggles could get a parlor up in better style for half the money. Hiram comes along and introduces me to seven young men, all exactly alike, three clergymen who do not greatly differ, four ladies who talk in the same style on the same topics, and two old gentlemen whom I mistake for one another. I get delirious with the clatter, I mistake a gambler for a missionary, ask Mrs. Toplofty when the balloon 's coming down, and have thoughts of telling a Temperance editor that he looks as solemncholly as if punch had riz. There is a *tremendous* sort of swing in the crowd, and something like a jolly funeral begins to travel out of doors. I wildly capture a bit of muslin with a girl in it, and join the ranks. The girl and I talk with neck-and-neck velocity. There is another awful jam in the ante-room; but my good angel places me near a table full of 'flush,' lemonade, wines, cakes, coffee, and ice-water. I hand the muslin with the girl in it a pint-mug of lemonade, and do twice as much for myself out of the great bowl of claret-punch. Respect for the *conveniences* of society alone prevents me from putting my head into it like a horse, and draining it dry.

The supper is splendor above par! 'Great chance for grub!' says a youth at my left. 'Muslin' says she 'll take a faint shade of terrapins. Easier said than done. Twenty-two waiters rushing around like enraged hornets. Champagne popping already. Crash — chip-bang go four dozen plates. I get hold of the ladle: some body gives me a knock, and the terrapin-eggs and soup fly up to the ceiling like a fountain. Try it again. Awful battle for a fork! Grand display of ice-cream all over my pantaloons, and brilliant effects of water-ice in my hair and sleeves! Single combat for a biscuit, each forager being armed with a 'split spoon!' Carry off the booty to the muslin. Grand tableau of the victor-knight bending low and presenting the spoils (half-spoiled) to beauty!

Return to the conflict; see Hiram in all his glory; hear him ask an old gentleman who has got a bottle of champagne for 'a little of that beer, Sir, if you please.' Old gentleman in horror and disgust sets down the bottle, and we divide it between us. Take a glass to Muslin. Drink to the success of her bright eyes in business, and try another 'funnel' to the ditto of lips. Get her some more terrapin — a plate of fried oysters — a little more wine — just one little glass — now just for *my* sake do — some chicken-salad — to the health of absent friends, only one drop, one *leetle* drop — a wing of a quail — now really, can't I prevail on beauty with wine? — then I must drink to you — harlequin ice? — Charlotte Russe —— Mr. Sloper, here 's to you! What, can't find a glass — pshaw! man, take a tumbler; it improves the flavor; pop! goes the weasel! *Gopple-opple-opple* sings the 'Jersey' as it comes foaming and crowding out of the bottle. 'Hide-seek,' *of* course,' says Jeebus; 'cause every body seeks for it and always seems to be hiding.' Immense, incalculable yells of applause, and Jeebus at once grows a foot. There *really* now *never was* a better joke. Go it! and let 's have up t' other bottle!

Buster is ripe as a clam, and makes splendid head-way in 'burning a very beautiful kiln.' As he is taking about two smiles in a minute, his prospects are highly encouraging. Bolt up at the head of the table, with a crowd of 'jolly companions every one,' stands the rosy alderman. 'Help yourself, gentle*men*, help yourselves! Waiter, get this gentleman every thing in the house he wants. Mr. Sloper, if you or any of your friends *ever* want a *good* bottle of wine any day or any hour, 'member all I got 's at your call. Any body want a dozen forks or sp-spoons, please pocket 'em, *I* do n't want 'em! I got plenty er spoons, *plenty* er spoons — and cups and sassers too! Gen'le*men*, you re all my children, 'cos I 'm a City Father — *haw! haw! haw!* (Immense chorus of ha! ha!) 'I want to nuss all my children fust rate, so I recommend bringing 'em up by *bottles!* Waiter, a dozen 'er wine for these babes. Them as prefers *breast* may let into this bone-turkey! *Haw! haw! haw! haw!*' Here a hurricane of applause went up from the multitude, and I took Muslin back to the parlor.

'Nearly eleven! *Check-er-esbus!*' I rush to my cab, and by dint of a loud bribe get started down the street at a two-forty pace. *Come, now!* — there 's some fun left in the world yet. The cool air takes the edge off the wine, I 'm all right, and the way Cabbie clips it is a caution to cornets. Whang, bang, slap! *Do n't* we go it over the Russ? The Astor, by Jehosaphat!

In exactly three minutes I change my ice-creamy clothes. Wonder if the widow 's ready? Up to the present I have always sent a servant to her door. But Buster's 'Jersey beer' is a wonderful enlightener. Stop in person. 'Come in!' cries the voice.

'Can this apparition of amber-tinted hallelujah-angelic splendor be the Widow Twiggles? Can dress and pins and hair-brushes carry humanity to such a pitch? Is it possible that I, Mace Sloper, am to take that vision of loveliness to a party?'

The widow enjoyed my mute admiration for a few seconds, and, thanking me for the bouquet, gathered up the voluminous folds of her

dress in order to depart. 'Well, that *is* a model foot, any how,' thought I, as a very delicate slipper, and *rather* more trimmings than gentle men are apt to see before they 're married, came for an instant to light. I carry the bouquet. 'Stop! I declare I forgot to put on my carriage-shoes.' Of course I volunteer to put 'em on, and of course I do it. Finally with beating hearts (I 'll swear to mine) we are anchored in the carriage.

Well; it was n't bad riding from *Buster's;* but there 's a solemn splendor about going in *this* style to Van Spuytentyfel's, which tops the lightning-rods. Talk about champagne — it 's all very well to begin on, but to fairly swim in the cream of the sky, nor envy Elijah his seat, one should be alongside of something of this sort. 'I 'm not the smartest man in the world,' thought I; 'but cut my straps and let me go to glory, if I believe that more than one improvement can be made on this!'

'Why are you so silent?' asks Amelia Twiggles, of Ohio.

'Because,' said I; 'perfect happiness is dumb.'

'Have you had any thing to be happy on?' she inquired.

'Yes,' said I; 'your feet in my hands.'

This brought us up to Van Spuytentyfel's. It was well that it did.

A cab comes rattling up, and as Amelia precedes along the entry, a gentleman slides up-side of me. '*Mace,*' says he in a soft tone, 'you 're a brick, and are in the right line.' I look around, and behold Hiram Twine.

I am not over and above smart at judging of things, but I feel that in *this* house matters are done up *à la* decent. We pass through a splendid hall shaded with a wilderness of flowery plants. Hiram says it 's in better taste than Lord Somebody's in London. Amelia has vanished into some dressing-seraglio, while Hiram and I turn into the Stag-hall where masculines leave their extras. Here are a few of Inkerman's guests, intermingled with gentlemen who were *not* at Buster's. There is *not* a majority of small boys here, or of vacant fops, because Van Spuytentyfel's is *not* merely a respectable dance-house, nor has it a smashing character as a restaurant, though Hiram insinuates that for really *good* wine Old Van can't be beaten.

'Mace,' resumes Hiram, 'stick to the widow. *She 's a good lot.* Your uncle 's been in Ohio, and knows the ropes. *You* do n't know it, and *she* do n't know it as yet, but there 's an awful load of spoons going to descend on her devoted head. Your uncle drew up the will. *Mum 's* the word. Relations are rum customers. *Old* uncles have queer fancies. Keep the egg warm, and some day it 'll hatch out a big turkey. *Nuf ced* — go it!'

This '*go it*' was whispered as I rejoined the widow. We enter the parlor.

The house is not jammed. There is room and to spare. Beautiful Twiggles floats like a cloud of summer up to Mrs. Van Spuytentyfel, who represents the central sun. Mrs. Van herself is an elderly angel, and welcomes us with lady-like cordiality. I see Mrs. Dyeton, of Philadelphia, whom I met last summer at Long-Branch. Her brother wel-

comes the Twiggles; they all welcome Twiggles, who is greatly beloved throughout America. I am introduced to two Philadelphia gentlemen. They are quiet, neat, and refined. At most New-York parties, Philadelphians remind one of Daniel in the Lions' Den: not alarmed, for they feel that the protecting hand of PROVIDENCE is over them, but still not by any means intrusive. But at Mrs. Van's they appear right side up. There is nobody there to tell them that they live in a one-horse village with the valve off; and every body knows that to elevate humanity, all you have to do is to stop badgering and bully-ragging it!

I drop around, talking to some people and listening to others. Not being by any means the most intelligent, (or as I hope, the most conceited man in the world,) I can't help feeling sorry that I'm not better posted-up on books, pictures, marble carvings, and such and similar. I notice that the people here do n't talk about *other* people, and that even among the ladies, marriages and engagements, relationships and fortunes do n't form the entire staple. But here, Widow Twiggles is my comfort. *She* can talk any thing, from the Greek Slave down to a paving-stone, and from The *New-York Herald* up to the BIBLE. She draws me out and shows me off to advantage as a salesman shows off his goods.

Though not one of your smart sort, I 'm not entirely dumb, and can shine a little when rubbed, particularly when a pretty woman is the wash-leather! Well, there are not more than two or three places like Spuytentyfel's, even in New-York. But if Mace Sloper, of the Revolutionary stock of Chippety-Whonk, ever *has* a family of his own, he only trusts from the very bottom-log of his soul that it may be a first-chop, no discount establishment like this, where every body talks as if he minded his own business.

There are cords of people in New-York as rich, as well-educated, and of as good family as the Spuytentyfels, whose parties are just about on a par with Buster's; that is to say, Tag's with a litttle money in it and a quarter's schooling. And there are also a choice and blessed few who though their names are not generally chalked among the 'elevated sawbucks,' still get up among themselves social benders which when found are generally made a note on, long after the recollection of Tag and Buster's free blow-outs has been sponged from the slate of memory.

Come now — this is a supper to be easy at, and not a scramble to fight in. The widow *eats;* well, some men do n't like to see ladies eat, but I *do;* for to my mind an appetite is twice as poetical as a dyspepsia. Hiram is right about Van's wine. Every thing is right.

Mace Sloper is no poet, not being one of that gifted sort. If he was, he would compose a psalm on the ride home in the carriage, ending with the moon-light glory and honey-dew sparkle of Twiggles' eyes as she bade him good-night and went to roost.

Well; it 's over, and I smoke myself to slumber. A bad habit that of smoking in bed — y – es — aw – LORD – how — slee – py I am! Well — per-haps some day — or some night ra-ther – I sha n't be allowed to — smoke – smo – ke — smoke — my-self — to — to slee — p! Ye — es? —— *Good-Night!*

SKATING: A WINTER SCENE.

I.

WHAT a bustle, what a shout!
Every village boy is out
On the ice:
Some are skating to-and-fro,
Some are marking in the snow
Queer device.

II.

Here and there a rosy girl
Is waiting for a whirl
As they pass:
For of falling there 's no fear,
Since the ice is smooth and clear —
Smooth as glass.

III.

There is handsome little NED
With his sister on his sled,
Skating by:
While JOE and BILLY BRACE
Both are striving in a race:
How they fly!

IV.

Nimble BILLY BRACE will beat:
But the ice is such a cheat,
He is down —
In the water to his chin:
Can the little fellow swim?
Will he drown?

V.

No! the boys have fished him out
With many a noisy shout,
And they say:
'Simple BILLY, have a care
How you venture out too far
In the bay.'

VI.

But the distant village chime
Of bells is striking nine,
And they all
Hasten home, with noisy shout,
Running nimbly on the route,
Great and small.

VII.

May I never grow so old,
And have sympathies so cold
As to hate
The bustle and the noise
Made by the village boys
When they skate!

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE NEWS: A POEM. By GEORGE H. CLARK. Pamphlet Form: pp. 49. Hartford, Conn.: Published by F. A. BROWN.

AN old correspondent, 'JOHN HONEYWELL,' says in a preliminary note to this lively and matter-full poem: 'About an hour's worth of this Poem was spoken before a Hartford audience, at the request of the Young Men's Institute. The author, for divers reasons, felt impelled to omit a portion of it in the delivery. The reader, for different, but to him equally satisfactory motives, may possibly feel inclined to omit a much larger portion.' Not if he is of *our* way of thinking, he will not: for if once he begins it, he will assuredly keep on to its close. We shall present a few passages, culled from 'here and there,' and let *them* indicate what '*The News*' is:

'THE NEWS! It needs a double set of chimes
To ring the changes on the passing times.
When morning's dues to toilet claims are paid,
The daily paper must be next surveyed.
With eager glance we run the columns through,
Skip the old jokes and fly to what is new;
Rush like a rocket through the leaded lines,
Where editorial dulness feebly shines,
And at one mouthful seize the charming square,
Which last night's telegraph filtered through the air;
Those taking paragraphs, condensed and curt,
That tell us twelve were killed, and forty hurt;
Announce tremendous news from foreign lands,
That almost shakes the paper from your hands.
Its half-a-column spreads before your eyes
Astounding facts, and more astounding lies:
One look conveys you over half the globe,
One dip suffices Europe's heart to probe:
Profoundest secrets from star-chambers ooze,
And lie before you, labelled 'latest news!'

'Or should the reader mingle with such flocks,
His restless eye falls on the price of stocks;
Doubtful, to part with those he now has got,
Or plunge still deeper for a larger lot:
A speculative vein pervades his soul,
As ten-foot strata do a mine of coal;
But how his sympathetic soul will shrink,
When the great coal-vein dwindles into ink:
His purse collapses, as if wrenched with pain;
He blames the brokers — and begins again!'

Here is another phase of 'the news,' which business-men in cities will at least understand, and which is not of the most pleasant kind in the world, particularly of a very hot day in mid-summer:

'The news, that vibrates on the human heart,
Of our existence forms a goodly part;
The earnest tension which it lends to nerves
A double purpose to the system serves;
We know its strange effects upon the mind;
Makes some men see, and some men very blind.
But it goes further, and a drop of ink,
Adroitly used, makes precious metals sink.
For instance, Banks — excuse me if I'm wrong —
As telegraphs decide are weak or strong.
I don't mean 'banks whereon the wild thyme grows,'
Nor fishing-banks — nor banks of winter snows;
But banks that discount, and that issue bills,
Those interesting, check-reined paper-mills.
If Wall-street skies are slightly overcast,
Our chilled directors feel the icy blast;
Let but a gale rouse Wall-street's hungry sharks,
And country-cousins spread their nets for larks.
The money-dealers instigate a fright,
And all is wrong that yesterday was right.

'Some honest dealer wants a little loan:
His paper's good, the surety well known:
With blandest tones that Shylock might beguile,
And smiling face — all needy borrowers smile!
He states his case, and waits with hat in hand,
For the amount — the avails — you understand.
But oh! the change in his lugubrious face!
The smile is nipped — a scowl is in its place;
He hears the words: 'We're very short to-day;
All over-drawn, and called upon to pay:
Our circulation too, comes back so fast,
We must prepare to meet the coming blast;
You've read the tidings by the telegraph?
Of course we don't believe them more than half;
And yet the news looks very, very bad;
If we had funds of course we should be glad:
But — but — in short *we're* short! hard up, my friend,
And really have no money left to lend:
It goes against our feelings to refuse,
But then this morning's mails bring such bad news!"

'And so our bothered borrower turns away,
Wondering how he his blessed note shall pay:
Moreover thinking — folks, you know, will think!
How short a time it takes for gold to shrink.
The man has heard of shipwrecked Argosies,
Of untold hoards whelmed in the gulfing seas;
Of fires that in a single night consumed
The wealth of cities, ne'er to be exhumed.
Such are the cases he can comprehend,
The value was destroyed — and so an end:
But why a rumor, or a startling fact,
Should like a grand annihilator act,
Collapsing bank-vaults, burying their gold,
Ere yet the breath that brought the news is cold,
Requires more explanation. So, with brow
Half-sad, half-pensive, he repeats his bow,
Hastens to leave so poor a neighborhood;
Walks down the street in meditative mood,
And wishes from his soul, a lightning stroke
Had fused the wires and the connection broke,
So that the news might thus have been delayed
Until new discounts his old note had paid.'

JEWELRY AND THE PRECIOUS STONES. By HIPPONAX ROSET. Philadelphia: JOHN PENINGTON AND SON.

How many objects there are which we encounter at every turn in every-day life, and which interest us, which we see, give, and take with pleasure, yet of which we know literally nothing. How many curiosities are there, say, for instance, of confectionery, which in their invention evoked the ingenuity of dukes, prime-ministers, and royal favorites, yet which are seldom spoken of save with regard to their intrinsic qualities. And yet, as HEINE remarks, 'How much more delicious does a dish taste when we are familiar with its historical associations!' So with clothing, and so with gems, which, in the volume before us, really seem to acquire an additional lustre by the glittering, vivid descriptions of the author.

'*Jewelry and Precious Stones*' is a work which, though from the quaint and curious learning which it contains, merits a place among the curiosities of literature, is still a book which must meet with an extensive sale, because it so abundantly fulfils the bookseller's requisition of being devoted to a subject which interests every one, and from treating it in a familiar style which comes home to every reader. Is there a lady who, if 'posted up' on the history and quality of the gems which she wears, would be likely to forget such facts, or to repeat them when exhibiting her '*parure?*' Or is there a gentleman in these days of *renaissance* of sleeve-buttons and of shirt-studs, who would not like to be able to give a few anecdotes in society relative to gems? What an opportunity does a little information of the kind give to draw attention to his own brilliants and display his own brilliancy! How many a youth, desperately hunting around for a subject for small talk, might feel himself armed and equipped were he but posted up on the contents of the work to which we refer, and in which HIPPONAX ROSET, with the tact of a true ladies' man, has narrated just what must please the ladies on this all-important subject!

We remember years ago to have met with the following in the '*Odd Volume*,' which illustrates most aptly the nature of the contents of the work to which we refer. HIPPONAX ROSET, as the author of '*Jewelry and Precious Stones*,' anagramatically calls himself, must have had the following in his mind's eye, else is it a prophecy:

'A HINT TO JEWELLERS. — It is surprising that our jewellers, who deal in the precious things of this world, should, at the same time, deal so little in sentiment, never calling up the wonder-working aid of fancy. They sell us rings, bracelets, diadems, cestuses, and so on, composed of rare stones, without once alluding to their allegories, relations, or symbols. Now no less a personage than Pope INNOCENT himself may be said to give them a precedent for the future exercise of their genius; for when Cardinal LANGTON was made Archbishop of Canterbury, by the intrigues of the POPE, whose creature he was, in despite of King JOHN, to appease the latter, his holiness presented him with four golden rings, set with precious stones; and enhanced the value of the gift, by informing him of the many mysteries implied in it. 'He begged of him (JOHN) to consider seriously the *form* of the rings, their *number*, their *matter*, and their *colors*. Their *form*, he said, being round, shadowed out eternity, which had neither beginning nor

end; and he ought thence to learn his duty of aspiring from earthly objects to heavenly, from things temporal to things eternal. The *number*, four, being a square, denoted steadiness of mind, not to be subverted either by adversity or prosperity, fixed for ever on the firm basis of the four cardinal virtues. *Gold*, which is the matter, being the most precious of metals, signified wisdom, which is the most precious of all accomplishments, and justly preferred, by SOLOMON, to riches, power, and all exterior attainments. The blue *color* of the sapphire represented faith; the verdure of the emerald, hope; the redness of the ruby, charity; and the splendor of the topaz, good works.' Now if by these conceits his holiness, Pope INNOCENT, (who was not in the jewelry *line*,) endeavored to repay JOHN for one of the most important prerogatives of his crown, which he had ravished from him, then how much more does it behove RUNDELL and BRIDGE, HAMLET, JEFFERIES, and others, (with whom, alas! *we* have little dealings,) to leave off calling a ring a *ring*, and to call up all those associations of thought, that display of imagination, in the display of their goods, wherein the purchaser may receive more satisfaction, and the seller an extra fifty per cent!'

In '*Jewelry and the Precious Stones*,' the reader will find precisely the kind of information sighed for by the humorist above cited. Not only does the author give the history, chemical qualities, and tables for calculating the value of gems, but dipping into the abstruser mysteries of his favorites, he regales us with the quaint superstitions which in old times attached to them. The book is well written, by a profound scholar, evidently *con amore*, and will in our opinion be found a desirable gift, either by itself or as a companion to a set of jewels.

MEN AND TIMES OF THE REVOLUTION: or Memoirs of ELKANAH WATSON: including Journals of Travels in Europe and America, from 1797 to 1842: with his Correspondence with Public Men, and Reminiscences and Incidents of the Revolution. Edited by his Son, WINSLOW C. WATSON. In one volume: pp. 460. New-York: DANA AND COMPANY.

THIS work rolls back the tide of years, and almost places the reader in the very shoes of the writer. It is a volume of wonderful interest, not only from the deeds and events recorded, but from the admirably graphic and simple *manner* in which they are presented. Mr. WATSON, from the age of nineteen to near the close of his life, which was protracted to more than four-score years, was in the habit of recording his observations of men and incidents, as the events occurred to which they relate. This period embraced the epoch of the *War of Independence*, and of those amazing mutations which have marked the transformation of independent colonies into a mighty nation; and of a rude and sequestered wilderness into a territory teeming with beauty, cultivation, and affluence. In Europe and in America he was in the midst of the scenes of this pregnant era, an intimate associate with many of the individuals who impelled or guided these changes, and a vigilant observer of the occurrences connected with their development.

Much of the memoir, or journal, was revised by the elder WATSON; and his son appears to have continued his labors with almost equal success. The extraordinary and perilous journey of Mr. WATSON, in the very crisis of the Revolution, from Massachusetts to Georgia; his subsequent expedition from New-England to North-Carolina, soon after its termination; his travels, at a later period, in newly-occupied territories; and his explorations of dis-

tricts almost in their primeval condition, opened to him capacious fields of observation and reflection. His journals reflect, during these events, his daily impressions, formed by occurrences as they eventuated. They contain a critical exhibition of the state of the country, the aspect of society, the modes of intercourse, the existing prospects, the population and condition of cities and villages, the industrial pursuits, the commerce and internal communications of the country, recorded at the time, and from personal inspection: and no similar memorial of that period is in existence.

MANUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY: or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1856. In one volume: pp. 388. Boston: GOULD AND LINCOLN, Washington-street.

THIS closely-printed and compendious volume exhibits the most important discoveries and improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Meteorology, Zoölogy, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, Geography, Antiquities, etc.: together with a list of recent scientific publications; a classified list of patents; obituaries of eminent scientific men; notes on the progress of science during the year 1855, etc. The editor is DAVID A. WELLS, 'A. M.,' author of 'The Year-Book of Agriculture,' and other works of a kindred character, which have met with general acceptance. It will be seen that this is a very ample store-house of various and important information; no small proportion of which was elicited at the seventh annual and ninth regular '*Association for the Promotion of Science*,' held at Providence, Rhode-Island, in August last. Among the thousand-and-one discoveries and inventions mentioned and described, we remark one entitled '*Steam Applied to Music*,' the 'handy' work of Mr. JOSHUA C. STODDARD, of Worcester, (Mass.) But, as in the case of the attempts which have been made to steal from us the profit and fame of our '*Self-Regulating Back-Action Hen-Persuader*,' this invention is an infringement of another and similar one, which was taken out, by 'specification,' a good while ago (and for a long time to come!) by 'OLLAPOD,' in the last number of the '*Ollapodiana Papers*, printed in this Magazine sixteen years ago the present month. Mr. STODDARD affirms that the instrument is now complete. The locomotive can 'play upon its pipes,' as also the ocean-steamer's engine; and upon the water, 'it can be heard from ten to twenty-five miles, and every note will be perfect and full.' With a key-board, the slightest touch can operate it, so that a child may play slow or quick tunes upon it with ease. Now for the first hint of this wonderful invention, read the extract quoted in the last sub-section of *Ollapodiana* from the '*New-Babylon Observer and Register of the World*' for May the seventeenth, nineteen hundred and forty. There was a terrible accident happened from the different tunes played by two locomotives, one of which departed from the directions given in the *Tune-Table* by the superintendent. The passage is too long to quote in this place, but as a specimen of the progress of steam, and of future scientific 'improvements,' of various wonderful kinds, it is well worthy of being looked up, and '*when* found, made a note of.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A REMONSTRANCE AGAINST 'BABY-CARS.'—Our bachelor correspondent, who proposed a '*Baby-car*' for all rail-road trains, has raised a hurricane of hornets about his ears! We would n't stand in his shoes for a 'large sum of gold.' Communications, some in manuscript, othersome clipped from newspapers, pour in upon us. 'I wonder,' says a lady-writer in an Illinois newspaper, the '*La Salle County Journal*,' 'if the EDITOR has not made a mistake about the writer's being a *Western* correspondent;' claiming that there are no such curmudgeons in that love-making and marrying region. She scouts the idea of 'cooping up babies like little animals,' and wonders our correspondent 'did n't suggest the idea of of having *little cages* to put them in!' She goes on to add: 'He says, 'a *prettily-dressed* child, with a *clean face*, is decidedly pleasant: he 'rather *likes* such an one.' 'Prettily dressed!'—how prosy! Now every body knows the little cherubs are prettier without *any* dressing at all: and you and I know, Mr. Editor, and so does 'Old KNICK,' that a child never looks half so 'cunning' as when his face is just a *little* smutty. This nervous old bachelor,' she continues, 'complains that travelling babies are *restless*, and want to go here, there and everywhere, except just where they are or where they ought to be, and then cry because they can't. Why, don't he know that it is to this same *wanting-to-get-everywhere-ative* temperament of our people, both little and big, that we owe the prosperity of our country? Had n't it been for this very thing, COLUMBUS would never have discovered America.' The following point is, we think, well taken: although a friend says a car known to be a '*Bachelor's Car*,' would be so run down by old maids and young maidens trying to get in, or 'get a look,' that the occupants would be harried to death, and finally be obliged to quit travelling by rail: 'Now, if you please, *I* want to make a suggestion: and it is *this*: that upon all the railways in this land or any other, east or west, north or south, there be a '*Bachelor-car* provided, into which all crusty bachelors shall be thrust; and never let them dare to show their faces inside of any other: and the worst wish I have to bestow upon this bachelor-car is, that no sunny-haired, rosy-cheeked little innocent may ever lighten its interior; that no tiny footstep may ever patter through its aisle; that no musical little voice may ever echo therein.' A hard punishment, *that* would be! Our correspondent had better 'give in,' or 'give out.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Right glad were we to find the other day, in the '*Express*' daily journal a remonstrance against a recent proposition to change the time-honored name of '*Spuyten-Duyvil*' to soft and silly '*Linwood*.' The writer, a Baltimore correspondent, says: '*Please* do n't let your people change Spuyten-Duyvil into Linwood. It will grieve us here: 'Spuyten-Duyvil!'—it does me good to write it.' He goes on to say: 'The name is historic: the American blood of Marylanders and New-Yorkers, and of many a good fellow beside, has flowed about it. The quaint, the genial spirit of your own IRVING hovers over it. The old Dutch spirit breathes around it: it is spicy too. We are getting too polished on the surface, by far: all broad-cloth and satin. If you want to make a change, knock into the surging tide that miserable name, *New* York, and take your proper name, MANHATTAN! Do n't mind the one hundred and ninety years you have borne it: they are nothing to the long future which lies before you. You think yourself very big now: you 're *nothing* yet: you creep along now, like FULTON'S boat, when it first crept, and stopped, and crept again up the Hudson. By-and-by you will begin to fly: dashing the billows of old ocean round you: leaving all the cities of the world behind you, and speeding to the uttermost bounds of the habitable globe. Now get a name before you start.' The very idea started, if we remember rightly by Mr. IRVING, in an article in these pages, entitled '*American Nomenclature*,' and we hope one day to see it carried out. - - - If, as has been said by an eminent writer, 'repeated parodies of a poem afford the strongest evidence of its popularity,' what shall be thought of LONGFELLOW'S '*Hiawatha?*' Our own opinion of that poem, since widely confirmed, was early expressed in these pages: it has been warmly commended by the best English and American critics, quoted by members of parliament, etc.: but the parodies upon it! Was there ever any thing like it? Some score or more have been sent to us; while in newspapers all over the Union, not only have they appeared as extended poetical performances, but imitations have been forced, in 'bits,' into a thousand-and-one advertising columns. If it were a *musical* effort, and could be performed or whistled, every street-organ and city urchin would doubtless be 'executing' it in every thoroughfare of the metropolis. That rare wag, JOHN PHŒNIX, of California, has tried *his* hand at a parody of it in ensuing pages. In his note to the EDITOR, he says: 'I transmit to you a heroic poem, the production of the author, Mr. H. WADDING TALLBOY, which it strikes me any one might have waited to read, six months at least, and probably longer, with satisfaction and advantage. Several friends of mine, who have had a sly peep at the manuscript, declare that 'this quaint legend is told with exquisite grace, sweetness, and power!' and I trust you will be of their opinion. You will perceive the moral is excellent, and the general tone unexceptionable: nothing in fact being introduced which could bring a blush upon the cheek of the most fastidious. The main incidents are facts: and thus woven together form a pretty little

romance, sweet indeed to dwell upon.' Our readers will not fail to 'dwell upon' this sweetness: nor will they omit a perusal elsewhere of the fine lines of Mrs. SIGOURNEY in the now world-famous measure:

The Song of 'Nothin' Shorter.'

BY H. W. TALLBOY.

At the mission of Dolores,
Near the town of San-Francisco,
Dwelt an ancient Digger Indian
Who supported his existence
Doing 'chores' and running errands,
(When he 'got more kicks than coppers.')
He was old and gaunt and ghostly,
And they called him 'STEP-AND-FETCH-IT.'
Old and grim and ghostly was he,
Yet he had a lovely daughter,
Sweet and budding, though not blushing,
For her skin was kinder tawny,
So she really could n't do it.
But she was a 'gushing creature,'
And her springing step so fawn-like
'Knocked the hind sights' off the daughters
Of the usurers consequential,
Who in buggies ride, important,
Rattling past the lonely toll-gate.
Yes, a sweet and fairy creature
Was old 'STEP-AND-FETCH-IT's daughter,
And her name was 'TIPSYDOOSEN,'
Or the young grass-hopper eater!
Should you ask me whence this story,
Whence this legend and tradition?
I should answer, 'That 's my business;
And were I to go and tell you,
You would know as much as I do.'
Should you ask who heard this story,
This queer story, wild and wayward?
I should answer, I should tell you,
All the California people,
PIPES of Pipesville, KING of William,
JONES and COHEN, KEAN BUCHANAN,
And Miss HERON, sweet as sugar;
And the Chinese, eating birds'-nests,
Well they know old 'STEP-AND-FETCH-IT.'
Near a grocery at the Mission,
STEP-AND-FETCH-IT and his daughter
In the sun were once reclining.
Near them lay a whiskey-bottle,
Mighty little was there in it,
For the old man's thirst consuming
Caused that fluid to evaporate.
In his hand old 'STEP-AND-FETCH-IT'
Held a big chunk of boiled salmon,
And as fish, bones, all he bolted,
Wagged from side to side his visage,
And with moans, strange, wild, portentous,
Sung the song of 'Nothin' Shorter,'
Accompanied by TIPSYDOOSEN,
In four sharps, upon the Jew's-harp.

'Twang a diddle, twang a diddle,
Twang a diddle, twang a diddle,
Twang, Twang, Twang, Tum!'

'NOTHIN' SHORTER' was a 'digger;'
So am I, and nothin' shorter;
(Thus he sang, old 'STEP-AND-FETCH-IT,')
And he lived upon the mountains,
Dug his roots and pulled the acorns,
And the rich grass-hoppers roasted.
Happy was he, bold and fearless,
Had no troubles to molest him,
Had no fleas upon his blanket,
For in fact he had n't got one.
'But one morning gazing earthward,'
He beheld a pond of water
Which he forthwith fell in love with,
And the pond reciprocated.
And they loved each other fondly,
Happy long they were together.

Twang a diddle, twang a diddle,
Twang! Twang! Twang!

Yes, the pond loved 'NOTHIN' SHORTER,'
Every day she bathed his forehead,
Gave him drink when he was thirsty,
Would have washed him well all over,
Only that would take the dirt off,
And the grease, and yellow ochre,
In which his very soul delighted.
But 'they lived and loved together;'
Yes, they lived and loved together
(An original expression)
Till the sun, with fever scorching,
Caused the little pond to 'dry up.'
Then was 'NOTHIN' SHORTER' angry.
Loud he howled, and tore his breech-cloth.
And with fury shrieked and danced,
As on the sun he poured his curses.
And he cried, 'O SCALLEWAGGER!'
Which *is* the Indian name for sun, 'Sir,
You have been, and gone, and done it.
It was you dried up my sweet-heart,
Killed the beauteous MUDDYBOTTOM,
'You confess it; you confess it.'
And he saw the sun wink at him,
As if to say he felt glad of it.
Then up started 'NOTHIN' SHORTER,'
And making quick a pair of mittens
Out of willow-bark and rushes,
With them rent a crag asunder,
Rent a jutting crag asunder,
And, picking up the scattered pieces,
Hurled them at the sun in vengeance,
And so fast the rocks kept flying
That the air was nearly darkened
And obscured, so 'NOTHIN' SHORTER'
Could not see but what he hit it.
So he ran and kept on throwing
Stones and dirt, and other missiles,

Till the sun, which kept retreating,
Got alarmed at his persistence,
And behind the western mountains
Hid his recreant head in terror.
But the last rock 'NOTHIN' SHORTER'
Threw, fell back on his '*cabeza*,'
And produced a comminuted
Fracture of the cerebellum.

'*Twang a diddle, twang a diddle,*
Twang, Twang, tum.'

For some time poor 'NOTHIN' SHORTER'
Lay upon the earth quite senseless,
Till a small exploring party
Under Colonel JOHN C. FREMONT,
Picked him up and fixed his bruises,
Put on 'DALLEY'S pain-extractor,'
And some liquid opodeldoc.
When relieved, though sorely shattered,
He sat up, upon his haunches,
And to FREMONT told his story.
Gravely listened that young *savan*,
Wrote it down upon his note-book,
Had old PREUSS to make a drawing
Representing 'NOTHIN' SHORTER'
Throwing boulders; then he gave him
An old blanket and a beef-bone,
And when he asked him for a quarter,
Told him to go unto the DEVIL.
But far away in Eastern cities
FREMONT told that tale of wonder:
And a certain famous poet
Heard it all and saw the picture,
Wrote it out and had it printed
In one volume post octavo.
And I wish I had the money
For this song of 'NOTHIN' SHORTER.'

Twang a diddle, twang a diddle,
Twang, twang, twang.'

At this juncture, AMOS JOHNSON
Rushed tumultuously from his grocery,
Crying, 'Dern your Indian uproar;
Stop that noise and 'dry up' quickly,
Or, by the Eternal Jingo!
I'll ——' here he saw Miss TIPSYDOOSEY,
And the heart of AMOS caved in,
As afterward he told Miss STEBBINS
That she 'just completely knocked him.'
Why should I continue longer?
'Gentles,' well ye know the sequel,
How the bright-eyed TIPSYDOOSEY
Now is Mrs. AMOS JOHNSON;
Wears gipure, and old point laces,
And wont visit Mrs. HODGKINS,
'Cause her husband once made harness.
Yes, a leader of the fashion
Now is 'YOUNG GRASSHOPPER-EATER,'
And the ancient 'STEP-AND-FETCH-IT'
Has a residence at 'JOHNSON'S;
In the back-yard an umbrella
Stuck for his accommodation,
Where he sleeps and dreams fair visions
Of the days of 'NOTHIN' SHORTER:'
And the moral of my tale is,
'*To be virtuous and be happy.*'

We call that *very* SQUIBORISH!' - - - We propose to initiate the reader into the mystery of a '*Silent Josh.*' It is a terrible ceremony, and calculated to 'unman the stoutest heart.' We had heard of it, through a pleasant correspondent of the '*Spirit of the Times*,' as a Boston sentiment, on convivial occasions, but wist not what it was. One lovely summer day, however, many months ago, at a little gathering of choice spirits, in one of EDWARD WINDUST'S (long life and prosperity to him!) best and most private rooms, the handsome '*Tall Son of York*' proposed the execution of that 'Literary Emporium' toast. The glasses were filled with a delicate wine, and each guest, looking the host in his face, followed directions. Now so it was, that 'Old KNICK' was the only person at table who was not aware of the nature of the ceremony. The glasses were raised: in utter silence, three times each guest and host made the motions of '*Silent Josh*' with their lips and circling glasses: the fourth motion was to close the sentiment. It *did!* At the very top-most bent of every man's lungs present, except ours, came forth the pseudonymical syllable,

'JOSH!!'

It is the harshest single word in the English language, and was chosen probably, on that account, for its capability of expression, in a burst of 'silence' through the medium of voices like the tearing of a strong rag. It 'took us out of our boots!' The very house seemed to be coming down over our heads. Consternation seized upon us, and caused all our bones

to shake. But for the roar of commingled laughter which ensued, we should have rushed from the building, as if an earthquake had 'frightened our isle from its propriety.' '*Silent* JOSH' indeed! We wish our readers could hear it from a full table, *once!* - - - THE Sermon in our February number has recalled to an Alton (Ill.) correspondent one which was preached in Tennessee by a Baptist minister. When drawing near the close, he said: 'Brethering, I am an hostler, and I must curry these horses before I leave. Here is this high-blooded *Episcopalian* horse: see what a high head he carries, and how black his coat is, and soft as silk: but he 'll kick if you touch him on his Litany or Prayers: Whoa, Sir, whoa! Here is an old sober *Methodist* horse: Whoa! old fellow! Just slip away his love-feasts and class-meetings, and he 'll kick till he falls: Whoa! you old Shouter! whoa! Ah! *here* is the horse that is ready to kick at at all times: do n't you go near his Confessional or Penance: Whoa! Mr. POPE! how beautiful his trappings are! — his surplice and mitre! 'Whoa, Sir! whoa!' and so he went on through the various denominations. When he was nearly through, an old Methodist gentleman, well known in the place, offered *his* services to conclude, which was readily accepted. He said: 'Friends, I have learned this morning how to dress down horses, and as the brother has passed two of them, I will take it upon myself to finish the work: *Here* is an animal that is neither one thing nor the other. He is treacherous and uncertain: you can not trust him: he 'll kick his best friend for a controversy. Whoa! MULE, whoa! See, Brethren, how he kicks: 'Whoa! you old CAMPBELLITE! — whoa! Here, friends, is an animal that is so stubborn, he will not let me in his stall to eat from his trough: he is so stubborn that he would not go where a prophet wished him: he is so hard-mouthed that SAMSON used his jaw as a weapon of war against the Philistines. Whoa, you Close-Communion Baptist: whoa!' 'Do you call me *an ass!*' exclaimed the minister, jumping up: 'Whoa!' continued his tormentor: 'see him kick! whoa! Hold him, friends! — whoa!' and thus the old gentleman went on; the minister ranting meantime until he got out of the church. The congregation unanimously agreed that they had never seen an Ass so completely 'curried' before! - - - THE opinion would seem to be general, that the 'Retiring-Board' of the United States' Navy, in the exercise of the power conferred upon it by law of Congress, has given just cause of complaint to many most able officers, old in the noble service upon which they have conferred high honor. Instances of officers' recall to duty have already occurred, and we trust these acts of justice may be continued. We have before us a copy of a '*Memorial*' to Congress, by Commander OSCAR BULLUS, of the Navy, who had been placed by the Retiring-Board on the 'Reserved List,' on 'leave-pay.' The list upon which he is retired is an honorable one, and precludes the supposition that any misconduct or professional incapacity was attributed to him. Commander BULLUS assumes, therefore, that the reason of his being 'reserved' is in consequence of a lameness, produced by a fall on board ship in a gale of wind, while in the discharge of the duties of his station. In this 'Memorial' he shows that this lameness never interfered with the performance of his duty; on the contrary, that he was an anxious

seeker for duty at all times: this assertion is fortified by the testimony of all his brother-commanders, and other officers, and by the commendations of such men as Commodores STEWART, RODGERS, PERRY, CHAUNCEY, AULICK, CONNER, etc. But Commander BULLUS is in good company in his 'retiracy.' Commodore STEWART, too, (to whose squadron Commander BULLUS was attached, in command of '*The Boxer*,') whose many good and noble qualities are known to all, and who has experienced no loss of physical or mental strength — he too, the brave old veteran, is among the decapitated. This act is something more than 'hinted at' in the following spirited lines, which reach us from an old correspondent:

'Oh! Spare that Noble Oak.

'RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO COMMODORE STEWART, UNITED STATES NAVY.

I.

'OH! spare that noble OAK,
The forest's lordly pride!
Full many a stately tree
Is growing by its side.
And is it not enough,
They in the dust must lie?
Must *thou* be prostrate too?
O spoiler! pass it by.

II.

'The fell tornado's power
Alas! no pity knows:
It desolation brings
And death, where'er it goes.
Onward it rushes still,
In undiscerning wrath:
Behold! the forest's pride
Lie scattered in its path.

III.

'Not blighted, withering trunks
That bear no fruit nor flower;
Not seared and leafless boughs —
These cannot stay its power:
But young and vigorous shoots,
With old and stately trees,
That braved the wintry storm,
As the mild summer breeze.

IV.

'Weep for the forest shorn
Of half its strength and pride;
Weep for its cherished hopes,
That perish side by side!
And *those*, too, crushed to earth!
Alas! 't is ever so:
The noblest and the best —
The 'Brave old Oak' lies low!

V.

'STEWART! like that brave OAK,
Must it be thus with thee?
Must thou be wrecked *on shore*,
Who dared unharmed *the sea?*
Who, in thy gallant bark,
Triumphed o'er England's pride,
And bore her captive flag
Victorious o'er the tide?

VI.

'The country thou hast loved
And served with all thy powers,
Can *she* thy worth forget,
In these thy wintry hours?
TIME gently lays his hand
Upon thy honored head,
But on thy noble mind
He dares to leave no tread.

VII.

'Alas! that some there were
Who saw the diamond shine,
But did not recognize
This treasure of the mine.
Though on them brightly beamed
Its clear, unchanging ray,
They could not tell its worth,
But cast the gem away!

VIII.

'For them in vain its light
All radiantly shone,
For to their clouded sight
'Twas but a common stone:
But there *are* hearts to feel —
Thy memory *will* shine;
It is thy COUNTRY'S loss,
Brave Hero! 't is not *thine*."

Never mind: wait until we can go up to the *ci-devant* COMMODORE, some pleasant day hereafter at Washington, and taking that 'good right hand,' that has done so much for our national honor, look into that eye that never blenched before an enemy's frown, and say: 'How do you do, *Admiral* STEWART? Sir, I congratulate you upon the tardy justice you have won from

your country!' - - - '*The Sower*' is the expressive title of a handsomely-executed, and thus far, judiciously-conducted journal, published monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, in New-York. Its head is embellished in the centre with an impressive vignette, a female figure representing 'RELIGION standing upon the rock that shall never be moved, and holding fast by the pillar of faith in the only SAVIOUR, has received the words of truth, and yields its legitimate fruit in scattering the leaves which are for the healing of the nations. At the same time she indicates, as well by her up-turned countenance as by the words she uses, the power by which so beneficent an effect is produced. There is a little circumstance connected with this vignette, which is too amusing to remain unrecorded. When the designer was requested to prepare a centre-piece for '*The Sower*,' he inferred it to be for a journal connected with the art of *sewing*, in its various branches, and with 'all the modern improvements:' so he drew a very comprehensive picture of women sewing, in the old manner, with spools of cotton and skeins of silk as accessories, with a woman in the centre of the group, 'operating' one of the newly-invented sewing-machines! *That* drawing was repudiated, and the one above described accepted in its place. - - - I. Is GOOD: On a stormy, blustering night in March, about the hour of ten o'clock, with a pleasant fire glowing in the grate, the wee people happy in their little beds, *one hot Whiskey-Punch*, made of equal parts of pure boiling water, pure Scotch 'ISLAY,' a pure pale-yellow lemon, and a due proportion of STEWART'S best refined sugar: the glass warmed before mixing. II. Is 'GOOD AGAIN:' A *quiet* friend to take one with you: a well-buttered slice of well-baked bread: five sardines, well covered with pure oil while in the box: sprinkled with the slightest taste of pure lemon-juice and hulled black pepper. III. Is BETTER: an hour's pleasant pen-work, and then to your warm sheets: with thankful heart for the mercies which have been vouchsafed to you during the day, and the night thus far spent. You have followed the maxim, 'So enjoy *to-day*, that you may also enjoy *to-morrow:* you have até temperately; you have drank temperately; you are in dream-land in a jiffey; you sleep soundly; and know not what manner of person you are of, until the morning sun shining through the pendents of the girandoles on the mantel-piece throws his first beams in quivering rain-bows upon the wall of your bed-room. IV. IMPROVEMENT: Brethren, Try it. 'Hence we view'—and in this way only *can* we view — how good and how pleasant a thing it is. 'The usual collection will now be taken up.' - - - AN old pauper called one afternoon on Doctor BARTOL, just as the Doctor was finishing his dinner, with a modest request that the Doctor would furnish him with a bunch of full-grown flowers out of his conservatory, as his daäter JEMIMA was about on that very evening (auspicious occasion!) to be married, adding, after a long talk, standing, which was little regarded: 'I s'pose you know me, Doctor?' 'Know *you?* How the Devil should I know *you?*' 'Not know *me?* Why do n't you *remember?* I'm the man what had *fits and twins!*' DOCTOR, (*lightening up:*) 'Oh!—ah!—fits and twins! Yes, yes! How's your fits now?'

'Well!—well!—cured up: only one or two a day: I guess I shan't have one *now*. DOCTOR, (*staring:*) 'How 's your twins?' 'Like as two peas; Doctor: I—I—I——' DOCTOR, (*calling out in an exasperated voice:*) 'JARN—JARN—JARN!—do n't you hear? Cut off a bunch of flowers. Quick! quick! That will do. There, take a glass of wine. There, there! take those flowers to your daughter. JARN—JARN—show this poor man the way out—show him out!' - - - 'WOULD we had been there!' was our exclamation, when we saw our invitation-card (about the size of the paste-boards between which our printed sheets are smoothed in the standing-press) for the *Donation-Party of the Buffalo Daily Republic*. But we did n't receive our '*Document*' until a 'day after the fair,' having been absent from town. What a time there must have been! The preliminaries were extensive; the order of arrangements perfect; the donations very various, but all more or less tempting, and uncommonly abundant; the speeches short and pithy; and the whole mirthsome to the last degree. Again we say, 'Would we had been there!' But 'there 's no use in crying for'—an Editorial Donation Party that has been held, and vanished. Among the eatables was a huge lot of sausages, which was followed into the office by a large female dog, who, after being driven away several times, finally seated herself on the opposite pavement, and howled till the Festival was over. This was a most suspicious circumstance, and one which seems to demand some explanation! - - - IN one of our up-town and rather out-of-the way congregations, three or four Sundays ago, a voice spake out, in response to an energetic and fervent asseveration and warning of the reverend speaker: '*That's so!—that's the talk!*' It electrified the whole 'meeting,' as well it might. The sexton requested the man to leave the pew, and the sanctuary. 'What for?' he asked. 'Why,' replied the sexton, in a low tone, 'you are interrupting the services.' 'Not a bit of it: same as 'Amen!' in a Methodist meeting!' The sexton thought differently, and walked the poor half-lunatic out of the broad-aisle into which he had vacantly wandered. - - - 'CLIO' has misinterpreted us entirely. We meant to convey no such meaning as '*Plagiarism*' in our brief and hurried note, in relation to the lines entitled '*The Pioneer of Georgia*.' An insensible assimilation of thought with the thoughts of another was all that struck us, and all that we mentioned, or at least *intended* to hint at. Now this *unconscious reproduction* is far from being uncommon. We have an instance before us, which is in point. Some twenty years ago, WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, in a touching poem entitled '*The Death of the First-Born*,' quoted as a motto to that effusion, the subjoined exquisite lines, from the quaint old English poet, LYDGATE:

'AH! weladay!—most angelike of face,
A childe, young in his pure innocence,
Tender of limbes, GOD wote full guiltlesse,
The goodly faire, that lieth here speechlesse.
A mouth he has, but wordis hath he none;
Cannot complain, alas! for none outrage,
Ne grutcheth not, but lies here all alone,
Still as a lambe, most meke of his visage:

What heart of steel could do to him damage,
Or suffer him die, beholding the manère,
And look benign of his twin eyen clere?'

Some twelve-month since, we clipped the ensuing beautiful lines from one of our exchange journals. They were entitled '*The Baby Dead*,' and are from the pen of Miss ALICE CAREY, a poetess whose affluence of original thought and individuality of style preclude all idea of plagiarism: and yet there can be little doubt that the thoughts of LYDGATE were unconsciously in her mind, and that she as unconsciously gave expression to them as directly from her own heart: .

'POOR little baby! darling little baby!
Pale, pretty piece of unoffending clay;
His dumb and dainty mouth all smiling lovely,
His silken curls astray.

'Poor little baby! harmless little baby!
What stony heart could see his innocent eyes
A-shining sweet, and do him harm so cruel?
Complaints and bitter cries

'He knew not how to make, poor little baby!
Poor, poor dead dove! but with a trustful grace
Made tenderest appeals for help and mercy,
Nestling to DEATH his face.

'White, guiltless lamb! still, sleeping little baby —
Snow out of heaven, the brightest ever fell;
No lily, broidered in a ground of darkness,
Showeth so fair and well.

'Poor little baby! clothed with woful silence,
Dear mortal image of an angel's look —
Most precious rose! inclosed a little season
Within a gloomy book.'

There are hundreds of just such cases of unconscious appropriation, even among the most renowned of the British poets. *Plagiarism* is quite a different thing. - - - WHAT a terrible winter this has been! Every body, in town or country, says this. It *has* been a long and a cold winter; but what of that? 'Thank HEAVEN for WINTER!' says a genial spirit: 'SPRING is pretty well in its way, with its budding branches and carolling birds, and wimpling harmonies, and fleecy skies, and dew-like showers, softening and brightening the bosom of old Mother EARTH. SUMMER is not much amiss, with its umbrageous woods, glittering atmosphere, and awakening thunder-storms. Nor let us libel AUTUMN, in her gorgeous bounty and her beautiful decays. But WINTER! — dear cold-handed, warm-hearted WINTER! welcome thou to my fur-clad bosom! Thine are the short, bracing, invigorating days, that screw up muscles, fibre, and nerve, like the strings of an old Cremona, discoursing excellent music: thine the long, snow-silent, hail-rattling nights, with earthly fire-sides, and heavenly luminaries, for home-comforts or travelling imaginations — for undisturbed imprisonment or unbounded freedom — for the affections of the heart and the flight of the soul.' There spoke an appreciative 'human.' But to come back to *our*

winter: True, we have had for nearly three months an unusual predominance of that kind of weather which 'thicks man's blood with cold;' but what a fund of enjoyment, both in the metropolis and out of it, has resulted from it! Not a day — not a *single* day — while in the country, in which we have not sallied out from our little 'Cedar-Hill Cottage,' for our customary walk of some three miles. Was a thick snow-shower whitening all the air? So much the better: who does not love to encounter the slow-falling, flaky family of Dew and Frost? Did RAIN reign? Who cares for the sprinkling of that cloud-begotten son of URANUS? Did SLEET, the wishy-washy daughter of Rain and Snow, prevail? What matter?. Every day, as we have said, 'wrapped and thoroughly lapped' to the throat, with 'double-soled and double-upper' boots, with 'legs' rising above the knee — thick, double-milled 'gauntlets,' reaching to the elbows, (gotten at STEWART's for twelve shillings, and cheap at five dollars,) we went forth: and oh! the glow with which, on your return with warm and dry lambs'-wool stockings encompassing your slippered feet, you sit down to record the pleasant thoughts which have occurred to you on your way! And then the skating — the sliding down hill! Every body, certainly every body who has ever lived in the country, *must* enjoy *these* sports. If perchance indulging in the reflection that *you*, who albeit 'getting a little old now, have *seen* the time when you were as good as you *ever* was,' you watch your little people enjoying them, in you go yourself, *among* them, and *of* them — and you can't *help* it! In the smooth-tracked road — on snow-crust — over 'glare ice' — we have had as many 'rides' this winter as when we were a boy — and never enjoyed them more. And surely *never* was a place like ours for sliding down hill. We have seen 'Young KNICK' and little José, with their companions, start in an ice-regatta from a north-and-south-line with the 'Shanghai House,' at 'Upper Arrarat,' above us, and now appearing, now disappearing in the turns of the road, all the while growing less and less, as they rushed on in their breathless speed, until finally they shot forth like a weaver's shuttle upon the thick ice on the western shore of the Tappaän Zee, diminished to the size of bumble-bees! And then the *skating* that we have seen! But 'let it all slide,' with the snow that allured the one — with the ice that tempted the other. After all, reader, the best of us are either skating swiftly over the mid-level or sliding down the hill of Life: and by-and-by we shall all sleep together at the foot. - - - IT seems, from a letter written by a correspondent of the Cleveland (Ohio) '*Herald*,' that the actual cause of General TAYLOR's death, was the being compelled to listen to a speech of an hour and a half's length, by some long-winded, ambitious orator, on receiving a stone from the District of Columbia for the Washington Monument; the PRESIDENT being all the while under the piercing rays of a July sun. He went home heated and worn out; took to his bed, and never left it alive. A 'Mr. C——' (who *was* it?) as literally *bored him to death*, as if he had double-twisted a pod-auger into his body, (taking it out occasionally to drop the chips,) and penetrated his simple, honest old heart. He 'needs only to be known, to be appreciated.' - - - THE following is 'a genuine article,' which reaches us from New-Philadelphia, Ohio. 'A cloud of witnesses,'

says our correspondent, 'assure me of its entire authenticity.' It is the 'charge' of a Justice of the Peace, of that ilk, to a jury in an action of replevin, brought for the recovery of a canal-boat:

"'GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY: This is an action of replevin, brought by ——— against ———, for the purpose of obtaining the canal-boat *Ocean Wave No. Two*, levied on by said ———, as the property of ———. I shall first charge you as to the rule of construing evidence, namely: If you have reason to believe that any one witness in this case has wilfully, maliciously, deliberately, and contrary to the peace and dignity of the State of Ohio, sworn to that which is false in any single instance, you are bound to believe that he has lied throughout.'

'Mr. B ———, for plaintiff, inquired: 'What if he be corroborated?'

'The Court, with much dignity, replied: 'Wait until I am done!'

"'And if you should find that the aforementioned witness is corroborated, or sustained in any particular, by any other witness, you are bound to believe that said last-named witness lies also, in every particular of his statement! I am also requested to charge you that you find in your verdict the value of the property at issue.

"'After some deliberation, I have concluded not to do that, but will simply say: if you find, in your finding, that you have found—you will have found, in your finding, whatever at that time you may find: on the *other* hand, gentlemen, if you find, in your finding, that you have *not* found—you will not have found—in your finding—what you ought to have found! Now, gentlemen, you have heard the testimony of the witnesses, the arguments of counsels, and *my charge*. Take the case!'"

Having been recently advised, in a most courteous and complimentary letter, of our unanimous election, 'stimultuaneously' with Lord BROUGHAM, as a corresponding member of the Kentucky '*Society for the Improvement of the Law, and the Amelioration of the Condition of the Human Race*,' (of which 'more hereafter,') we take great interest in such deep legal acumen as is manifested in the foregoing. After all, law *is* 'the perfection of human reason,' *is n't* it? - - - WHAT an exceedingly 'good thing' Mr. STIMPSON, Editor of the '*Express Messenger*,' is doing, in dealing so widely and so directly with the *produce-producers*, for the benefit of themselves and the people of our city! *Now* do we see how it is that the 'middle-men,' the combinationists, have made their ill-gotten gains out of both seller and buyer of provisions for daily consumption! 'The wires' have put a stop to all this, and Mr. STIMPSON is the 'operator.' We wish him the most abundant success. But 'that is past praying for.' He *has* it. - - - WE have spoken elsewhere of the pleasures of *Winter in the Country:* but we reserved one phase of it, for the purpose of express mention: namely, *Sleigh-Riding on the Hudson River*. It is picturesque. It is exhilarating. It is truly lovely! Our friend N ——, of a neighboring village situated in a graceful cove of the Zee of Tappaän, near the Hook-Mountain, came down to 'Cedar-Hill Cottage' on the thick ice, one morning recently, in a beautiful ''von-'orse sleigh' drawn by a 'perfect bird' o. ' 'three-mile bay' mare, to take us a-riding to Rockland-Lake. No more genial winter-day ever shone upon this terrestrial globe. The bridge upon which we 'glode' was three miles wide, without sleepers or arches underneath; but it was as solid as a granite-floor resting upon terra-firma. Hundreds of sleighs were passing and re-passing, hither and thither, over the vast ice-prairie; some going up, others down, others crossing from either shore; sleighs dwindled to child-

ren's toy-vehicles, and horses diminished to rats; and the far-off jingle of bells falling upon the ear, seemed like the very ghost of sound. Warmly encased with Buffalo robes, we rushed on, past the continuous villages that line the eastern shore; the fleet steps of our steed scarcely heard upon the smooth track on WINTER's causeway. By-and-by we were passing under the lofty steeps of the 'Hook-Mountain:' bleak and bare were its seamed and rocky sides, overhanging their base — 'frowning terrible, impossible to climb.' The scattering cedars bordering the summit swayed and trembled in the cold wintry breeze, and we could hear the 'sough' of the wind in the branches thereof. Then we rounded the vast mass — the water seventy feet deep beneath our bridge — and landed at Rockland. We were on a visit to our friend, Mr. LEONARD F. FITCH, who has one of the most charmingly-situated mansions on the Hudson river, at least in any near vicinity to New-York. It stands upon an eminence, overlooking on the east a long reach of the Hudson river, into which it seemed one might almost throw a stone, and on the west, equally near, the whole of Rockland Lake, and the region beyond, 'stretching wide, a waste of snow,' to the Ramapo Mountains: a mountain some four or five hundred feet in height rising in front of the mansion, and not far distant, a similar lofty 'natural protection' somewhat farther in the rear. In the summer, vineyards, trellised arbors, fruits, and countless flowers, otherwise render enviable this most admirably-situated mansion, whose beautiful interior and adornments well correspond with its external attractions. Nor is its occupant, one of the tall sons of New-Hampshire, at all out of keeping in such a dwelling-place. We have said it was an 'enviable' residence, but we desire to amend the expression. No one can *envy* the possessor of such a mansion, when he subordinates its attractions to the happiness of his friends and his guests. Standing upon the broad piazzas, we looked directly down upon the lake, the busy ice-scene which we recently endeavored to describe. All was now solitude and silence. The great ice-reservoirs are now all full and secured against 'melting with fervent heat' in the coming days of summer. And it was surprising to see, in looking down upon the 'scars' of many a hard-fought 'field' of ice, how little, after all, of the great mass had been removed. Mr. FITCH is one of the very *fore-fathers* of the ice-trade in this State. He started from the bottom, and has worked his onward way to the top, until he is excelled by no other man in the country in a thorough, *practical* knowledge of his business. - - - 'INCIDENTS of Travel' between our country-sanctum and the publication and printing-offices, (now by rail 'round the Horn,' and now by ice-boat on the frozen river,) have worked us 'much annoy' this month. A letter from our pleasant friend 'ABRAHAM ELDERLY,' and a capital number of '*Schediasms*,' were *nine days* in reaching us from town, the package containing them having been mislaid at the 'store' where they were left, for our friend JACOB SARVENT's Express: 'JAKE,' 'for short,' our universal country beau, who takes off his hat to every pretty girl in the village, and says, 'Your SARVENT, Miss!' and who is as faithful an express-agent as ever was trusted with countless commissions, large and small, all over the Great Metropolis. It was not *his* fault that the

before-mentioned package was delayed, nor his that another miscarried on its way to the printing-office, containing An '*Epithilamium*,' which brought the tears to our eyes as we read it; an extract from an amusing letter to the EDITOR from our friend 'W. C. T.,' the 'BEARD' man; and a capital 'Gossip' Story from a correspondent in Madison, Wisconsin; with another little article, which we cannot now distinctly designate. Perhaps, however, *this* packet may yet 'turn up.' - - - '*American Rhymes: all Original*,' is the title of a little volume by a 'Southern Poet,' Dr. THOMAS A. ROONEY by name, which a Georgia friend has been good enough to send to us. The style is *unique*, as may be gathered from one or two brief passages. Our first extract is from '*A Cold-Water Song for the People*.' Prohibitionists may safely partake of it: it has n't a particle of spirit in it:

'COME O ye people, one and all,
And help us roll the temp'rance ball;
Now is the time, O every one,
To stop the sale of cursed rum,
Next election day.

'Then is the time to come in flocks,
And rally round the ballot-box;
The girls will march in lovely files,
And strew the way with pinks and smiles,
Next election day.

'I see a large and respected host,
Come marching up the water coast;
Behold how sweet and smooth they glide,
With sober lovers by their side,
Next election day.'

A poem '*On the Benefits of Reading*,' opens with the following glowing and musical lines:

'GOOD reading is a source divine
From which great pleasures flow;
It is a treasure to the mind,
While dwelling here below.

'By reading history we can tell
How long each war did last:
How all the ancient kingdoms fell,
In all the ages past.

'Go read the laws of ancient Rome—
Yes, read DEMOSTHENES;
Then study well our laws at home,
And live like SOCRATES.

''Tis reading makes a nation wise,
And fills the mind with truth:
It teaches science as time flies,
'T is wisdom to the youth.

'Read MILTON, HOMER, BYRON, all
Poets of every age;
Read law-books, history, great and small,
Then you will be a sage.

'Read NEWTON, DICK, and TUPPER too,
And study all you can;
Then you will be a scholar true,
And a scientific man.'

To which we add, 'Read ROONEY also!' His '*Reflections on Visiting our Tallest Mountains*' show how the love of NATURE has taken possession of his poetical spirit:

'How sweet it is when friends are nigh,
Upon the mountains tall,
To view the scen'ry with the eye,
And hear the water fall.

'The ancient rocks look old and gray,
With moss upon their brow;
They prove the crucifixion day—
The rents are in them now.'

have 'exercise' daily, *omnes solus*, in the sanctum: 'A Christian lady, when 'the time of her departure was at hand,' whispered two or three sentences to those who were watching by her dying-bed: but, save the last two words, all was unintelligible: these were, 'Ready!—*ready!*' in accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of the faith which uplifted [illegible] terrors of the grave.'

The 'Norma's swiftly puffing on,
With all her jolly crew;
And while we sweetly sail along,
I often think of you.

It is a sweet and pleasant ride,
Along this mighty stream;
Ten thousand pleasures round us glide,
While borne away by steam.

I saw a thousand little boats,
As we went sailing by;
Each crew is happy as they float,
And money is the cry.

'We all went on to New-Orleans,
And then we went ashore;
There I sold out my pork and beans,
And all I had in store.

'I took a walk along the street,
Towards the trav'lers inn;
A girl ran out and talked so sweet,
She thought she'd get my tin.

'I laughed at her, and on I went
To seek a place to lie;
Not one dollar have I spent,
Except for you and I.'

One of our 'Southern Poet's pieces commences with the following lines:

[redacted]

The following 'comes greeting' from an old friend and correspondent, who has made our long-time readers 'laugh ready to split their sides,' something like a thousand times:

'LA' is la' out west. Some years ago an attachment was issued and levied upon the stock in trade of a stage company, and the consequence was very disastrous, of course; passengers were piled up here and there, just where the writ found them; mails were stopped; and the deuce was to pay everywhere.

'J. JONES, attorney for Company, went out through the several counties of the State where the 'plunder' was held by authority of the people of the State of ——, and moved (as JONES might move, as the law then stood) before a side-judge, for a 'dissolution of the writ.' JONES went forward swimmingly for awhile, and knocked over the writs, one after another, like a row of bricks. He finally reached the county of ——, where he found the attorneys on the other side, and the judge, all evidently expecting him; for they were pouring whiskey down the judge at a log-tavern, telling him funny stories, and talking extravagantly about his legal ability and the high reputation which he had acquired on the bench.

'The judge at last took his seat, put on his 'specs,' opened the 'Revised Statutes,' and spread them out solemnly before him; and 'the hearing' went forward. But the judge grew drunker and drunker; his eyes waxed heavy; and now and then he gave a half-surge side-ways in his seat. JONES raised several objections to the proceedings, and insisted upon points of irregularity; but the judge replied that he di-did-n't k-kn-ow but Mr. Jo-ONES was right, but he could n't tra-tra-vel out-side er 'The Staterts!' At which the opposite counsel nodded their heads and winked at each other.

'At last JONES saw that it was all of no use. Some six or seven times the judge had told him 'he could n't travel out-side of the Staterts.' Yes!—he would '*rise* upon him'—there was no other way. He *did* 'rise upon him:

''You old bloat!' exclaimed JONES—'you 've been in the keeping of those two pettifoggers all the morning: you are completely pickled with whiskey!—you are so drunk you do n't know law from gospel. 'Can't travel outside the statute,' *you* can't? No! you *can't!* And if those two 'shuysters' on the other side could get one more drink down your throat, you could n't travel *at all*—outside the statute, or anywhere else!' It is a singular fact, that JONES had no trouble after this!'

THERE is no one of the many American journals we receive, which we read with more pleasure than '*The Saturday Bulletin*' of Philadelphia. It is a weekly journal, in the large quarto form, excellently printed, and edited with evident industry and marked talent. Its proprietor, Mr. ALEXANDER CUMMINGS, is also the proprietor of the morning and evening '*Daily Bulletin*,' each edition of which enjoys a very wide and fast-increasing circulation. We recognize in the varied columns of the weekly sheet many sound and able articles upon current topics, and not a few brief and pleasant literary papers, from the fertile pen of our friend and correspondent, 'Meister KARL,' CHARLES G. LELAND, Esq., who is one of the editors. 'Thank you for nothing,' the '*Bulletin*' may say of our poor praise: 'we have obtained the *ear* of that many-headed monster, 'THE PUBLIC,' and we intend to keep it.' 'Good so:' all right. We are glad to hear it; and while that public ear is open, let it listen to this song of '*We're Getting Along*,' by Mr. LELAND. There is *vim* in it:

"'WE are getting along — we're getting along!'
Loud rattles the train as it darts away,
Loud answers the steam-boat across the bay,
Loud rustles the ship built for 'steamer time,'
While the factory looms and bell keep chime:
'We are getting along, we are getting along!'

"'We are getting along — we're getting along!'
So the telegraph wires vibrate in the breeze,
Harping a tune to the song of the trees,
And the rushing river is singing it still
With the heaving, clattering water-mill:
'We are getting along — we're getting along!'

"'We're getting along — we're getting along!'
So the steam-press sings, as from it are whirled
The flying leaves to a reading world,
And the leaves as they flutter o'er sea and land
Still sing, as they flit from hand to hand,
'We are getting along — we're getting along!'

"'We are getting along — we're getting along!'
All over the green world broad and wide,
By the foaming river or mountain side,
Where in word or in deed a *thought* hath been,
Or a spirit immortal from GOD is seen;
And while word and spirit their life prolong
We hear the wondrous and endless song:
'We are getting along — we are getting along!'"

No wonder '*The Bulletin*' is 'getting along!'- - - - 'THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS,' which began in the KNICKERBOCKER, and were continued in PUTNAM'S excellent '*Monthly*,' are concluded in our present number. They will soon appear, in a handsome volume, admirably illustrated by DARLEY, from the press of Messrs. DERBY AND JACKSON. Several of the 'Papers' will not have seen the light until they appear in the book. It must have a rare popularity. The quaint, genial humor, the nice observation, the love of Nature and of humanity, and the great ease and beauty of style, which characterize this series of sketches, will unquestionably secure for them a very extensive sale. They richly deserve it. - - - ON ST. PATRICK'S

Day, as the E —— Guards were parading the streets to the sound of 'Yankee Doodle,' from fife and drum, a lover of the patron-saint and good whiskey, a sort of 'camp-follower,' was observed staggering along behind, and merrily whistling 'St. PATRICK'S Day in the Morning.' Some one observed that PADDY'S gait appeared rather eccentric: 'I know it,' said he, 'but, d'ye mind, *I'm striving to march afther two tshunes.*' That might be called a specimen of forced marching.' - - - THIS pansy from '*A Christmas Garland*,' woven for '*The Independent*' religious and literary journal, should have graced our last number. But *when* could '*Thoughts of our Friends in Heaven*' be untimely, or out of place? Very beautiful, tender, and touching are *these* thoughts. They *came* from the heart, and they cannot fail to *reach* the heart of every reader who *possesses* that 'noble entrail:'

'IT is strange what a change is wrought in one hour by death. The moment our friend is gone from us for ever, what sacredness invests him! Every thing he ever said or did seems to return to us clothed in new significance. A thousand yearnings rise of things we would fain say to him; of questions unanswered, and now unanswerable. All he wore or touched, or looked upon familiarly, becomes sacred as relics. Yesterday these were homely articles, to be tossed to-and-fro, handled lightly, given away thoughtlessly; to-day we touch them softly, our tears drop on them; DEATH has laid his hand on them, and they have become holy in our eyes. Those are sad hours when one has passed from our doors never to return, and we go back to set the place in order. There the room, so familiar, the homely belongings of their daily life, each one seems to say to us in its turn, 'Neither shall their place know them any more.' Clear the shelf now of vials and cups and prescriptions; open the windows; step no more carefully; there is no one now to be cared for, no one to be nursed, no one to be awakened.

'Ah! why does this bring a secret pang with it when we know that they are where none shall any more say, 'I am sick!' Could only one flutter of their immortal garments be visible in such moments; could their face, glorious with the light of heaven, once smile on the deserted room, it might be better. One needs to lose friends to understand one's self truly. The death of a friend teaches things within that we never knew before. We may have expected it, prepared for it, it may have been hourly expected for weeks; yet when it comes it falls on us suddenly, and reveals in us emotions we could not dream of. The opening of those heavenly gates for them startles and flutters our souls with strange mysterious thrills unfelt before. The glimpse of glories, the sweep of voices, all startle and dazzle us, and the soul for many a day aches and longs with untold longings.

'We divide among ourselves the possessions of our lost ones. Each well-known thing comes to us with an almost supernatural power. The book we once read with them, the old BIBLE, the familiar hymn; then perhaps little pet articles of fancy, made dear to them by some peculiar taste, the picture, the vase — how costly are they now in our eyes!

'We value them not for their beauty or worth, but for the frequency with which we have seen them touched or used by them; and our eye runs over the collection, and perhaps lights most lovingly on the homeliest thing which may have been oftenest touched or worn by them.

'It is a touching ceremony to divide among a circle of friends the memorials of the lost. Each one comes inscribed, '*no more*;' and yet, each one, too, is a pledge of reunion. But there are invisible relics of our lost ones more precious than the book, the picture, or the vase. Let us treasure them in our hearts. Let us bind to our hearts the patience which they will never need again; the fortitude in suffering, which belonged only to this suffering state. Let us take from their dying hand that submission under affliction which they shall need no more in a world where affliction is unknown. Let us collect in our thoughts all those cheerful and hopeful sayings which they threw out from time to time as they walked with us, and string them as a rosary to be daily counted over. Let us test our own daily life by what must be their now perfected estimate; and as they once walked with us on earth, let us walk with them in heaven.

'We may learn at the grave of our lost ones how to live with the living. It is a fearful thing to live so carelessly as we often do with those dearest to us, who may at any moment be gone for ever. The life we are living, the words we are now saying, will all be lived over in memory over some future grave. One remarks that the death of a child often makes parents tender and indulgent. Ah! it is a lesson learned of bitter

sorrow. If we would know how to measure our words to living friends, let us see how we feel toward the dead. If we have been neglectful, if we have spoken hasty or unkind words, on which death has put his inevitable seal, what an anguish is that! But our living friends may, ere we know, pass from us; we may be to-day talking with those whose names to-morrow are to be written among the dead; the familiar household objects of to-day may become sacred relics to-morrow. Let us walk softly; let us forbear and love; none ever repented of too much love to a departed friend; none ever regretted too much tenderness and indulgence; but many a tear has been shed for too much harshness and severity. Let our friends in heaven then teach us how to treat our friends on earth. Thus by no vain fruitless sorrow, but by a deeper self-knowledge, a tenderer and more sacred estimate of life, may our heavenly friends prove to us ministering spirits.

'The triumphant Apostle says to the Christian: 'All things are yours — Life and Death.' Let us not lose either; let us make *Death* our own; in a richer, deeper, and more solemn earnestness of life. So those souls which have gone from our ark and seemed lost over the gloomy ocean of the unknown, shall return to us, bearing the olive-leaves of Paradise.'

Thoughtless reader, remember these words! - - - THERE appears to be a present prospect of a *War between Great-Britain and the United States.* Fortunately, we are 'out of town,' and like the Americans at Bladensburgh, 'do n't seem to take no interest.' If they come up to *our* section, we can set twenty locomotives on 'em down the pier at once; not volunteers, but regulars, that have been trained to their work. 'Spare the switch and spoil the machine,' has always been the maxim at our end of the road. 'Let 'em come on, we are armed!' General 'RAMAPO' leads the forces, aided by 'NEW-YORK,' second in command, and another locomotive on 'the retired list,' halfway down the Flatts, and at low tide ready at its country's call. 'Up Guards!' ('Ingine' Guards,) 'and at 'em!' - - - A COUNTRYMAN brought a number of live fowls to market in one of our Southern towns. A native and a Frenchman were 'pricing' them with a view of purchasing, when the poulterer mentioned his price per pair, and remarked that he wished to leave for home, and if they would buy the lot, they could have them for so much a head. 'Well, then, Monsieur,' said the Frenchman to the other: 'suppose we buy dem all: you will take the *roustares* and I shall take their *sistares.*' Is n't that *very* 'Frenchy?' - - - Do our readers remember the thrilling account given not many months ago in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER, of '*A Night in Bed with a Rattlesnake?*' We shall assume that they do; for it was not a narrative to be soon forgotten. Well, from the same welcome correspondent we derive the following:

'IN the month of August, in the year 1836, I was sojourning for a few days at the Cavalry post on the Mississippi River, called Fort Des Moines. There was at this post at the time above stated, quite a body of troops, under the command of that excellent officer and accomplished gentleman, Colonel M ——. This gentleman was accredited one of the best shots in the army at that day, and I was particularly anxious to witness his prowess in arms. To accomplish this a party was made up for the purpose of paying our respects to the 'Prairie chickens,' whose homes were upon the wide-expanded 'ocean land' that lay at no great distance from the fort. I have said the party was made up for the purpose of paying '*our* respects' to the game in question. This is a slight mistake, for none of the party were armed with any weapon more deadly than a pocket-knife, save the Colonel. The rest of us were mere amateurs. We went to see the fight, not to join in the 'deadly fray.' The hero of the day was mounted on a slight-made, ambling pony, of so diminutive a size that, when mounted, the Colonel's feet almost touched the ground. Dressed in his hunting-garb, and armed with his

trusty double-barrel, he was ready to take the field. The rest of us were differently mounted; and as for myself, by accident or by design, I was called upon to throw myself astride one of the most vicious and untamable animals among the whole four hundred stabled at that post. It is true I did not pride myself on my horsemanship, but as for backing down, that was out of the question, even though my obstinacy had cost me the dislocation of my neck, or the more moderate punishment of the breaking of a leg. So after examining the saddle, and seeing that all was right, with two soldiers on either side of his head to hold the animal, I vaulted into the saddle, and adjusting my feet in the stirrups, and gathering up the reins, gave the word to 'let him go;' and sure enough, he *did* go; and he not only went but he flew; but by great good luck, for I can attribute it to nothing else, I preserved my position, and by still greater good luck, my reputation as a horseman.

'A few minutes' ride brought us upon the entrance to the far-stretching prairie, and in a few minutes more the Colonel was engaged in his favorite sport. The rest of us, having no guns, soon found ourselves wandering still farther into the 'desert waste;' and it was not long before our presence started from his hiding-place a PRAIRIE WOLF. Here was the game before us, but we had no weapons with which to dispatch him. The thought occurred to us that we might *ride him down*, and so set upon the chase. The race was an exciting one; but having the fleetest horse, I was soon left 'solitary and alone' in the race. But this denizen of the prairies had a decided advantage of me, for he could turn a short corner in a much quicker time than it was possible for me to do; and the consequence was, that when I thought there was no possibility of escape, the next moment would see my wily fugitive on another tack, and before I could veer around, some rods would be intervening between us. I did not like the idea of a discomfiture, and therefore pursued the game, 'hoping against hope,' until I was wearied of the ride, and gave it up in despair. I did not catch the wolf, but 'I had a good drive out of him.'

'Were you ever lost on a prairie? If not, you can hardly imagine the *crushing* sensation of being *alone!* Being lost in the woods is a pastime compared to it! In the latter case you are surrounded by the noble forest; around and above you, the branches are vocal with the song and chirp of the feathered tribe; the squirrel is performing his antics by leaping from branch to branch, and from tree to tree. There is animation and music around you; *life* pervades the scene, and gives hope to the *future*. But in the former case, one desolate waste, with nothing to break or enliven the prospect, presents itself to the eye. The throbbing of the heart, even, is silenced with the vastness of the desolation that surrounds it, and a sensation of despair is felt creeping over the mind, until an effort is demanded to save the body from utter prostration. This was my condition after the unsuccessful chase of the wolf. In the excitement of the race I had not discovered that my companions had left me, neither had I taken any note of the course pursued. I looked around me, 'monarch of all I surveyed,' which was nothing more nor less than utter desolation.

'But there was no use of speculation. I must get back to the fort; but how was that to be done? There was not a root or a branch to guide me. My horse had become perfectly docile, and really seemed to sympathize with the troubles of his rider. I attempted to follow my trail back, but after many efforts found it of no use; and finally, when I found the sun was not disposed to wait for me, but was fast sinking to rest in the west, I threw the reins down upon the neck of my noble beast, and gave myself up to his guidance. It is not the first time this best of all animals has been thus serviceable to me. Instinctively, or otherwise, he set his face toward the fort, and it was not long (for my friends had become alarmed at my absence) before I heard the firing of guns, they having resorted to this in hopes of attracting my attention. In due time I was in comfortable quarters, and thus ended my day's sport if 'sport,' it may be called.

S. F.'

A 'good scrape to be out of!' - - - THE great length of an article among the 'Original Papers' of the present number, (which in sending to the

printer's we had forgotten was written, against our *repeated* caution to correspondents, on both sides of the paper,) together with a lost package of 'copy,' prevents the publication, in this issue, of several notices of new books and new editions from popular houses in Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia. We ask the indulgence of our friends the publishers once more until our next number. - - - - .We see many allusions to Mr. Barnum's failure, in the papers, some of which express a sort of exultation at the alleged fact. We do not envy the man who can rejoice over the misfortunes of one who has devised so many liberal things as has Mr. Barnum; whose misfortunes have been brought on by his generous attempts to assist his friends. Let such remember that Mr. Barnum has no contract unfulfilled; that he owes no one for labor, or for any articles for the use of himself or his family; that if he is ruined, (which we are slow to believe,) it is by having too much confidence in others. Mr. Barnum has been unfortunate, in placing his trust in others; but if he were this day without a penny in the world, he could not long remain so. He is just in the prime of life, and has energy and resources that will enable him soon to recover all he has lost. He may have a lofty fall, but he will be sure to alight on his feet. It will not be long before the public will hear of some enterprise they now little dream of, which will surprise and startle them, and then 'Barnum' will once more be in every body's mouth. You may knock him down with one of the very largest of the clubs that killed Captain Cook, but he will be up again before you can vociferate 'John Robinson, Esquire.'

New Publications, Art-Notices, Etc.

'The City Architect,' is the title of a 'Series of Original Designs for Dwellings, Stores, and Public Buildings,' adapted to cities and villages, the first number of which has just reached us from the press of Messrs. De Witt and Davenport, of this city. It is from the pen of Mr. William H. Ranlett, author of 'Cottage Architecture,' and is illustrated by drawings of plans, elevations, sections, details, etc. It commences a work the plan and execution of which impress us very favorably. It is intended to be, and promises to be, 'an eclectic designer and instructor in the art of constructing houses adapted to the exigencies of the American people: to enable those whose necessities require them to build with such rapidity that they cannot stop to study principles, and in places where they can seldom avail themselves of professional assistance, to avoid the errors which are so inevitable and so costly, so destructive to domestic comfort, and so often ruinous to health. It is not to be simply a collection of designs for showy house-fronts, but a manual containing all the requisite information and practical directions for building a city *from the start*. It will contain not only plans and specifications for dwelling-houses, shops, stores, manufactories, lecture-rooms, academies, churches, theatres, court-houses, prisons, hotels, alms-houses, and hospitals; but also instructions for paving, flagging, constructing drains, culverins, docks, wharves, mills; street-grading, laying out of squares, parks, and public grounds; and full and comprehensive directions will be given for ventilating, heating, and lighting all classes of buildings.'

'Our Church Music,' by Mr. Richard Storrs Willis, a thoroughly-educated and accomplished musical *savant*, is literally 'a book for pastors and people,' and one with which we hope 'pastors and people' will generally make themselves acquainted. The

volume contains a true and forcible exposition of the present style of church-music, and gives us many important suggestions as to its improvement and reformation. It is a fact, that we have heard more *devotional* church-music from a country-church choir, in our boyhood's 'meeting' days, (set a-going by a tall 'singing-master,' with dingy, well-bethumbed, unpainted pine 'pitch-pipe,' pulled out to 'E' or 'F,' and sounding the onset to 'Old Windham,' 'Aylesbury,' 'Old Hundred,' 'Limehouse,' and the like; the whole congregation joining, with an unction, a fervor, and a *twang*,) that we never heard in a metropolitan church, with all the opera-singers in town, singing opera-tunes in the blue-and-gold decorated choir-inclosures. And *apropos* of this, hear Mr. WILLIS's sensible and forcible remarks:

'HEARING a choir sing, is *not worship*. Reading the hymn through in a merely intellectual attention to the thought, *is not worship*. A solemn feeling *is not worship*. Such a feeling is often the result of architectural or artistic causes. A person, for instance, has entered a cathedral. He is awed by the grandeur and solemn hush of the place. He yields to an irresistible feeling of solemnity, and afterward goes away, and feels, perhaps, as though he had worshipped. Not so. He has merely indulged in what might be called *architectural awe*. Such a feeling is a legitimate effect of elevated art. But this *is not worship*. The place and the supreme Object of worship lie higher than mere architecture, or music, or sculpture, or painting, artistically enjoyed, bear the soul. For, in the enjoyment of art, as in the enjoyment of natural scenery, we are recipients; the mind, therefore, is in a passive state. Whereas, in worship, the mind is in an active state. We must rise *through* nature to nature's GOD: and, in sacred art, unless the soul be impelled forward one step further, to definite religious action, it is not in a condition of worship. For no passive state, no condition of mere feeling, can involve this. Worship involves an act. Feeling may and should accompany this act, but cannot constitute it. And in sacred song we must not only, as a mere act of intellection, attain to the thought of the words, but we must utter *that thought upward to God*, before we can be said rightly to worship.'

COSMOPOLITAN ART-ASSOCIATION.—The second annual distribution of this increasingly-popular 'institution,' took place on the twenty-eighth day of February last. The distribution was made in the presence of a large number of citizens and invited guests, at Sandusky, Ohio, who were first favored with an eloquent lecture on '*The Dignity and Influence of Art*,' by PARKE GODWIN, Esq., of this city. The Genoa Crucifix goes to FRANCES BOLAN, of Minersville, Pa.: the Bust of WASHINGTON, by POWERS, was drawn by Dr. SALTER, of this city, who subscribed for the KNICKERBOCKER only a day or so before the distribution. The Bust of FRANKLIN, also by POWERS, goes to JAMES PATTERSON, of Alliance, Ohio. We learn that the Association are making arrangements to remove their Gallery to Philadelphia, and expect to offer greater inducements than ever to subscribers. Those who wish to add to their magazine-reading can subscribe, and receive any of the three-dollar magazines for the present year, and become members of the Association for the third year. As we have before said, there has never been offered any plan for the dissemination of works of art and good literature so deserving of public favor as this; and next year, by opening a Gallery for exhibition in Philadelphia, and if possible a sub-exhibition here, they should secure one hundred thousand subscribers: and we predict that they *will*.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN has opened its *Thirty-First Annual Exhibition*. We have not had an opportunity as yet to visit the collection, but we learn from those who have been more fortunate, that it is one of marked excellence and unwonted attraction. Beside the best efforts of the 'great masters,' DURAND, KENSETT, CHURCH, ELLIOTT, HICKS, LANG, and their compeers, certain new candidates for public favor have made successful endeavors to secure the boon. The Academy, in the pleasant days which bid fair presently to ensue, will be one of the most charming places of resort in the metropolis, both for intellectual and refined enjoyment, and the 'best society.'

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The LAGRANGE OPERA TROUPE, after very successful seasons in Boston and Philadelphia, are again among us, and have been greeted on their return by crowded houses. As we write, the house is to be closed for a week, to bring out ARDITI's new opera of '*The Spy*,' of which we may have something to say hereafter.

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Knickerbocker,

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AMERICAN AND ORIGINAL.

THE

KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE,

EDITED BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK.

THE number for January, 1856, begins the FORTY-SEVENTH VOLUME of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

Since the price of subscription has been reduced from FIVE to THREE DOLLARS a year, the circulation of the KNICKERBOCKER has been increased nearly four to one. In many places ten are sold where there was but one before, and through the year it has been steadily increasing. It is now offered as cheap as any of the Magazines, all things considered. Instead of making new and prodigious promises, we submit a few extracts from notices of late numbers, which we might extend to a number of pages.

'Those familiar with the Editor's monthly 'Gossip with his readers, have doubtless, with ourselves, admired the perennial source of its pleasant wit and joyousness. In this number 'The Gossip' holds on its way like some fair rivulet glancing and dancing in the sunshine of a May morning. We used to wonder how MR. CLARK held out expecting he must certainly 'snow brown' in the coming number; but this number gives no sign of exhaustion.—*National Intelligencer. Washington.*

'Pleasant, genial, delightful 'Old KNICK.!' Thy name is a suggestion of all things delectable; too sight of thy modest, fresh cover, a balm to spiritual sore eyes; a glance within thee, best antidote for the blues. Thou hast given to kindly humor, to piquant delineation, and to side-splitting fun, a 'local habitation,' without which they might be wandering over the domain of letters, calling now and then where a friendly door opened to them but refusing to be comforted for the loss of their old dear home.'—*Courier, Burlington Vt.*

'The great care evinced in the selection of articles that adorn its pages, is a sufficient guaranty that no contribution meets the eye of the reader but those which are known to be worthy of his perusal. When storms and wild tempests are sweeping o'er our hill-side village in these chill winter hours, and all is drear and desolate without, we ask for no more agreeable companion than the 'KNICKERBOCKER;' for while its contents impart valuable information, its sallies of genuine wit are a sovereign specific for all fits of the blues or attacks of the horrors, and time passes merrily on.'—*Democrat, Doylestown, Pa.*

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'No one ever rose from the perusal of the KNICKERBOCKER a disappointed reader. Whatever may have been his anticipations, they have always been rewarded. When he took up a new number, he felt sure of a literary treat: it was no mere showy repast he was invited to. Did he seek the grave or didactic essay, the touching story, poetic gems, or the humorous tale, he was always sure of finding the object of his search. And then, besides, there was the 'Gossip' of Old 'KNICK.' always looked to with eagerness, never put down except with regret that there were not more pages of inimitable random sketches—the *Knick*-nacks of that repast.'—*Courier, Natchez, Miss.*

THE KNICKERBOCKER. New-York: Samuel Hueston. This best, decidedly best, of the American magazines seems to have improved in appearance and in the quality of its literary matter—always good—even upon its reduction in price. It is a luxury of which no man who has three dollars to spare—and who that has a taste for good reading has not—should deprive himself, to sit down in a retired corner, when the mind has been wearied with the perplexities of every day pursuits, and pore over the well-stored pages of "Old Knick." We even now read the old volumes of this work, of a dozen years ago, with more real pleasure than half the new publications of the day. Each number will "bear the wear and tear of half a dozen readings," and then the volume be "worthy of good binding and a place on the shelves," and that is what can be truly said of but few of the magazines of the present day.

The contents of the Knickerbocker are so varied, that almost every one will find something in its pages to please him—to instruct and amuse. The articles are marked by the highest order of merit, and in a long series of years we have found nothing in this work to which the most fastidious could object. It is a work which should be on the centre table of every family.—*Knoxville Times.*

Rev. F. W. SHELTON, Author of Letters from Up the River, etc., will be a regular contributor.

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SAMUEL HUESTON,
348 Broadway, New-York.

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Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIOGVOLK.

MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

PART FOUR.

SYMPATHY is the electric chain that links humanity together. Call it animal magnetism, or spiritualism, or what you will, there is a power of recognition in every faculty and attribute of our nature that enables it to detect and appreciate its fellow whenever and wherever encountered. We are more or less interesting to each other as we have many or few points of psychological contact. The more we know of each other, if we have affinities, the more lively and active are our sympathies with each other, the better we are able to approximate to that desired craving of the heart, a reflex of ourselves — a thing to study and to endeavor to comprehend. Self-knowledge is the highest earthly wisdom, inasmuch as it involves a knowledge of our fellow-beings and our mutual relations to each other. The self-knowledge taught by solitary meditation is one-sided, imperfect, and often totally false. It is apt to be morbid, misanthropic, desponding, and melancholy. After much experience and intercourse with the world, a man may profitably sometimes shut himself out from its sympathies and give his life to meditation; but he must be a man of rare powers of memory and imagination. Ordinary men are not safe if left wholly to themselves alone. By keeping our sympathies vigilant the spirits are kept in tone, and cheerfulness, which is the wine of life, is maintained.

Now, it has always appeared to me that men differ more in the faculty of appreciating each other than in any other respect. Perhaps it is because this embraces all other differences. Many men there be that walk together through a long life as utterly ignorant of the real nature of each other as if they belonged to different species. It is sometimes as if one was arrayed in the colors of the rainbow and the other were blind, or as if one sang like the carols of morning birds and the

other were deaf. Yet others have the power of seizing and appreciating character at a glance and in the twinkling of an eye. How they come by it they know not. The capacity more nearly approaches what we call instinct than any thing else in our nature. It is a marvellous power. It unravels mysteries, cuts its way through disguises, brushes aside all the shams with which men deceive themselves, and dives at the kernel of the character of a man with unerring certainty. Men often possess it to a great degree who can arrogate to themselves neither talent nor genius. My humble theory is, that it comes from an active self-consciousness sympathizing by a sort of animal magnetism, with the self-consciousness of others. Once brought in contact, and the electrical chain established, the hidden secrets of a man's heart flow imperceptibly from him, the most watchful guard sleeps at his post, and the treasure is betrayed to the gaze of the fascinator. A man thus often finds himself seduced, as it were, into imparting the most sacred confidences to one of an hour's acquaintance; and will sometimes stop and start and rouse himself like a guilty thing, as it suddenly flashes upon him that he has opened the window in his soul, perhaps to the gaze of idle curiosity. Has not the reader seen or felt this?

PART FIVE.

I HEAR so many persons talk over their affairs together, that I have become acquainted with numerous family histories and private biographies where my unavoidable eaves-dropping is little suspected. From constantly watching faces, (aided perhaps by powers acquired through careful early education, which I have unprofitably wasted in an idle, purposeless life,) I have become, I fancy, a tolerable judge of physiognomy, and can easily piece together to my satisfaction the scraps I pick up from their talk, and make out a character for many of those who ride in my car. Here now comes with mincing, measured steps, a spruce-looking little chap, very tidily dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons. He carries a small gold-headed cane as if it were a rod of iron — so stiff it looks. He wears a huge diamond breast-pin, and his whiskers are cut quite fantastically, showing the chin and leaving the moustache. His pantaloons are black, strapped down over those 'obsolete ideas,' patent-leather boots. His vest is rather flashy, his sleeves rather looser than those most men wear, and his hat of shiny silk, of rather stiff, Canal-street look. What a careless, happy dog he is to be sure! With what self-gratulation he bends his eyes upon his neat-fitting green kids, and nurses that succulent knob of his cane! I know by an intuition I cannot satisfactorily account for, that he is a clerk with a moderate salary. Whenever I see a young man riding down to his business, carrying such a cane in such a way, with the marks of so much labor bestowed upon his personal appearance as to give him the jaunty air of our little friend, I know he is a clerk. He has no care. Care be hanged! Care killed a cat. The toil of life sits easy upon his soul. Be the times hard or soft, he gets his salary. This enables him to keep soul and body together after his fashion, and he would not rouse himself to do more. Not he. This is your sybarite on the Canal-street plan.

His 'chiefest care' is to decorate his person, fill his maw, smoke his segar, and do as little work as possible. In the sight of his employer I warrant you he is a model of diligence, but in the absence of his employer I would not wager odds upon his fidelity.

I knew such an one many years ago. He was my fellow-clerk in the office of a popular stock-broker of this city, named Johnson. Fag, like myself, was a broker's clerk, and nothing else. Fag's own elegant person was his empire. His time was chiefly occupied in cultivating that. He was very skilful in what he undertook, and that was, watching the movements of Johnson. He knew Johnson's movements to a nicety. In the morning Fag arrived a few minutes before Johnson, and in the afternoon Fag left about two seconds after the door closed behind Johnson. Our employer's hours varied. He very often left the office quite early in the day; but I verily believe if he had left at ten in the morning, it would have been the signal for the flight of my fellow-clerk. Johnson was an absent-minded man, and often forgot accounts and books he purposed taking home; it used to make me laugh outright when he returned suddenly and met my worthy fellow-clerk just emerging for the day. Our office-hours were nominally fixed, but Johnson came down late and left for home early. Fag's hours were the same as Johnson's + two minutes and one second. Johnson was compelled to be in 'the Board' or 'on 'Change' the greater part of the day; and as soon as Johnson quitted the office in the morning, Fag popped down from his high stool, and abandoned his high desk and his books of account. Lighting a segar, he seated himself in a softly-cushioned chair, and, placing his feet upon a table, with a new novel or the newspaper, made himself comfortable. Sometimes he would send out the errand-boy for a few friends of congenial tastes, and have a rubber of whist or a hand at all-fours. Literary reading and dawdling over newspapers were prohibited in the office, and so these things were kept out of sight, except in Johnson's absence. Often, however, he returned unexpectedly when the novels were in full view: still Johnson never seemed to observe them, and indeed they disappeared with a facility that Signor Blitz might have envied. Fag fancied Johnson never saw his duplicity and eye-serving; but the truth was, Johnson was a kind-hearted man, and could not muster courage to discharge a clerk. Beside, he well knew if he set Fag afloat in the world he might find it difficult to get his bread, as he could not fairly or prudently be recommended for fidelity or diligence to the employment of another, and poor Fag seemed, like myself, to lack the energy and independence to make his own way. So it happened that Fag continued for years in the employment of Johnson, seldom missing an opportunity to evade his duties when not openly liable to detection, and rewarding forbearance by ingratitude. This character made such an impression upon me that I have never forgotten it, and I marked his manner so that I know the type the moment I see one of the sort.

PART SIX.

I HAVE many a pleasant acquaintance who is not too proud to talk with the conductor, and who prefers to share the platform with me

rather than sit or stand inside the over-crowded car. Oftentimes I have a pleasant chat witht hem, and some are as communicative as if there were some mysterious relationship between us, which they took pleasure in recognizing. I am a sort of major-domo in their eyes, and they have a smile or a jest for me as often as we meet. Now comes one stepping on the car this bright morning. He is a cheery, chattering old gentleman that has seen sixty, but he is as brisk as a bee and as gay as a morning lark. Time has 'snowed' him 'under,' but his step is vigorous, and his grasp is firm. He is of small stature, and has the activity of a boy. His eye is twinkling, and he is looking about for a chance at fun in some direction. The first time I saw him upon my car he found it pretty well filled, and he pushed and crowded about so vigorously to find 'ample room and verge enough,' that he jostled me rather more than I was accustomed to. I stood with my back toward him, and turned to see what rude boy was making such a commotion. When my eye met his he put on such a roguish look, and he poked me in the ribs with such a merry, ringing laugh, that I was quite charmed with him, and bore his pressure against me with good-nature, and presently ventured to address him some passing remark. He then fell talking to me of the times when he first came to New-York, in 1799, when there were but two brick houses from St. Paul's to the Hospital in Broadway. From this he passed to the changes in the times in the matter of the extravagant habits of the people, and so on. Then he began to remark upon the frequent bankruptcies among young merchants. Some other time I may repeat some of his sagacious observations upon this topic.

I will now content myself with an anecdote he told. Said he: 'When I was a merchant in William-street, some forty years ago, there was a young fellow who failed in business rather unnecessarily as we thought, and Jeemes H—— and some others, including myself, his creditors, had a meeting to overlook his accounts. We took up his ledger, and the account of A—— was turned to. Well, $500 due. Was this good? Afraid it was all bad. B——'s account of $300. How about this? Might get it, but doubtful. A third; very similar. A fourth ditto, and so on, showing a bad state of things and a recklessness in dealing with irresponsible men. However, the accounts were none large.

Presently we came to the account of 'Messrs. Carco & Cohi.' Well, who were they? Their account was some $3000, and if good would make something of a dividend. Their names were unknown to us. Were they foreigners? After some preliminaries the debtor said: 'To tell the truth, I am ashamed to confess it, but I have spent this amount frolicking with certain ladies whose society I had better have let alone; and this account stands for 'Carnation-Company & Coach-hire.'' How the old gentleman laughed as he told me this! We were getting to the end of the route, and there was no time to say more. 'But,' said my venerable friend, 'I am satisfied that this firm of 'Carco & Cohi' figures as largely in the books of our young bankrupts now-a-days as it did forty years ago.'"

EARLY OCTOBER.

SUGGESTED BY 'APPLE-GATHERING:' A PAINTING BY JEROME THOMPSON.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

'Tis autumn-time!
The golden, mellow autumn-time;
And skies are radiant, rich and warm,
The air delicious with its balm,
And laden branch and leafy spray
New-colored by October's day.

Magnificent, rare autumn-time!
With honeyed fruits and leaves embrowned,
And gay blooms o'er thy forehead bound,
With scarlet vine-leaves crowned!
All day the rosy-girdled hours
Prolong in thy resplendent bowers
Their festival of fruits and flowers—
A carnival sublime!

Long musing o'er the painter's dream,
Athwart the glowing canvas spread,
Again October's glow and gleam
I see, October's haunts I tread:
October's glorious sky I view,
Its purple haze, its cloud of blue
All tinctured with the sunset's gold,
Irradiant as a banner's fold.

I see the upland slope so green,
Bathed in the noon-day haze serene;
The purpling hills, the grassy plain,
The yellow harvests of the grain;
The old oaks soaring brown and tall,
O'er which the crows discordant call;
The farmer's humble roof of gray,
Fast by the road's secluded way;
The well-sweep old, high raised in air,
And oaken bucket dripping there.

I see the orchard bending low,
With ruddy pippins all a-glow;
While farm-boys pluck the tree's ripe fruit,
Or idly stretch them at its root;
While damsels, rosy-red, await
With baskets the o'erflowing freight;
Or pause to listen to the tale
Of some LOTHARIO of the vale.

Hard by I see the old brown wain
Heaped with its fruit of gorgeous stain,
Fruit that shall make the winter's hearth
Glow brighter with the honest mirth:

When round the heaped-up apples pass,
Or the rich cider crowns the glass;
When fire-side tale and fire-side song
The farmer's jovial nights prolong.

In our ocean of life there's an isle
Around which soft memories pour;
Sometimes with a dimple and smile,
Sometimes with a turbulent roar;
Even so in my memory a spot
Shineth ever all radiant and gay;
A meadow, an orchard, a cot,
And the woods where my childhood would play:
And the soft purple hills of my love,
And the rosy clouds soaring above;
Even such a bright, early-loved place
As here on the canvas I trace.

New-York, Feb. 14, 1856.

SKETCHES FROM THE COUNTRY.

BY W. L. TIFFANY.

APPLE-CUTTINGS.

AUGUST 20. — It is at this season that our South-Jersey farmers busy themselves with drying their winter store of fruit. Apples, pears, peaches, and plums are all preserved in this manner, but as a rule the quantities of apples thus prepared far exceed those of any other fruit. The preliminary peelings and quarterings of these fruits are commonly made seasons of festivity at each farm-house, and go by the general name of 'apple-cuttings.' None but young, unmarried people are invited to these junketings; and to this class of our population, 'apple-cutting time' is associated with the same ideas of gayety and delight that fill the minds of city beaux and belles when the opera season draws near, or when the commencement of a more than commonly magnificent round of parties awaits them.

Having issued invitations for the neighboring 'fellers and gals' to meet at his house upon a certain evening, to assist at an apple-cutting, the farmer and his men repair to the orchard, and carefully gather all the apples which are sour and unfit for table-fruit, into clean, sweet tubs and barrels. In the mean time the house-wife bakes some forty or fifty sturdy, thick-crusted apple-pies, and also sees to it that a barrel of new or 'sweet' cider sits in some cool, convenient place in the cellar. In the afternoon preceding the festal evening, the family supper is dispatched by four o'clock, when the kitchen is cleared of all its furniture, kettles, dishes, and other cooking-gear, thoroughly swept and cleaned from top to bottom, and its floor plentifully decorated with quaint devices of white sand. Seats of boards and blocks are now constructed

along the kitchen-walls, while barrels, tubs, and heaps of apples, beside baskets and boxes containing knives, are conveniently dispersed throughout the room. At sun-down the kitchen-doors are thrown wide open, some six or eight candles are lighted, and dressed in clean frocks and snow-white aprons the farmer's wife and daughters seat themselves near the principal entrance, and filling their laps with apples, proceed to pare the same in a leisurely, *degagée* manner while waiting for the guests.

Scarcely has the sun declined beneath the horizon, when troops of rural beaux and belles come flocking into the yard, and having saluted the hostess, pass into the house; and while the ladies thrust their sun-bonnets into their pockets, and at once seat themselves, the gentlemen hunt up knives, fill the fair ones' laps with apples, and in a few moments all are busy with the work of paring and cutting up the fruit. While, as we have said, apple-cuttings furnish the most delightful of all pleasures known to our young people, the kitchen is soon filled to its utmost capacity, and on this occasion our nymphs and swains are careful to wear their choicest graces and apparel. The beaux, it will be observed, are one and all in their shirt-sleeves, with the bottoms of their pantaloons well rolled up, and sitting very close beside their respective lady-loves, furnish them with successive supplies of the largest and fairest apples (which sort are most easily pared and quartered) with all possible flourish and gay courtesy. As a point of more importance than any, each Adonis wears his hat continually, (by which custom the looker-on is regaled with a curious spectacle of intermingled and antique, bell and steeple-crowns,) and although this fashion conceals the greater portion of each gallant's hair, yet that which is exposed to view is certain to be shining with grease, while the lower ends thereof are curled inward toward the neck with a nicety and regularity that can only result from the exercise of great practice and pains.

It is among the fairer portion of the company, however, that we are to look for the most marked display and coquetry, and the boldest and most knowing of these (inasmuch as they have, perhaps, had their notions enlarged and stimulated by passing a few summer weeks as 'help' at some Cape-Island Hotel, where city gallants and ladies were plentiful) will probably be arrayed in red and blue flannel polka-jackets, and cheap yellow and brown kid shoes, while their foreheads will be seen to be quite covered with dainty specimens of that peculiar species of curl commonly called 'beau-catchers.' The damsels possessing less confidence and knowledge than the above, are fain to be satisfied with their clean 'Sunday' calico frocks, and green-silk aprons, and the clusters of glass and sealing-wax beads, which glitter from about their full, sun-burnt throats.

As in all other assemblies, some members of the company attract far more attention and consideration than others. Thus, a hare-brained oyster-man, or the stage-driver, (and by very superior diplomacy this latter personage is sometimes entrapped for the greater delight of these entertainments,) with their stories of novel tattle, awful accidents, and strange sights, receive the same homage of wonder and awe that refined city-circles usually accord to 'strangers of distinction.' A young

carpenter or shingle-maker, earning some twenty or thirty dollars per month, is viewed by the ladies in the light of an almost matchless *bon parti;* and furthermore the covetousness with which they gaze at him quite equals that filling the heart of a fashionable city belle, when a dashing and handsome millionaire sweeps before her eyes. These are the male heroes of apple-cuttings, and the other gentlemen are patronized and esteemed in exact proportion as their tastes and habits approach those affected by the acknowledged models; but as for the decayed clam-digger, or eel-fisherman, who besides being addicted to 'coon' hunting and fiddle-playing, is perhaps endowed with a red-pimpled face, and a quenchless thirst for whiskey; for him there is no honor or adulation whatever, and the luckless wight is shunned and contemned as completely as a broken *roué* or rich tallow-chandler would be at Almacks.

Among the nymphs too, most marked distinctions exist. Those wearing the polka-jackets — since they are at times wanton and affect simpering and killing looks — draw upon themselves certain rough encomiums, which when duly translated into the fashionable tongue, mean that they are highly elegant and *distingué*. Those of a retiring disposition, but reputed to be handy with the needle and spinning-wheel, and good house-keepers withal, are referred to with the same significance which the city-blood expresses when, as lounging through a ball-room, he pronounces such pretty and modest girls as chance to be at once poor and given to piano-playing, 'slow, but devilishly well accomplished.' It is to the daughters of well-to-do farmers however, that the men pay their greatest homage; for these lasses will some day fall heiresses to many a rood of sand-field and sapling-timber; and as a rule our Jersey swains work far too hard for their money not to be aware of the ease, to say nothing of the 'position' and 'respectability' which a marriage with one of these maidens would bring them.

Wondering and laughing at the talk of the oyster-man and stage-driver, giving and taking many a sly joke, squeeze of the hand, or other token of frolicksomeness and fun that shall accord with the established etiquette, and all the while cutting and paring apples, as though their very lives depended upon their efforts, the company will have been unremittingly busy for some two or three hours, when lo! the fact becomes suddenly manifest that the store of fruit is utterly exhausted; and now, as some half-dozen girls spring to their feet, and briskly ply a half-dozen brooms, the nimblest of the men remove the numerous receptacles containing the quartered fruit, and follow the sweepers with a fresh strewing of sand: and no sooner are things put to rights once more, and the guests again seated, then a couple of buckets of cider and several trays of pies are passed about among them.

Having thoroughly refreshed themselves with cider and apple-pie, the stage-driver and three of the most rollicking oyster-men present, give a concerted wink to some scape-goat of a fiddle-player (who all the evening has probably been *sneaking* in the coventry of some one of the kitchen recesses,) and when this personage (too happy to find himself of importance at last) has struck up one of his merriest airs, the aforesaid gentlemen deposit their hats in the chimney-corner, and pomp-

ously take their places on the kitchen-floor, to electrify the company with the performance of a dance greatly admired throughout our country side, and commonly called a *straight-four*.

Quite certain the straight-four as it exists among us preserves all its ancient features entirely uncorrupt, and having frequently heard most doleful complaints in other localities, on account of the desecrating innovations with which it has generally been defaced of late, we may be excused for giving a rather minute description of its style as known to our best and purest dancers. As we have already intimated, it is performed by four males; and our stage-drivers and oyster-men are one and all peculiarly famous for their skilful knowledge of the same. Upon taking the floor, our friends (and they are already up, by-the-by) range themselves into two opening columns, the confronting heads of which are composed of the stage-driver and the nimblest of the oyster-men. Having resolutely eyed each other for a moment or two, the pair standing face to face, simultaneously throw back their heads, relax the muscles of their arms so completely that these limbs shall flap freely hither and thither at the slightest motion of the body, (a happy aptness in this proceeding is considered to be a point of most enviable accomplishment,) and slightly bending their knees, commence shuffling their feet in time with the fiddle, while the rearward parties remaining quite stationary chew tobacco without cessation, and internally revolve many doubts and hopes as to the effect of their own display when the same shall come to pass.

At first the shuffling of the stage-driver and his rival oyster-man is of a mild character, and somewhat spiritless; but as the fiddle increases its vigor and liveliness, the dancers become inspired ere long, and are moved to actions of considerable brilliancy. Thus, instead of easily shuffling on both feet, the stage-driver perhaps elevates one foot high in the air, and shaking this with the utmost spirit, delivers himself of an energetic round of forward and backward hops on the other; while, not to be out-done, the oyster-man stiffly raises himself on his toes, and artfully spins round and round about like a whirligig. Having disported themselves in this manner for some five or six minutes, these gentlemen (chiefly in consideration of their chafing comrades) bow their heads, throw up their arms, pass each other on their right hands, in a series of long circling scuffs, and coming at length to the opposite wall, are amply served with cider and pie by some enamored nymph, while the as yet unemployed dancers advance and take up the sport most eagerly.

The evolutions of the second couple will no doubt vary from those executed by the first, since before surrendering their places they will probably have caused no little suspension of breath among the company, by jumping many times high in the air, and clapping their heels together most resonantly. This feat you may be sure is not lost on the stage-driver; for in his turn to take the floor he frantically shouts for the fiddle-player to increase the speed of his music to the utmost; which being done, our hero repeatedly throws his feet up to a level with his head, the while snapping his fingers so loudly that at first you suppose some one to be cracking a whip. The latter caper naturally inspires the oyster-men to fresh novelties, such as splitting their trowsers, by

kicking at the kitchen mantel-piece, or some other unattainable height, and overtaken by the shame of this misfortune, to say nothing of the heat, fatigue, and loss of wind under which they labor, a pair of these worthies are fain to withdraw from the sport altogether, thus leaving the stage-driver and his rival oyster-man to win whatever laurels they may.

Being now alone on the floor, with all eyes steadily resting upon them, the opposing dancers strain every nerve to out-do each other. Without permitting themselves a second's rest, (for so long as the fiddle can be heard, they dare not indulge in the slightest pause save at great expense of reputation,) they strip the perspiration from their foreheads with their bent fore-fingers, tear open their waistcoats and shirts, and shuffle and jig it most ravishingly. But the honors are sure to be borne off by the stage-driver, strengthened and accomplished as he is by an almost nightly practice of his darling amusement at the road-side taverns; and after amusing the company for a full hour, with various ingenious kinds of shufflings and pirouettings, he suddenly cuts a pigeon-wing abounding in the most intricate sinuosities, with such ineffable spirit and grace, that the room rings with the loudest bursts of admiration, and the oyster-man is forced to acknowledge himself beaten, and thus retires from the field utterly crest-fallen. Thus victorious, our hero is worshipped as an idol. The men one and all praise his powers of wind and endurance, and the girls over-load him with presents, consisting, for the most part, of woollen stockings of their own knitting, sweet, red apples, and eel-skin 'snappers' (to be attached to the end of his whip-lash) plaited by their own fair hands.

Fairly overcome with the favors thus showered upon him, the stage-driver at length suggests, that the whole company at once take part in the games and plays usual to the occasions. These latter diversions are of various character, and proceed after many different methods; but in one way or other they are all games of forfeits, which are never satisfied or redeemed, save through the medium of plentiful kisses.

The most favorite of these games is called 'Wild Injùn,' and is played as follows. A long piece of rope having been procured, the guests form a wide circle, and while one of the gentlemen is selected to stand in the centre thereof, the remainder of the company keep the rope in steady, progressive motion through their fingers. While engaged in this wise, it is supposed that the attention of every body is fully engrossed with his ostensible work; and thus with the first opportunity the gallant of the centre seizes any lady on whom he can best lay his hands, and kisses her most ardently. By this feat he wins his freedom from confinement, while the nymph is condemned to take his place. In order to escape from her duress, the damsel in question must cunningly contrive to touch one of the gentlemen on his hands; and having at last succeeded in this, she strives to effect her exit from the area of the ring before the youth over whom she has gained the advantage has time to enter the same; for, failing in this, the dew of her lips will be again most prodigally ravished.

Naturally enough, this game soon excites the utmost ardor on the part of the players, and at its height it abounds with screams, laughter,

plant their salutations full and fair on the ladies' lips, and without meeting more than a becoming show of resistance, (indeed the careful observer will see those of the stage-driver and thriving carpenter ardently and abundantly returned,) the miserable fiddle-player is forced to battle both long and stoutly, ere his rough cheek meets even the back of some fair one's neck.

Engaged in pastimes of this seductive nature, the hour of twelve (pealed from the old family clock keeping grim watch in the corner) soon surprises the revellers, when the farmer invites them to another refreshment of cider and apple-pie, and this finished, he sets himself to most extravagant yawning, while his wife affects to nod in her chair, as if quite overcome with drowsiness.

Admonished by these gentle hints, the girls hasten to put their bonnets on; and at length each Strephon, as linked to his favorite Chloe, bawls out a loud and indiscriminate good-night, and takes his departure.

Although the apple-cutting festival has now drawn to a close, yet the night's entertainment is by no means finished, for each couple will now deliver themselves over to a season of the most seductive and delicious of all diversions known to youth, namely, courtship or 'sparking;' and having at length reached her paternal kitchen, each nymph invites her swain to repose himself for a while; and when the kind-hearted creature has lighted a candle, and hid the same behind some screen, (in order that the apartment may be suffused with a dim, sentimental glow, proper to the occasion,) both rest themselves on the broad, ancestral 'settle,' and until the peep of day, the fortunate gallant has full liberty to decline his head upon the fair one's lap, and vent all the sighs, endearments, and soft nothings, with which he may be inspired.

Should Strephon demean himself approvedly 'nice,' and enjoy a general reputation of hopefulness and promise, he may perhaps be regaled with a piece of pie, and a fond embrace from his enchantress, when the cock crows, (at which signal he is forced to take his departure,) and these favors are the most extreme that 'sparking' allows; for notwithstanding the freedom with which our maidens may at times comport themselves in public, their hearts are but simple, and far purer than most Parisian-bred gentlemen would imagine.

As our customs thus furnish great great freedom of intercourse among our young people, and as a living is easily gained in this region, all our boys and girls are commonly married, and settled in life, ere they have well cast their teens; and this prominent feature of our social habituation is generally attended with the happiest results; for with industry the youthful couples are enabled to enjoy every needful comfort, and as a fruit of their primitive ways, they are blest with the rudest health, and usually dwell upon the earth until surrounded by their children even to the third and fourth generation. But although early and happy marriages are the rule of our country life, yet here, as well as in all other places under the sun, Love dispenses pain as well as rapture; and more than once during the last decade, our community has been called to grieve over the amours of some oyster-man and wood-land maiden, which in a different wise, to be sure, but to the same extent, nevertheless, proved as hapless and fatal as those of Juliet and her Romeo.

THE LOST EXPLORERS.

'After long and fruitless searches for Sir John Franklin and his crews, by English and American expeditions, their remains were at last discovered in the month of August, 1855, on and near Montreal Island, in lat. 68° north, by a party of fourteen men commanded by Messrs. Stewart and Anderson, sent out by the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Their bones lie buried in the sand within an extent of twelve miles. The region is represented to be dreary in the extreme; not a blade of grass nor a stick of timber to be seen. No game of any kind could be found.'

Far in the frozen zone, where, piled for ever,
Huge crystal mountains pierce the clear, cold sky,
And fields of ice, no summer's warmth can sever,
Unchanging lie:

Far from the Esquimaux' rude moss-clad dwelling,
O'er seas untraversed by his light canoe,
Bones bleaching in the snow a tale are telling,
Tearful yet true!

A desert isle, washed by the Northern ocean,
There frowns defiance to adventurous pride:
Frost-bound in silence, naught of life or motion
Adorns its side.

No sound is heard, save when the winds of winter
Howl round its wastes and sweep its lonely shore,
Or drifting icebergs fiercely crash and splinter,
With sullen roar.

On that drear coast, brave men who vainly cherished
Longings again to tread their native land,
With watching worn, by cold and hunger perished —
A noble band!

Crushed in by moving floe or torn asunder,
Their vessels sunk beneath the treacherous wave,
As the crews fled, in mute suspense and wonder,
A watery grave.

Days, months, and years upon that Arctic island,
They bore the blinding snow and piercing gale,
But never saw from shore or icy highland
The distant sail!

The circling sun, in low rays faintly beaming,
No genial glow of summer round them spread,
And at his set, the phantom lights were streaming
Far over head.

In that long polar night, with many a story
Of perils past, they whiled the wintry hour,
Or sung the ancient songs of England's glory,
Her fame and power.

Storm, darkness, cold and solitude defying,
By pangs of gnawing hunger only moved,
Each lived to cheer his fellow-man, and dying,
Still faithful proved.

When, bending o'er the couch of the departing,
To hear in whispered accents, *home! farewell!*
From every hollow eye, the tear just starting,
Froze ere it fell.

The last sad rites performed with true devotion,
They carved his name with unavailing care
Upon the ice-mound raised beside that ocean,
In lone despair.

Thus, one by one they died, the few true-hearted,
Worthier by far of Albion's honored page
Than they who fought and bled, whose souls departed
In battle rage.

What though no marble tell their tragic story
To ice-bound mariners o'er the Northern sea,
And wailing winds around the landscape hoary
Their requiem be?

Where'er their country's banner proudly flying
In foreign climes, declares her world-wide sway,
Few of her sons can boast of fame undying
Greater than they.

Long as that isle shall lie, by man forsaken,
And awe the mariner near its rugged side,
The names of those who rest there shall awaken
A nation's pride.

Columbia's FRANKLIN taught the bolt from heaven
To rush to earth along its harmless path:
By him of England warning sad was given
By lingering death.

True patriots they: none sought with higher daring
To rule the wave or lightning fierce to tame,
And kindred lands, though severed wide, are sharing
Their common fame.

Then haste the day when skill with science blending
In arts of peace, shall join each distant shore,
And through the chain electric we are sending
Kind words once more.

While Britain loves to praise the bold endeavor
Of youthful hope, to brave the polar gloom,
Be it our care and pride to guard for ever
Her veteran's tomb.

THE FLORAL SOIRÉE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE WAR IN THE WINE-CELLAR,' IN THE LAST JULY KNICKERBOCKER.

The Glow-worm and the Fire-fly vied with each other in the bright rays they emitted. The Lunar-bow threw around coquettish though radiant glances; while clearly and steadily shone the Star-of-Bethlehem: all combining to illuminate most brilliantly the *parterre* where the flowers were to assemble. The cards of invitation elicited a buzz of admiration, they were so tastefully prepared on rose-colored leaves, perfumed with the odor of a thousand flowers. The hour arrives; and each flower, arrayed in all her pristine loveliness, joins the gay circle. First came, impatient of delay, shaking from them the snow-flakes as they fell, the Crocuses: there they stood, shivering in their gauze dresses of purple, white, and yellow hue. Poor Miss Snowdrop, suffering from chill-blains, came limping in, supported by the Anemones,* whose dresses were terribly torn by the wind; and close behind, endeavoring to hide themselves from the gaze of the crowd, crept the Blue Violets, twin sisters, who were amazed that they, of such humble origin, should be selected on such a grand occasion: but in gratitude they shed such a sweet fragrance around, that all were anxious to cultivate their acquaintance; indeed, they have ever since been celebrated for their sweet breath.

The Daffodils, though just recovering from an attack of jaundice, and yellow as an orange, vowed they would not miss such an entertainment; and with their cousins, the Orange Phenixes, the Narcissus, and the Jonquils, made quite a showy appearance: and then there was a large family of Hyacinths, some single ones among them, in pretty costumes, and highly perfumed. The dear little Four-o'clocks were trying their best to keep their eyes open, being unaccustomed to such late hours; and the Evening Primrose declared she had slept all day to enable her to shine the better all night; and so had her aunt, Night-blooming Cereus, who was to chaperone her. Just then there was quite a commotion, and in walked gay, gaudy, flaunting Mrs. Tulip, with an immense family in her train — a scentless race, dressed within an inch of their lives. In juxtaposition with this dashing group stood lovely Lily of the Valley, arrayed in spotless white, with a broad mantle of green, to protect her from the night-air's chill. She looked so pure and fragile that the young pitied and loved her, and the old shook their heads and feared she was not long for this world. The lackadaisacal and affected Honeysuckles scorned to sit bolt upright, but would lean and loll against the chairs and the mantel, looking sickishly sweet upon all who came near; and die-a-way Miss Morning Glory, appearing as though she could not survive the night; and spinster Miss Wall-

* Commonly called Wind-flower.

flower, a lady of an uncertain age, in the sere and yellow leaf, obstinately retained her seat in the corner, all the while eyeing a score of bachelors opposite, whose 'Buttons' shone resplendently. By this time the excitement became intense, all awaiting in breathless expectation the arrival of Madame Rose, allowed the world over to be the queen of beauty. In she glided, with a train of seventy or more of her connections, and beautiful in all their ramifications. They had assembled for the occasion from their different homes, from Damascus, from Persia, and from Japan; from the Prairies, from England, and from Scotland. It was wonderful to observe the variety and texture of their costumes, and to discern the strong family likeness between them. Some of the young scions wore their spurs, and were continually pricking the company; indeed a small war like to have ensued between two of the party, belonging to the York and Lancaster branches; an off-set of one having wounded a sprig of nobility just budding into flowerhood, young Moss Rose, all whiskered and moustached, by which he nearly lost a limb. There was Bridal Rose, she who married Count Le Marque, and his sister Souvenir de Malmaison,* of immense proportions; and the Baltimore belle, and she from Michigan, and of Burgundy, and the Hundred-leaved Rose; alas! what an elaborate toilet was hers. It was curious to see the effect of the entrance of this party upon many of the guests; some sneezed incessantly, some coughed, while tears came into the eyes of others, and many were seized with a deadly faintness. Daylily swooned outright, and died the next morning. Poor Miss Chamomile was trodden under foot and bruised dreadfully; when most opportunely arrived Mrs. Balm, a homely matron, but of an excellent heart. She came with her pockets full of nostrums and recipes of every kind. She professed to have a panacea for every wo, a balm for every wound; indeed a specific for all the ills flowers are heir to. She was assisted by Bindweed, a winsome country-lass, who plucked from the Cotton-plant and downy Thistle materials to stop the wound. The sensitive Mimosa shrank from the crowd, and recoiled with horror at the war among the Roses. And Monk's Hood, drawing his cowl more closely, turned his back upon the world and its vanities. In one corner of the parterre was a rustic group, fresh from the rural districts, people of solid worth, but of no pretensions to fashion. The Messrs. Sunflower, tall, yellow, oily-looking fellows, who had a way of turning themselves to the light, as though to show their seedy faces; and gawky, stiff Misses Hollyhock, in their bran-new brick-colored dresses. A gossiping old couple, Mesdames Rue and Wormwood, sipping their tea, descanting upon the follies of the age, and making wry faces and bitter remarks of those who were more admired than themselves. And old Witch Hazel, quite disguised for these temperate days, with his bottle under his arm, labelled 'Pond's Extract,' just so as to deceive. Dr. Boneset was discoursing eloquently of herbaceous and deciduous plants, also advising his young friends Catnip and Spearmint to beware of juleps of all kinds; while hypocritical Bittersweet listened attentively with his face wreathed in smiles, intending to give a stab in the dark

* The largest rose known.

And there sat wise Mrs. Sage, and her niece Sweet Marjoram; and gray-headed Old Man was mumbling soft nothings to bold Mary Gold; they, with Crown Imperial, little knew the bad odor they were in with the rest of the company. The guests were nearly all assembled, when blue-eyed Forget-me-not timidly squeezed through the crowd, who very near crushed her with welcomes. The sentimental ones caught at her, and took bits of her dress to inclose to their sweethearts; the bereaved pulled at her root and branch, to decorate the last abodes of their lost ones. And so Sweet-scented Shrub was picked to pieces in a jiffy; the fact was, that she had been passing herself off under various aliases. Some knew her as the Strawberry Plant; others, as the Carolina All-spice. She flourished best at the South; but the Northern code of morality withered her, nay, absolutely froze her to death. And that little grisette, Mignionette, so dear to the Frenchman's heart, had no idea of wasting her sweetness on the desert air; in she came, dragging after her prudent Pimpernel,* who had been eagerly watching the clouds, lest it should rain and spoil her new gown. The Aspens were tremblingly unpacking their trunks; venerable Mrs. Century Plant declined on account of her age; she had passed her 'silver wedding,' and was propping herself up for her golden one.

The family of Snap Dragons spitefully declined, because the noisy Rockets were invited, and the impudent Johnny-jump-up-and-kiss-me was there, and the Devil-in-the-Bush, and Spanish Bayonets, and the Maid-in-the-Green, and they'd warrant there would be plenty of Hips and Haws before the evening was over, for they had seen vessels of nectar and ambrosia sent in; and for their part, they would n't be seen in such company.

At a late hour, desirous of being thought fashionable, draggled in Dew Plant, weeping bitterly — for she was drenched to the skin; and Pond Lily came sailing in her broad green yacht, overpowering all by the combination of sweets she had about her person. Slender Miss Clematis made herself ridiculous by twisting and climbing about the whole time; and with professions of undying, unchanging love, Amaranth stole away from the crowd; and so did Holly, screaming at the top of her lungs: 'Merry Christmas to all!'

Pitch Pine, a great stickler for the proprieties of life, stood bristling in the ante-room, armed *cap-à-pie*, with his torch, ready to light the flowerets home. And Judge Fir, robed in ermine, was busy making a bon-fire of Coke, the light of which discovered indelicate Miss Ivy hugging and embracing every one she could cling to. Many foreigners graced the occasion. There was Paddy Shamrock, fresh from the Emerald Isle; and there was the Marvel of Peru, and the Belle of Canterbury, and the Pride of India. General Magnolia and his staff, and young Cape Jessamine, of North-Carolina, the latter in lavender suit, with crimped edges, delicately perfumed. Squire Maple Sugar, from down East. Melancholy Mr. Cypress condoling with Weeping Willow, a grass-widow, with her weeds trailing on the ground in the most lugubrious manner; and Mullen blistered you by his replies, so rough and brusque; at which Mr. Hemlock shook his Socratic head.

* Familiarly called the 'poor man's weather-glass.'

Some came with gloves, and some without; but that sly fox of a Digitalis wore his, and they nick-named him ever after, Mr. Fox-glove: and proud Mr. Lobelia stalked about the room, with poison written all over his face: rumor, however, said he was soon to become a Cardinal. The Poppys were lost to all sense of propriety: they nodded and yawned abominably, and fell without hesitation into the arms of Morpheus. And there were the Balsam* family, hopping and skipping about, as every one said, just to show their new slippers; and pretty Polly Anthus was blushing because her connections, the Cowslips, would come: and they were laughing immoderately at a Coxcomb, drinking from a Gourd; whilst Dragon Plant held over him a Golden Rod, just to nettle him. A large party from Mexico, glittering with scarlet and gold, made quite a sensation: the Cactus family, the Dahlias, and the Tiger Flower. There was also a family of Grasses, looking green and spindly enough, amid such a galaxy of beauty. There were Timothy Grass, a respectable farmer, and all his relations; and a tribe from Seneca; and they from the Prairies, with a graceful though antique feathery head-dress; and an immensely tall and formidable-looking couple from Florida.

The gray light of morning now dawning, dimmed the lamps of the Fire-fly and the Glow-worm. The Lunar-bow had dropped asleep over his cups; and the Star of Bethlehem, shocked at the lateness of the hour, ceased to shed her beautiful light; and the flowers and the vines and the shrubs, thus reminded of the conclusion of the festivities, one and all, scud to their homes, doffed their gay attire, closed their petals over their pretty forms, and sank exhausted in the beds which good mother Earth had provided for them. Nox covered them with his mantle, and tucked the little stragglers in, only to be removed at early dawn by Aurora's rosy fingers.

ANACREONTIC.

Tell, tell me again and again that you love me!
What mortal, from such lips, of such words would tire?
O eloquent eyes! that like stars blaze above me,
My heart will consume in your tear-wetted fire!

Kiss, kiss me again and again!—thus to madness
Who would not be thrilled by you, beautiful girl?
Soft bosom! upon thee rest never a sadness
More real than the shadow that falls from this curl!

O cheeks! so like opals, your dimples and blushes
Are miniature goblets and heart-gushing wine!
O mouth! like the rose-bud, your dew is so luscious,
I thirst, as the sunshine, to make it all mine!

Thus, thus would I wish, as a bee in a blossom,
Drink deep of the sweetness that 's hid in thy breath!
Thus, thus, with my head pillowed on thy white bosom,
I 'd wish to be found by the dark-angel, Death!

Memphis, (Tenn.,) Feb. 1856. C. M. D.

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* The lady-slipper.

THE SIREN BELL.

BY ANONYMOUS, ESQUIRE.

I.

I DREAMT that I heard a siren bell,
With a silvery echo clear,
And a musical cadence sad and low,
And a chime of tunes I did not know,
And I held my breath to hear.

II.

Marvellous sweet was this siren bell,
And my dreaming soul lay still,
As the sound of the bell came over the lea,
Chiming ever joyously,
Came chiming over the lea.

III.

It put me in mind of my distant home,
With the willows hanging low,
And the tinkling brook that ran in the shade,
And the trouts that fled from the shadow I made
To the darker gulfs below.

IV.

And it called to my mind a fair little maid
With a sweet little merry blue eye,
And a flood of streaming yellow hair
Falling down her shoulders bare,
As she looked up into the sky.

V.

A sudden fall in that siren bell,
And the wind lay still on the lea,
And again I saw that little maid
Gently in her coffin laid
In a grave-yard by the sea.

VI.

But ah! fond Memory, cease thy spell,
For sadness dims the dream,
And hush the voice of that siren bell
As it rings its music down the dell
And floats it on the stream!

VII.

But still rings on that siren bell,
And ever in the air
A choir of angel-voices seem
To mingle strangely with my dream
Of LEONORE the fair.

WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?

'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women passengers.'
SHAKSPEARE, IMPROVED EDITION.

At the risk of being stigmatized by Young America as an incorrigible old fogy, I nevertheless feel called upon to confess that notwithstanding the constant clamor about the march of mind, the progress of the age, the glorious destiny of the race and all that kind of stuff, I often (especially when suffering from indigestion) seriously doubt whether, after all the fuss, this old world has n't, for the last six thousand years, like a cat in a fit, been diligently pursuing its own posterior: or in other words, whether that boasted air-line route to human perfection called progress, is really after all any thing more than a circular railway of long radius. There is certainly a most suspicious resemblance among many of the objects situated at distant intervals along the road, a resemblance so striking that it can be explained only on the circular theory above mentioned, or one very analogous, called the spiral railway hypothesis, which, upon further reflection, I am decidedly inclined to adopt, as it more fully reconciles the conflicting phenomena, accounting for the periodical recurrence of the same objects, and at the same time allows a slow but continuous advancement. Notwithstanding some of the towns along the line of the road have been re-christened, and many of the hotels and houses have been repaired and re-painted, evidently with a view to deceive travellers; yet they still retain so many of their original features as to make their identification sure if not easy. But what most thoroughly convinces me of the general truth of the spiral hypothesis is the remarkable reäppearance of similar styles of dress. If, however, the majority were distinguished for any thing more than their extreme absurdity and inconvenience, I would willingly reject my theory as untrue, rather than doubt for an instant the unimpeachable testimony of Lyceum lecturers and Fourth-of-July orators (those oracles of Young America) to the fact, that this is emphatically an age of progress. But really I find it impossible to make myself believe that whole nations, basking in the light of a Christian civilization, and distinguished for their intelligence and utilitarianism, would, for the mere sake of change, voluntarily adopt the most outlandish, inconvenient, and often immodest costumes, which their ancestors had previously tried and thrown aside, and at which they themselves had often laughed, wondering if it were possible that sensible people had ever worn them. If, however, there are any who can bring themselves to believe all this, which, indeed, on the rejection of the spiral hypothesis is the only alternative left them, they must also admit the following: That one nation learns nothing from the experience of another; that posterity repeats the follies and extravagances of its predecessors; that intelligent and immortal beings can, on the slightest provocation, make unmitigated fools of themselves, and that the way of fashion is more potent than the rule of reason. To admit such preposterous conclusions, so averse to the universal experience of

mankind, would, it strikes me, require an amount of credulity which is to be found nowhere beyond the precincts of a spiritual circle or the nursery. I had originally intended presenting, in this connection, an array of facts to substantiate my theory; but since writing the above, I have received a letter from my young friend, Dr. Jonah Pillgarlic, of Fashiondom, which goes so far toward substantiating the views I have just presented that I have resolved to omit my intended proofs, and substitute in their place my friend's letter. With many persons, doubtless, this epistle will have more weight than any thing however conclusive which I might myself say: and justly so, it being the testimony of a disinterested witness. I can assure the readers of this Magazine, on the honor of a gentleman-farmer, that the theory which has just been presented was perfected some time prior to the arrival of this letter, and has by no means so suspicious an origin as Judge Edmonds' celebrated vision of the lost Arctic. I would say for the information of my readers, that my friend the Doctor is a young physician who has just commenced practice in Fashiondom, and who, like the old man who lived on the top of a barren mountain, has great prospects, but mighty little income. His cases are as yet limited to his medicine-case, his segar-case, and the case of his pocket book: which latter was in fine condition on coming to town, being of quite a plethoric habit, but before long, in consequence of the imprudent indulgence in eating and drinking on the part of its owner, was seized with a kind of cholera morbus, and came very near going into a collapse state; of course it was left in a very exhausted condition: but a timely visit to the old homestead, and a liberal supply of country fare soon restored it to health, when in company with my friend it returned to the city. But as he is still destitute of *patients*, he has to be *patient* himself; so in order to relieve his ennui, and improve himself in his profession, he has attempted to kill time by writing me the following letter:

'*Fashiondom, Feb.* 29, 1856.

'My Dear Rusticus: As it 's only once in four years that you can expect to receive such a letter as this, I advise you to hang up your agricultural implements, the shovel and the hoe, and as Shakspeare, Jr., says, 'lend me your eyes' for a short time. I know that, like the Allies, you are just on the eve of a new *March*, and are doubtless over head and ears in preparations for the spring campaign, whose object I am glad to know is not to raze towns and fortresses, but to raise potatoes and corn. But I doubt not that when you learn that it is the state (of mankind and the weather) that demands your attention, like Cincinnatus of old, or our revolutionary forefathers, you will without hesitation leave your plough in the furrow, and 'put for the house,' where you can peruse my letter at your leisure. As to the state of the weather, dear R., I am compelled to say that for the last month or so, it has been very unsatisfactory. It has really been so cold part of the time that fire would scarcely burn, and one night the mercury in my thermometer sank so far that it could n't find itself for two or three days afterward. On that same night, about two o'clock, I was awakened by a very singular sensation in my head and face, and on examination I found that as I had lain upon my back, with my mouth open, my breath in ascending

had become congealed by the intense cold, and falling back upon my face had formed a sort of miniature volcano of snow about my mouth, having a sharply-defined crater, from which rose a column of smoke like breath. No wonder I had strange sensations after such an irruption. I have just set my thermometer at forty, and confidently await a thaw. It is said that there is an immense amount of capital, at present, invested in the numerous snow-banks established in this vicinity, which, however, do not seem to be in a very solvent condition, though it is thought that if sufficient time is allowed they will be able to liquidate. If, however, old Sol, who is constitutionally opposed to snow-banks, should happen to make a run on them, the prospects are that they will be entirely dissolved and go to pieces. It is certain that the rail-road companies have sunk a vast amount in some of them.* But I must hold on, or you will think I deserve to be punished for getting up so many counterfeit notes on these said banks, especially as they are not very well executed. Having thus, at some length, discussed the weather, I will now give you a few rounds on the state of mankind in general, which is my second reason for requesting you to 'lend me your eyes.' I know, dear Rusticus, that you, who are a member of the Peace Society, and a universal philanthropist; you, who, for several years past, have been getting two dollars a bushel for your wheat, will rejoice from the very bottom of your boots to learn that the prospect of a speedy cessation of hostilities, and a consequent fall in flour, are exceedingly imminent. It is said that France and England are extremely anxious to obtain a peace. Of course this does n't mean a piece of Turkey; but what they are pleased to call an honorable peace, in which the several parties agree not to kill or rob each other again until — another war breaks out. I imagine I hear you say in your peculiar way: That this Emperor of Russia can't be no great shakes after all, as he must receive peace on the terms of the Allies; while you, who are only one of the private sovereigns of the West, intend, before long, obtaining *pease* on your own grounds. But, my dear friend, I have another and more potent reason than the state of mankind, why you should 'lend me your eyes.' After half-an-hour's deliberation I have at length succeeded in getting up several hours before breakfast, and this for no other purpose than to obtain leisure to write to you: because, you know, I am awfully crowded with business just now. I suppose you who live in the country, and pride yourself on getting up early, will regard my performance as no very great feat, unless I should tell you what you probably never heard before, that we, the people of Fashiondom, actually eat breakfast by *daylight* the whole year round. But to be serious, although we are accounted a pretty fast people down in this region, and probably sleep about as fast as you country folks, yet, strange to say, it takes us nearly twice as long to do it. In a biography lately published of the celebrated Dr. Hunter, of London, the author states as his belief that this distinguished physician died for want of a sufficient amount of sleep. It strikes me that if the converse of this should hold true, many of the dwellers in Fashiondom would stand a pretty good chance of an earthly immortality. Knowing, dear R., that, like Nebuchadnezzar and the cattle in your barn-yard, you are very much given to ruminating: and thinking that you would relish a slight change in your

diet, I intend sending you a few bundles of fodder, fresh cut from the fields of fashion. You have probably not forgotten that just about the time of your visit here some two years since, the downy fuzz upon the unsophisticated lip and chin of young Hyacinth Dandelion had, under the judicious cultivation of Prof. Tonsure, the most successful barber of Fashiondom, just begun to sprout, and was showing itself in scattered patches here and there, looking for all the world like a field of wheat partially winter-killed, or as you facetiously remarked, reminding one very forcibly of St. Paul's definition of faith, being the 'substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.' Well, judging from the luxuriant harvest of hair which now waves in bearded beauty on both shores of his mouth, I should think that in addition to Prof. T.'s assiduous efforts, he had faithfully applied that patent capillary invigorator, which you so kindly presented him, in order, as you said, to testify your appreciation of the great moral courage that young Hyacinth had exhibited in abstaining from a practice which would inevitably have led him into innumerable *scrapes*, and also to show the great interest which, as a country gentleman, you took in all agricultural pursuits.

'The beard epidemic, which was just commencing its ravages about the time of your visit, has since rapidly spread among all classes, except females and small boys. To be strictly truthful, however, I should state that several antiquated dowagers and single sisters have had slight attacks, which, being of a very mild type, readily yielded to a few depilatory powders. Although this disease has not generally been of a fatal character, yet I have heard of several instances in which the vitality of the system was so much exhausted by the successive draughts upon it to supply the requisite nourishment for the hairy excrescence, that fears are entertained that they will go into a rapid decline. I met young Adonis Daffodil the other day, and was shocked at his deplorable appearance. He was just able to creep out, and his complexion was about the hue of a cabbage grown in the dark, or, as the young ladies would probably say, most interestingly pale. Although the epidemic has not, as a general thing, produced such sad effects; yet, like a visitation of the small-pox, it has left unmistakable evidences of its presence on the countenances of its victims, so that one is scarcely able to recognize even his best friends, the face being, in many instances, almost entirely covered by a hairy veil, so that, like Eastern females, they show nothing but their eyes, which concealment of the features is certainly, in many instances, a most decided improvement. Not only has society in general been affected by the prevailing epidemic, but even the clergy, who were for a time proof against its insidious approaches, have, at last, caught the infection, and now no longer regard a smoothly-shaven lip and chin as an indispensable qualification for the sacred office, nor as a necessary accompaniment of orthodoxy. The Rev. Mr. Lavender, Rector of the Church of the Holy Fathers, who had, like the prophets of old, been tarrying at Jericho for a few weeks, startled his congregation from their accustomed state of drowsiness, by appearing before them, a Sabbath or two since, in a most exquisite mustache and a luxuriant beard. The ladies of course pronounced it most charming; while some of the old fogy members called the rector to account for thus in-

novating upon the established usages of the priesthood: to which remonstrance he replied, that he had been guilty of no innovation, but had merely restored a custom common among the clergy of the apostolic age, and which had the sanction of the Apostles and Fathers, as he was fully convinced by a close examination of their portraits.

'Although it is some two years since you were in town, I suppose you have not forgotten that inconvenient style of dress, then all the rage among the ladies, and which you christened the inverted bloomer: saying that it reminded you very forcibly of the squaw who, to make her blanket longer, cut a piece from the top and fastened it to the bottom. Well; a short time after your departure I received a visit from a country-cousin, who for a long time, with lawyer-like pertinacity, and, I suspect, with lawyer-like sincerity, argued that this style, or rather condition of dress, was evidently the result of an accident; for, as he said, in every instance within the sphere of his observation, he had observed that the dress slipped from the shoulders of the wearer just in proportion as it dragged behind, thereby occasioning an exposure of the person which he felt certain the sensitive modesty of his countrywomen would never voluntarily have permitted, and could therefore be accounted for only on the supposition that some malicious or mischievous person had slyly placed their foot upon the dress while the wearer was in a sitting posture, and on her attempting to rise the dress was jerked from her shoulders, thereby causing it to drag on the floor. I humored my cousin in this conceit, and observed that his conclusion was partially correct, and that the person who was guilty of the sly caper was an individual of great notoriety, who moved in the upper circles of society, and was known as Madam Fashion. To this he replied, that he greatly wondered that such an unmannerly person had not been long ago excluded from all good society. This same Madame Fashion has, it seems, been of late engaged at her old practices. Ladies' dresses, which for the last six or eight months have been gradually ballooning out, have now reached an amplitude that is truly astonishing, causing their occupants to assume an appearance strikingly reminding one of children amusing themselves in making what they call 'cheeses.' Why ladies should thus surround themselves with such an extensive system of fortification, I cannot conceive, unless it is in order to keep at their distance those bears of men, who, like their more savage cousins, the ladies affirm have a great propensity for hugging, to which the sex is conscientiously opposed: but, come to think of it again, I half suspect that these works have been erected as much for retaliation as for protection, in order thereby to be revenged upon the opposite sex for having permitted their beards to grow to such an extent as to deprive them of the luxury of kissing. I should state, however, that while the new style of dress produces a distortion of the female form which is entirely unnatural, except under peculiar circumstances, the beard is an appendage highly ornamental, useful, and natural; for we have every reason to believe that, had nature ever intended shaving to become one of the human institutions, Adam would doubtless have entered Eden with a brush in one hand and a razor in the other; but the only shave I ever heard of his having any thing to do with was when he became the successful competitor for the hand of Eve. The new style has spread with wonderful rapidity among all

classes of society, and is already producing its sad and legitimate results. I was much grieved to hear a few days since that one Biddy O'Flanagan, a washer-woman, who had hitherto sustained an unimpeachable character, beside seven small children and a drunken husband, had been convicted of petit larceny in abstracting the hoops from her employer's wash-tub, for the purpose of rendering her skirts more fashionable. By-the-way, dear Rusticus, do n't you think Biddy is in the direct line of succession from the old tub-philosopher, Diogenes, since she has shown so much philosophy in selecting hoops of a material that would resist not only the collapsing but also the aspiring tendencies of skirts. If it will not be too harrowing, dear R., to your sensitive feelings, I will give you, in as few words as possible, the particulars of another equally distressing occurrence which lately resulted from the immoderate use of hoops, and came within an ace of blasting for ever the prospects of one of our most deserving young men. I assure you that implicit reliance may be placed upon my information. It seems that the young man who became the victim of hoops, was quietly seated in the parlor of his boarding-house, when Miss A ——, a young lady, who since the advent of leap-year had been paying him the most devoted attentions, called and requested the pleasure of his company to church. The invitation he accepted with becoming hesitation, if she would take a seat and wait until he could '*put on his things*,' promising that it should not take more than a minute. At the expiration of five, he reäppeared, just as Miss A —— was exclaiming to herself, for at least the sixth time: 'Well! I declare I never thought it took these men such an awful long time to get ready! Why, I could have dressed half-a-dozen times since he has been up-stairs.' The two immediately set out for the church, where, after considerable skilful manœuvring, they succeeded in ensconcing themselves in one of the narrow pews, which were evidently not constructed with a view to the accommodation of hoops. During the course of the first prayer, the young gentleman in moving his foot hit something which he supposed to be a hymn-book, and accordingly attempted to pick it up. Whatever it was, seemed to be strangely entangled in his companion's dress. Just at this crisis a sudden and confused movement was made by the proprietor of the dry-goods, and the appalling truth, like a thunder-bolt, burst upon his mind. Dropping the thing as though it had been the hoop of a lady's skirt, and bringing himself up with a jerk that knocked the head of a devout worshipper from its position on the back of the seat, he met with admirable composure the indignant glances shot from a brace of flashing black eyes, which would no doubt have annihilated any thing less substantial than a hundred-and-fifty-pounder. This little *faux pas* knocked all leap-year follies out of the heads of the lovers, and the young 'gent' accompanied the lady in silence to her residence, since which time he has not been heard of, and unmentionable fears are beginning to be entertained as to his whereabouts. Now, if you have no objection, I will take a somewhat different view of the subject, and consider the origin of the new style, or, rather, the revival of an old style, which was in vogue some two or three centuries ago. I must candidly confess, however, that this is somewhat of a poser, unless, perhaps, the sanguine hopes at present entertained in France, that the nephew of his uncle

will not be *compelled*, in view of state reasons, to commit his uncle's great sin, taken in connection with the old fable of the fashionable foxes, will justify an obvious conclusion. By-the-way, dear R., what's your opinion? Do n't you think, if my conjecture is correct, it is well for the world that Paris, and not London, is the metropolis of fashion? that her edicts are promulgated from the Tuileries, and not from Windsor? But as some considerable time has elapsed since your school-boy days, your memory may, perhaps, require a little refreshing as to the old fable to which I have just alluded. So here goes. It happened once that a certain Mr. Reynard, while peaceably engaged one night in his customary round of professional duties, was so unfortunate as to leave his bushy caudal appendage in a trap which had been incautiously left in the path which he had taken, to meet his evening appointment. Shortly after a grand convention of universal foxdom was held, which Mr. Reynard attended as a delegate. His change of toilette attracted general attention. Some of the members attempting to rally him on the brevity of his coat-tail, he effectually silenced and covered them with mortification, by tranquilly remarking: 'Why, gentlemen, this is the latest style. Pardon me; but I am surprised that you should not be aware that roundabouts are all the rage this season.' The mortified wits availed themselves of the first recess of the convention, and hurried off to their tailors to have their tails correspond to the new fashion.

'Since the introduction of this new style, or rather, as I have before remarked, revival of an old style, it has been quite a desideratum to discover some practical and efficient method whereby the skirt enlargement might, at the pleasure of the occupant, be so far reduced as to accommodate those exigencies of limited space which are constantly presenting themselves in churches, carriages, cars, etc. Much time and talent have already been expended upon this great subject, with only partial success. It has been proposed by some, to effect this most desirable object by elevating one side of the hoop. This, however, would occasion an undue exposure of joint No. 1, and exhibit to the public gaze an amount of embroidery never intended to meet any other eyes than those of its proprietor. Another plan, lately brought forward, by which the ladies will be able promptly to take in sail and pass the narrows, is the patent, self-accommodating, gum-elastic bag or skirt. It consists, mainly, of a cylindrical India-rubber skirt, which, by means of a small air-pump attached to the waist, can be inflated or exhausted at the will of the fair tenant. Although this plan has several important advantages over the preceding one, as, for instance, in cases of canal and steam-boat accidents, when it can be easily converted into a life-preserver, yet it has been found, on trial, liable to several practical difficulties which will in a great measure destroy its utility; and first among these, is the impossibility of making all parts perfectly air-tight. The sudden and disastrous collapse which would inevitably result from the slightest puncture, and the undue amount of time necessary to inflate it to a fashionable fulness, together with minor causes, have conspired to counteract its otherwise beneficial results, so that it is now no longer in vogue. In consideration of these facts, and commiserating the deplorable condition to which the sex was reduced, and impressed with the necessity of affording them immediate relief, I embraced the

noble resolution of employing a portion of my time and talents in endeavoring to ameliorate their condition. I have now been engaged for several weeks past in my labor of love, and being, to my great surprise and relief, entirely free from the interruption of professional calls, I have at length succeeded in perfecting an invention which I flatter myself will do more toward practically enlarging the sphere of woman than half-a-dozen conventions of the strong-minded. This will account for what probably at first seemed a very strange proceeding, namely, my being compelled to rise before breakfast in order to obtain leisure to write you this letter. But there goes the bell, calling me to the performance of that interesting duty, and I must defer until my next the description of my invention, as I had originally intended to do in this.

'My best love to your wife and family; and tell her that she may expect one of the first specimens of my invention; though I suppose you are such an old fogy, you will object to her wearing it; but if she is the true woman that I suspect, she will wear it any how, that is, if she is convinced that it is the fashion.

'With deep feelings of regard for myself, I remain as I always have been since I was christened,

JONAH PILLGARLIC.'

P A D I L L A.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HUGO.

THERE lived in Alanja the shady,
(Young sparklers give ear to my lore,)
A grave-eyed majestical lady,
The Donna PADILLA DEL FLOR:
Alanja, whose rock-piled recesses
In copses are deeply embowered:
Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

The daughters of ancient Granada,
The damsels of Seville likewise,
Flash down on the gay serenader
Bright glances from amorous eyes:
Nay sometimes with favors more genial,
They've blessed the bold swains who've implored:
Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

Not thus of the Lady PADILLA,
The cloud of whose passionless eye
Than winter's gray mist rested chiller
On those who for glances would try.
Deep, deeply her heart's dark recesses,
With maxims of coldness were stored:
Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

The warm breath of love by congealing
Her heart's icy surface upon,
Sealed up every crevice of feeling
From love-sick Hidalgo and Don.
The smoothest might sigh for a whisper,
The boldest might sue for a word:
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

In a convent of strong-built Toledo,
She took the white veil: people cried:
'Better far the black weeds of a widow,
Than *thus* the white veil of a bride!'
Pale students in sonnets enshrined her,
Fierce cavaliers drank and deplored:
Hide, hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

'Here, far from the world's weary phantoms,
How sweet HEAVEN'S grace to implore
With vespers and vigils and anthems!'
Said Lady PADILLA DEL FLOR.
'From spirits of darkness to shield us,
Good angels their wings will afford:'
Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

But scarce had the Lady PADILLA
In cloistered retreat closed an eye,
When sudden there stood by her pillow
A bold outlaw, who cried: 'Here am I!'
In love as in war a bold ladron,
More daring may be than a lord:
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

Oh! rough was the face of the robber,
And hard as a gauntlet his hand:
But of love who the clue can discover?
And the novice she loved the brigand.
The fallow-deer to the swart leopard
Her favors will sometimes accord:
Hide, hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

The sanctified portals flew open
To him when he came in the guise
Of hermit, with hair-cloth and cope on
O'ershading his basilisk eyes;
Or shirt of ring-armor, displaying
The Templar's black cross interscored:
Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

And the nun, for he came there to seek her:
Oh! dark is the legend to read!
At the shrine of the Saint VERONICA
To meet him at mid-night agreed.
Croak, croak! went the dusky-winged night-fowl,
Far up in the gloom as they soared:
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

PADILLA, PADILLA, the maiden,
To cancel her records above!
By the chapel's blest shrine, and with SATAN,
Salvation to barter for love!
Till, paling the altar's dim tapers,
The broad lamp of dawn is outpoured:
Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

Low-crouched in the chancel, the novice
Was lisping her paramour's name,
When crash! to the voice of the lovers
The voice of the thunder-bolt came!
The doom of the blighted of HEAVEN
Was heard in the tempest that roared:
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen rush down to the ford!

AT eve, when the shadows are strewing
The hill-side, in day-light's last glow,
The shepherd, hard by the gray ruin
Two lightning-scorched turrets will show,
Whose time-crumbled shafts to his wethers
A treacherous shelter afford:
Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

When night through the gothic-faced gable
Peers out with her fathomless eyes,
Like twin-giants shrouded in sable
The lightning-scathed tower-heads rise:
And, croak! go the dusky-winged night-fowl,
Far up in the gloom, a dark horde:
Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

Then, forth from the gothic-arched hollows
A midnight procession up-glides:
A nun with a lamp; slowly follows
A phantom with skeleton strides.
Chains, heavily dragged, to their footsteps
Keep time with unearthly discord:
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

The lamp comes, the lamp goes, the lamp brightens,
Now down in the dark vault it sinks,
Now quick past a grating it lightens,
Now faint from the watch-tower winks:
Its rays in the night-fog discover
The gestures of goblins abhorred:
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

In winding-sheets draggled and torn,
A pale shade, a dark shade, they go
With wavering footsteps forlorn
Among the grave-mounds to-and-fro.
On stair-steps beneath them receding
They stumble, and on the grave-sward:
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

For a spell on the ruins is biding:
Unreal are stair-case and floor,
Unresting the feet that are gliding
From bramble-grown vault to gray tower.
Old floor-planks beneath them are fading,
Old thresholds no footing afford:
Hide, hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

Low gasping, with murmurings hollow,
Their weird-hands out-stretched in the air,
On, on, in wild circles they follow
A maze-tangled pathway of air:
For ever each after each stalketh,
By stair-case and pavement and sward:
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

On the casement-panes fragile are beating
Sharp rain-drops, as mournfully sweeps
The wind through the cold vaults, repeating
A voice in the belfry that weeps.
Shrill laughs the foul goblin, loud moaneth
The spectre with anguish devoured:
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

Then oft, when the night-breeze has fallen,
A faint voice, a deep voice arise;
'For ever this wo?' one is calling:
'For ever!' the deep voice replies:
'By Time's weary hand while the sand-falls
Alternate are drowsily poured:'
Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

The flame it for ever consumeth,
Each night through the old manor-grounds
The black spectre glideth and gloometh,
The white lady walketh her rounds,
Till dim falls the glimpse of the tapers
By morning's pale lamp overpowered:
Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

And when the way-farer benighted
Demandeth with prayer and with sign,
'On whom with its blast hath alighted
The wrath of the POWER DIVINE?'
Wreathed serpents of flame, interlacing,
Two names on the towers record:
Roll back your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

'Recount in the convents, each morning,
While darkness the cloisters is o'er,
To novice and nun as a warning,
The fall of PADILLA DEL FLOR.'
Long years ago thus spoke the Prior
St. ILDEFONSE — blessed be the word!
Oh! hide your red aprons, young damsels,
The oxen come down to the ford!

D. S.

MORPHINO-SOMNIA.

Dreams are sometimes the realities of life idealized. The mingled shade and sun-shine of our waking hours are projected beyond into the land of sleep, where the facts of day reäppear in the revelations of night.

Dreams are sometimes the reveries of the day woven into substantial fabrics at night; the air-castles of the imagination petrified into solid material; the nebulæ of the mind clustered into systems, geologized into worlds, vitalized into action.

Oftener than either, they are a medley of fact and fiction, a repetition of our sober waking sentiments spiced with sprinklings of a crazy fancy; a painter's outline filled while he sleeps, by the dashes of fairy pencils.

I was once lying in my cot prostrate with a fever, in the steerage of a man-of-war. I had been sick several weeks, had passed the crisis of unconsciousness, and was now recovering. My physican (Heaven bless him!) had taken the best care of me, and had prescribed no more panaceas than were absolutely necessary to the case, or would save the credit of the cloth. Among the drugs administered were opiates: and though the sanitary designs of their prescription seemed quite defeated as to any marked result, they certainly afforded me sufficient mental entertainment to compensate for the effort of swallowing them. They added little to the length or refreshment of my broken slumbers, but they gave a peculiar zest to my dreams, and peopled my dozing hours with familiar images of the past dragged to the light from long-forgotten sepulchres of memory. Philosophers may argue as they please; mathematicians may triangulate and cipher; anatomists may dissect and analyze; spirit-rappers may flourish their oracular gavels in the disorganized congress of Christendom to heart's content; it all matters not to me: my soporific discipline settled the question for ever for me; set my mind at rest beyond the shadow of a doubt as to 'the stuff dreams are made of.'

Under the drowsy influence of these narcotics I was visited by the famous, the witty, the brave, the good. Sometimes the poor and wretched grouped themselves around me, or the robber pounced upon me by the way-side, or the mounted Templar challenged me to joust at tournament. Sometimes my exhilarated fancy brought to me in my dreams the Great Mogul, with gifts of costly gems and the mockery of courteous obeisance; then as his glittering train disappeared I was bayed by dragon-headed dogs from whose gnashing teeth I vainly endeavored to flee. Once I was thrust from the summit of a lofty column, and fell a measureless depth, until, just in the agony of suffocation, I alighted in a stagnant lake where crawled and swarmed and gambolled all sorts of hideous creeping things and slimy shapes unutterable. Once I started upward to reach heaven on a bivalve ladder armed with spikes which closed and impaled those who were destined never to reach that better land; but before I was myself transfixed, the ladder faded into misty air, and I found myself still in this material world, swinging

in the same cot, surrounded by the same well-known paraphernalia of sea-life.

One afternoon having accomplished my allotted task of morphine, I lay thinking of my far-distant home, of which I had just been reading in a letter from the dear ones there, a letter often before read and of somewhat ancient date. The familiar faces of friends glowed and smiled in my memory as they had when I was once with them; their well-remembered forms flitted to-and-fro in the vista of by-gone happiness; their kind voices I could almost hear as they seemed to beckon me home. These pleasant thoughts beguiled the weary hours and went with me into my dreams; for the opiate began to eclipse my consciousness in a shade of drowsy mist, the steerage began to grow dark, the lockers and carlines began to assume strange, vague shapes, the laugh and repartee and confusion of distant talkers died away on my ear, my eyes insensibly closed, my limbs relaxed: I was asleep.

'Home, sweet home,' still haunted my brain. At first I thought I had already reached home, and had started again on my travels, in a most unheard-of vehicle, a sorry, paintless, springless thill-cart of one-horse-power, not quite so elegant as the chariot of Queen Mab, nor so fleet as the steam-driven conveyances of the nineteenth century. Was this the 'lame and impotent conclusion' of my long-anticipated happiness? Had I circumnavigated the globe to travel in a job-wagon? Alackaday! I jostled impatiently along in my unpretending equipage through unknown streets and lanes, along highways and over turnpikes of which I had never before even suspected the existence, built I knew not by whom, leading I cared not whither. Suddenly a new idea popped its visage over the horizon of my reflections. My trunk! what had become of it? My valise! my travelling-bag! my hat-box! Alas! what a complication of woes! Gone! gone! gone! What! travel without baggage? Pray, what was I without my trunk? A waif, a thing, a cipher. But while my poor brain whirled with bewilderment, and I vainly endeavored to conjure up some recollection of the whereabouts of my missing *impedimenta*—*presto!* I was not in a horse-cart at all, but was thundering along through the echoing streets of a handsome city, in a coach all inwrought with gold and precious stones upon ground of ebony and sandal-wood, drawn by six Arabian steeds in rich caparison. We swept up to the door of a palace-like inn where the floors and tables were of fine marble and agate, the pillars of porphyry and costly wood, the railings, balconies, panels, of elaborate design and ornament, the furniture a dazzling compound of satin and damask, precious metals and foreign woods, the grounds around the edifice a long succession of gardens and parks with winding paths of shrubbery and groups of Parian statues—'in short,' as Mr. Micawber would say, an extensive show-case of Honduras and Ispahan, Golconda, Mariposa, and Brazil. But away from here! hurrah! we are homeward bound! for with my carriage my destination had changed. We must away: they are waiting for me there! Away dashed the six prancing Arabians: away rumbled the coach at their heels; away melted the deceitful vision, and with it my hopes, my happiness, my joy. The horses lost their distinctness of outline and faded into thin 'airy nothings,' the coach

lost its lustre and slowly disappeared from my sight, the friendly phantoms which had been smiling and beckoning me home vanished in the distance, and I was alone once more, not in dream-land but in my steerage-cot, with the same deck-beams over-head, the same Chinese pictures and blue pea-jackets swaying on their hooks with the motion of the ship, the same dim air-ports admitting a faint glimmer from the setting sun, the same kind-hearted mess-mates sitting around me with their books, or preparing for their coming watch on deck.

'Sir! Sir! here's some medicine for you!'

'Ah! oh! what! another dose?'

'The doctor says so, Sir, if you please, Sir; it's only morphine, Sir.'

'Only morphine! bless his good, kind, medical soul — he'll make me a complete Rip Van Winkle, Jr. Give the doctor my compliments, and tell him to send all the morphine he has: I will take it all at once, and save you the trouble of — however ——' down goes the potion with a groan and shrug, and the patient subsides into his swinging-couch.

Ah! how it tires the poor, weak body, and tests the fortitude of the poor, weak soul, to lie so many days and weeks and months in the eventless monotony of the sick-room. Yet what soothing conceptions of the better life, what blessed glimpses of that happy land where is no more sickness, sometimes rise upon the humble spirit when utterly unable to paint such glorious scenes by its own native but now prostrate strength.

Twilight was beginning to deepen on sea and sky. Within the steerage sombre shadows were flickering vaguely around, and the last light of day was making its evening adieu. My vision was again becoming drowsy, and the external world receding from my sight. I was once more within the magic circle of 'tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,' my senses pleasantly paralyzed, my fancy busily alive with the memories of the past, and exhilarated by the fumes of the drug. I dreamed of a great house with pleasant parlors opening upon a verandah where trailing vines clambered up the pillars and crept along the eaves. It was evening. The rooms were illuminated. Here and there were grouped a few guests already arrived. Carriages, at intervals, rumbled to the door, and deposited their precious freight of friends. Now and then a spruce servant, charged with some weighty commission, flitted through the rear-passages or across the hall. I enter. Pleasant greetings from all sides — familiar faces turn toward me with kindly smiles; well-known voices tell me of hearty congratulations. Yes; it is all for me! I am to be married! *Married!* Ah! a happy man am I. Good and fair is the gentle lady who has intrusted her heart to my keeping.

But who are those other bride-grooms? I looked and saw two more: one a gentleman, the other a huge, brawny, black-bearded man, who looked as if a prize-fight were more congenial to his tastes than a wedding. We were all to be married at once, by the same clergyman, and in the same room.

Brightly the lights shone; merrily rang the halls with the welcomes of fair women and tall men who came to grace the ceremony. The man of prayer appeared in robes of office. The guests had all assem-

bled; the rooms were calm with the hush of expectation. Why tarried the brides in their chambers? The company grew impatient; so did the grooms. 'We can wait no longer,' said the reverend: 'let us proceed.' With eager haste we took our places, each answering for his absent partner. And so we were married! and so we received the hearty gratulations of friends! Meanwhile the confusion of dressing had ceased above, and the three blushing brides made their appearance. Mine! Ah! what a fairy-like creature was she, with her slight form, and little hands, and blossoming cheeks, and pure white brow, over which clustered thick masses of chestnut hair. I advanced to greet her; but the kind smile of recognition in her eyes faded as I approached, the rose grew dim in her cheek, the slender form grew more airy, and she melted before my eyes like a cloud in the summer sky. The guests disappeared, the lights burned down, the house itself vanished, and I was awake!

'Heigho! a nice time I was having just then!' and I turned wearily over in my cot, sighed with pain and a sense of departed joy, and once more resigned myself to the will and pleasure of the potent drug.

As the scenes of dream-land again opened on my slumbrous vision, I was standing in a large building alone, when I was surprised and (though I would not have it get to *his* ears) by no means gratified by the arrival of a no less distinguished visitor than His Satanic Majesty, a very gentlemanly personage, in a fashionable suit of black. This most unexpected guest I accosted with all the urbanity I could, under the circumstances, command, and awaited the statement of his object in making such a premature call upon my humble self.

'I have come for you,' said he; 'and for your friend Mr. ——,' (a brother-officer on board.) I must own I was somewhat startled by this demand, and felt in nowise inclined to leave the world in such company, at least without filing a *nolle prosequi*. With an effort to cover my internal trepidation with a coating of external *sang froid*, I set about discussing the merits of the case with my infernal but courteous interlocutor.

'It would be a pity,' said I, 'to take Mr. —— so suddenly and without any warning. He does not expect you.'

'I am afraid it can't be helped,' was the terse rejoinder.

'It would rather detract,' continued I, 'from your well-known kindness, to take him off that way: it is hardly like you.' A gesture of impatience was the only reply.

'Beside,' I persisted, 'he's a married man; has two or three children at home.' His Sable Highness listened.

'If you make them fatherless now, before he has any opportunity to make provision for them, they will soon die of sheer starvation. You can't think what misery it would cause.' My auditor began to look thoughtful.

'He's an excellent man; has worked hard all his life; and now I ask you as a reasonable—hem! I ask you if he ought not to have some time to enjoy the happiness of his home before he leaves it for ever?'

I stopped. His Majesty ruminated awhile; and at last his Luciferian physiognomy lighted up with a stray beam of good-natured sunshine.

'I don't know,' was the reluctant verdict of his cogitations: 'I don't know: on the whole it 's a hard case, as you say. I think I had better let him go; and so I will call for you to-morrow.'

With that he took his leave. I had gained a reprieve for my friend; but — 'he would call for *me* to-morrow!' My own case was as bad as before — worse, even; since, having begged off my friend, I should have no *compagnon du voyage* in my to-morrow's journey to the infernal regions.

'To-morrow' came. I was standing by a working-bench in the carriage-house. Hark! a rustling! a strange sound as of some one coming through the air! I looked around startled at the noise. It came rapidly nearer, and the gentleman in black stood before me! Terrified at the suddenness of the apparition, I swung in the air the heavy implement I was using, and shouted: 'Not a step nearer, as you value your life!' — a cordial greeting, which the Tartarean prince received with a smile. I looked him in the face a moment, and laid the tool on the bench. He threw me, by way of mildly intimating his preference for a cessation of hostilities, a bunch of brimstone matches. 'Some you dipped yourself before leaving home!' thought I, as I picked them up. I cannot say that it was this most suggestive offering from the fallen Son of the Morning that reässurred me, but certain I am that we soon became tolerably good friends, and sat down together to talk it over.

'You have come for me,' said I, with ill-concealed anxiety. His Majesty nodded.

'You have acted very kindly toward my friend Mr. ——. He is exceedingly grateful.' He looked, but said nothing.

'Can you show me the same favor?'

'Never!' growled he with a diabolical energy that made me bounce from my seat.

'Why? there is ——'

'It is no use talking — I advise you to be getting ready.'

'But,' said I, deprecatingly.

'Look here, now — you need n't argue the case. I am come for you, and nobody else.'

My visitor had to listen, however. He was in a country where freedom of speech was an inalienable right. Though he doubtless managed such cases much more summarily at home, yet now he was under a very different sort of jurisdiction; so I poured into his unwilling ear a host of reasons on which I founded my objection to taking French leave of sublunary things. In fact I had no notion of making such short metre of my psalm of life. I told him of my youth, my schemes of usefulness and happiness, my long separation from my father-land, my earnest desire to see my friends once more. His Majesty submitted first angrily, then indifferently, then patiently, then good-humoredly, pleasantly, smilingly! And finally, as a *corps de reserve* to my mustering logic, I brought up my grand reason, my finishing stroke, which actually carried his adamantine heart by storm. 'I have been *married* but just now:

and to think of leaving my wife when I have only just begun to love her and make her happy ——'

'Say no more, my dear fellow, you 've won the case.'

'Hurrah!' shouted I, tossing my hat and performing sundry intricate jigs on the carriage-house floor. 'Your Majesty is a perfect brick, I clearly perceive!' And we ratified the truce by a friendly grasp of the hand.

'You have done me a very great kindness — how shall I ever repay it? Come along. I will introduce your Majesty to some of my friends.'

I led the way to the great house in which were the pleasant parlors opening upon the verandah, where trailing vines clambered up the pillars and crept along the eaves — the house in which I had, not long before, been married. We ascended the broad flight of stairs which led to the drawing-room above, where were congregated some twenty or thirty ladies from different parts of the world, and among them my wife, the rosy phantom who had faded before my eyes on the evening of the wedding. Into this roomful of sweets I ushered my friend 'His Satanic Majesty, ladies.' Such a rustling of silks at the announcement, such a bustle of pleased surprise, such an interchange of smiling looks, such nods and courtesies of recognition! One would have imagined a more agreeable addition could not have been made to the company; and I marvelled not a little to see the Prince of Darkness and the ladies on such good terms. They must have met before!

My Tartarean guest did not long grace the drawing-room with his presence. He was probably unused to breathing the same atmosphere with such beings, and was in danger of suffocation from the action of a pure, unsulphureous element on his volcanic lungs. As he bowed himself out I accompanied him to the door, and bade him a hearty farewell: sure there never was a heartier. He departed as he came, and, in the words of honest John Bunyan, 'I saw him no more.' The ladies, the drawing-room, the verandah, the carriage-house, vanished together, and I awoke once more to a dreary sense of pain, languor, loneliness, and morphine.

SONNET.

'UBI PLATO, IBI PHILOSOPHIA VERA.'

OUT from these fetters wherewith I am bound,
I cry for rescue: my tired spirit pleads
Against this starving slavery of creeds,
And mourns its freedom lost, in grief profound:
Alas! what prison-walls my soul surround!
Once, in unrest, I sought fair-seeming schools;
But there Authority supremely rules;
And sullen Doubts crouch, muttering, on the ground;
While buffoon Dogmas mimic hoary Truth.
From this dull bondage is there no release?
Down in despair must all my hopes be frowned?
Can I not win again my golden youth?
A presence answers: Now my soul has peace;
In PLATO'S muse divine, deliverance is found.

C. H. P.

Augusta, (Maine.)

IN THE WEST.

BY WILLIAM B. GLAZIER.

I.

CLOSE the book, the twilight deepens; though the poet's song is sweet,
Sweeter still the silence broken only by your heart's low beat:
See, the flowers your hands have tended tell us that the day is done,
From the dewy darkness folding up their blossoms one by one:
Rather would I wait to hear the words unspoken by your tongue
Than to list the grandest numbers that the poet ever sung.

II.

Here at least our life is real, the mask is stripped away
That from our very selves had hid our hearts but yesterday:
Who would dare, while Nature watches with her calm, unsleeping eye,
To crowd a life with words and deeds, and every one a lie?
Or to sleep beneath these silent skies and dream of the deceit
That, shadow-like, through all the day, had followed at his feet?

III.

Your hand in mine is lying; 't is not as soft as when
Its whiteness knew no toil then but to dazzle idle men,
Or to bend its listless fingers o'er some endless 'broidery task,
Or to be touched by lips that dared no more in life to ask:
But since those days I 've seen it hold with nervous grasp the rein,
And guide the fiery prairie-steed that champed the bit in vain.

IV.

You smile: I know you think of that long-vanished night of song:
'T was to see you, not to listen, I was in that simpering throng:
There you sat, to me the fairest in that gay and glittering ring,
And the Queen of Song was singing, but I did not hear her sing:
I only saw those eyes, that had a glance for all but me:
Only heard my heart's fierce question, 'Can it ever, ever be?'

V.

Shall I grasp my gun to-morrow in the gloves that then I wore?
Will my aim be surer if I take the glass I idly bore?
Could the trifler that was near you, whom you seemed to love so well,
Follow on the trail I followed where at last the panther fell?
His garb was of a soldier — I would he had been here
When you brought to me the rifle when the Indian band was near.

VI.

Dear Wife, I know your loyal heart, those days were not for you;
In the stifling air of Fashion, still you pined for something true:
All the glittering gauds they gave you could not buy your noble soul:
Here it grows in GOD'S own image, free from aught but HIS control:
Let them dwell within the city, still its cringing slaves to be:
Our home is where the heavens are clear, our loving hearts are free.

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

FRIENDSHIP.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

It was to keep me from evil that I was secluded from companionship; but the eternal bondage of the soul is far less possible than that of the body. A human heart must have sympathy. Why will parents and guardians so often deny themselves the sweetest of earthly pleasures, the refreshing of the spirit, from the fulness of childish joy, and the softening influence of the tale of childish sorrow? But 'they do not know, therefore they must be forgiven.' There was nothing my stately aunt so longed for as this same childish love; none felt more keenly the desolation of the spirit than she who, widowed and childless as she was, repulsed the orphan heart that would have clung to her, and pronounced it cold and selfish, while it was burning and bleeding and bursting with its sense of wrong and unappreciated tenderness. What words of reproach and hatred and bitterness sometimes came to my lips, which were subdued by the thought of their wickedness, and the thought, too, of the strength of that unbending nature, inspiring me with a sort of awe and reverence for a kind of excellence which it was impossible for me ever to attain.

It is the duty of children to love their parents, she would say; 'the mother should be the daughter's confidante; in a sad way she is when there is any thing in her life or heart she is not willing her mother should know.' Then would be added that she stood to me in the light of a mother. I had no other. That it was my duty thus to regard her. That I ever should, I knew to be impossible; and while knowing that, I was not to blame. I yet had a consciousness of guilt that added to the weight which was ever oppressing me.

To throw it off, to rebel, to flee, were thoughts often suggested; but the first attempt to dissent from an opinion frightened me from every thing but abject submission. Then came the temptation to conceal, to deceive, to be a hypocrite; and though I never resolved with the definiteness of a settled purpose, these became the result.

A cousin was not, and could never become a lover; but he was not the less a forbidden pleasure. The widowed mother of Edward B—— removed to our village for the purpose of securing the advantages of academical and collegiate study for her son — and he was my cousin. We met as children, and talked as children, and should never have thought of being aught else, had it not been suggested by her, who seemed to think boys and girls and men and women were born to be to each other evil, and that continually. She had no conception of innocence or purity; she had no conception of intellectual and sentimental enjoyment, that would not degenerate into corruption.

We being relatives, and they being strangers to all others, the mother

and son came often to our house; and there must have been a peculiar repulsion not to have sprung up a strong attachment between a youth who had no sisters, and no knowledge of the world, and a dreamy girl who had not a friend or single object of interest, and whose soul-want was a hunger like that of the starving beggar.

We soon understood each other, and the consequence was a revelation, for the first time, of the sort of slavery in which I lived; an unburdening of the spirit, which seemed to give me wings, and also to enable me to endure with a new strength.

But ours were all stolen sweets: and though at first we made no concealment of our mutual interest, it must be concealed or it must be abandoned. We were not allowed to meet except in the presence of others; and no household or social duty was ever so imperative that my aunt did not leave it, to afford us the guardianship of her presence: and her eyes and ears were the manacles of our tongues and the millstones upon our hearts. She would imagine at one time that we were planning an elopement, the terrible consequences of which would so madden her brain that she seemed threatened with all the horrors of insanity, when the real purport of our intimacy would, perhaps, be some ideal perfection in mental improvement.

Many a humorous sally did my cousin attempt to allay her fears, but they were never allayed; 'she knew what people were made of,' and all she could not bear to see she knew must be evil. To ride, to walk, to talk were positively forbidden; so we resorted to the only remaining way of communicating thoughts — we wrote: but letters were not to be trusted to post-masters or carriers of any sort; we must contrive a way of interchange of which there was no possibility of betrayal. He was allowed to bring me books, which I was allowed a limited time to read, after they had been duly inspected and found to contain no deleterious sentiments.

'Necessity is the mother of invention,' and nothing develops any faculty like the exercise of it. The letters must be exchanged, and there must be devised a way of doing it. So after due consideration it was found necessary that the books should have thick double covers, that no harm should come to them; and even foolscap sheets, if thin and carefully folded, caused no protuberance upon their sides. If carefully sealed, too, there could be no pretence for reading them, and no suspicion of treason. Many a time they remained unrifled of their precious contents for days and nights before I was long enough alone to feel safe in venturing upon the process of unsealing and securing my treasures. Yet for many months they were the only food of my soul-life, and so skilful and careful I became that my countenance betrayed not the effects of my happiness. If a lighter beating of the heart, and a quicker step had revealed some hidden joy, there would have been a double surveillance to ascertain the source, and brand me with ingratitude.

Though in the same village, Edward's home was beyond walking distance from mine; and oftener than I my aunt took her way to the widow's cottage, and was always, on such occasions, burdened with the loaned literature: and though it was with a terrible consciousness of

its wickedness, we did not hesitate to make her the bearer also of our more important dispatches; and her reticule was the temporary repository of many an epistle which would have condemned the author to something worse than imprisonment and the stocks, had it come to her knowledge; though there was nothing in them which might not have been published in the paper which boasts its circulation of fifty thousand readers, if those readers had any appreciation of the beauty of childish trust, and the purity of a love that had never dreamed of aught an angel could not bless.

I had an only brother, as I said: but since our first separation we had not met, and our correspondence had consisted of a few laconic epistles such as a merchant's clerk might be supposed to write from a distant country village to one he scarcely remembered, and toward whom he had no affection except such as is usually imposed upon families to be their duty to entertain toward kindred; and though I often felt that a brother would be a blessing beyond price, any thing memory had treasured of mine, never led me to imagine that his presence would add to my happiness.

But when he had served his apprenticeship he was to be transferred to the great city, and on his way he was to call upon me. One summer evening while strolling listlessly up the garden-lawn, there appeared before me a manly, graceful youth, who struck me at a glance as invested with something of my ideal of beauty. My brother! I exclaimed: and the first impulse was to rush to his arms; then the paralysis which always came over me when prompted to yield to enthusiasm, restrained me — the feeling that I must not manifest emotion — and a cold clasp of the hand was our only greeting. But he too had felt the want of companionship, the need of another influence than that of the calculating and the mercenary; and with a tinge of romance in his nature, was all ready to take a sister to his bosom and cherish her with idolatry.

I had read, not in romances but in more serious books, of the holy influence of sisters, the dangers of young men, and the necessity of loving-kindness to soften and ennoble them; and with something of the spirit of the days of chivalry, resolved to be a heroine — to live a romance.

Love had never any thing like mushroom growth in my heart; it must be nurtured in order to exist, and for my only brother I did not at first feel any strong affection, but a determination to love him, to watch over him, and be to him mother, sister, and friend — a guardian angel. The city where he was to dwell was not far off, while I remained with my aunt; and he came often to spend a day, a week, and sometimes a month. There could be no possibility of wrong in such a friendship; and we were allowed to ride, to walk, and talk — though the permission to write was no more freely granted than it had been to my cousin; and we were not exempt from espionage when together. My aunt now did not hesitate to express openly her grief that I should so love another; and thus obliged us, in her presence, to forbear all fond caresses, and to conceal from her, too, the depth and strength of our attachment.

If she over-heard us in some earnest and playful conversation, that indicated the *abandon* we felt in each other's society, she would find some pretext for needing my assistance, and in bitterness exclaim: 'You seem to have undertaken to make me miserable.'

Instead of entering into our joy, and becoming a sharer in our youthful and romantic visions, she only allowed her heart to fester anew with the gangrene of envy, and seemed to think happiness of any kind in others was a plot to destroy her own. But here again it must be said, 'she did not know, and therefore must be forgiven.' It may not have been her fault that she could not understand hearts. She had no key with which to unlock them; she had not the power to win them; and could not take them by force. I pitied her almost as much as I pitied myself.

I was older now, and could not upon any reasonable pretence be so entirely shut up from the world. I was allowed sometimes to spend a day or an afternoon with friends; but this involved the necessity of inviting friends to return the visits, and the mental pillory in which I lived made this only an additional crucifixion.

Conscious of the disadvantage to which I appeared, and taking no real pleasure in an intercourse so restrained, I avoided acquaintances. My taste, too, was of the exclusive kind, which cared not for variety; and though I could not receive private letters, the vigilance of a regiment, with the eyes of Argus, would not have prevented my writing them, and I had now three sources of consolation.

I had no school-girl friendships; my attachments were to the strong, for I was weak. My only other confederate was an aged lady who lived by herself, independent upon a small income; and though never married, and never accustomed to children, was gentle and sympathizing without countenancing evil. On her bosom I wept; to her were confided the letters which no key in my premises could secure from inspection, and yet which I could not destroy. In her little room, with one whom age and sorrow might have made excusably dull and misanthropic, I indulged in something of the freedom and joyousness of childhood. She did not ask my confidence, so I gave it without reserve. By a sort of intuition she understood the necessity of my stratagems, and required no explanations; allowed me to be foolish because I was a child, and did not attempt to reform me by any steam-power process, but was willing time should have the credit of perfecting me in gravity and wisdom.

Since my brother had been in the city I had often asked permission to go there for another visit to my many city cousins, and my father had given his permission when my aunt should think best. The time when she should think best, it seemed to me, would never come, and I am not sure that it ever did; but she granted a reluctant consent after a weary time of waiting, and we set about the necessary preparations.

I had never been allowed to make purchases for myself, and now that she was unable from recent paralysis to accompany me on shopping expeditions, I felt sadly the want of that judgment which can never be strengthened and matured without exercise, and every day returned with some article which was sure to be condemned for its un-

suitableness, and for the selection of which I was reproved as severely as if I had committed some flagrant crime.

I had never been intrusted with money to spend at my discretion, and of course when discretion came to be needed I had none. Never having been allowed to gratify my taste in the choice of colors, or figures, or even to consult my fancy in the articles to be worn on any occasion, taste and fancy had remained dormant, and could not start into perfection in a moment.

I had stood like a statue to be dressed for church every Sabbath since I had dwelt under Aunt Quimbleby's roof, and never ventured into the street or into the parlor of an afternoon till I had been inspected like a bale of goods, and felt very much like one, as I turned round and round for every fold and ribbon and knot to be scanned by her scrutinizing eye. I had learned to sew; but my invention had had as little exercise as my taste. To fit or fashion the slightest article of my wardrobe would have been an impossibility.

I was a thousand times pronounced stupid and provokingly heedless; and strange it appeared to her who reproved me, that her words only added to my dulness. If her perception had been quicker, or of a different kind, she would have discovered the true cause; but any remonstrance from me would only have brought upon me the additional charge of obstinacy and conceit.

I was painfully conscious of my stupidity, and not less painfully conscious of the cause; but now I was looking forward to change: the clouds were for a moment lifted and light appeared, and with my thoughts on future happiness I could endure any amount of present misery.

But, as in many other cases, while appearing to yield, and to acquiesce in opinion, I was secretly having my own way. After she had directed how to have an article made, I directed it to be altered, or quietly taking it to the house of my good friend, Aunt Miriam, altered it myself, packing it away as soon as finished that it might escape inspection.

But joy is careless, and no wonder that my first experience in it should put me off my guard. I was detected in a deliberate and studied disobedience and deception. It was not the first by me; but my sin now was in being found out. But joy had also given me strength. I knew the first moment of discovery what I had to expect, and determined to try resistance. I had a brother now, and to him and Aunt Miriam I had confided my stratagems and deceptions, and received no rebuke. I had, too, a hope of release. A little joy had given me a capability of anger, which it was really a long time since my crushed spirit had been capable of feeling.

I was summoned to the presence of the offended woman, and for a moment stood as a culprit before her.

'You have disobeyed me and deceived me?' she said, inquiringly.

'Yes.'

'With all I have done for you, all I have loved you, all I have believed you ——' and here she stopped for breath; then growing frantic with the thought of my degeneracy and perverseness, and the thought,

too, of how she had been indulging the belief that her peculiar discipline had actually subdued and perfected me, and now must, perhaps, feel self-accused, she lost all self-control, and exclaimed: 'A hypocrite, an ingrate, a heartless, unprincipled wretch!' and she stamped her foot in rage; then heaped upon me another load of epithets, saying it was the last she should ever do for me.

Here I interrupted her with saying: 'It is the last I wish you to do for me. I have been a slave long enough. I had already resolved to endure it no longer. You have crushed the life out of me; made me almost a fool. Love! love such as yours is worse than hatred. I have disobeyed you, to be sure, and deceived you: but without sin. I am old enough to judge for myself — to use the faculties GOD gave me; if you do n't allow me to do it openly, I must do it secretly. Henceforth I am free: but this is not saying I intend to sell myself to sin; I will do right — but I will do it of my own accord, and be my own judge.'

I had spoken rapidly but coolly, though nothing but anger could have emboldened me. Every expression and implication fell upon her like a thunderbolt; and seeming, as it did to her, ingratitude and falsehood from one toward whom she thought she performed every duty, and thought, too, she loved as with a mother's fondness, was like a viper's sting. Her passion was spent, and she burst into tears. 'For all these years of anxiety and sacrifice, this is my reward.' It was almost like a death-throe, and I felt like falling at her feet and imploring forgiveness. But it would have been folly scarcely less weak than for the slave to return to his master, because accused of ingratitude in asserting his freedom.

My sense of right and justice bade me remain immovable. A little taste of independence and self-reliance had had the effect upon me that a little knowledge does upon the degraded bondman. The mind and soul had a little of elasticity and could not return to servility; so the gushings of pity and affection were kept back, and I looked coldly upon a suffering I would have died to spare her; and she went out crouching as if leaving a world of wo.

This was an end to my preparations and to my city visit. My brother came for me, but I did not go; and during the week he remained with us my aunt was sick, and the office of director of affairs devolved upon me. True to my resolve I exercised my judgment, and did as I pleased. I walked and rode, invited company and went out; always keeping within the bounds which a considerate and proper indulgence should have allowed me.

The spirit of freedom was exhilarating; but the spirit of defiance kept up the feeling of guilt, which with the real love that dwelt in my heart for one who had done so much for me, and who meant always for the best, was continually at war with the sense of justice. Alas! if I had known how soon an invisible hand was to free me, how willingly would I have suffered ten times more, rather than inflicted upon her a pang.

A few months we lived on, but without the return of even the old cordiality. The old, stately woman moved about more cold and stately.

and the old routine had a more formal and chilling grandeur. But though miserable, I affected cheerfulness; and ventured upon many pleasures which had in them no real attraction, merely to try my strength. No questions arose; no further disputes: nothing but the formalities of speech necessary to keep up appearances ever passed between us.

The excitement of studying her pleasure, and avoiding her displeasure, kept me from the listlessness and indefinite longings I afterward experienced; and that in these life's object was not entirely fulfilled, scarcely occurred to me.

But very suddenly came the change that was to introduce me to new scenes, though no evil ever happened to lead me to recur to the past with a sigh for its return.

'It is almost as wicked to make a gloomy home as a wicked one,' says a wise man: and may those who have it in their power to fill with clouds or sun-shine the place where young hearts are to expand, be careful that light and not darkness surround them.

After the first stroke of paralysis, there was ever a terrible fear in the mind of the sufferer that it would be repeated, and the third would certainly dethrone her reason or cause her death. She did not wait for this: the second prostrated her upon a dying-bed, and ere my father could obey the summons which called him to her, life had ebbed.

She died, and made no sign! Every waking moment I hovered over her couch to watch for a gleam of returning consciousness, that I might speak the grief I felt, and hear the words of reconciliation; but in vain. Neither eye nor lip acknowledged the presence of living being more.

I wept; there were many reasons why I should, though I did not pretend to the sorrow of those who mourn that

> 'True hearts lie withered,
> And fond ones are flown.'

I wept: for it is always sad to look on death — always suggestive of broken ties and change; of 'passing away.'

A pompous funeral, according to the fashion of the olden time, gave all outward indications of honoring the dead; the arrival of friends and relatives, a few days of bustle and confusion engaged us, and we were again alone. Though she was gone, I could not overcome the terror I had felt so many years at the lifting of a latch, or the sound of a foot-fall. But I had good reason for burying the long and bitter past when I found the remembrance which had been made of me in the last will and testament. She had constituted me sole heir of all she possessed; and during all that period of estrangement, she had not blotted out this proof of her confidence and love. She had, indeed, considered me capable of self-reliance, and unlimited trust; yet not till her death would she manifest it.

It was not a princely fortune of which I was made mistress; yet it was mine; and while she lived, not a penny did my purse ever contain with the permission to spend it at my discretion.

Now came the question of settlements and arrangements; what I should do, and where I should go; and I began again to realize

'How vain are all things here below,
How false and yet how fair.'

I had really been so foolish as to plan to remain in the house where I had lived so long, and constitute myself sole mistress of the premises and my own affairs. I was still young, and sadly deficient in many of the qualifications of housekeeper and manager; but I had the vanity to think I could soon accomplish myself, while it never entered my head that to my plans there could be any other objection.

But my father knew very well, and in consternation exclaimed: 'Stay here alone; impossible! What would the world say?' These were considerations which I had not weighed, for I had seen so little of society that I scarcely knew its rules. But I have learned since, and learned too what sort of morality it glosses with its matronizing and chaperoning; how the heartless and frivolous and false are screened by escorts, and while conforming to conventionalities, revelling in sin.

But I had neither inclination nor strength to defy the world, and saw my bright visions dissolve and my fairy castles levelled without resistance. I must return to the home of my childhood, to which I had no attachments, and resign myself to a life of dreariness. My father had commenced house-keeping again, with a distant relative, a sort of cousin, for directress in the household economy; so that I should be entirely relieved from care, and have nothing to do but go on making embroidery for amusement; reading, if I could get any thing to read, and hope to get married, and dream about it for a subject of interest.

'This is the lot of woman.'

This I had been taught by every precept and example; by every book and newspaper I had read, and these were certainly of the most sober and approved kind; but I had been taught as thoroughly that it would be very indelicate to confess it; and that which alone could afford aim and object in life to woman; that alone which was her proper sphere, she must even deny that she ever wishes to obtain. And however perseveringly she may persist in the denial, with whatever falsehood she may stain her lips on this subject, it is no sin in the eyes of the world.

But to think that the house which was now my own; the garden, the orchard, the little grove, and the strips of meadow-land must be sold, and fall into the hands of strangers! My father said the income of it, if converted into money, and put at interest, would yield me much more than the rent I could obtain; and as I was a young girl, ignorant of business, and lamentably ignorant of money matters, my remonstrances were vain.

Again and again I visited every loved and cherished spot, and thought how I might beautify and adorn the grounds; how I might fit up the old castle of a house, and how cozily and independently I might live there, with two of the old servants who would serve me till death for the love they bore me; how I would exercise hospitality, and with

some congenial companion introduce life and gayety where there had been so long a stillness worse than death, inasmuch as a skeleton is a more unseemly vision than a corpse.

Submission was not so difficult as if I had never learned the lesson; and however sharp the pang and bitter the tears this sorrow caused, I made no demonstrations of rebellion.

In a little time the thoughtless crowd was gathered in the shadows of those green old trees, and the hammer of the auctioneer was heard in front of that quiet old hall.

It was finished — all was still! I wandered once more through those empty rooms, wept at the remembrance of the past, and in more bitter agony as I thought of the future; and left, never again to listen to the echo of footsteps within its walls.

STANZAS: A SCENE OF LIFE.

Upon the eastern sky,
Aurora doth with magic fingers trace
Rich streaks of purple, gold, and crimson dye,
Which in their soft and glowing tints defy
All human skill and grace.

Bathed in the flood of light
The red sun rises with the opening day,
Parting the shadowy curtains of the night;
And as he onward travels in his might,
The bright clouds fade away.

So in our youthful dreams,
The star of Hope that rises at our birth,
At first with such a dazzling radiance gleams
That to the bounding heart almost it seems
Too glorious for earth.

But dreams fade one by one,
E'en as the clouds that in the morning-dawn
Do but reflect the brightness of the sun,
And even while his race is just begun,
The glowing hues are gone.

Yet Hope's sweet star may light
Our way, with radiance clearer than before;
For it shall glow far more serenely bright,
And shine by Faith throughout the darkest night,
Increasing more and more.

Till, as at twilight hour,
The setting sun doth calmly pass away,
So may *we*, strengthened with a heavenly power,
Sink to our rest, as Death's dark shadows lower,
And rise to endless day.

May.

MY STUFFED OWL

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY

In the long and quiet evening,
While a storm of snow in ARIES,
Bowing low the drooping branches,
Whitened every roof and pavement,
I had weary grown with reading,
And the deep, unbroken silence
Settled heavy o'er my heart-strings.
Then I laid the book beside me,
Mused amid the glimmering lamp-light,
Gazing on the wall and pictures
Till the reverie was broken,
Lonely reverie, as I deemed it,
By two eye-balls glaring on me,
Round, unwinking in their sockets,
Eye-balls of the bird of PALLAS,
Of the great white bird of PALLAS,
Seated on my parlor-table!

When I last had looked upon him
I believed him gravely gazing
On the wealth of green-house flowers
That beneath him, in their vases,
Grew and flourished, fresh with fragrance.
He had seemed to make a neighbor
Of the jonquil and the crocus,
Hyacinths in pink and purple,
Hyacinths in blue and saffron;
Orange-trees, and sweet Ilissus,
And the cyclamen of Persia,
Folding back its snowy petals
With a sort of graceful gladness,
Like an innocent white rabbit;
He, my Owl, methought had viewed them
With a patronizing pleasure,
And I started at perceiving
Fixed on me those grave, round eye-balls,
As if curiously inquiring:
'Are you thinking of your daughter,
Thinking of her recent bridal,
And the happy home she maketh
For her chosen life's companion?
Are you thinking of the music
That from yonder shut piano
She, with fairy, flying fingers,
Used to summon forth to cheer you?'

Then methought those large eyes twinkled
With a pitiful emotion;
And, as sympathy is precious,
Even from unexpected quarters,

Even from most inferior creatures,
Quick I drew my seat beside him,
Laid my hand upon his shoulder,
Softly said: 'My Koko-Koho;*
Sing a song, or tell a story,
To amuse my lonely hearth-stone;
For the hearth-stone must be lonely
Where is neither son nor daughter,
Face of youth, or voice of infant!'
Though, in truth, that term of *hearth-stone*
Now is obsolete and ancient,
And the most correct cognomen,
Howsoe'er the poets murmur,
Should be *register* or *furnace*.

Then his snowy moustache trembled,
And from out that beak majestic
Came the strangest elocution,
All monotonous and inbred,
(Not like that which in my childhood,
When a guest at quaint, old farm-house,
Used to scare me from my slumbers—
Hideous hooting of a screech-owl,)
But monotonous and inbred,
Perched upon my parlor-table,
Thus intoned the bird of PALLAS.

'Where the rugged coast of Plymouth
Battles stoutly with the ocean,
In a hollow, doddered oak-tree,
Like a Druid I was nurtured
In the wisdom of my people,
Wisdom that hath made them sacred,
At the shrine of great MINERVA.

Musing in my studious cloister,
Oft I listened as the oak-tree
When the west wind stirred its branches,
Lectured to its merry leaflets
From the annals of its childhood:
'I remember, I remember,'
Thus it said in tones maternal,
'When the 'May-Flower,' the explorer,
Small and brown, and tempest-beaten,
Landed on yon rocky bastion,
All New-England's solemn fathers.
I have heard the first-born echo
Of their axe amid the forest;
Heard their hymns of mournful cadence,
When the winter and the famine
Smote them in their earth-floored hovels.
I have looked on saintly CARVER,
Heard the prayers of Elder BREWSTER,
Seen the stalwart form of STANDISH,
And sweet ROSE, his blue-eyed consort;
Seen the WINSLOWS and JOHN ALDEN,
And the plumed and painted chieftains,
Gazing on the pale-faced strangers

* Indian name for the owl.

Who from their own lands should sweep them,
Like the mist when day ariseth.

Five times twenty and one over,
Were there of those pilgrim-settlers:
Three days ere the holy Christmas,
Nine days ere the infant morning
Of the year M - D - C - X - X,
Came those fathers of New-England,
Planters of a mighty nation,
To the snow-clad beach of Plymouth.
Learn the dates, my dearest children,
History is but lame without them;
Do not say they 're dry and useless,
That 's the talk of idle students.'.

Still, my friend, the owl continued,
'Pleased I listened to the oak-tree,
Teaching thus her docile offspring,
For the droppings of all knowledge
To the thoughtful mind are precious.
In my solitary kingdom,
Rights I had, but men destroyed them;
Right unto my cloistered homestead,
Right of hunting 'mid the birds' nests,
Right of spoil in rat and micedom;
To the air and to the water,
To the breath that Nature gave me;
Rights I had, and men destroyed them:
Slew and stuffed me as a trophy,
Hung me up 'mid toys and trappings,
For a mock and for a marvel.
But, like ghost of buried blessings,
I will haunt their midnight visions,
With a stony stare transfix them,
Be an incubus to vex them.'

Then, he seemed to choke with passion,
And I pressed his claw and whispered
Gently, as to petted baby,
'Be not angry, Koko-Koho;
Be a good and patient emblem
Of the emptiness that waits us
When we rest on earthly pleasures,
And forget to look above them.
Many a stuffed and lifeless skinship
Sitteth by us at our revels,
Like the shrivelled, solemn mummies
That the race of ancient Egypt
Made the MENTORS of their banquet.
So, good-night, my Koko-Koho,
Bird of PALLAS, Bird of Wisdom,
Rest thee in my quiet parlor;
I am weary and would slumber,
But I thank thee for thy kindness,
For thy kindness and the legend
Told amid this dreamy lamp-light,
Making lonely evening pleasant.'

Hartford, (Conn.,) March 31, 1856.

MY LATER ACQUAINTANCES.

My election to the Legislature from this city, toward the close of the last century, enabled me to extend my acquaintance to other parts of the State. The seat of government had been removed to Albany, where, upon my arrival, I found an old friend in General Schuyler, of revolutionary memory, with whom I had been a fellow-lodger at Mrs. Daubeny's, in Wall-street, while he was a Senator in Congress. His family-seat was situate about a mile below the city, though now, I believe, included within its limits. There he dispensed a liberal hospitality, for which the neighboring citizens were not at that day remarkable. He was then the leading member of the State Senate, and seemed to possess as much authority there as he had exercised in the army, and wielded it very much in the same military style. The county of Albany was at that time a part of the 'Western District,' which extended to the Niagara frontier; and Albany, from the preponderance of its population, held the political control of the whole district. The influence thus arising belonged, indeed, to the amiable and excellent Stephen Van Rensselaer as *Patroon* or proprietor of the manor of Rensselaerwyck, comprehending, exclusively of the city, most of the towns in the county, which, in those days, included the present county of Rensselaer; but, from the modest and unambitious character of the Patroon, then a young man, this power was deputed to the General, who was his father-in-law, and not restrained in its use by the natural delicacy or sense of official propriety of his son-in-law, who, as Lieutenant-Governor of the State, presided in the Senate.

When the national government was about to pass from the Federal to the Democratic party, it was proposed by General Schuyler, at the suggestion, as was said, of another son-in-law, of whom he could boast in Alexander Hamilton, to anticipate the appointment of presidential electors, in order, ostensibly, to supersede the necessity of an extra session of the existing Legislature, by whom the electors were then chosen, but really to secure the vote of the State to the Federal candidate, it having been ascertained that the Democrats would have a majority the next year. The late Thomas Morris, then a Senator from the Western District, ventured to oppose the General's motion, and, for his pains, was soundly rated by our dictator, and *ordered* to take his seat. This sort of discipline was indignantly resisted by a man of the spirit and standing of Mr. Morris, a son of the great financier of the Revolution, (whom, by-the-by, I forgot to mention among my old acquaintances,) and led finally to his abandonment of the Federal party.

This manœuvre of the General's was, however, defeated by Governor Jay, who, though well described as the impersonation of justice, was thought by many to have equalled on this occasion the stern inflexibility of the first 'old Roman.' Our Senator-in-chief certainly felt it so, but stifled his resentment in an extraordinary cloud of smoke from his pipe, being the only member permitted that indulgence in the Senate

while in session, until the same privilege was accorded, at a later day, to one of the ablest of his successors, Abraham Van Vechten, the famous Dutch lawyer, afterward Attorney-General, which office was at the time in question held by Josiah Ogden Hoffman, also of Dutch lineage, and at subsequent periods more distinguished as Recorder of this city and Judge of the Supreme Court; another instance of the distinction conferred upon the profession by the Knickerbocker race, in addition to those of Van Scaack, Benson, Cozine, Yates, Lansing, Van Ness, and Van Buren.

At the first session of the Legislature I attended, an application was made by Chancellor Livingston to transfer to him the exclusive right to navigate the waters of this State by means of fire or steam, which had been previously granted to 'one John Fitch,' who, as the Chancellor alleged, had left the State without performing the condition on which the grant depended. A bill for that purpose, after passing both houses, was objected to by the Council of Revision, on the ground that there was no proof of the forfeiture of the prior grant to Fitch. It was nevertheless passed by two-thirds of both houses, notwithstanding the objections of the Council — a result produced, beside the influence of the Livingston family, mainly by the exertions of Ezra L'Hommedieu, of Queen's county, a Senator from the Southern District. The only *argument* adduced by 'Uncle Ezra,' as we used to call him, was, that the Chancellor's project was visionary and would never come to any thing; so it may be said to have been carried through by the force of ridicule. Thus it often happens that the inventions of men of genius are treated as worthless until carried into effect by men of practical talent; and in no instance has the truth of this observation been more clearly demonstrated than in the case of steam-navigation. The Marquis of Worcester first suggested the availability of steam as a dynamic power; Newcomen and others in Great Britain, and Fitch, Rumsey, Stevens, Morey, and Livingston, in this country, were the first to make the mechanical application. The experiments of the Americans were the earliest in navigation, but were attended with little success, until Watts' improvements of the steam-engine, which enabled Fulton to avail himself of the previous experiments of its application to navigation, and, aided by his own mechanical genius and experience, to be the first to attain practical success; while it was left to his successors to bring it to its present degree of perfection, and extend it to the ocean.

It must seem strange to the present generation of constitutional lawyers, that the Council of Revision did not object to the Chancellor's grant on the further ground of its repugnancy to those articles of the Federal Constitution which vest in Congress the exclusive powers of regulating commerce, and of granting patents for new inventions and improvements in science and the arts. But this omission may be variously explained. They may not have adverted to the circumstance that the grant to Fitch was made before the State, by its accession to the Federal Constitution, had ceded the powers in question to the United States; they may not have been aware of the operation of this transfer of power at a time when the relative jurisdiction of the Federal and State governments, as affected by the new system, had not received

much judicial consideration, and scarcely any interpretation by the Supreme Court of the United States, the final arbiter upon such questions; and, finally, they may have thought the objection they *did* interpose of itself sufficient.

Be this as it may, the question is now settled: It was first raised in the Legislature by a report made to the House of Assembly, in 1814, by a committee of which William A. Duer was chairman, and John Savage and Samuel Young were members. It arose also in the courts, and was eventually decided by the tribunal of the last resort in the Union, upon grounds taken in the report of 1814.

After this episode, for which I plead the privilege of age, I resume the thread of my reminiscences. During my service in the Legislature, the elder Samuel Jones was appointed Comptroller of the State Treasury, an office then first erected, instead of that of Auditor, the duties of which were transferred to it. The appointment of Mr. Jones produced a schism, or rather a breach in the Federal party. Ambrose Spencer, afterward so distinguished as a judge, then a member of the Senate and Council of Appointment, was anxious to obtain the office for his friend General Armstrong, who, although connected by marriage with the Democratic branch of the Livingstons, was then, as well as Spencer, a Federalist. But Governor Jay was unwilling to give countenance to the author of the far-famed Newburgh letters, and moreover expressed a doubt whether Armstrong was equal to the burthensome duties incident to the appointment. Being assured by Spencer of his friend's ability to bear them, the Governor replied: 'Let us first see whether he can bear a *disappointment.*' The suspicion thus insinuated was soon verified. Neither Armstrong nor his friend 'bore the disappointment,' and both went over to the Democrats, whose advent to power, by-the-by, was fast approaching. Mr. Spencer being still a Senator, was at once acknowledged as a leader in his new party, and the next year elected by them a member of the Council of Appointment, in which he united with De Witt Clinton in opposition to Mr. Jay, upon a point never before raised. Hitherto the right of nomination to office had been exercised exclusively by the Governor — by Governor George Clinton, as well as by his successor, Governor Jay; but it was now contended by the confederates that it was vested concurrently in all the members of the council; and when Governor Jay made a nomination, one of the other party would move to amend it by substituting another name. This the Governor resisted, and refused to commission the persons nominated by the majority of the Council. The consequence was, that no appointments were made, either to new offices or others that became vacant during the year; the incumbents of the latter consequently held over.

In this state of the question the Legislature, in which the Democrats had the majority, passed an act calling a convention to settle it; being unwilling to submit it, as the Governor had proposed, to judicial decision. A convention was accordingly chosen, in which the majority was composed of Democrats; and by an *amendment* of the Constitution, it was declared that the right of nomination was concurrent in all the members of the Council. In this body Aaron Burr presided, and gave his sanction to the measures of the majority. But he soon had reason

to regret it. By this alteration — for such it was — of the Constitution, an end was put to all responsibility for appointments, and soon rendered the Council, acting under a strong sense of *irresponsibility*, so odious and unpopular, as eventually to produce its abolishment by the Constitution of 1822. This was, indeed, a principal, and the immediate cause of calling that body.

Before, however, this dispute arose, Mr. Jones, whose appointment had been the cause of it, resigned the Comptrollership, and was succeeded by John V. Henry, a much younger man, and already an eminent member of the Albany bar. He continued in the office during the remainder of Mr. Jay's administration. Upon his removal by the Democrats, Mr. Henry returned to the practice of his profession. By his devotion to it he soon rose to its head, and could never again be persuaded to abandon it for political office, although often tendered to his acceptance; an example worthy the imitation of every lawyer who aims at professional eminence.

When the Democratic party had obtained their ascendency, and at a period subsequently to the joint-dictatorship of Messrs Spencer and Clinton, their leader in the Senate was John Tayler, of Albany, afterward Lieutenant-Governor under Tompkins. He was of Irish descent, and had been employed as a commissary or contractor in the Revolutionary war, and therefore claimed to be a 'patriot of 1776:' beside acquiring that title, he had been successful in reaping the more substantial fruits of that lucrative vocation whence he derived it. He was now a bold and wary politician, as well as a brave and athletic man, and proved both his prowess and strength on the floor of the Senate-chamber, in an assault upon the person of one of his Democratic colleagues, one Purdy, from Westchester, whom he accused of selling his vote to certain applicants for a bank, or their agents. The old gentleman was supposed to have been betrayed into this violence, not so much from his horror of corruption, as from indignation at the desertion of his colleague upon a party question, as the granting of this bank was made. Certain it is that in its mitigated and disguised form, our hero was not exempt from this sort of influence, nor altogether blind to his personal interests, either in financial or political arrangements. He was some years afterward, when presiding in the Senate, concerned in an application for a bank, whose charter was obtained by the means usual in those days, and became its President.

When Governor Tompkins had been elected Vice-President of the United States, his Lieutenant took it for granted that he should succeed him as Governor for the remainder of the term; the provision on the subject in the State Constitution being similar to that contained in the Constitution of the United States. After being confirmed in this construction, by the opinions of able counsel whom he consulted in consequence of learning that a different interpretation would be contended for in another quarter, the Lieutenant-Governor publicly declared his intention to insist upon his right; but when a bill was introduced in the Legislature, providing for an intermediate election, with the view of electing De Witt Clinton Governor, a sudden and mysterious change came over the spirit of the 'patriot of 1776.' He had become dead silent on the subject of

his 'right,' and without murmur or hesitation signed the bill, as President of the Senate. A conversion so remarkable could not be accounted for, until the next meeting of the Council of Appointment, when his adopted son-in-law, Dr. Charles D. Cooper, was made Secretary of the State.

This appointment was peculiarly obnoxious to the old Federalists, who regard Dr. Copper as, in a measure, responsible for the duel between Hamilton and Burr. He had repeated some expressions of the former, derogatory to the character of the latter, not from enmity personal or political to the one, but from party hostility to the other, arising from his attempt to obtain the Presidency in preference to Mr. Jefferson, when the electoral votes had resulted in a tie between them. The opinion expressed by General Hamilton in regard to Burr, was undoubtedly intended to prevent the Federal members of the House of Representatives, into which the choice of President was cast, from giving their votes to Burr. He subsequently, indeed, advised them to give their votes to Mr. Jefferson: with the same view it had been repeated by Dr. Cooper. It was the *effect* of this advice that excited the deadly resentment of Burr, and was the real cause of the challenge, which would, at all events, except in that of his success, have been given by Burr, upon some other pretext, had not Dr. Cooper's indiscretion afforded him the one of which he availed himself. The Doctor, however, was a worthy man, and bitterly repented the part he was made to bear in this fatal affair. Upon a subsequent revolution of parties, when the Dutch dynasty was restored under Governor Yates, his relative John Van Ness Yates, succeeded Dr. Cooper in his office. The new Secretary was more of a Van Ness than of a Yates, and possessed nearly all the talents of the latter family. The only exception was found in the Governor's brother, John B. Yates, the associate of the former Comptroller, McIntyre, in the management of the lotteries. Had his cousin, the Secretary, possessed his industry and tact, he would have become more distinguished at the bar, and on the bench as Recorder of the city of Albany, as well as a member of the Legislature, to which, while Secretary, he was elected.

To return from this digression. It is but fair, as I have already made honorable mention of my acquaintances of Dutch extraction, that I should commemorate those of New-England birth or origin. Among the earliest immigrants from that quarter were John Bird, John D. Dickinson, and John Woodworth, who all settled in Troy soon after the foundation of that flourishing city, to whose prosperity their intelligence and enterprise materially contributed. They were all lawyers: Mr. Bird soon rose to the head of his profession, while Mr. Dickinson obtained the more lucrative practice from his connection with the old Farmers' Bank, of which he was the counsel, and upon its removal to Troy, became its President. The two former served, at different times, in the State Legislature, and in Congress. Mr. Woodworth was not less fortunate. Without attaining the eminence of the one at the bar, or the wealth of the other as a banker, he rose to be Attorney-General, and afterward a Judge of the Supreme Court; and more fortunate still, to be connected by marriage with the Patroon. He continued on the bench until judicial offices were rendered elective, and then wisely declined being a candidate for

election. He had arrived, indeed, at an age at which retirement, if not necessary, is the more graceful, especially in a case like his, where the mental faculties are not visibly impaired. He still lives in the enjoyment, apparently, of the health and spirits, at eighty and upward, that he possessed at forty, with the same glow upon his cheeks, and the same smile upon his lips.

Ambrose Spencer and Erastus Root were among the early pioneers from Connecticut. The former *located* in Hudson, where he soon rose to eminence at the bar, and to distinction as a Federal politician. I have already noticed his defection to Democracy, and its cause, which may be attributed rather to the general warmth of his temperament, and the ardor of a particular friendship, than to any sordid motive. The party in which he then enlisted were not insensible to the value of their recruit, and upon obtaining the ascendency, promoted him to office — first as Attorney-General, and subsequently to the bench, first as a puisne Judge, and afterward as Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court. It is to be regretted that he had not confined himself to his judicial duties — not that he neglected them, on the contrary he was exemplary in their discharge; but he had, unfortunately, tasted too deeply of the turbid fountain of party-politics, to lose his relish for those bitter waters of strife that flow from it. The participation of the judges in legislative power, under the old Constitution, by which they were erected into a Council of Revision, brought them too nearly in contact with the legislative body, and afforded too many temptations to those of them who had been party-leaders, to meddle and mix, not only in the political contests, but in the private projects of their partisans. As this was the case with some of one party, as well as of the other, it did not excite much animadversion from either. But when their interference in matters pending in the Legislature, especially in those where personal, pecuniary, or local interests were involved, became habitual, the misuse or abuse of their official influence and character at length provoked the indignation of the public, and awakened suspicions of the integrity of some of them.

This, indeed, was among the causes leading to the Convention which formed the Constitution of 1822, under which the existing Judges were superseded, and none of them but Judge Woodworth reäppointed. Mr. Justice Yates was elected Governor; and Chief-Justice Spencer, with Judges Van Ness and Platt, returned to the bar. The Chief-Justice was the only one of them who succeeded there; but he was, nevertheless, induced to quit for a seat in Congress, where he was soon recognized as a Whig leader, and in this, as in every other public situation which he held, proved himself the same able, earnest, energetic, upright, and downright man, whose ardent temper, as often as it had betrayed him into acts of indiscretion if not of violence, became mollified by time; while neither his indefatigable industry and indomitable perseverance, nor the unquenchable fire of his spirit ever abated, though he lived to an age beyond the ordinary limits allowed to mortality, without a gray hair in his head, or a resentment at his heart.

The other pioneer from Connecticut, who immigrated about the same time was Erastus Root, whose career in this State commenced differently

from that of Judge Spencer's, diverged into different paths, though of the same profession and party, but ended at the same political standpoint. He first lighted upon a school-house in a frontier town of Columbia county, where he was installed pedagogue, and at the same time commenced studying law in the office of his countryman, Elisha Williams, afterward so celebrated as an advocate and politician, and who had preceded him in settling there. The law-student was more distinguished as a teacher than as a lawyer. He was so well versed in arithmetic as to publish a book on that subject, which was considered by good judges, at least equal to any contemporary work of the same kind. After acquiring his profession he established himself in the village of Delhi, the seat of justice for the county of Delaware. He became, however, more famous as a politician than as a lawyer, and it was not long before he was sent by the Democratic party in his county to represent them in the Legislature. There he soon took his stand as a leader. He was possessed of eloquence and tact in debate, enlivened by native wit and humor, rendered more effective by the advantages he derived from education. He was familiar with history, and a good constitutional lawyer. But from his residence and associations among a rough population, he acquired habits of indolence and intemperance. His indulgence, however, in the latter vice hardly seemed to impair the faculties and resources of his mind; and in his latter years, when he became a member of the Episcopal Church, it was altogether reformed. He enjoyed greater local popularity than influence with the party-leaders at Albany; and although they promoted him in the militia until he attained the rank of Major-General, they found him too independent or impracticable, as they called it, to be admitted to their confidence or councils. Consequently, he eventually attached himself to the 'Young Democracy,' led by Van Buren in opposition to the *Regency* of Clinton, Spencer and Co. He accordingly appeared as a leader of this aspiring band in the Convention of 1822, and was one of their ablest and most effective debaters. When the article on the Judiciary, which omitted the limitation, in the former Constitution, of judicial office until the incumbent had attained the age of sixty, was under consideration, a motion was made to insert it in the new one, on the ground that it had operated beneficially in its application to judges whose names were mentioned. General Root replied, in his usual sonorous and sarcastic tones, that 'they were none of them fit to be judges, at forty.'

Under that Constitution he was elected Lieutenant-Governor; and I happened to be present at Governor Yates's on the New-Year's day, upon which they had entered upon their offices. The General was also among the visitors, and was partaking very freely of the liquid refreshments provided for the occasion, when the Governor exclaimed: 'Ah! General, that is your worst enemy.' 'Yes, Governor, but you know we are commanded *to love our enemies*,' was the too ready answer. He began his political career as a radical, but like Judge Spencer, he ended it as a conservative. About the same time with the Judge he was elected as a Whig to Congress; and though he maintained a respectable position in the House of Representatives, it was evident to those who had known him at an earlier period, that his powers had

suffered the collapse incident to the sudden abandonment of the habits he had formerly indulged.

But none of the invaders from New-England enriched this State with more of the intellectual wealth conferred by nature than Elisha Williams. Without those advantages of education enjoyed by his pupil, he far excelled him in native talent and resources, in genuine wit, general humor, and above all, self-respect. He did not long remain in obscurity, but as his professional business and reputation increased, he removed to Hudson, and took his stand with William W. Van Ness, at the head of the Columbia county bar. Upon the elevation of the latter to the bench of the Supreme Court, he nevertheless continued his association with Mr. Williams, and Colonel Jacob R. Van Rensselaer, as leaders of the Federal party, who, together with Thomas C. Grosvenor, the brother-in-law, and fellow-townsman, in Connecticut, of Williams, were afterward known in the politics of the State, as 'The Columbia Junta.' The Judge had been originally a Democrat; and as such had taken part with General Lewis against the Federal candidate in the election for Governor, and by him was promoted to the bench; and now it was that the bond of union between these parties was confirmed by their engaging in support of those banking and jobbing interests and schemes which were rife under that administration, and to which the 'Columbia Junta' were ever afterward devoted — as it was alleged corruptly. It will not have been forgotten that with respect to Judge Van Ness, these matters were made the subject of legislative investigation, and though he escaped an impeachment, the result was fatal to his character, affected his health, and, it was said, shortened his life.

The effect was similar with regard to Williams; but his greater flow of animal spirits, his vital energy, and the consciousness that less responsibility attached to his station and character, enabled him for a longer period, and more resolutely, to bear up against the imputation. With all their faults, these men were not without their redeeming qualities. Their tempers were good, their dispositions kind and generous. In their private relations they were amiable, attractive in their social ones. Both may properly be said to have been uneducated. It was observed of them that they read nothing but law-books and newspapers, and more of the latter than of the former — which they never consulted but when the one had a case to prepare, and the other one to decide. They may both be said to have had genius; and they undoubtedly possessed that tact and intuitive knowledge of mankind and of the world which fell within their sphere; which, perhaps, was of greater value to them than any thing they could have learnt from books. They were both eloquent; but the eloquence of the one was different in kind from that of the other. The Judge's eloquence was mild, smooth, fluent, plausible, insinuating, and persuasive, especially in his charge to the jury. On one occasion he asked the late Thomas Addis Emmet, of immortal memory, how he liked the charge he had given in a cause in which the latter was counsel: the latter replied, that he admired it exceedingly as a work of *art*, but regretted that the Judge had not summed up the cause — as counsel — and left it to him to charge the Jury. The eloquence of Williams, on the contrary, was ardent, im-

ble, sometimes impetuous, sarcastic, and abounding in witty and humorous illustrations. As a *nisi-prius* advocate he was rarely equalled, especially in the cross-examinations of witnesses. One that he had upon the rack, on a hot summer's day, in a crowded court-room, became so thirsty from fatigue and fright, as to call frequently for a tumbler of water from a pail which stood near him; at length Williams could stand it no longer, and called out to the crier to '*give him the pail at once.*' Ah! where now are those flashes of merriment that were wont to set the audience in a roar? Alas! extinguished. Where, too, that smooth-flowing stream of bland elocution that could make the worse appear the better cause? The lips of both are sealed in the silence of the grave. *Requiescant in pace;* and as we weep over their failings, let us accept in compensation the virtues they possessed.

Something remains to be said of the other members of the confederacy. Colonel Van Rensselaer was an amiable and brave man, and except suffering himself to be led by his stronger-minded associates into their legislative speculations — an honorable one. He lived to repent sincerely of his participation in their schemes and operations, and to atone for it by the graces which adorned the remnant of his days, passed as became a Christian gentleman. Grosvenor succeeded his brother-in-law in the Legislature subsequently to these transactions; and after distinguishing himself for his eloquence at Albany, was transferred to Washington, where, as a leading Federalist in the House of Representatives, he added greatly to his former reputation. Having married a sister of Alexander Hanson, of Baltimore, he settled in that city, after the expiration of his congressional term, and engaged in the practice of the law. But his career there was short, as he was removed from the joys, cares, hopes, and honors of this world by removal to another.

The great antagonist of the Columbia Junta, on the Democratic side, and rival of Elisha Williams at the bar, was Martin Van Buren; of whom it was justly said, by one of his contemporaries, at the last anniversary of St. Nicholas, that his 'energy and perseverance, good-temper and unassisted talents, overcame the formidable obstacles he had to contend with at the commencement of a career which terminated in the attainment of the highest honors of the State and of the Union.' At the Columbia Circuit, where Williams was all-powerful with juries, Van Buren almost always succeeded in setting aside their yerdicts at bar. Being asked by a spectator who was surprised at the equanimity with which he received his repeated defeats at the circuit, the reason of his indifference, he answered: 'Williams generally beats me before the jury, but I beat him as often before the court.'

The professional success of Van Buren was not, like his success in politics, owing merely to his natural acuteness and indefatigable industry, but to the early cultivation and exercise of his forensic talents. He began the study of the law at the age of fourteen, in the office of Francis Sylvester, in his native village of Kinderhook; and before he finished his studies, he commenced practice in a justice's court, under the auspices of old 'Squire Gardiner, the father of Barent, and a regular pettifogger. On one occasion they were engaged together in a suit in which Mr. Sylvester was opposed to them, and when the latter had

finished his summing-up to the jury, Gardiner lifted his *protegée* upon the bench where they had sat, with the exclamation of — 'There, Mat., beat your master!' which he did, as often afterward, when he had more formidable adversaries to contend with.

At a later date than the advent of the Trojan lawyers and Columbia politicians, another star arose upon our horizon from the east of Massachusetts, William L. Marcy, who, by force of character, versatility as well as solidity of talent, and dint of persevering industry, acquired an honorable standing at the bar, and raised himself to the highest stations in the judicial and executive department of the State government; whence he was summoned to the Federal councils, first as Secretary-at-War, and again as Secretary of State. Although differing from him in politics, it is but justice to say that with every step of his promotion, his ability and qualifications seem to have risen with his station; and in none have they shone with as great a lustre as in the elevated post he now occupies. With him, beside Judge Woodworth and Mr. Van Buren, already enumerated, closes the list of my surviving acquaintances engaged in public life. As public characters they were fitter subjects of remark than any of the younger and less conspicuous of my remaining contemporaries. To those who have already, or may hereafter succeed us, there are some among those I have mentioned whose examples are held forth as warnings; more who are worthy of their emulation.

ABRAHAM ELDERLY.

STANZAS.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

I saw, in winter-time,
On a wall's ledge, a little blooming flower:
In thought I wandered to a far-off clime
That knows no withered bower.

I longed for something green,
That might remind me, though the storm-king reigned,
Of hours when birds and bursting flowers were seen,
Ere radiant summer waned.

The poet's saddened heart
Was cheered by this bright emblem of the spring;
He felt the shadow from his soul depart,
Dull, dreary thoughts take wing.

Thus in the world's wide strife,
The minstrel sings his song for mortal ears;
To the drear waste he gives a newer life,
And May, fair May, appears.

Thanks to the tending hand
That nurtured, amid storms, this tender flower.
May the bard meet her in that better land
Where death exerts no power!

Naval Office, March 7, 1856.

M A G D A L E N A.

BY JENNY MARSH.

CHRIST of Mercy, CHRIST of Love,
Send kind angels from above,
To stand round our fallen sister,
That in deepest wo is lying,
Blackest guilt her raiment dyeing;
For her hand of clay has riven
All her peace that came from heaven,
And her sins so heavy lie,
On her crushed and bleeding heart,
That she sadly longs to die,
And her prayer is to depart.
Oh! send angels, purest angels,
To stand round her while she stay,
And let peace and hope of pardon
Soothe her heaviness away.

Oh! she hath sore need of heaven,
In her hours of bitter wo;
When her thoughts are full of chidings,
That she blindly wandered so:
Yes, her load is very heavy —
SAVIOUR, help her bear it up;
THOU, who for those like our sister,
Drank the bitter, bitter cup.

And if THOU in love canst fold her,
To THY pure and holy breast,
Oh! can we, whose hearts are sinful,
And whose strength has had *no test*,
Drive her from us with reproaches,
Crush her lower with our pride,
Turn the eye of pity from her,
And her prayers and tears deride?
Can, oh! can we? GOD forgive us,
That we sinning fall so low,
As to spurn from our dark bosom
What THY love enfoldeth so.

CHRIST of Mercy, CHRIST of Love,
Pardon us for all our weakness,
For our blindness and our pride,
Teaching us to think with meekness
Of the cross whereon YOU died,
Died for us and our poor sister,
That hath now sore need of THEE:
FATHER, help her — angels keep her;
Let her panting soul go free.

Rochester, April, 1856.

REMINISCENCES OF THE 'SOUTHERN TIER.'

In the primitive times which characterized the early history of the 'Southern Tier,' the rich valleys of the Susquehanna and Chemung rivers yielded to the toil of the husbandman all the products of a virgin soil but recently redeemed from the forest; and they were alike rich in the fearless and strong-minded men who had located upon their banks.

It was customary in that day to settle the neighborhood quarrels, which frequently arose, by the arbitrament of the fist: it was rare that the settlement took place when the difficulty occurred, but it was generally postponed until the arrival of the next training-day, or public gathering of any kind. The battles of the immediate locality usually took place at the company training. At a general or regimental training, the scene was rich beyond description, exhibiting a general *melée* when the squabbles of an entire county were brought up for adjustment. A kind of honorable system of tactics was in vogue, and the rules of the *duello fistico* were rigidly observed. Much kindly feeling prevailed; for when the fierce encounter was over, the vanquished uniformly and frankly confessed the strength and prowess of the victor, if no foul play had been shown; if so, another time was appointed for a further settlement of the affair. This seldom happened, however, as the friends of the parties usually attended, and the whole community required fair play. A violation of this universal requirement was deemed so dishonorable, that few persons dared to venture upon it. Ordinarily, explanations and apologies ensued after the battle, and the parties drank friends over flagons of good rye-whiskey, for adulterated liquors were then unknown; if the liquor was new, or even warm from the still, it at least possessed the virtue of being pure. Instances of beastly intoxication seldom occurred. Every body used liquor then, but it was taken at stated periods, say at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, or at five in the evening, and then by measurement, and at no other times, except on extraordinary occasions. The habit of tippling half-a-dozen times in the day, did not then exist:

> 'We needed no Maine liquor law,
> When this our land was new.'

Among the heroes of that day, who figured on these occasions, was a queer old customer, generally called Uncle Jemmy S——y.

He was not a large man, but was well made up; of unquestioned courage, and as the saying went, 'had no waste timber about him." Strong, supple, and collected, he was a troublesome man to handle, and made up by agility what he lacked in size. He was by no means a quarrelsome man; possessed a kind, affable, and accommodating disposition, equally ready to drink or fight with any one who chose to approach him — never seeking a cause of quarrel, and never refusing an offer at a bout at fisticuffs.

There are a great many queer stories extant about him, in the traditions of the early settlers. He had a habit of talking to himself, because as he said, when questioned about it 'he liked to talk with a man of sense,' and when doing so, had a logical system by which he arrived at results. Fond of fun and jollity, and much accustomed to make others the subjects of his jokes, he possessed a virtue seldom exhibited by inveterate jokers, of being equally ready to receive one; he always laughed as heartily at a good hit, when it happened to be at his own expense. He was always on hand at training-days, and was once seen, early in the day, on the ground, ready stripped and prepared for battle, and when asked if he was about to fight any one, replied, No, but he thought it best to be ready.

Upon one occasion, it is said, that he came to the village of Elmira, with his cart and oxen, laden with turnips. Having disposed of his load, he appropriated a share of the proceeds, as was his usual custom, in treating his friends, (who on this occasion happened to be unusually numerous,) and soon became so boozy that his legs refused their accustomed office of bearing about his body, small as it was, and he was consequently soon found unable to navigate. Some good Samaritans carried him to the place where he had secured his cattle, and carefully deposited him in the cart. The kind-hearted landlord, accustomed to his failing, had removed the cattle to his barn and given them a supply of hay. On waking up, after indulging in a sound nap, somewhat confused in mind, from the effects of the extra quantity of liquor he had swallowed, he commenced his accustomed soliloquy: 'Well,' said he, 'I should like to know, precisely, who I am. If I am Jemmy S——y, as I am strongly tempted to believe, I have lost a pair of steers; if I am not, I am a lucky dog, for I have found a cart.'

On another occasion, a waggish brother-in-law, who kept a tavern, where 'Uncle Jemmy' had indulged in deep potations, till he became insensible, had him placed in a coffin, late at night, (in warm weather,) and carefully placed between two mounds in the neighboring graveyard. On awakening at his accustomed hour, (being watched by those who were in the secret,) he raised himself up in the coffin, and seeing himself surrounded by tomb-stones, in his confusion of mind he supposed it was the morning of the resurrection, as the sun was just rsing in the east. Finding no one stirring, he said: 'I am either the first that has risen, or am most awfully belated.'

Another of the oddities who figured in the 'Southern Tier' for many years, was James R——n, Esq. He was a native of New-Hampshire, and was for a time at Dartmouth, when Webster, Cass, and Miller were students. He came to the 'Southern Tier' about the year 1809, and commenced the practice of the law. He was a fine scholar, a man of ardent impulses, warm and enthusiastic in his attachment to a friend or client, in neither of whom could he ever see a fault; of real attic wit, and wonderfully happy at a toast or retort.

He was a most zealous advocate of every measure calculated to advance the interests of the community, and every project for internal improvement. To the strength and ability exhibited in his newspaper essays, are many of our internal improvements greatly indebted for

[illegible] was invested to matters of public [illegible] with a zeal and energy which might [illegible] [illegible] were at stake than he. His [illegible] to be advanced or [illegible] the success of whatever projects in which his ardent [illegible] to engage.

[illegible] characters [illegible] well deserves to be cherished [illegible] remembrance [illegible] humor, and eccentricity [illegible] was distinguished. He was a zealous [illegible] during the controversies which agitated the State many years ago he was an active and devoted Democrat; but his kindly [illegible] [illegible] him on friendly terms with those who differed from him in political [illegible]. His genial wit and humor continued to the last moments of his life. A friend who watched with him the night before his death, [illegible] that he going to his residence for that purpose. he found him in bed, never before [illegible], apparently low-spirited. On inquiring the cause he answered: 'I have been looking over my account for another world.' On being asked what he found to disturb him, he replied, that the review reminded of Garrick's remark on the result of an unprofitable benefit that it was a beggarly account of empty boxes. On being more particularly questioned, he said that his connection with the [illegible] Embargo of 1840 lay heavy upon his mind: that he had always been a Democrat, 'dyed in the wool,' but that his love for hard cider and military glory had led him astray; that his attendance at log-cabins, singing puerile songs, was degrading to one of his years, and at that moment was a subject of poignant annoyance and vexation.

He was asked if this was the only subject of regret which attended his review of the past, to which he answered: 'No, there was something worse: a judgment once rendered as a magistrate.' He stated that a man came to his office, attended by his wife and son, and detailed with great feeling the loss of a favorite dog which had been shot by a neighbor, and demanded legal process for redress of the injury. The detail of the sufferings and death of the dog produced floods of tears on the part of the complainant, and his wife and son, and he remarked that he himself, influenced by the force of sympathy, involuntarily united in the lamentation. He immediately issued a summons and had the offender promptly brought before him. On his appearance in court, the parties were called. The defendant answered by his counsel, whom the Squire said he disposed of at once, by telling him to hold his peace, as he had made up his mind in the matter, and any remarks from him were unnecessary, and directed the plaintiff to proceed to prove the value of his dog. The witness testified that the value of the dog was fifteen dollars. 'I was so fierce,' said he, 'to do speedy and exact justice in the premises, that I entered judgment instanter for the fifteen dollars, without taking into consideration the wounded and lacerated feelings of the family, for which I should have added at least ten more.' At this stage of the conversation Judge D—— [illegible]me in, for the purpose of watching with him also. On being told of [illegible] cause of disquiet, he remarked to the patient: 'I can relieve your

mind in this matter; you recollect that I appeared as counsel for the defendant on the occasion referred to, and you would not hear me. I was attended by three witnesses to prove that the dog killed sheep, and that he had actually killed one of the defendant's sheep that day, for which he shot the dog.'

He then asked: 'Do you recollect the defendant?' The 'Squire, as he was commonly termed, replied: 'No! do you suppose I would retain the name of a scoundrel who would kill his neighbor's dog?' The Judge then mentioned his name, and it turned out that he was a near neighbor, who had recently removed to the village, who had been exceedingly kind to the 'Squire and his wife during his illness. 'What,' said the 'Squire, 'is it that good creature who has sat up with me so much, who has fed and milked the cow, when the snow was so deep, and has split the oven-wood for Peggy during my sickness?' The Judge assured him that he was the man. Rising up in his bed, he said: 'Judge, give me your hand: do you pledge your veracity that the dog actually killed sheep?' The Judge solemnly replied: 'It is an undoubted truth.' Then lying down he said: 'It is enough. I now die happy, by ——'

In his excited moments he was in the habit of closing a strong expression with an oath, like Sterne's Uncle Toby; though differing from him by using the name of the second person in the Trinity: it was, however, done in such a way and with an earnestness of manner, as scarcely to seem like profanity, and he appeared to be unconscious of having committed a breach of decorum. Probably in both cases the 'tear of the recording angel blotted out the oath for ever.'

In the morning, when one of the watchers was about leaving him, at day-light, he asked for a quid of tobacco from a silver box, the gift of a friend, which lay near. It was done, and handing back the box, he said: 'Take it with you. I give you the box, in token of our long and uninterrupted friendship. I shall need it no more.' Pausing a moment he remarked: 'Hand me the box. This is a solemn proceeding, and requires some ceremony.' Taking the box and rising up in bed, and assuming the dignity of manner which characterized him on occasions which he deemed important, he proceeded: 'When I shuffle off this mortal coil, and the last faint flashes of life's expiring lamp have quivered out their little moment, thy friendly hands shall close my dying eyes, thy tears shall moisten my clay-cold form, thy prayers ascending to the throne of Grace, shall gently waft my disembodied spirit to the gardens of the Paradise of God. When I give the last kick, grab the box, or Peggy will steal it, by J ——'

The remark attributed to Napoleon, 'that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous,' was here fully exemplified.

He had previously requested the same friend to select him a suitable burial-place in the village grave-yard. On being questioned as to location, he said that he should depend on the discretion of his friend in the matter, only desiring 'a healthy situation and good neighborhood;' remarking that he did not wish to be buried in an unhealthy spot, and preferred to be near the more respectable portion of the community, as he 'had no desire to rise with loafers.' His friend selected a lot for him, between those of Mr. O —— and Mr. T ——, two

old friends of his, and when informed of the location, he remarked: 'It is well, they are gentlemen, I am willing to rise in such company.'

While Tioga rejoiced in the many odd spirits among her early settlers, the adjoining county of Steuben was equally rich in a host of similar kidney. Among them was a jolly old Virginian, Judge H——, 'a sportsman' of the old school of buff breeches and fair top-boots, well known throughout the country for genial habits and generous hospitality. He had been appointed a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. Though little versed in legal technicalities, he possessed a fund of genuine common-sense, which made him a good judge. On one occasion in the absence of the first judge, it fell to him to charge the Grand-Jury. The substance of this charge, so characteristic of the man and his opinions, is here given:

'Gentlemen of the Grand-Jury: In the absence of the First Judge, it becomes my duty to address you. If you expect much of a charge, you will be disappointed, as it will be nothing but a squib. I see among you many gentlemen who understand the duties of Grand-Jurors much better than I do. I need only say then, you know your duties, go ahead and perform them.

'The Sheriff has handed me his criminal calendar, by which it appears he has five poor devils in jail for various offences: two of them are for horse-stealing. Now, gentlemen, you know there are grades in crime, and common-sense would indicate that the punishment should be in proportion to the criminality of the offence, as exhibited by the circumstances of each case. That I suppose is the law; if it is not, it ought to be so. You will understand what I mean by this, when I inform you that one of these scamps stole a slab-sided Yankee mare, while the other took a Virginia blood-horse.

'Two others are indited for mayhem. One of them for biting off a negro's nose, which I think exhibits a most depraved appetite; the other for gouging out an Irishman's eye, a most ungentlemanly way of fighting. I hope you will look well to these fellows.

'The last is a poor cuss, who stole a jug of whiskey. The article is so plenty and cheap that it may be had, by asking, anywhere, and stealing it is the meanest kind of offence, and deserves the severest punishment that the law will permit.

'The great men at Albany have made it our special duty to charge you in regard to private lotteries. What is the mighty crime involved in this business, I cannot see, when hustling and pitching coppers is tolerated; but I suppose they know, and as the law makes it our duty, I charge you to look out for them.

'Sheriff, select two constables, and march these men off to their duties.'

GOOD ADVICE.

'Boys, when you court, you should deport
Yourselves with circumspection;
It is a sin to seek to win
And trifle with affection.'

THE HUNTER'S BRIDE.

A LEGEND OF THE FRONTIER.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

I 'LL tell you a tale of fearful wo,
Was told on a winter night,
In a far-off valley, long ago,
By a humble fireside's ruddy glow,
In a cot where the forest arches low
O'er a tinkling brook unite.

A hunter dwelt on the further side,
'Neath the olden forest shade:
Alone he dwelt; no loving bride
His moody hours to cheer or chide:
His friends were his rifle true and tried,
And his death-edged hunting-blade.

His axe was keen and his arm was stout:
No aid from man he sought;
But a cabin of logs he hewed him out
From the tall old trees that hemmed him about,
And dwelt there alone — all food without,
Save that which his wood-craft brought.

One night, as he sate by his glimmering hearth,
And mused on his cheerless lot;
On the distant land of his home, his birth,
Of his happy childhood's careless mirth,
Knowing naught of the trials of Earth;
And now, in this lonely spot —

In this lonely spot his life was cast,
In a silent solitude!
No wife, no friend — just then the blast
Shricked in his ears with a wail like the last
That the sea-tossed wretch on the drifting mast
Sends up, as he sinks in the flood!

The Night a sable archway flings,
A roof of solid black:
The hissing rain on the dry leaves sings:
When again through the vaulted forest rings
That fearful shriek, and the hunter springs
With a shout, on the viewless track!

. . . .

The crackling flames, with a ruddy glare,
Flash out on the hunter's hearth!
A slender form is lying there,
And the crystal drops from her wavy hair
Like opals gleam on her bosom bare;
And her face is as passionless and fair
As a face of spirit-birth.

It is no rain-drop's callous flow
That moistens the hunter's eye,
As, lifting from that bosom's snow
Each golden tress, he feels the glow
Of a struggling life, and whispers low —
'Thank GOD! she will not die!'

The forkéd tongues of flame still twine
In many an elfin whirl;
But her lips now blush like the Gascon wine;
And never a gem of Eastern mine
Was bright as the glancing orbs that shine
Through those ringlets' amber curl!

Her silken voice is sadly clear
As she murmurs her woful tale!
'In the virgin woods of the far frontier,
My father followed, for many a year,
The savage bear and the timid deer,
From our cabin in the vale.

'The strongest hand, the truest heart,
The surest eye, had he ——'
The bitter tears to her eyelids start,
And the hunter strives, with awkward art,
To dash the drops from his own, apart,
Lest his weakness she may see.

'Alas! alas! of what avail
Strong hand, and faithful heart?
Oh! let me haste to close the tale.
Ere my half-maddened senses fail!
'Tis but a year, since from the vale
I saw my father part.

'His loving arms my mother pressed
In one long, close embrace;
He caught me to his stalwart breast;
A tearful smile his eye confessed,
And long, toward the crimsoning West
His shadow we could trace!

'That night — the tale I cannot tell!
GOD, give me strength to speak! —
I woke, to hear the infuriate yell
Of fiends, amid the flames of hell!
To worse — to worse! the fiends that fell
From heaven, to these were weak!

'The war-whoop rang in a frenzied scream,
'Mid the crash of the rafters' fall!
I saw the knife of the savage gleam,
I saw the crimson torrent stream!
O HEAVEN! it passed like a horrid dream!
And yet I saw it all!

'Through the trackless woods my form they bore,
With many a savage gibe;
They dabbled my face with my parent's gore,
They waved their scalps my sight before,
And with many a bitter threat, they swore
I should wed the chief of their tribe!

'Oh! why was I spared? yet HEAVEN was kind,
GOD sped my bleeding feet!
I fled while the brutes were drunken-blind —
I fled I cared not whither, to find
A death in the arms of the winter wind,
With the leaves for my winding-sheet!

'I fled! I cared not whither I strayed,
Till I laid me down to die;
But the blast was bitter, and death delayed,
And I shrieked for life — even while I prayed
For the death that GOD in HIS mercy staid;
And HEAVEN hath heard my cry!'

. . . .

'The hunter dwelt long on the brooklet's side,
But he dwelt not there alone!
His rifle was true — his blade was tried;
But his cot held a dearer tie beside;
For the tender smiles of a loving bride
On the heart of the hunter shone!

Philadelphia, Jan. 21, 1856.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER FIVE.

SLOPER ON HOTEL TABLES.

TAKE people all round as you find them in the world in general and in New-York in particular — draw a line — and sum 'em up, and the chance is that you 'll find that they 're a pretty good-natured set as long as you do n't cross them in small matters. But you must be very particular where you draw the line.

One great reason why New-Yorkers are a good-natured set of folks is because they have little by little worked life into going easy. When a man has big matters in business hours on his mind, he is easier accommodated in the off-hours. People who rush and steam it like sixty do n't mind a small upset when they 've got the chance of a big rise before them. But there are other reasons for this taking things easy, and one of them is that they live so much about town promiscuously; dining at hotels, lunching at restaurants and sleeping very often wherever they find it. A man with his own house who lays out a programme every day for his living, has a great deal to be anxious about, which never hits him when he has to eat, drink, and sleep just as other folks fix it for him.

At a hotel, people are always, as one may say, a sort of out in company. They put on their bettermost rig, brush their hair into an extra kink, and keep down the cross all they know how. Much practice in this line effectually uses up a great many ugly little didoes which are apt to ripen up in the bosoms of the blessedest families where there 's no fly-wheel of frequent 'company' to keep down the steam.

Such notions often come into my head when I sit down at a hotel dinner-table and look around at the folks. I remember that about half of them are strangers — people who have always some how looked at the dinner-table as one of the privacies of life, a thing that they would n't care about having even their best friends drop in on, without a warning. If they got such a warning, they would have a better dish with an extra pie or two, not to mention fancy china and the new forks. The picked-up dinners are holy family secrets, and so are — but it 's no use a-talking! Every body is up to the feeling, which has after all a great deal more of what 's creditable in it than of any thing else. And here at the hotel-table are the good folks with all the dinner religion tactics in their heads, suddenly planted by the command of a head-waiter into chairs which have got to be theirs because some body has stuck them down with their hind-legs up in the air, and their faces like as it were in the plates. I never see chairs put into these bespoken positions without fancying that they are some how kneeling and praying, and saying grace for the folks who are going to sit in them, and who will probably forget to say any thing of the sort for themselves!

Well — to get started again — there the good folks, with all their home notions of dinner privacy, are stuck down in long rows, opposite to the LORD knows who, alongside of the LORD knows what, bound to be fed the LORD knows how. In times like these the ladies shine with uncommon force. So they ought. It is n't every day that they enjoy the luxuries, *all at once*, of being dressed up, having lots of admirers, eating dinner, and having all sorts of small-potato family cares off their minds. LORD bless you — the men know nothing at all about it! Many ladies say they do n't like such publicity. Very likely, but I only speak of what *I* 've seen.

A pretty girl at a hotel-table can generally reckon, without firing very wide of the mark, that she 's making a good many hearts go bumpity-bump, and setting a good many minds to queer music: the general tune being the Rogue's March with greater or lesser variations. A pretty woman is something like a writer. Nature does most for her, art a good deal, and between the two she turns out a work for the world to look at and criticise. I once heard a literary friend of Mr. Clark of the KNICKERBOCKER tell that gentleman that the pleasantest hour he ever spent in his life was in the cars of the Camden and Amboy R. R. C. 'I was sitting,' said he, 'in *one* seat, and just in front of me was a young lady, a stranger to me, reading my last book. Sometimes she laughed till her friends laughed to see her, sometimes she read passages aloud that pleased her; all the while she kept praising it — O LORD!'

Now a pretty woman at a hotel-table may be perfectly certain that she is just as well off, as far as pleasing folks goes, as the literary gentle-

man I spoke of, was, when he was in the cars. Yes, and better, for he only had *one* admirer, while she probably has a dozen — may-be a couple of score.

There are people to be seen at every hotel-table who I really believe are never to be found anywhere else in the world, except occasionally in the dark corners of the opera. Leastways *I* never found 'em. There was such a character near me to-day. Any sensible man with such a face would have washed it in aquafortis and had it kicked by a young horse, for nothing shorter would have changed it much, and any sort of a change would have improved it. His eyes were great staring balls of prim vulgarity jumping out from under a lot of bristles like a wild cat out of a pig-pen. His complexion looked as if it had all been made of the hardest and toughest kind of folds, which had been rubbed, and *runched*, and *scrunched* down into shape like a twist of clothes in a scrubbing-machine. It was easy to see that before Nature got that face into shape her fingers slipped more than once, and that to hide her ugly work, she made up for it, as some painters do, by a little extra richness of coloring, for the whole affair looked as if it had been pretty well soaked in bad brandy, dried over a mock-auction stove, and rubbed down with a sweat-cloth. But the real horror of the man was his hair, which seemed to have been skinned from some unknown animal which had been scared to death for the purpose. Altogether his look was that of a man who had been touched off by a galvanic battery, and had been frozen stiff at the same moment. A midshipman, who sat near, said afterward, in talking about him, that he looked like the devil, and ate like a hog. So he did. Well, I 'spose he 's had his sweet-hearts in his time, like other folks!

Though I 'm not particularly bright myself in the matter of dandyism, never having been able to bring it beyond passing pretty well in most crowds, I 've always taken a very great interest in those old and young fellows who have a natural gift that way. To be a dandy a man 's got to be born so. Money won't make one, a tailor can't begin to make one. A real *dresser* — a fellow who contrives to give you the idea that his genius is all over him outside, must have outside genius; and genius, whether it strikes out or in, is *natural*, and can't be come by. The dandies, in my opinion, are a greatly abused and slandered race. I say so because I 've seen lots of men with all sorts of inside genius — great financiers, great editors, great orators, and great preachers — who tried all their lives long to be dandies, and could n't begin to do it. By a dandy, I don't mean a man who dresses in extravagant style, but rather one who takes you down by the general impressiveness of his outside arrangements. There is one of that sort whom I see every day about town, and sometimes at our hotel-table. He wears an old coat as often as a new one — sometimes he has on patched boots — sometimes a hat that used to be new. But put him in any crowd you choose, some how or other you 'd always pick him out as holding four aces and a king, as far as rig and style go. He 's *one* of the dandies for whom I have a respect.

About once in fifteen years a new sort of dandy turns up, just as in about the same time people pretty generally get a new kind of furni-

ture, and begin to build new sorts of churches. From where I sit at table I can see a splendid specimen of what was rather the correct thing about twenty years ago — a man who looks as if he might have been immense in the days of the old annuals. His hair is very thick and shovelled up on the top of his head, and rolled off at the sides, as if his noddle was a barrel full of shavings for kindling, and he had got good measure. When he was a fashionable, young people had n't got over pirate notions of beauty, and the girls used to tell him he looked considerable like a corsair. He wears a high stock, and looks queer. His friends that used to be, have settled down or died, some of them look like other folks, and some have dropped into the new fashions. But he stands out for the old style, and there are still three or four married ladies about, who won't give up the notion that he 's a very stylish young man. It always makes MACE SLOPER a little blue or a little old-times-y to look at him, for Mace can remember that when *he* was a young shaver, and just suffering from *his* first attacks of calico-fever, he used to think that if he could only look as *that* man used to look, he 'd consider himself as provided for. Well! — I wonder who Widow Twiggles would call the finest-look —— O LORD!

I wish that some man who 's posted up on all the last tricks of the elephant would explain to Mace Sloper why all of the new-school of dandies look so glum, and talk as if their souls, as far as they go, were all a mixture of mystery and misery, 'specially those who 've been to France since Louy Napoleon came in. The bob-tail Shanghai boys who first rose to the top about ten years ago, were an uncommonly jolly crowd. They had a hand in every thing, thought it rather the thing to be posted up on stocks, perfected the science of rat-killing, affected considerable literature, reduced the polka to a delirium, and died out with it. The real first crop of short-coated Shanghais had a short life and a merry one.

There are two regular bucks of the present style at our table. Their hair curls — it must curl of course, because they were born to get ripe in this fashion — and is parted near the middle. They have conquered the aggravating old shirt-collar which has held folks by the throat so long, and reduced it to a *leetle* modest affair, just meeting under the chin, and as if this was n't enough, one of them has manacled the edges of *his* together with gold buttons. The beards are Louy Napoleon all over. When one speaks to the other, he sort of whispers sadly, and the other answers 'good morning' as if he expected to be hanged in the afternoon, but were still prepared to meet his fate with Christian resignation, I saw them drink two bottles of Champaigne yesterday without speaking a word, only at the end of the second bottle Dick moaned to Bob that he thought the last bottle was a little the coolest of the two.

I won't take my oath that all the boys of the last French stripe are of this dismal-genteel model. But really so many of the last ones who 've made the grand pilgrimage are so solemn and sorrowful, and look so clerical in their long robes, that I can't help thinking that they 're a sort of making up for the sins they committed under the polka.

But my friend Hiram, who 's half a long-tailed Shanghai himself, says that the new generation play high as any body ever did, and that they feel bad for their losses.

I could n't help quizzing Dick — one of the aforesaid — yesterday morning. He met me with a sort of undertaker's air, and after bringing to anchor with a deep sigh, gave me a long, mysterious sort of look as if he wanted to be certain that he could put trust in me, and said, very dismal:

'You were at the opera last night?'

'Yes,' says I, rolling my eyes up till I saw my hat-rim: 'I was.'

'The prima donna was admirable,' he whispered, very secretly and miserably.

'Yes,' says I, as if I felt very bad and pitied him. 'She sang good.' Then I took out my handkerchief and took 'a dry weep.'

'The ballet-girls ——' he added.

'Yes — yes — ah! yes ——' says I, wringing out my handkerchief like as if it were cried full.

'Mademoiselle Capriole has very fine developments,' said Dick, gravely and darkly.

I buried my face in my handkerchief, and sobbed: 'Oh! — do n't — DO N'T — DO N'T!'

Dick's face grew still longer and sadder, and he sighed himself away down into the bar-room. Well, every thing has its good points, and the last school of dandies, to do them justice, are quiet, sober, and refined, and dress better than any which went before them.

It 's an odd notion of mine, and as I can't exactly call myself one of your smart sort, may-be a wrong one, but I 've always fancied that when a man with a good deal of jewelry sits down to a hotel-table full of all sorts of first-rate provender, and calls for bacon and cabbage, or pork-and-beans, that after a minute or two he 'll be sure to order Champaigne. Leastways *I* 've always seen them do it. There are lots of good fellows of the right stripe, who drink the 'beverage' likewise in likeways, but still it 's often a powerful instrument in the hands of the bad. Champaigne is a *show* wine, and a man who do n't feel genteel and wants to look so, ought to be very careful how he plays with it.

There is something very taking to Mace Sloper in observing how naturally plain, sober sort of folks, who have lived sort of plainly at home, always holler for roast chicken, when they first emigrate from the family board to a hotel-table. Likewise how the rising girls of similar families behave with such pretty natural common-sense, and make such 'cute little mistakes; how it tickles them to show off their French to Pa and Ma, when the old folks puzzle over the side-dishes, and how they sometimes forget that they 're not at home, and their voice grows kind of down like in the throat when they turn round sudden and see a strange waiter just at their elbow! It 's right down pleasant too to hear their tongues run, 'specially after they 've got the hang of things, and hear them tell about the things around town they 've been looking at, and the folks they 've visited, and who took them round, and

the shows and the beaux and the clothes. Oh! it's no use a-talking! people may say that there's no fun this side the grave, but if they'll only contemplate a smart pretty girl who is a stranger in a city, and who is being put through a regular course of sprouts by a lot of kind friends, and if they'll hear that same pretty girl, at dinner-table, going on just as fast as her tongue can run, about the fine time she's had, they'll know mighty soon whether there's any fun left yet or not. Fun! LORD bless your soul! Mace Sloper's had more fun in listening to one such young girl, than half the boys round town ever got out of a thousand-dollar 'nank-bote,' as one of my friends persists in calling a bank-note.

I had a notion of saying something about the different varieties of American young ladies that are seen at a hotel-table. But I really heard an Irish waiter sing such a verse about the principal sorts, last night, that I am quite combed down, (for *now* at least,) on trying any thing of the sort. And his song was:

'BOSTHON gurrels for talking,
New-York gurrels for drissing;
Phelsdelphy gurrels for manners,
And Balthimoore gurrels for kissing...
Canady gurrels for hugging,
'Cinnati gurrels to be civil;
St. Louis gurrels for ribbins,
And New-Orleans gurrels for the divil.'

I could n't see the waiter who sung these lines, but I could hear him chanting away and brushing the floor in time with a broom. I was seated in the box of an eating-house, and as I did n't care to get up, I hollered out:

'How did you ever learn so much about American girls?'

The broom stopped whisking about, and over the top of the partition came the single word, in a sort of whiskey baritone:

'EXPARIENCE!'

I have never seen that waiter yet to know him. But he has, I dare say, in his time, carried a bowl of 'rale Mulligatawny' to Clark of the KNICKERBOCKER, has served squab owls to Fred Cozzens, and perhaps at one time and another heard words of wit and wisdom as he waited on Brother Shelton. For the place I'm talking about is considerably patronized by the Sacred Order of the Knickerbockers, and it's not unlikely that the poetry, and wisdom, and knowledge of human nature, which turns up there, may have run out, in an Irish brain, into something such a heel-tap as the verses aforesaid.

Folks who live at hotels, and who, like Mace Sloper, have a sociable turn, may be said to live a great many small editions of life over and again, as far as making new sets of friends is concerned. For after all said and done, what is life but what we have to do with the people in it? According to *my* notions, a prisoner who never sees any body, don't live at all — leastways he only lives once and for one person, and that is himself. People in the quiet of family life make up a single set of friends, and live in that set — recruiting it a little in

society and at watering-places. It takes them a good while to regularly get up a new acquaintance, and it comes hard to lose it. At a hotel this sort of thing keeps a-going on all the time. Mace talks to Somebody at table — finds that Somebody cottons to him — smokes a segar with Somebody — is introduced to his friends — meets them every day for a week, and when they start for Boston or are 'off for Baltimore,' bids them good-by, and buckles to a new set. So we go! Life in New-York generally has a good deal of this sort of thing in it. We don't lose time in making friends or losing them any more than we do with money. We swallow life in small doses, and take a good many of them, and thus like old topers contrive to keep on a good head of steam all the while, before we knock under to the final tipsification of death.

Talking of life, puts me in mind of what Mrs. Twiggles said a few days ago. She thought that a dinner was a good deal like life. 'Mr. Sloper,' says she, 'the soup is the baby time of life.'

'Exactly,' says I, 'considerable slop and slobber.'

'Not exactly,' says she. 'I mean that it is innocent and mild.'

'Precisely,' I replied, 'and spooney.'

'The fish,' she continued, 'is a more advanced period. It is like boyhood and girlhood, when we begin to find something more solid in life ——'

'Yes,' says I, 'we begin to find that we have to fork over to keep a-going.'

'We advance to maturity,' said she, without minding me, 'with the more substantial food, and people begin to show what their tastes are, by what they choose.'

'Yes,' answered I, 'and those that look out best for themselves, and can manage the waiters well, get the best helped? And as for the side-dishes ——'

'Yes, Mr. Sloper, how do you regard the side-dishes?'

'With very great favor,' says I. 'They are the real tit-bits of life. They are light, fanciful, agreeable, and notional. In fact they about answer to — *love!*'

'A very good idea,' replied Mrs. T. 'Well — to continue. Game corresponds to a more advanced period ——'

'Particularly if the game is a good deal advanced in flavor?'

'The pies and puddings and things,' says the widow, 'are old age, when we require little delicacies, and begin to be dainty and particular. As for the dessert, I must own that my powers of comparison are at fault.'

'The dessert,' says I, 'shows what the fruits of life are, any how.'

'And the cup of coffee without cream is the dark termination.'

'And the thimble-full of cognac or Marry-skinno,' answered I, 'is the spirit which an't dead yet, after all is wound up and settled.'

'That may be *your* spirit,' says the widow. 'I don't pretend to carry out the comparison to such lengths.' And as we had really got to the end of our dinner, I escorted her to the ladies' parlor.

THE FEW.

BY JEROME A. MABEY.

I.

HARP-STRINGS that stir with faery sounding motion,
At the deep hour of shadows and of dreams,
Rainbows that brighten on the desert ocean,
Diamonds through caverns pouring sun-like gleams:

II.

If *these* are mysteries for mournful feeling,
How may we note the strange and grievous fate
Of spirits, radiant with rare revealing,
Yet with their gifts for blessing desolate.

III.

'Neath lowly roof away by singing river,
Or 'mid the greetings of the city-room,
For SOUL'S excelling still is clinging ever
The solitude that makes its lovely doom.

IV.

Ah! shameless, too, that even an inviting
For mindless malison and heartless wrong,
The life, serenely leal to the lighting
Of Truth and Beauty, slighted 'mid the throng!

V.

Ah! for the heedless harming! yet to seeming
These brave ones bide the arrow with such art,
A world familiar by is never deeming
How much endurance is of them a part.

VI.

Their hearts are human, sure, and own to sorrow
For the missed kindling of communion's glow,
And that no mirroring dear from Time they borrow —
Yet more for others than themselves their wo!

VII.

Ever within, to chaunting low and tender,
All fair glad things their trancing story tell,
Till Thought grows wise and rapturous to render,
Only responding to that winning spell.

VIII.

And then, how sadly Love with them is leaning
O'er lives in time — the silent and the cold
To true inspiring — void to these of meaning
As prayer and rite to gods of marble mould!

Rockton, N. Y.

LITERARY NOTICES

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TABLE-TALK OF SAMUEL ROGERS: To which is added PORSONIANA: In one volume: pp. 343. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

ENTERTAINING as this various volume certainly is, we have yet the impression that it scarcely does justice to the conversation of ROGERS; certainly not, as it has been described to us by distinguished Americans who have enjoyed his society abroad, and partaken of his elegant and refined hospitality. What a fund of reminiscence was his! 'The man who remembered JOHNSON, and GARRICK, and SHERIDAN, and BURKE; who had been in familiar intercourse with SCOTT, and BYRON, and SOUTHEY, and CAMPBELL, and WORDSWORTH; whose house was the resort of the notabilities of the day for at least two generations of the world of London; and who himself was one of the 'observed of all observers' during such memorable times of political and literary excitement; such a man could not but be a remarkable person.' We shall plunge at once into the volume, without comment; being assured that the reader will read a few of the good things which it contains with more pleasure than he would peruse critical remarks upon its merits or its defects. Our extracts are taken inconsecutively, and are such as struck us most favorably in running through the work:

'I CAN hardly believe what was told me long ago by a gentleman living in the Temple, who, however, assured me that it was fact. He happened to be passing by Sir JOSHUA'S house in Leicester Square, when he saw a poor girl seated on the steps and crying bitterly. He asked what was the matter; and she replied that she was crying 'because *the one shilling* which she had received from Sir JOSHUA for sitting to him as a model, had proved to be a bad one, and he would not give her another.'

'DR. FORDYCE sometimes drank a good deal at dinner. He was summoned one evening to see a lady-patient, when he was more than half-seas-over, and conscious that he was so. Feeling her pulse, and finding himself unable to count its beats, he muttered: 'Drunk, by GOD!' Next morning, recollecting the circumstance, he was greatly vexed: and just as he was thinking what explanation of his behavior he should offer to the lady, a letter from her was put into his hand. 'She too well knew,' said the letter, 'that he had discovered the unfortunate condition in which she was when he last visited her; and she entreated him to keep the matter secret in consideration of the inclosed,' (a hundred-pound bank-note.)'

'SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT once met QUIN at a very small dinner-party. There was a delicious pudding, which the master of the house, pushing the dish toward QUIN, beg-

ged him to taste. A gentleman had just before helped himself to an immense piece of it. 'Pray,' said QUIN, looking first at the gentleman's plate and then at the dish, 'which *is* the pudding!'

'SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, when a young man, was one day in the Mount (a famous coffee-house in Mount-street, Grosvenor Square) with HARVEY ASTON. Various persons were seated at different tables. Among others present, there was an Irishman who was very celebrated as a duellist, having killed at least half-a-dozen antagonists. ASTON, talking to some of his acquaintance, swore that he would make the duellist stand barefooted before them. 'You had better take care what you say,' they replied; 'he has his eye upon you.' 'No matter,' rejoined ASTON; 'I declare again that he shall stand barefooted before you, if you will make up among you a purse of fifty guineas.' They did so. ASTON then said in a loud voice: 'I have been in Ireland, and am well acquainted with the natives.' The Irishman was all ear. ASTON went on: 'The Irish, being born in bogs, are every one of them web-footed; I know it for a fact.' 'Sir,' roared the duellist, starting up from the table, 'it is false!' ASTON persisted in his assertion. 'Sir,' cried the other, '*I* was born in Ireland; and I will prove to you that it is a falsehood.' So saying, in great haste he pulled off his shoes and stockings, and displayed his bare feet. The joke ended in ASTON's sharing the purse between the Irishman and himself, giving the former thirty guineas, and keeping twenty. Sir GEORGE assured me that this was a true story.'*

'HERE 's an epigram by ERSKINE, which is far from bad, (I know not if it has ever been printed:)

> 'THE French have taste in all they do,
> Which we are quite without;
> For nature that to them gave *gout*,
> To us gave only gout.'

'THOMAS GRENVILLE told me this curious fact. When he was a young man, he one day dined with Lord SPENCER at Wimbledon. Among the company was GEORGE PITT, (afterward Lord RIVERS,) who declared that he could tame the most furious animal by looking at it steadily. Lord SPENCER said: 'Well, there is a mastiff in the court-yard here, which is the terror of the neighborhood: will you try your powers on him?' PITT agreed to do so; and the company descended into the court-yard. A servant held the mastiff by a chain. PITT knelt down at a short distance from the animal, and stared him sternly in the face. They all shuddered. At a signal given, the mastiff was let loose, and rushed furiously toward PITT, then suddenly checked his pace, seemed confounded, and, leaping over PITT's head, ran away, and was not seen for many hours after.

'During one of my visits to Italy, while I was walking, a little before my carriage, on the road, not far from VICENZA, I perceived two huge dogs, nearly as tall as myself, bounding toward me, (from out a gate-way, though there was no house in sight.) I recollected what PITT had done; and trembling from head to foot, I yet had resolution enough to stand quite still and eye them with a fixed look. They gradually relaxed their speed from a gallop to a trot, came up to me, stopped for a moment, and then went back again.'

'CHANTREY began his career by being a carver in wood. The ornaments on that mahogany sideboard, and on that stand, [in Mr. ROGER's dining-room,] were carved by him. [Subsequently, when a gentleman informed Mr. ROGERS that the truth of this last statement had been questioned, he entered into the following particulars. CHANTREY said to me one day: 'Do you recollect that, about twenty-five years ago, a journeyman came to your house, from the wood-carver employed by you and Mr. HOPE, to talk about these ornaments, and that you gave him a drawing to execute them by?' I replied that I recollected it perfectly. 'Well,' continued CHANTREY, '*I* was that journeyman.'] When he was at Rome in the height of his celebrity, he injured himself not a little by talking with contempt of the finest statues of antiquity. JACKSON (the painter) told me that he and CHANTREY went into the studio of DANNECKER the sculptor, who happened to be from home. There was an unfinished bust in the room; and CHANTREY, taking up a chisel, proceeded to work upon it. One of the assistants immediately rushed forward, in great alarm, to stop him; but no sooner had CHANTREY given a blow on the chisel, than the man exclaimed, with a knowing look: 'Ha! ha!' as much as to say: 'I see that you perfectly understand what you are about.''

'I KNOW few lines finer than the concluding stanza of *Life*, by Mrs. BARBAULD, who composed it when she was very old:

'* A SIMILAR story is related of the Irishman from whom MACKLIN took the idea of Sir CALLAGHAN O'BRALLAGHAN, (in *Love à la Mode*.) MACKLIN professing his belief that he, like other Irishmen, must have a tail, 'he instantly pulled off his coat and waistcoat, to convince him of his mistake, assuring him 'that no Irishman, *in that respect*, was better than another man.' — COOKE's *Memoirs of Macklin*, p. 225.—ED.'

'Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather:
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning!'

'A certain man of pleasure about London received a challenge from a young gentleman of his acquaintance; and they met at the appointed place. Just before the signal for firing was given, the man of pleasure rushed up to his antagonist, embraced him, and vehemently protested that 'he could not lift his arm *against his own flesh and blood!*' The young gentleman, though he had never heard any imputation cast upon his mother's character, was so much staggered, that (as the ingenious man of pleasure had foreseen) no duel took place.

'Humphrey Howarth, the surgeon, was called out, and made his appearance in the field stark-naked, to the astonishment of the challenger, who asked him what he meant. 'I know,' said H., 'that if any part of the clothing is carried into the body by a gunshot wound, festering ensues; and therefore I have met you thus.' His antagonist declared, that fighting with a man *in puris naturalibus* would be quite ridiculous; and accordingly they parted without further discussion.'

'To any one who has reached a very advanced age, a walk through the streets of London is like a walk in a cemetery. How many houses do I pass, now inhabited by strangers, in which I used to spend such happy hours with those who have long been dead and gone!'

'Most people are ever on the watch to find fault with their children, and are afraid of *praising* them for fear of *spoiling* them. Now, I am sure that nothing has a better effect on children than *praise*. I had a proof of this in Moore's daughter: he used always to be saying to her: 'What a *good* little girl!' and she continued to grow more and more good, till she became too good for this world, and died.'

'At one time, when I gave a dinner, I used to have candles placed all round the dining-room, and high up, in order to show off the pictures. I asked Sydney Smith how he liked that plan. 'Not at all,' he replied, 'above, there is a blaze of light, and below, nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth.'

'He said that —— was so fond of contradiction, that he would throw up the window in the middle of the night, and contradict the watchman who was calling the hour.

'When his physician advised him to 'take a walk upon an empty stomach,' Smith asked: 'Upon whose?'

'Lady Cork,' said Smith, 'was once so moved by a charity-sermon, that she begged me to lend her a guinea for her contribution. I did so. She never repaid me, and spent it on herself.''

Mr. Rogers was a very rich man, and it is greatly to his honor that he gave liberally of his goods to feed the poor, the widow, the fatherless, and they that had none to help them. Nor did he boast of his benefactions. He did good by stealth, and desiderated not the fame that belongs to acts so generous. He was an accomplished connoisseur; an appreciative critic; and a liberal patron of the fine arts and of literature. What he was as a writer, the world knows. His 'Pleasures of Memory,' and his 'Italy,' sufficiently attest his literary renown. '*Porsoniana*,' with which the volume concludes, it strikes us would have had a better title in '*Recollections of a Learned Toper;*' a man who, with all his vast knowledge of Greek — in which he had neither superior nor equal — could yet say: 'If I had a son, I should endeavor to make him familiar with French and English authors, rather than with the classics. After all, Greek and Latin are only luxuries.' The world, to be sure, is far from agreeing with Porson in this; but it is none the less a most remarkable admission, as coming from so renowned a master of the ancient classics. It would have greatly added to the attraction of the book of which we are now taking our leave, had there been a good portrait of

Rogers in it. But we presume the fact prevailed, that he was *too* ugly for such an exposition. We have often remarked a statuette of the poet, on the mantel of the 'Crayon' library at Sunnyside. The likeness is pronounced to be exceedingly well-preserved, but the face is not what might be termed 'decidedly handsome.' 'When I first saw him, at his greatly-advanced age,' said our friend L——, the other day, 'I thought he was a baboon: he was so *very* baboonical!'

Humorous Poems of Thomas Hood: Including Love and Lunacy, Ballads, Tales and Legends, Odes and Addresses to Great People, and Miscellaneous Poems, now First Collected. Edited by Epes Sargent. In one volume: pp. 476. Boston: Phillips, Sampson and Company.

We welcome with the most cordial greeting any new collection of the writings of Thomas Hood: if they have been 'estrays' from the *preserves* of previous editors, they are 'fugitives from *justice;*' from that appreciation which their perusal will at once command. Hood had *a heart*, and what he wrote feelingly, and not playfully, *came* from it, unmistakably; and even in his lighter pieces — his '*head*-work,' as he termed it — how much of genuine humanity informed them! The present volume succeeds one that was issued by the same publishers about a year since, which it was thought would include all the poems that fell within the scope and plan of the discriminating Editor; but it was soon ascertained that it would not satisfy the demand for Hood's productions, although it was the most complete collection that had been made at the time of its appearance. 'We received,' says Mr. Sargent, 'different letters, suggesting that some favorite of the writer was omitted, which had originally appeared, perhaps in a magazine or annual, and had not been inserted in any collection of the author's poems.' Even the present volume, it is thought, does not exhaust the uncollected writings of Hood: for, aside from the periodical publications named in the preface, to which Hood contributed, there was another, '*The Omnibus*,' in which, if we are not greatly mistaken, he frequently wrote, and always 'to edification.' The *Odes and Addresses to Great People*,' here re-printed, were highly commended by Coleridge, and very justly. In the *Reminiscences* of Hood there is a lively sketch of one of the dinners that occasionally brought together the contributors to his Magazine, which enables him to introduce some of the principal characters of the literary 'London in the Olden Time;' Elia, Barry Cornwall, De Quincey, Edward Herbert, and their compeers. Not a few of the new things in this book are so very Hood-like, that we cannot resist the inclination to afford our readers a slight 'taste of their quality:'

'*Poems by a Poor Gentleman*,' are introduced by the following among other remarks of the author:

'It seems all but impossible to be a poet, in easy circumstances. Pope has shown how verses are written by ladies of quality: and what execrable rhymes Sir Richard Blackmore composed in his chariot! In a hay-cart he might have sung like a Burns.

'As the editors of magazines and annuals (save one) well know, the truly poetical con-

tributions which can be inserted, are not those which come post-free, in rose-colored tinted paper, scented with musk, and sealed with fancy wax. The real article arrives by post unpaid, sealed with rosin, or possibly with a dab of pitch or cobbler's wax, bearing the impression of a half-penny, or more frequently of a button: the paper is dingy and scant; the handwriting has evidently come to the author by nature; there are trips in the spelling, and PRISCIAN is a little scratched or so; but a rill of the true Castalian runs through the whole composition, though its fountain-head was a broken tea-cup, instead of a silver standish. A few years ago I used to be favored with numerous poems for insertion, which bore the signature of FITZ-NORMAN; the crest on the seal had probably descended from the Conquest, and the packets were invariably delivered by a Patagonian footman in green and gold. The author was evidently rich, and the verses were as palpably poor: they were declined, with the usual answer to correspondents who do not answer, and the communications ceased, as I thought, for ever, but I was deceived; a few days back one of the dirtiest and raggedest of street-urchins delivered a soiled whity-brown packet, closed with a wafer, which bore the impress of a thimble. The paper had more the odor of tobacco than of rose-leaves, and the writing appeared to have been perpetrated with a skewer dipped in coffee-grounds; but the old signature of FITZ-NORMAN had the honor to be my 'very humble servant' at the foot of the letter. It was too certain that he had fallen from affluence to indigence; but the adversity which had wrought such a change upon the writing implements, had, as usual, improved his poetry. The neat crow-quill never traced on the superfine Bath paper any thing so unaffected as the following '*Stanzas written under the Fear of Bailiffs:*'

'ALAS! of all the noxious things
That wait upon the poor,
Most cruel is that Felon-Fear
That haunts the Debtor's Door.

'Saint Sepulchre's begins to toll,
Sheriffs seek the cell:
So I expect their officers,
And tremble at the bell!

'I look for *beer*, and yet I quake
With fright at every *tap*;
And dread a *double-knock*, for oh!
I've not a *single rap*.'

In the '*Domestic Didactics*,' we find the following '*Ode to Peace*,' written 'under difficulties' by a servant, on the night of his mistress's grand party:

'O PEACE! oh! come with me and dwell—
But stop, for there's the bell.
O Peace! for thee I go and sit in churches,
On Wednesday, when there's very few
In loft or pew—
Another ring, the tarts are come from BIRCH'S.
O Peace! for thee I have avoided marriage—
Hush! there 's a carriage.
O Peace! thou art the best of earthly goods—
The five Miss WOODS.
O Peace! thou art the goddess I adore—
There come some more.
O Peace! thou child of solitude and quiet—
That 's Lord DRUM'S footman, for he loves a riot.
O Peace!
Knocks will not cease.
O Peace! thou wert for human comfort planned—
That 's WEIPPERT'S band.
O Peace! how glad I welcome thy approaches—
I hear the sound of coaches.
O Peace! O Peace!—another carriage stops—
It 's early for the BLENKINSOPS.

O Peace! with thee I love to wander,
But wait till I have showed up Lady SQUANDER,
And now I've seen her up the stair,
O Peace!—but here comes Captain HARE.
O Peace! thou art the slumber of the mind,
Untroubled, calm and quiet, and unbroken—

If that is Alderman Gizzle from Portsoken,
Alderman Gobble won't be far behind:
O Peace! serene in worldly shyness —
Make way there for his Serene Highness!

O Peace! if you do not disdain
To dwell among the menial train,
I have a silent place, and lone,
That you and I may call our own;
Where tumult never makes an entry —
Susan, what business have you in my pantry?
O Peace! but there is Major Monk,
At variance with his wife — O Peace!
And that great German, Vander Trunk,
And that great talker, Miss Aprece;
O Peace! so dear to poets' quills —
They 're just beginning their quadrilles —
O Peace! our greatest renovator!
I wonder where I put my waiter —
O Peace! but here my Ode I 'll cease:
I have no peace to write of Peace.'

In the '*Waterloo Ballad*' we have the melancholy story of a lover's enlistment in the army, told in Hood's characteristic vein:

''Into our town a sergeant came,
With ribbons all so fine,
A-flaunting in his cap — alas!
His bow enlisted mine.

''They taught him how to turn his toes,
And stand as stiff as starch;
I thought that it was Love and May,
But it was love and March.

''A sorry March indeed to leave
The friends he might have kep'—
No march of intellect it was,
But quite a foolish step.

''Oh! prithee tell, good sentinel,
If hereabout he lies?
I want a corse with reddish hair,
And very sweet blue eyes.'

'Her sorrow on the sentinel
Appeared to deeply strike:
'Walk in,' he said, 'among the dead,
And pick out which you like.'

'And soon she picked out Peter Stout,
Half turned into a corse;
A cannon was his bolster, and
His mattress was a horse.'

There are many capital 'hits' in the '*Ode to Dr. Hahnemann*,' the Homœopathist. He wants to know, among other matters, whether 'an attenuated dose of rosin will act as a *tonic* on the old *Scotch-fiddle?*' — whether 'a gaping wound made by a ball that weighed a pound, can be cured by an application of number-six shot?' — and whether a man, mangled by a rabid dog, could be restored by 'a hair of the same animal that bit him!' But even with this fun, there peeps out the true Hoodish feeling:

'O Doctor Hahnemann, if here I laugh
And cry together, half-and-half,
Excuse me, 't is a mood the subject brings,
To think, while I have crowed like Chanticleer,
Perchance, from some dull eye the hopeless tear
Hath gushed with my light levity at schism,
To mourn some martyr of empiricism:
Perchance, upon thy system, I have given
A pang, superfluous, to the pains of Sorrow,
Who weeps with Memory from morn till even;
Where comfort there is none to lend or borrow,
Sighing to one sad strain,
'She will not come again,
To-morrow, nor to-morrow, nor to-morrow.'

He opens '*Shooting-Pains*' with the exclamation, 'If I shoot any more

I 'll be shot!' and he proceeds to state what ill-luck has brought him to this decision:

'To the pheasants — how well they 're preserved!
My sport 's not a jot more beholden,
As the birds are so shy,
For my friends I must buy,
And so send 'silver pheasants and golden.'

'I have tried every form for a hare,
Every patch, every furze that could shroud her,
With toil unrelaxed,
Till my patience is taxed,
But I cannot be taxed for hare-powder.

'I 've been roaming for hours in three flats
In the hope of a snipe for a snap at;
But still vainly I court
The percussioning sport,
I find nothing for 'setting my cap at!'

'A woodcock—this month is the time —
Right and left I 've made ready my lock for,
With well-loaded double,
But spite of my trouble
Neither barrel can I find a cock for.'

'*Paired, not Matched,*' is an amusing matrimonial contrasted sketch, from which we take a few stanzas:

'Of wedded bliss
Bards sing amiss,
I cannot make a song of it:
For I am small,
And my wife is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it.

'When we debate
It is my fate
To always have the wrong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it.

'And when I speak
My voice is weak,
But hers — she makes a gong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it.

'She has, in brief,
Command-in-chief,
And I 'm but aid-de-camp of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it.'

A single passage from '*The Compass, with Variations,*' must close our extracts from the humorous poems in this collection:

'Down went the wind, down went the wave,
Fear quitted the most finical;
The saints, I wot, were soon forgot,
And Hope was at the pinnacle:
When rose on high a frightful cry —
'The devil 's in the binnacle!'

'The Saints be near,' the helmsman cried,
His voice with quite a falter —
'Steady 's my helm, but every look
The needle seems to alter;
God only knows where China lies,
Jamaica, or Gibraltar.

'The captain stared aghast at mate,
The pilot at th' apprentice;
No fancy of the German Sea
Of Fiction the event is;
But when they at the compass looked,
It seemed *non compos mentis*.

'Now north, now south, now east, now west,
The wavering point was shaken:
'Twas past the whole philosophy
Of Newton or of Bacon:
Never by compass, till that hour,
Such latitudes were taken.'

And with the subjoined '*Answer to a Lady who Requested the Author to write some Verses in her Album declaratory of what he Liked and what he Disliked,*' we take our leave of the volume: simply adding that its externals

are such as have always distinguished the publications of the popular house whence we derive it:

'You bid me mention what I like,
And, gayly smiling, little guess
How deeply may that question strike
The chords of solemn thankfulness.

'I like my friends, my children, wife —
The home they make so blessed a spot:
I like my fortune — calling — life —
In every thing I like my lot;
And feeling thus, my heart 's imbued
With never-ceasing gratitude.

'What I dislike, you next demand.
A puzzling query; for in me
Naught that proceeds from Nature's hand
Awakens an antipathy.

'But what I like the least are those
Who nourish an unthankful mind,
Quick to discern imagined woes,
To all their real blessings blind;
For that is double want of love,
To man below, and God above.'

TOILING AND HOPING: THE STORY OF A LITTLE HUNCH-BACK. By JENNY MARSH. In one volume: pp. 398. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON. Number 119 Nassau-street.

WE ask our readers' favorable suffrages for this work. It is the first production of a modest but gifted correspondent of this Magazine, to which she has contributed many gems of simple, earnest poesy, which her countrymen and women, with hearts in their bosoms, will not willingly let die! We quite agree with our friend General MORRIS, of the '*Home Journal*,' who says justly of the book: 'It is a narrative of *home*, and its characters are such as are met around the fire-side. They do not claim the perfections of angels, or the imperfections of demons, like the unnatural delineations of many of our modern fashionable novels. In this respect they are true to life; for there are no persons entirely free from blemishes, and the worst, no matter how forbidding their moral aspect may appear, have an 'angel side,' in moments of inward reflection. The book is apparently worked up from an interesting personal experience. It endeavors to show what great good we may do, even under the most threatening discouragements, if, like FLORENCE MCALPINE, the Hunch-back, we *hope and toil*, trusting in the love of our FATHER, to guard and guide us. We know it will not find its warmest friends among the lovers of brilliant, marvellous, and highly-exciting fiction; but it will assuredly win a welcome place in the private study, the useful library, and at the Christian fire-side, where it will encourage many a fainting heart to 'be not weary in well-doing.' The style of the authoress is of that sincere and pleasing character which proceeds from a cultivated taste, a well-stored mind, and a heart filled with emotional sympathies. Though

comparatively a young writer, she gives hopeful promise of a wide and lasting reputation; and we sincerely hope she may realize the justifiable anticipations of herself and publishers, on behalf of this, her maiden publication.' We regret our inability to present more than one extract, illustrating in a few nice, artistic touches, the unhappiness consequent upon a marriage for money:

'Long I lay awake that night after I had gone to my pillow. My thoughts were of a nature that would not be quieted, and although weary in body and mind, I could not repress them. Poor Lucy and Willie, and nearest to my heart at that hour, our Birdie.

'She had had a long confidential talk with me that day, and she had revealed herself more fully, had confessed her faults and errings, her incapability to do right, until, overcome by the sadness of her own story, she had lain upon my bosom and wept.

"O mother!" said she, in a half-whisper, and looking cautiously around the twilighted room, 'I do not love M. Durand, and never, never can.'

"Why did you marry him, Birdie?'

"Oh! I can hardly tell why. I shrank from it a long time; but was finally overcome by others as well as myself.'

"Did you not know that it would make you miserable — that you sinned deeply against God and yourself in marrying a man that you did not love?'

"Yes; such thoughts did come sometimes; but they were always stifled. He loves me, mother, tenderly and truly, and surrounds me with all my heart can wish. There is no one else in the wide world that could love me as he does.'

"Birdie?'

"There was an unconscious rebuke in my voice. She comprehended me, and looked up searchingly into my face, as if half-doubting my possession of her hidden secret.

"Shall I tell you where your lifetime mistake has been?' asked I.

"Yes;' and she dropped her gaze, and her brow and neck grew crimson.

"In selling yourself for wealth and a high position. Am I mistaken?'

"No, mother.'

"And now, Birdie, though you have taken that step, it is your stern duty to do all that is in your power to increase the happiness of your husband. In neglecting that, you augment your guilt and sin.'

"I shall never make him happy, for I can not disguise my feelings, or school myself as you teach. He will see my hypocrisy before long, and then he will be as miserable as I am. Oh! I do wish that I was dead.'

"Do not speak so, Birdie, nor cherish such a sinful desire. You have erred most deeply, yet there are redeeming powers still living in your heart, which, if cultivated with patience and faith, will shed a radiance around your life, illuminating the past with a holy light, and casting blessed beams upon the future. You have chosen a path that is dark and rough, and the thorns your hands have planted will tear your feet, yet you must hope and toil, and keep them from wounding him that is to journey beside you. Remember, Birdie, that now the happiness of another beside your own is committed to your charge. And that it is in your power — yes, darling, it is in your power — to increase or destroy both.'

"I am not good enough for so great a task. If I loved him — oh! if I only could love him now that I have married him!'

"Your feelings must control you no longer. You must yield to a right sense of duty.'

"And that is weak before all that it has to combat with. But what is the use in talking this over, it won't do any body a mite of good,' and, sighing heavily, she lifted her head from my breast.

"Do not think so, my child. I hope that it will lead you to an endeavor that will calm your turbid life. Shall it not?'

"I cannot promise,' she said, turning her face toward the window where the lingering light was floating faintly in. 'If I was only as firm in the right as I am in the wrong, there would be more hope for me;' and she pressed her quivering lips tightly together.

"Do not despond, Birdie; you have power to make a noble example of your life. Arouse yourself to the effort; lean trustingly upon God, and He will not forsake you.'

"During our ride to Susan's our conversation had been resumed, and though the subject had been a sad and painful one to me, yet there was a joy-vibrating chord, and a hymn of gratitude ascending from my soul, that the icy barrier was gone, and I was permitted once more to hold *our* Birdie to my heart.

"A slight allusion to Charlie Grey, and the unguarded remark she made concerning him, convinced me that our suspicions of her concealed attachment for him were

well-founded. She did love with all the fervor of her being, and now that she had, of her own will, placed a stern barrier between them, she struggled, yearned, and wept to be free. And she was but three days a bride — alas! BIRDIE!"

We can hardly bring ourself to doubt, that '*Toiling and Hoping*' will have a wide sale. It appeals to many human sympathies; and there is something in the self-denying, 'toiling and hoping' history of the young writer, which should make her volume welcome to every fire-side.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GIRARD COLLEGE: before the Board of Directors, the City Councils, and Others: January Second, 1856. By Hon. ROBERT T. CONRAD. Philadelphia: CRISSY AND MARKLEY, GOLDSMITHS' HALL, Library-street.

THIS well-written and in portions, very eloquent pamphlet, will go far to remove the impression, which not a few persons in our metropolis entertain, that STEPHEN GIRARD was 'an old HUNKS,' who only gave away his money when he could hold it no longer, having neither 'chick nor child' to leave it to, and therefore, perforce, endowing a college with it. To all who thus assume, or who thus believe, we commend a perusal of Mayor CONRAD's Address. We are slow to admit that Mr. GIRARD would not more affectionately have commended himself to the hearts of his fellow-citizens and to those whom his munificence was to benefit in after-times, if he had built and endowed his magnificent college while he himself was living and could look upon the good that he was doing; as our own Mr. PETER COOPER can look upon his noble benefaction to our city, and enjoy the grateful appreciation of his enlightened forecast and splendid charity. We annex a few passages from Mr. CONRAD's Address:

'THE world is apt, I know not why, to smile at the thought that intellect can assert its power and vindicate its destiny in the pursuits of commerce. The details of trade are supposed to be too petty and sordid for the misty grandeur and mysterious majesty of that indefinable prerogative of nature which bears the abused title of genius. The paltry wars and alliances of barter, the triumphs of low-browed cunning, of darkling diligence and ducking meanness, the addition of dollar to dollar, or even of thousands to thousands — what has genius, what can it have, to do with such a stage or such actors? This folly is as vulgar as it is weak. The same spirit of disdain would find in every, the highest arena of life, public or private, equal food for contemptuous censure. That which is remote and unknown is, by the mists which intervene, magnified; and the fields of human exertion and triumph, superstitiously regarded as grand, are often so regarded only because unfamiliar. The mountain which, when viewed in the distance, with its wavy forests and towery cliffs, glorious in the golden light, solemn in the softening shadows, and rejoicing in the harmonious contrast of sublimity and beauty, inspires awe and admiration, forfeits its spell with the tired traveller, who toils over its familiar obstructions, and contends with its petty annoyances. The city, too, which, regarded remotely, delights the eye with palace and tower, steeple and dome, presenting one wide-spread architectural glory, is, when reached, often found to be crowded with sordid huts and sickening alleys. And thus it is, that the most exalted objects of our admiration, whether it be in regard to the sphere of human action or the star that shines in it, whether the career or the actor, whether the war or the hero, politics or the statesman — or, in short, any other subject upon which credulous admiration expends itself — are ever the most remote and least familiar. This is especially true of individuals, whether as to their genius or their virtue. The purest and wisest of modern men, RICHARD BAXTER, says, in a work posthumously published: 'I now see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections; and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers *at a distance* think.' Those at whose names the world turned

pale were no heroes to their valets: BACON was the 'meanest of mankind' to those who knew him; NEWTON was but 'an inspired simpleton' in company: the sublimest genius that was ever kindled by the breath of HEAVEN, was only the 'gentle SHAKSPEARE' to his boon comrades of *The Mermaid*; and MILTON'S divine mid-night inspirations, born of the night, but living in an eternal day of glory, were not considered by his secretary-daughter worth the homeliest of the honest dreams from which the sightless, all-seeing bard disturbed her, to give them an ever-during record. If the philosopher and the poet, the hero and the divine, the statesman and the moralist, were seen at home instead of being viewed as upon a remote elevation, it would be found, after all, that no one career can boast of its privileged preëminence. Commerce being, in its lesser details, familiar to all, the true greatness of its laws, its tides that sway the world, and the master-minds that sway those tides, are not adequately appreciated. If the vastness of the field of action be considered, the extent and variety of information and minuteness of detail required, the power to grasp, comprehend, compare and decide upon large and conflicting masses of facts, the courage to dare and the prudence to control perilous ventures, the perseverance to tire down time and fortune in exertions, and the diligence and skill to render those exertions successful — where has the mind of man a wider or loftier sky to soar in than commerce? Who will compare the contracted circle of the world's feathered and fortunate heroes with the sphere in which the great merchant, by the straining of every thew and sinew of the mind, wins his tearless victories?'

Now how few have an idea of the character of STEPHEN GIRARD, as depicted in the subjoined extract: how few, too, know WILLIAM B. ASTOR, as he really is: the man who stood up before the Executive Committee of the ASTOR Library, the other day, and in words of almost stammering modesty, donated ground, building, books, *every* thing, to *double* the present institution, that superb monument to his father's renown:

'GIRARD regarded money as a means, an instrument, valuable only as it attained noble results. He, it may be, loved it, as the warrior loves his sword, the student his book, the poet his pen, the merchant his leger, the yeoman his plough. His object was remote, romantic, apparently inaccessible. It was, by that agent, his slave and not his master, to win as large a kingdom as could be wrenched from the future, and to people that kingdom with happy orphans. Every dollar accumulated widened that kingdom, and made another castaway happy. To this end he lived and died. It is true, that, on the way, he distributed his charities with a spirit liberal as day; that affliction never in vain appealed to him, with a just claim to his protection; but, from the first and ever, the cynosure of his life was the great result which we now celebrate. Many good men have many good objects of sympathy and interest; but genius, engrossed by one great thought, one object worthy of a life, disdains every minor consideration, and disregards every influence that may interpose to weaken it. He dedicated his life to build this *Temple of Orphanage*. But while he sacrificed himself, his ambition, his comforts, all that constituted the living, rejoicing man, to that one great thought, he reared the structure without placing in it one violated principle, a wrong, a reproach, a dollar won by sinister thrift, by unworthy ingenuity or perverted power. It is raised upon his life, and that life is a rock, cold and stern it may be, but white as the marble above it, and without a flaw.

'Modest and retiring, GIRARD betrayed his real character to the public by those virtues which he could not conceal. His gentle and affectionate nature, which poured its affluence of kindness upon all who were near him and merited his friendship, (for he never lost a friend nor gave up a clerk or agent,) was covered, like gold in the mine, by a calm reserve, a reserve which, never obtruding, was sheltered from obtrusion, and, defying censure, repelled praise. But when danger, distress, and difficulty invoked the interposition of the good, his humility could no longer hide him. Such occasions betrayed the cherished but concealed virtue of his noble nature. Thus, when the best and bravest of our people fled from the pestilence, when the grass grew in our streets, and the rattling cart that bore the dead echoed through the solitude and silence of mid-day as at the dead mid-night; when all, save a few devoted physicians, fled, GIRARD took the city under his protection, supplied funds, employed nurses, became physician, nurse, guardian, friend and protector. No miser's spirit ever prompted such virtues. In danger the most fearful and labors the most loathsome, thus he devoted himself for months to his fellow-men. Yet in this, as in all his life, there was an anxious aversion to ostentation. He lived as if he believed that he belonged not to himself but to his brother man. During the latter war with Great Britain, he again betrayed his unselfish devotion to his fellow-men. His credit, his fortune and influence were placed at the disposal of his country. But throughout his life, his benevolence was proved by daily charities, given in the most

unostentatious spirit, but never without discretion, and never to conciliate public opinion. One of his noblest characteristics was, that he lived and acted under the dictates of duty, and, content with self-approbation, paid no base tribute to the prejudices of the mob or the moment. The charity which is extorted by idleness and vice, from ostentation, is a conscious wrong to the community, and is the fruitful source of crime and misery. An instance of wiser benevolence, as exhibited by GIRARD, has not been recorded, and is worthy of mention. A robust mendicant applied to him, at his store, for charity. 'Work!' was the response of GIRARD: 'I work; why should not you?' 'Give me work, and I will ask no alms,' said the petitioner. GIRARD directed him to bear, from one side of his yard to the other, a huge pile of bricks. The sturdy beggar applied himself vigorously to the task, and, having faithfully completed it, claimed pay and further employment. He was liberally recompensed by GIRARD, who had supervised his labors from the window of his counting-room. 'And what shall I do *now?*' said the beggar. 'Take the bricks back to the place where you found them,' said GIRARD; who, upon satisfactory evidence of his industry, gave him better and permanent employment.

'His humanity was ever prompt to minister to the wretched. I have the best authority for stating that, upon one occasion, he supported and tended, for many months, with daily assiduity and tenderness, a poor, old colored woman, a servant in his household, whose physician — for his only boast was his medical skill — he became. She was bed-ridden, and afflicted with dangerous ulcers; and at the period of his greatest prosperity, GIRARD, when his hours were worth thousands, waited patiently by her bedside, ministered to her feebleness, dressed her loathsome afflictions with his own hands, and was more proud of her recovery than of his fortune and power. Is this the picture of a miser?'

Such records as these do befitting justice to the benefactors of our race, and insure a fame as enduring as the marble which they commemorate.

INDIA: THE PEARL OF PEARL RIVER. By MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. In one volume: pp. 486. Philadelphia. T. B. PETERSON.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH is one of our recent lady-authors who has attained the ear of the public. Late as she is in the field, however, she has pursued a straightforward career, and has distanced not a few female competitors. Three or four of her domestic novels, each one of which (except the first!) followed the other in quick succession, have been widely perused; and the publisher has reason to congratulate himself, that there has been no falling off in the demand for her productions: since public favor is not unfrequently a fickle dependence. All that we can say of the present volume, is, that we have not been *permitted* to read it. It was loaned, one night, to a friend going west in the morning-train by rail; and his verdict is, that it beguiled the tediousness of nearly four hundred miles' travel over a road each point of which was as familiar as his own metropolitan chimney-corner; but — he did n't bring back the book. Of course, he can have *another* new, unread book from off our table: 'oh! certainly!' Meantime, we present, from the *Criterion*' literary journal, a *resumé* of the work:

'INDIA, the Pearl of Pearl River, is an only child. She has an uncle, a bachelor; an aunt a widow; and a cousin, the widow's son. They live in Mississippi on the banks of Pearl River; own large plantations, and many slaves. INDIA is affianced to her cousin MARK SUTHERLAND, who is at a Northern college. MARK graduates; and then, before returning to his home, at the earnest solicitation of his friend LAUDERDALE attends the annual abolition-meeting in New-York. He is impressed the first evening, excited the second, and gets his head broke on the third. When he recovers, either the arguments or the club have enlightened him upon the subject of slavery, and he determines, as a

matter of conscience, to manumit all his slaves, send them to Liberia, settle the remainder of his estate upon his mother, marry INDIA, and then go West, set up a law-office, and make a fortune. Cashmere is the name of CLEMENT SUTHERLAND'S plantation, and INDIA, his daughter, lives in a style of 'oriental grandeur and eastern magnificence.' MRS. VIVIAN, a young widow, and her step-daughter ROSALIE, are INDIA'S guests. MRS. VIVIAN is pretty, and so is ROSALIE; but MRS. VIVIAN is healthy and ROSALIE delicate, and we know at once that the young lady is doomed to die before the close of the book. MARK SUTHERLAND returns to put his plan into operation, and LAUDERDALE accompanies him to observe its effects. The family are exasperated at the declaration of his intentions, and give him the cold-shoulder, while INDIA, instigated by her father, rejects MARK definitively, unless he relinquish his designs. Principle prevails over passion, and he at once proceeds to put his purpose in execution. LAUDERDALE, having been unequivocally 'cut,' returns to the North, leaving his friend 'disdained, deserted, desolate,' to pursue his philanthropic schemes. Every thing is concluded. He leaves his old home for the West and wealth, 'with ninety dollars in his pocket,' having fulfilled his unselfish determination without encouragement or consolation, except that which one incident might afford. When all had looked coldly upon him, the gentle invalid, ROSALIE, sent him a little BIBLE, in which she had marked several sustaining passages. After eighteen months passed in a frontier town, SUTHERLAND is forced to seek some other source of profit than the law, because, on account of his unacquaintance with its technicalities, he fails to obtain admission to the bar. In this emergency he sees an advertisement for a classical and mathematical teacher, which he answers, and in the course of a month receives a communication accepting his proposition. The advertiser resides at Ashley House, somewhere in Virginia, to which place MARK at once proceeds. He is required as tutor to two young gentlemen, whose brother, ST GERALD ASHLEY, is in Congress creating a great sensation. At Ashley House he finds MRS. VIVIAN and ROSALIE. ROSALIE is being vigorously and pertinaciously courted by an unexceptionable young gentleman, ROBERT BLOOMFIELD. She declines his matrimonial proposal, and it is very clear she loves another, though we are all supposed to have not the slightest idea who that other is. Meanwhile it is announced that ST. GERALD ASHLEY is to marry the reigning belle of Washington, whom we all know to be INDIA, that is, all but MARK. Just as ST. GERALD and his bride are at the door of Ashley House, ROSALIE, with proper delicacy and with great agitation, tells SUTHERLAND the name of the bride. SUTHERLAND, who after all, does know who she is, relieves ROSALIE'S embarrassment, and uttering some noble sentiments upon his peculiar relations, discloses the fact that he no longer loves INDIA. ROSALIE is excited; MARK ditto; ROSALIE cannot conceal her emotions, MARK is under the same influence, and then they ascertain that they love each other, and that they have done so ever so long. Without any premonition, the young bride has MARK SUTHERLAND presented to her, and she faints from the sudden shock. Then follow many minor incidents, concluding with the marriage of MRS. VIVIAN and LAUDERDALE, whose god-father has died and left him sixty thousand dollars, and the marriage of ROSALIE and MARK. The latter couple go out West. They 'rough it' in the bush, and are exposed to many perils, ROSALIE barely escaping death from a pack of prairie-dogs. INDIA and her husband go to Mississippi, where he becomes a drunkard. MARK'S mother marries the doctor, and they remove to Texas. CLEMENT SUTHERLAND loses his property in speculation, and dishonestly disposes of the estate of his ward, ROSALIE, who forgives him and submits to the loss. INDIA, of course, is miserable. Her father and husband die, and she a poor widow goes to New-York, and becomes a music-teacher. Meanwhile MARK prospers; he becomes an editor and a judge, and then ROSALIE dies. After a while he rouses himself, and goes to Congress, where he makes an extraordinary oration. SUTHERLAND pays New-York a visit, accidentally discovers INDIA, visits her, proposes to her, and marries her.'

Here is abundant incident for a stirring romance: and such, we are assured, '*India*' really is. The book is well executed, in its externals.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Our 'Up-River' Correspondent at Niagara. — Our 'Up-River' correspondent is 'just himself' in the following letter, which, however, we are compelled to say, is not finished in the present number; the 'remainder by next mail' not having arrived as we go to press:

'*Inter Boreales, March*, 1856.

"Niagara! Niagara! careering in thy might,
The fierce and free Niagara shall be my theme to-night.'

'Last summer, when the sultry heats of August had continued many days, and the sun glared as it did on the streets of Marseilles, at the time when Dickens began to write 'Little Dorrit;' when the forest leaves had faded from their lively tints, and vegetation lost its crispness; when the garden from which I had *anticipated* so much pleasure had, after a too brief experiment with the hoe, been given over to the dominion of weeds; when the god-made *straw*, and scarcely less if not more delicious *rasp*, had been succeeded by the seedy, tough-skinned whortle (*huckle*) berry; and the crackling, scarlet radish, luscious peas, (of which a smart beau once remembered to have eaten *one*,) asparagus, (we call it sparrow-grass,) were followed by the common vegetable people, the beet, the turnip, and the rancorous cabbage — (O ye blooming cauliflowers! I name you not in any gardening of mine;) when violets, sweet roses, and the last woodbine were followed by a coarse yet gorgeous pomp of less redolent flowers; when raged the dog-star, beasts of burden panted, and gave up the ghost; when brain-work was a most intolerable tax, and every kind of labor craved a short respite: I started off one day in search of recreation. With a divided choice of places, I had packed up my trunk for a ten days' journey. At first I thought of the Polyfloisbœan Sea. Then my heart turned with fond affection to ever-glorious Hudson River; again I longed to look on the romantic cliffs of Saugenay; but at last resolved to breathe the air of the great lakes, and set my face toward Niagara. After some hours of dusty travel through a country where the woods and tangled marshes were in a state of conflagration, and the fiery torrent roared like a furnace, sweeping down all lesser obstacles, and, where a stout resistance was made, dashed upward like water in a liquid spray, and every twig became a burning bush, and the lofty pine, as if it knew the splendor of an autumnal bloom, shook off from its crown a multitude of fiery blossoms; we passed, with glowing axles, as we neared the lake, through the

midst of a watery labyrinth of pools and inlets, and after a long discordant shriek from the steam-whistle, stopped for the sake of getting rid of a little *dust* at ROUSE'S Point.

'ROUSE'S Point is associated with the most pleasant reminiscences of northern travellers. They may have been flying with hot haste on the wings of the wind, and with all the auxiliary power of steam; they may, in the urgency of their business, or in the ardor of their enterprise, have been desirous to push on; but here they stop. As the jurisconsults say: 'May it please the court, here we rest.' Lake Champlain washes the very steps of the hospitable domicil, as the Atlantic rolled upon the doorway of Mrs. PARTINGTON. An immense carriage-house is under the same extended roof, filled with gigantic engines, ponderous cars. Beasts of burden have no accommodation here. Oats are not found in their original form. It is a place of entertainment for *man*. A great brassy bell is rung at certain canonical hours, and let all who will, be it twenty or a thousand, sit down and partake freely. Every one must say his own grace. Between the proprietors of this hospice, (which, to those who travel to the far north, is like that of St. BERNARD — a sort of half-way house on the way to the highest Alp,) and betwixt other proprietors, there is a tacit agreement that here travellers shall be detained, though against their will, and whether necessary or not, for the very sake of hospitality; that they shall be compelled to walk for three or four hours on the wharf which forms the threshold of the establishment, to exercise the grace of patience, and study out the beauties of Lake Champlain. The major portion of those who arrive here stay all night. ROUSE'S Point is the greatest stopping-place in this Union. You may fly past St. Alban's with scarce time to eat a cracker; you may be whisked through burning woods, through flames and smoke and pools of water, without delay; you may regulate your stages like those of an oratorical sentence, with due pauses, such as the comma, the semicolon, and the colon; but at ROUSE'S Point you come to a *full stop*.

'A whole day's dusty travel next brought us to Ogdensburgh, where nothing remarkable is to be seen. There are no lions; not long ago there might have been a few wolves; a stray fox may even now pick up a few tit-bits around the suburbs The hotel is pretty good. It is more than that. I ate of a dish at the table, for which I would very much like to have the receipt. I looked out from the windows upon a mansion which BECKFORD might have admired. It was very large, lofty, and completely embosomed in foliage, with extensive wings, out-houses, and a pleasant garden, and the grounds, occupying about the same space as a square in a great city, were surrounded by a brick wall twenty feet high, over which the vines crept and close-set trees towered, presenting an impervious barrier to profane eyes. It was a safe and secluded refuge from a naughty world.

'Spent a part of a day profitably, in getting out dust, grit, cinders, from hair, eyes, nose, mouth, pores, and garments; in brushing, switching, shaving, bathing, washing, cleansing; then embarking on a splendid steamer, bade farewell to the heat of the dog-star, to unpleasant smells, unpleasant sights, and the labors of travelling, to be launched upon the broad waves of the St. Lawrence. Passed some never-to-be-forgotten hours in gazing at the scenery of the enchanting panorama, floating past the Thousand Islands:

> 'Moles that dot the dimpled bosom
> Of the sunny summer sea.'

Well may the author of 'Black Hawk, an Epic Poem,' sing:

> 'St. Lawrence is a most tremendous river,'

since it is seven hundred miles long, and opens its mouth a hundred miles wide, and, with a headlong rapidity and vivacity which belong to no other American stream, pays its large tribute to the sovereign sea. Some of its islets seem like mere rocks or tufts wrenched away from the main, while others are covered with verdure, and beautiful as the paradise of BLENNERHASSET. Methought that for a space I should love to be a hermit, a recluse, an anchorite, or else an artist, a pilgrim, a lover of nature, or, passing still lower in the grade of saintliness, an ennuyée, a sportsman, or an epicure, with my cave scooped out, my hut built, my tent pitched, or else my house erected on one of those lovely islands, where I could wander to the marge, recline beneath my bower, read my book, and say my prayer; sit upon a rock, look upon the rising and the setting sun, fix my easel and paint my picture, or range about with dog and gun, to shoot the wild-fowl, or voyage in a light canoe, and *shoot the rapids. Plaudite!*

'THOMAS MOORE'S songs, for their tenderness and musical cadence, though not to be matched for true and genuine loyalty to BURNS, sink deep into the soul; and among others the 'Canadian Boat-Song,' with its chorus, now came back upon my ears in faintest echoes from the past. I have read the life of 'LITTLE,' but what in the name of fine lords and ladies brought 'the Epicurean' to these backwoods I have almost forgotten. Before he began to feast on cream and honey, nectar and ambrosia, and other god-like diet, I believe that he was a petty pensioner of government in some West-India Island, and was thence wafted hither as to the nearest mainland. Those who can write most tenderly, are sometimes devoid of tenderness, and there is this against him, that in the midst of cordial greetings inspired by better than Anacreontic feeling, and in the midst of scenery like this, he wrote the bitterest and most malignant diatribe against the universal Yankee nation, wherein he characterizes them as

> 'Poor of heart, yet prodigal of words,
> *Born to be slaves*, yet struggling to be lords;
> Who pant for freedom while they spurn control,
> And talk of rights with rapine in their soul.'

'While seated luxuriously at the extreme prow of the boat, on a coil of rope, where it would not be necessary to respond to the injunction, 'Make room for the ladies,' sailing among the 'Thousand Islands,' (*felix nomen!*) the last rays of the setting sun gilding the waves of that noble river, a Greek lyric, the 'Song of HARMODIUS and ARISTOGEITON,' commencing,

> 'HARMODIUS dear, thou art not dead,'

and making allusion to the 'Islands of the Blest,' came floating through my brain. But the pleasant reverie was disturbed; the bell rang, the rustling of ropes and tramp of feet was heard. We had attained Cape St. Vincent. Soon after that the night closed in, and we pushed out, as into a shoreless ocean, upon the waters of Lake Ontario. I walked listlessly for an hour in the gilded cabin of the boat, then went reluctantly to my state-room, and tried to sleep until the break of day.

'Bright and early the next day we were opposite Fort Niagara, and soon touched the opposite shore, where we had to exercise the grace of patience two hours, waiting for the engine to steam up which was to carry us to Suspension Bridge. Ascended the high bluff, and seeing a plain but well-built English Church pleasantly situated in the midst of a grove of trees, felt a desire to look at the inside of it, and just then the man who held the keys, with a keen perception of what I wanted, crossed the path, turned the bolt, and let me in. The interior did not cor-

respond with the outside. In the United States a church-building of the same pretensions with respect to size, would be rich in gilded prayer-books, soft cushions, and expensive upholstery. Here was nothing of the kind, although some people of 'quality' must have taken their seats in it on Sundays, judging from the sort who were buried in the adjoining grave-yard. With us a few fashionable worshippers in the rural districts frequently frighten away the common people by a display of riches. Enough on this point.

'I had once seen Niagara, but for a few hours, and now resolved to feast leisurely upon the spectacle, to rise up early and to sit up late, and to make the most of one week's stinted allowance. A year has nearly passed, and shall I now bring forth my journal? Niagara can be better felt than talked about.

'FIRST DAY.

'AT eleven o'clock on a bright warm morning we got into a carriage somewhere near the Suspension Bridge, and a few minutes after saw the white smoke ascending from the great cauldron; and the cry, 'There it is!' soon burst from every lip as the Horse-Shoe Fall appeared in sight. I was sorry to be taken unawares and compelled to view it until I got ready, and so shut my eyes and kept them shut until the carriage stopped at the Clifton House. Hungry and dusty, one does not like to have the sight for which he has travelled five hundred miles enjoyed and over in a second. For my part, I wished to have one good hour for luxurious anticipation, and therefore took a bath, put on a clean suit of apparel, and partook of a late breakfast, instead of rushing out on the piazza with greedy and irreverent haste to stand unbaptized in the presence of sublimity and before the most majestic shrine of Nature on the whole earth. When the moment came, I threw open the window of my chamber and stepped forth on the long piazza of the Clifton Hotel. On the opposite side of it was a lawn, close-clipped and rolled, of the most delicious freshness, bedewed as it was by perpetual spray. The American Cataract, Goat Island, and Horse-Shoe Fall were in full view. The house stands a little back from the almost perpendicular precipice which overlooks the river — perhaps the most choice position for a mansion, with respect to scenery, which the world affords. The Canada shore presents decided advantages over the American. On the latter you look on only half the picture, but on the other take in with one glance the whole. From the hotels on the one side you can see nothing, whereas without stirring from the piazza of the Clifton House, you may carry away the best daguerreotype of the spectacle which can be had from any point. I will add that about the doors may be found a more importunate set of hackney-coachmen, black and white, than on any wharf in New-York. Not one in a dozen of them remains quietly on his box; but they thrust their whips beneath your nose if you are only going as far as Table-Rock. They profane the place by their reiterated cries, which smack more of NIBLO'S Garden than of Niagara Falls; one professing that he is full of legendary lore, and repeating doggerel about Miss MARTHA RUGG, and the rest clamoring about BROCK'S monument, Whirlpool, Burning Spring, and LUNDY'S Lane. They absolutely drown the cataract, in which they ought to be drowned; and you have to run the gauntlet of these fellows every time you step out of doors.

'Went for a first walk in the direction of Table-Rock. Discretion is the better part of valor. I kept off it, and had not the least curiosity to go under it, although a single file of young men, in water-proof dresses, preceded by the guide, crossed the path and went down the winding stair-case to the Cave of the Winds, where you can see scarcely any thing, but have your ears stunned, your skin drenched,

and run the risk of being mashed as flat by some falling rock as the clown in the pantomime. At Niagara you are carried above the Falls, under the Falls, up to the Falls, almost into the Falls, *all but over the Falls.*'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We have not been in the regular receipt of our handsomely-executed contemporary, '*The National Magazine*,' but if all the numbers have been as good as those for January and February, we have lost much in missing their perusal. We are glad to see, that although issued under the auspices of the great Methodist Society, it does not ignore humor and playful satire. In the February issue there is a capital paper '*On Strengthening the Language.*' The critic speaks of reduplicating adjectives in poetry, as used by many writers, and especially by Mr. LONGFELLOW in his refrain:

——— 'A BOY'S will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts,'

(lines the real meaning of which we fear must have escaped us,) and goes on to remark:

'THE *Reiterating Process in Literature* is just the reverse of what is known as the *Cæsarean operation* in surgery. It aims to strengthen the language by repetition, as in this verse of the well-known song:

'My love is like the red, red rose.'

How the repetition of the adjective intensifies the idea, beautifies the language, and converts into poetry what would otherwise have all the flavor and the toughness of prose! Beside, to say,

'My love is like the red rose,'

is not only prosaic, but does not impart that sanguineous idea which was evidently intended. A red rose may mean one of the common cabbage-province variety; but a red-red rose is evidently something of a deeper tint — a brilliant crimson or bright scarlet. We have nothing to say in favor of the poet's choice, supposing the red red to apply to his love's hair, or eyes, or even nose. In fact, any part of her except her lips we should rather not have *red red;* but then tastes differ, and we are not disposed to be quarrelsome.

'Another verse, from a very soft and amatory poet, elucidates with still greater dulcifying power the forceful nature of the repeating process. We are personally acquainted with the author, and tender him the thanks of the community, hoping he may be as successful in storming the citadel of his beloved's heart as he has been in strengthening our debilitated English:

'OH! my love, she has blue, blue eyes;
She is known by her small, small feet;
Does she hear, does she hear my sighs?
Does she know she is sweet, sweet, sweet?'

That is, of course, does she know that she is, in the estimation of her admirer, exceedingly sweet — the sweetest of all the damsels of his acquaintance? Forceful language, very! But the beauties of the verse are too apparent to need analyzing. Let us proceed.

'What an expressive title was that given to a recent publication, 'The Wide, Wide World!' How the iteration expands the mental vision, and adds strength, solidity, grandeur to the language. That second 'wide' is powerfully tonic, and fully equivalent to an ordinary-sized Burgundy-pitch plaster in its strengthening qualities.'

. . . . .

'ANY body can make poetry, and make it out of the baldest prose, by a little attention to this trick, a trick unknown to POPE or SHAKSPEARE. In illustration: We propose, for instance, to take a short jaunt into the country, and when informing you of our in-

tention, we add the hope that to-morrow will be a beautiful day. Very simple that, and very common-place. But now reiterate the adjective, and it becomes

'We hope that to-morrow will be
A beautiful, beautiful day.'

Or take a still more common-place illustration: Our help in the kitchen is all from the Emerald Isle; a bald truism, with no more poetry in it than there is in a potato. But reduplicate 'Emerald,' and the couplet will pass for one of LONGFELLOW'S:

'Our help in the kitchen is all
From the Emerald, Emerald Isle.'

And there, now, listen to BRIDGET talking to her mistress: 'Sure then, ma'am, for cleaning French windows I think there 's nothing like soft soap.' Can you make poetry of that? Nothing easier:

'For cleaning French windows I think
There 's nothing like soft, soft soap.'

'*The Synonymical*' is another style, touched upon by the critic, with illustrations that no clergyman can avoid heartily laughing at. The '*Outlines of a Synonymical Sermon*,' from the diverse and yet unique arrangement of it, kept us awake for a whole night. It explains until it confuses, and illustrates until it confounds. Of '*The Style Synonymical*,' the critic says:

'It is becoming exceedingly popular. It is applicable to prose as well as poetry. Lawyers use it, and clergymen. It is practised by orators in the national and state legislatures. In biography, history, and travels it is making its appearance, and prevailing more and more extensively. We can illustrate its beauty and its power by an extract from a recent auto-biography. Let the reader ponder well the following, and make it his study, if he is actuated by any desire to write nervous English;

'My life, that is, my biography, thus far, is barren of incidents and void of adventures. In publishing it, and making it known to the world, I study brevity and aim at conciseness. I shall be succinct and compendious, not dwelling on matters of little importance, or spending time on events in themselves immaterial.

'In my youth and early days I was occasionally hasty and impetuous, sometimes rash and heedless, and not infrequently precipitate and incautious. By these means and on account of these traits I fell into many errors, committed numerous faults, and frequently went astray. In truth, and with a strict regard to veracity, I may say, and give it as my opinion, and declare it as my sentiment, that these peculiarities, and this idiosyncrasy, or, in other words, my peculiar mental temperament, or the constitution of my mind, was the cause and occasion of much that I now regret and lament, and am sorry for.

'I sought for happiness where it could not be found. I looked for felicity where it was not to be discovered. I inquired after bliss in those places, situations, and circumstances which neither bliss, nor felicity, nor happiness ever visited. Thus it remained with little change, and continued without much alteration, all through the days of my youth, the years of my juvenility, and the period of my adolescence.

'But when I did not expect it, sorrow visited me. I was not looking for misfortune, but it came. Grief overtook me, an unexpected guest, and calamities, troubles, and afflictions weighed heavily upon me, bowed me down to the earth, and pressed ponderously upon my body, soul, and spirit. Then was I taught the vanity of sublunary things. Then did I learn the emptiness of earthly objects. Then was impressed indelibly upon my soul, and in characters never to be effaced or obliterated or blotted out, the insubstantiality, the vanity, and the evanescence of all things worldly, mundane, and terrestrial.'

The '*Highfalutin' Style*' is next in order: and the example is a sacred one. But we recently gave in these pages a similar specimen of an 'improvement' — possibly from the same work here referred to — in that most beautiful of the Psalms: 'The LORD is my Shepherd — I shall not want: HE leads me by green pastures, and by the side of still waters:' which in the new version was thus rendered: 'DEITY is my Pastor: I shall not be indigent. HE transporteth me to vernal localities, and to the near vicinity of unrippled liquidities.' As to the *character* of the 'Highfalutin' style, the critic explains:

'In answer we give a specimen, taken from a quarterly publication now lying before us, the LORD'S Prayer, translated from the weak and simple English of our ancestors into the strong and nervous dialect so vastly admired at the present day. A single petition will explain to the uninitiated what the Highfalutin is, and transparently eluci-

date the subject. '*Give us this day our daily bread.*' How tame, simple, weak, and wishy-washy that language is. Listen now to the same sentiment highfalutinized. CONFER UPON US DURING THIS MUNDANE SPHERE'S AXILLARY REVOLUTION OUR DIURNAL SUSTENANCE! What sonorous rotundity! what sesquipedalian felicity of expression! And the meaning you perceive is precisely the same. The Greek of the original is as faithfully rendered in the one as in the other; but the beauty, the strength, the majesty, in a word the ear-tickling power of the new, as contrasted with the old version, why it is 'Hyperion to a satyr.'

Messrs. CARLTON AND PHILLIPS, Number 200, Mulberry-street, are the publishers of '*The National*,' and if it be not asking *too* much, we should like to receive their Magazine regularly. 'We are an *older* soldier,' as BRUTUS says, in the field, 'if *not* a better.' - - - She may not be a '*Strong-Minded Woman*' who sends us, all the way from Erie, (Pennsylvania,) the ensuing essay upon '*Husbands and Wives;*' but that she is a strong-*writing* woman, we think few will doubt after reading her production. She has got something *to say*, and she *says* it. There are no parsnips buttered in this effusion: 'no, no:'

'AND one thing is very certain, I will never dye to get a husband; no, indeed! . . . No, indeed! if in the world there is a person who would not value me for what I really am; for whatever of womanly worth or refinement I may possess, but who would *take me* (to use that intolerably vulgar and demeaning phrase so common now-a-days) if I were but guilty of paltry trickery and deceit, of assuming the semblance of an outward charm, that man of all others is the one I would wish never to approach me; never, with any kind of intentions whatsoever.'

'TO DYE OR NOT TO DYE.'—KNICKERBOCKER.

'THAT'S the kind! Give us your hand! Pity the world had not a few more such women in lieu of some of those paint-bedaubed, cosmetic-using, hair-dying, baby-talking pieces of humanity that monopolize a majority of the husbands now-a-days! I suppose they'll say I am an '*Old Maid:*' that having failed to secure a husband myself, I have a natural spite against those who have been more fortunate. But what do you or I care for what *they* say? It is not impossible that if we had taken as much pains, and paint, paper, (pearl-paper, I mean,) and hair-dye, we might have stood an equal chance with them of ensnaring some silly fellow with more hair than brains, more whiskers than manliness, and more finery than principle. Not that I do not admire fair complexions, glossy ringlets, and rosy cheeks. No one likes them better than I do. Indeed, I hold it impossible that any one should be uninfluenced by the charms of BEAUTY: but when the veil of deceit is employed, the apparent beauty of the face is changed to downright ugliness: for we know the tissue is but the reflection of mental deformity. I like beautiful *women*, not beautiful DOLLS. I discard and dispute the oft-repeated sentiment, that 'beautiful women are apt to be vain.' It is the *manufactured* article to which *that* applies; and the vanity is the cause, not the sequence.

'By-the-way, my dear Miss, why did you not give us your address, so that some odd day I might call around and make your acquaintance? It would be so refreshing! Now if such things were only allowable for 'Old Maids,' I 'd wager the whole proceeds of this article, that you are some pretty Miss, scarcely out of your teens; among whose tresses not a gray hair has yet made its appearance. (Or peradventure you are some biped of the masculine gender, who has shown himself A—MAN, and a man of sense, too.) But all the more resuscitating it would be for that. But if there should be silver threads lying soft and smooth upon your brow, caress them gently for me, but do n't go to trying chemical experiments upon them. Meanwhile let me give you *my* opinion of those friends of yours: those wives, whom you suppose see as seeing not. You say: 'All these' you 'knew regarded their husbands as the quintessence of manly excellence.' Not so fast. Are you quite sure of this? I have studied these matters considerably in my day, and I must say have arrived at somewhat different conclusions. Enjoying as I am all the sweets of single-blessedness, and seeing and hearing so much of selfishness, discord, suffering, and sorrow as is occasionally exhibited among those who have seen fit to taste the bliss of matrimony, my curiosity naturally became excited, (a fault

which many evil-minded persons attribute entirely to maiden ladies, but which they are no more addicted to than their circumstances and the good of the community require; for the truth of which last, witness what I am about to disclose,) and I, from motives purely benevolent, of course, fell to peeping through the hedge wherever I discovered the least opening; and (let me just whisper it in your ear) I sometimes managed to effect openings where none previously existed, by watching my opportunity when the 'insiders' were not on the alert. The latter, however, I took great care to close again, that no impertinent eye might ever profit by them. And never, till the present time, have I lisped one word of all I saw there: and now, as I shall not name persons or places, no one will ever be the worse for it. My first grand discovery was, that *no wives* think their husbands perfect. This I am aware is a bold assertion; but I will prove the truth of it. It will be necessary to form them into three distinct classes.

'The first which we shall notice, seem to think almost every one *more* perfect than their husbands. These are the whining fault-finders. This is sufficient to say of them. The second class require a little more study, and embrace a much larger portion of the community. These are principally from the artificial class referred to in the commencement of this article. Themselves deceiving, they have been deceived, and instead of the polished gentleman they thought to marry, they find they have — a brute. When the prize is fairly secured, and they are safe from the awful fate of living single all their days they take time to look at the article; and behold! that beautiful hair they have married, covers an empty cranium; those splendid whiskers, a face more accustomed to frowns than smiles; the few he has of these last, like his good-temper and politeness, being reserved for 'extra occasions and company.' But it is a mutual disappointment, so what can be done? Why, make the best of it, *of course!*

'These are the very wives that are continually trying to convince us that their husbands are the most perfect beings in the universe; and all to hide the faults that glare upon them at every step. Like the chick of the partridge, that thrusts its head under a leaf, and fancies itself hid, they seem to think an effort to blind themselves will be as efficacious in producing the same effect upon others. And it will; for in neither case will it succeed. Reason will assume her prerogative, and we must assent to her conclusions, be it ever so unwillingly.

'A case of this kind occurs to me just now. The 'gent' supposed he was marrying a fortune, an accomplished lady, and an excellent house-keeper; but she proved to be especially deficient in these very particulars; while she, enraptured by his fine teeth, glossy black hair, and killing whiskers, forgot to notice whether the creature had a *soul* or not. The upshot of it is, that he is a selfish, discontented, snarling, whimsical husband; and she a slave to his every caprice. But does she complain? Not by any means! So far from it, she is constantly telling what a pattern husband she has, and intimating in every sly manner possible, how Mr. A. and Mr. B. (persons of known talent and ability) defer to his superior judgment. His fine jetty locks are now two-thirds gray, though he is scarcely thirty. Calling there a few days ago, I remarked the fact: 'Oh! I think they are so beautiful,' said she; 'I think they are splendid! there is nothing so delightful to look at as gray hair.' 'What,' persisted I, 'on so young a person?' 'Oh! yes,' said she, 'on any one. I wish I was so gray!' Now this same Mrs. P., not ten minutes before, remarked concerning a mutual acquaintance who had just left the room, and whose hair was dyed: 'How much she had improved her looks by dyeing; gray hairs were so ugly, and made one look so old.' Now I have not the slightest doubt that she is continually worrying and teasing Mr. P. to dye! And she is just as inconsistent in regard to mental defects. Any stupid, vulgar practice of his, that she is absolutely ashamed of, and she cannot persuade him to forego, she will tell you she 'would not have him forsake for the world; in fact, he retains it entirely to please her;' though she lectures him till mid-night about it behind the curtain.

'Now what do you suppose is the reason of all this double-dealing? Why, simply this: she has taken a great deal of pains to secure a bad bargain, and do you think she would tell you or me of it? But never mind, we have her secret. Her very efforts to

conceal, render it more apparent. I give it as a rule, and you may depend upon it, as the result of years of hedge-peeping, that wherever you find a wife (and the same may be said of husbands) always lauding the good qualities of her mate, whether intellectual, moral, social, or physical, you may be sure that *he* hears only the other side of the story. But now for the third and last class. These are very seldom heard to express their opinions of their husbands, and then only when called for. But watch them closely, at home and abroad, and you will find that they come the nearest thinking them perfect. Still they do not consider them quite infallible. They are sensible enough to know that the state of mortality is an erring state. They see many faults in them, but seeing so much more that is good, the evil is naturally outweighed. Loving each other as all persons entering into that relation should love, the best sides of their characters are naturally presented to each other; and this is no deceit, but a necessity arising from the conditions just stated. Thus there seems to be a double reflex influence, keeping the good foremost, and the bad in the back-ground. Truth needs no protestations; and the wives of this class, conscious of their husbands' merits, and not unconscious of whatever of demerit may attach itself to them, feel that encomiums from them would be as superfluous as braggardism from a brave man, and might serve, as in that case, to depreciate rather than enhance the good opinion they were designed to secure. 'But,' you ask, 'how do we know they see these faults?' I answer; does it look reasonable that they should not? Do we see less evil in our brothers, sisters, and parents than in others, that we defend their good name more readily? Or is this promptitude the result of the good we know them to possess, in connection with our selfishness? And is it not as essential to the reputation of the wife that she have a good husband, as to ours that we have good parents and other relatives? We do not like to have the misdoings of any of our friends commented upon, yet we do not claim that they have attained perfection: neither does a sensible woman claim that for any one, not excepting him she hath chosen for a life-long companionship.'

That's right! — out with it! Is n't it the erudite DOGBERRY who says that 'reading and writing come by nature?' Perhaps they do; but such *spelling* as the following can hardly be included. We take only a 'sample' from half-a-dozen letters in this style of spelling and chirography. The writer, it seems, supplies his customers with a superior article of moulding-sand, and we quote from his letters to a large firm of iron-founders, not a thousand miles and a half from Gotham:

'——— ———, *November 24.*

'SHIPT on Bord of Sloop Martha D Reid Captin Jonathan Petterson aboute 75 Tons Saposed to Be Pleas Wey this Cargo and Let me know what it weys So that I Can Tell for futer how to Estamaite his Tons for futer as This Captin Nos the way to Bridgport and as a Good New Vesel and that is verey important for Sand the Oner of the Vessel was determined that Shee Shud Not Load at this time of the yer for Les than one Dollar per Ton But I promis Ed them I wod pay them 90 Cents for all sand that I Shipt to Bridgport Nex season So that finely got 75 Tons for 70 Dollars I wod Not of aloud him that But I Cud Not get ane Bodey Els with oute paing one Dollar & Paing Piloting your Captins that Coms for sand to me is Geting one Dollar 12½ Cents per Ton to Bridgport and Thay Ring hit all amongst houre Captins I was afraid of the wether ferful I shud Disapoint you and That wad of Ben Bad worck But you have Got a Verer Nis Cargo on Bord I hav put aboute one Car Load of finer Sand in the for ward atch to Mold Som of your Liter Worck I have Rit in the Bill of Laiding to the Agant in Bridgport to Let you know wat Car the fine sand is in and the Captin promised me he wad see to hit strictley

'Sunday morning 10 Oclock 25 the Vessel left on her Jurney if shee as Good Luck Shee will be in your Port Bi the Time that this Leter reches you 128 Loads at 50 Cents She as on Bord one Hundred & 28 Loads of Molding Sand at 50 Cents per Load Good Mesuer you will find this to be as good as the Best Cargo you ever had I have said Enuf at present Aboute Everething that is Nesarey With the Truth My Respecks to you all SAMUEL WHITEHEAD.

'N B Giv My Respecks to the forman of the foundrey and All is subjecks and Tel

them that I feel graitful to all Them for speeking so well of My Sand that was Thout so Litel of Las December I Shud Be Glad to See you all I ham well at Presant oping this will find all you the same

'from your Old frend —— ——

'I hop you will have Pusons to Red My Letter it is the Best I Can Rite and Spell I sapose that ther is Not one word Spelt Right But it is More Like What I intend it to be Nor ane Thing Els and so finish a. w.'

'—— ——, *November* 12.

'Mr —— —— & Co I have Reseved Both of your Leters I Shud have sen the Cargo of Molding sand Before Now But Whe have had so Much Rain and have Ben wating for hit to Get in Beter order Before I Loade hit But I Must Send the Cargo soon for the seson is far spent it is Raning Now and as Ben for 2 Days But I will Pick atime to Dou the Best I can I feel oblight to you for the favor you have Dun for me you Recommended My Sand to a foundrey in Parchmoth and have sent them a Larg Cargo of Bouth Cinds of Molding Sand the Car well sand was in bad orther for it Rand for a ole week I wated for hit to Dry 3 Day Yours respectfully

'——— ———'

It must be a 'Hinglishman' who thus 'exhasperates the haitch,' and speaks of a foreman of an iron-foundry as reigning over 'subjecks.' There 's a touch of 'limited monarchy' about *that!* - - - Come in, and welcome, ye 'wee ones!' You have been often inquired after, and waited for. Take your seats at '*The Little People's Side-Table:*' and don't be at all afraid: you have none but friends here:

'That was a profound insight into the 'nature of things,' which was exhibited by our little six-year-old boy, whom I had sent to bring me a couple of apples from the basket in the cellar. He presently returned, and handed me *one* only.

''Where is the *other* one, Tommy?' I asked.

''Why,' said the little wag, pointing to the one I held in my hand, '*that 's* the *other* one!'

'It would require a 'Philadelphia lawyer' to improve the legal 'drift' of this rejoinder.'

'For a cracked lip, or an obstinate sore on the face, there 's nothing like powdered burnt alum. It cured our little Paul of an angry sore down in the corner, where the cherry of his lips was cleft, though we had to sprinkle it on the squirming little victim after he was sound asleep in his 'crib-house.' I wish you could see him! Reader! have you got an interest in a little bouncing boy about two-and-a-half years old, two-and-a-half feet high, and nearly two-and-a-half feet thick? Whose 'cheeks like lilies dipped in wine' seem to be bursting with fatness; whose hazel eyes, with their long lashes, are always flashing with mirth and spirit under a forehead which has no shadow on its broad, unsullied page, but those which are cast there by his golden curls? If you *have* such an interest in such a boy, hold on to it, it 's *good stock;* it won't fluctuate; it won't deteriorate with rumors of war or the price of cotton: if you have n't, *invest* as soon as possible! But about the burnt alum; it 's good for other things beside cracked lips: so little Paul thought — at least, so he *said.* It was thus:

''Rip,' (we call him so 'for short,' although that is a good and expressive daguerreotype of his disposition,) Rip and his mamma had a passage-at-arms, which I witnessed, over the edge of my last 'Knick,' the result of which was, that Master Rip had a 'spanking,' duly, judiciously, and *softly* administered. Then it occurred to me that the occasion was a proper one for improving that 'afflictive dispensation' to the future weal of the young apostle; and so I said:

''Paul, come here.'

''Es, Papa.'

''You are a naughty boy, Sir, to disobey your Mamma, as you did just now.'

'"Not do it any more, my dee Papa. *Sure* I not do it.'

'"Well, *be* sure you do n't, for you will break your Mamma's heart. Just look at her *now:* see how sad she is because you were naughty. I suppose her heart is broken in two or three places.'

'"Put burnt alum on poor Mamma's heart Papa: it make it well. I *sure* it will.'

'If this recipe is worth knowing, you may make it public. I do n't believe in keeping efficacious remedies secret.'

'"HAVE you got the *Catechism*, JENNY?" said a female visitor to a little yellow-haired girl. 'Mamma,' exclaimed little WILLIE, 'did *I* ever have the *Catechism?*' He thought it was a new complaint; but it is an old one, especially with children.'

'A LITTLE girl, (some four years old,) in one of our Southern cities, taking tea on the piazza at home, on a beautiful star-lit evening, and contemplating, at one and the same time, the glory of the stars *and the contents of the supper-table*, asked, with childish simplicity:

'"*Papa, are those stars* GOD'S *candles to eat* HIS *supper by?*"'

'IT always seems to me that the month commences wrong — that something is missing — if the KNICKERBOCKER does not come to hand as usual at the 1st. In the 'TABLE,' I have found some 'cute' sayings of the 'Little Folks;' but I do not now recollect any thing more original than the manner in which my little five-year-old HATTIE thinks 'GOD makes folks.' She, with her little brother GEORGE, had received, among other things, as Christmas and New-Year's presents, some little books, teaching of the Creation, ADAM and EVE, etc., which naturally caused some inquiries to arise in HATTIE'S little mind, as she has just entered the 'curious age.' One evening after tea, as I was sitting by the grate, with her on one knee and GEORGE on the other, she said:

'"Pa, how does GOD make folks?"

'"From the dust of the earth,' I replied.

'"Well,' she replied, 'HE sews them inside out, and then turns 'em; do n't HE?'

'"No,' I told her; but it required considerable arguing to convince her that 'folks' were not made in the same manner that she had seen her Aunt make a doll; that is, sewing them inside out, and then turning them, and filling them with 'the dust of the earth.'"

'REV. Mr. M ——, an eminent Methodist divine, residing in the central part of Ohio, has a married daughter living in the town of M ——, in the northern part of the State. She lately came home on a visit, bringing her two children, a boy and a girl, along with her. A quarterly meeting had just commenced at the time in the father's church; and, as is usual on such occasions, on Sunday morning they held a meeting, known in common parlance as a love-feast. The children were not usually much at church, when at home, being usually considered rather 'bothersome' on such occasions; but an aunt of theirs, who was at home, said they might go; and accordingly they were taken. The youngest was a girl of some two years and a half; 'smart' withal, and took quite an interest in the exercises. After 'love-feast' there is usually an interval before preaching, and at this time there was nothing 'going on,' save the coming in of the congregation. The little girl, thinking this was not right, whispered:

'"Mother, let 's sing.'

'The mother quieted her for a few moments; but the idea was 'on her mind and would out.' At last she 'burst forth' in her infantile style, and sung, in a clear voice, a verse of one of her favorite nursery-hymns, commencing:

'COME to the happy land!
Come, come away!' etc.

'The wondering eyes, and the effect altogether, can readily be imagined.'

'MY little niece KATIE, a three-year-old, is so very funny sometimes, that I have thought her entitled to a nook in your 'Children's Corner.' Her grandmother asked her, the other day, among other questions from the Catechism, Who gave her her daily bread? She immediately replied: '*Dod, gram-ma, but Uncle Peter puts the butter on it.*'

'Like other specimens of 'Young America,' she is sometimes rather troublesome to those attending to necessary household duties, and is probably quite frequently admonished of it. Uncle PETER going home the other evening, asked her what she had been doing all day. 'Oh!' said she quite carelessly, 'I have only been round in the way!''

'I HAVE a little 'coon' of a boy who rejoices in the supererogatory cognomen of 'Corporal BUNTING.' I am perfectly aware that he is not nearly so bright a specimen as I *think* he is, albeit he fills a large space in the regions of my best affections. He was three years old the other day, on which occasion I made him a present of a new cap.

'Next morning he met me at the door, his cap performing the double office of covering his little pate and filling it at the same time.

''Well, Corporal,' said I, 'how does the 'Forty-second flourish?' Supposing, of course, the reference was to the cap, he replied in a very deprecating tone: 'Why, pa, it an't a *forty-second flourish:* it's a new *cap!*''

'ONE day last summer in going to my work, I met a little fellow some distance from any house, whose general aspect attracted my attention toward him, as a particularly distinct 'sample' of 'Young America.' He was about the size and build of a plug of 'dog-leg' tobacco: his head suggested the memory of an October tussock; while his face (O KNICKERBOCKER!) was some sort of a landscape, done up in free-soil and apple-butter:

''Who are you?' said I, rather sternly.

''ME!' said the little fillibuster, trying to look brave: '*I'm One of 'Em!* — *don't you know me?*''

'A GENTLEMAN setting out one morning before day-break upon a long ride, with a youngster of six years, when the stars began to grow dim and disappear before the rising sun, called his attention to them and endeavored to explain 'how it was:' that 'the stars were in the sky just the same, only he could n't see them.' The little fellow listened in amazement, and at length exclaimed:

''Well there! — I did n't know *that* before! I thought they *went in* in the daytime!''

'MY little 'shaver,' of the '*Prayer for the Peaches,*' has two favorite airs, upon which he tries the full strength of his lungs. One is a hymn running thus:

'THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand
Bright, bright as day.'

The other is the late favorite negro-song, '*Sawnee River:*' and as they are both at his tongue's end, imperceptibly to himself they glide one into the other. At the top of his voice, he commences:

''WAY down 'pon the Sawnee River,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.'

Of course the words are lengthened out to the metre, as FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER says of the Methodists' 'JA-A-A-A-(fol-de-riddle)-COB.'

'But it would do your heart good to hear with what gusto he sings it, and the earnestness shown in his countenance as he works his way through it.

'Last summer he came near being drowned by dropping between a boat and some boards nailed against some spiles, in the water, and as he came up he clutched the boards, and there sustained himself until the boat was washed toward him, which he climbed into, and then cried for some one to come and raise him out of the boat, to the top of the stone pier, which was too high for him. A little boy came to his relief, and brought him home. I took the opportunity of trying to impress upon him the goodness of his Heavenly FATHER in preserving him from a watery grave, by telling him that it 'was his Heavenly FATHER who made the boat come up to him.'

'"No, he did n't,' he replied: 'the *waves* washed it up to me.'

'"Yes,' I said, 'it *was* GOD who *made* the waves wash it toward you; and it was the good GOD who sent my little boy where HE could hear him cry.'

'"No! HE did n't,' he said again: 'The boy was there all the time.'

'In the case of the peaches, which I have before mentioned, he saw a visible hand, as it were; but in this last, merely the result of accident, and so I failed in convincing him of an overruling PROVIDENCE. Still, I could not but be amused with the naturalness of his replies.'

'I DID not observe, in my late repast at your bountiful 'EDITOR'S TABLE' any stories about the '*Little Folk*.' It cannot be because there are no 'little folk' to talk about, I have reason to know by the *signs* on every side-walk where marbles can roll or hoops turn. You will see that it is not because there are no stories to tell, as I proceed.

'Not many doors from my own, live and play and romp a robust boy and a sweet, nervous little girl. Last summer they were at play, when the patter of rain-drops drove them to the front-porch, where they stood watching the approach of the rain and the tornado. Suddenly came a glaring flash, and almost at the same instant a terrific crash of thunder, which lighted up the dark heavens like a blazing furnace, and shook the ground like an earthquake. ELLA clasped her ears in her hands, and ran screaming and frightened into the house, imploring TOM to follow. But TOM stood his ground until he was satisfied with his investigation of electric phenomena: and going into the house, with a miniature NAPOLEON air said to his sister: 'Afore I would be afraid, ELLA! 'T would n't scare me, if I was up where they are a-shootin' of 'em!'

'Wo n't that little boy do to go into our noble navy some day?'

'NOT long since a machine-shop in the Second Ward was struck by lightning. The fluid forced itself through the whole shop, and surcharged all the iron and tools with electricity. In fifteen minutes there were an hundred boys present, every one with his knife to be 'magnetized.' One little fellow, while rubbing his knife earnestly upon a half-melted saw, said to another who was scrubbing away upon a file: 'JOE, this is none o' your boughten 'lectricity, but the *real genuine lightain', right from where they make it!*''

'YOUR stories of the 'little folks' have given us all so much pleasure, that we cannot resist the temptation of telling you some of their wonderful sayings and doings in our part of the world. You will have to consider us perfectly disinterested, when we inform you that *our own* little people are grown so large, that they do n't say any thing remarkable any more; so we have time to be amused by other folks' bairns.

'Our minister and his affairs come, of course, next to our own, and we treasure up little WILLIE'S sayings. Dear little fellow! he is a great pet with us all, being the *only* one. As you have no doubt learned by this time that the last winter was very cold, it needs not to say that WILLIE thought so too. Rubbing his hands before the fire one evening, while his mother was preparing him for bed, he inquired very gravely:

'"Mother, do you think GOD 'gets out' much, this cold weather?'

'Looking at the sky very earnestly a few days ago, he remarked to his father that he supposed Heaven was *the top of all out doors.*''

'Not long since a visitor by the name of WYCKOFF was expected. WILLIE 'wished that he would not come, for it made him *cough* to speak to him.'

'"'Cough?' Why, WILLIE, what do you mean?'

'"Why, so it *does*, every time I say it: it 's Wy—*cough: that* makes me cough.''

'"WILLIE,' said I one day when he was visiting us, 'who was the first man?'

'"ADAM,' he promptly answered.

'"And who was the *best* man?'

'"*I*—WILLIE—*myself!* I'M the best man.'

'LITTLE SOPHIE had once upon a time contracted an undue fondness for salt. Being reproved for helping herself too largely, and told that it would make her sick, she inquired 'if it was because it was made of LOT'S wife.'

'It rained one day in torrents sufficient to wash away Lot's wife, or freshen the Dead Sea, and the same little maiden inquired whether 'God was not pouring out of a *very* large pitcher now.' '

There, Little People, you may go now. We shall want to see you again one of these days. When we can set a small side-table for you next time, we won't fail to let you know. Good-bye! God bless you, dears! May you remain a blessing and a delight to all who love you best! But if in the mean time the great Reaper's sickle shall transplant any of the fair young flowers that have bloomed in our little inclosure, they will only have been removed to that Garden of Paradise,

> 'Where with day-beams round them playing,
> They their Saviour's face shall see,
> And shall hear Him gently saying,
> Little children, come to Me!'

And this we say, because some 'small voices' that have been heard — little stammering tongues, mis-speaking half-uttered words in these pages — are now silent for ever in the grave! Yet, '*Quam Deus amat, moritur adolescens*:' 'Whom the gods love, die young.' - - - We welcome, with very great pleasure, to our pages, our umqwhile correspondent, 'J. K. L.' whose somewhat prolonged silence seems only to have enhanced her condensation of thought and felicity of style:

'Scattered Leaves from the Lake-Shore.

'There is no remark more forcibly true, than that we are *all more or less insane!* The little insanities of the common head, which seem to keep their proprietors in such motion as their Creator designed, are merely amusing. One has an insanity of horses, another of dress, a third of flutes and fiddles, and a fourth of useless knowledge and elaborate information; and I once knew a man who had his insanity of *bugs*, who have long since taken their revenge, by-the-way, and made a meal of him, insanity and all! *Intellect* is the insanity of another: of all the lunacies the fiercest, the most wasting. How the poor brain of man, feeble enough in its best estate, becomes his god! How he worships the great minds of humanity, and clasps to his heart their glorious offspring, revelling and shouting in their embrace! How are the flowers and the fields and the shady retreats of common life neglected and spurned in the wild pursuit of phantom-light that seems to illumine the world! But he sees, at last, that the light *is* a phantom, after all; and with wearied faculties and sensibilities morbidly passionate and acute, with an exterior grown cold and polished and forbidding, he finds too late that the friends he repulsed in his delirium are gone, the flowers faded, and the genial springs dried up. The future is a waste, the past is his no more: like the fire-worshipper of old, he is destroyed by the object of his adoration! The insanity of another is of *the heart*. The darling lunacy of the high-born soul in woman is to find a home in another heart, where there shall be rest and content for ever; where all those exquisite and passionate aspirations with which the overburdened heart is faint, shall be realized and satisfied, not once but for all time: where the rich heart-music shall find its missing chords; where Truth shall be eternal, and passion always young. Oh! this, this is the 'pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night' which with passionate eagerness and superb will, she follows anywhere, everywhere. *Reason* may be

taught the delusion, but she cannot give it up, she *will not* not learn the sad lesson of the past, so often read, so seldom understood, that 'all the world 's a stage, and all its men and women merely players:' she hopes that her case may prove an exception, and blindly risks her all on that one hope! Some are insane for wealth, and some about patent medicines; but few of us are conscious of the real subject of our insanity, so I shall not expose myself by confessing what I believe to be mine, but leave it to the readers of the following pages to discover it for themselves.

'The month of June, 1855, found me at Lake-GEORGE, one of the most beautiful spots on GOD'S beautiful earth, and never seen to greater advantage than in that delicious month. Beautiful lake! Thy name is a talisman to call up happy reveries: indeed, the hours I spent among thy quiet shades seem to me now more like a dream than a reality. I was a child again, and life looked bright to me. I forgot that there was suffering and disappointments and aching hearts in the world, and that sleepless nights and hours of agony took the light from bright eyes and the roses from the cheek, and drove smiles from the lips. I forgot all this, and gave myself up to the happy influences around me, and my heart beat with a new life, and acknowledged GOD'S goodness in placing us in a world so beautiful, and giving us the capacity for so much enjoyment. We seemed to revel in the sunshine, we played in the hay-fields, and wandered through the woods, climbing fences and leaping brooks; and the wreath of glowing memories woven in those bright hours will serve to gladden many a future day, which would else be dark and lonely. When, weary and way-worn, the tired heart, faint with life's struggles, longs for rest, memory will carry us back to those bright hours, and with a sigh we shall murmur: 'Yes, we were happy then.'

'There is nothing so well calculated to impress the heart and make us 'look through nature up to nature's GOD,' as a wood-land walk in the spring-time. We seem to realize HIS mighty power through the miracles which are taking place around us; to see the mighty oaks and stately pines waking from the death-like sleep of winter, and clothing themselves in their fresh luxuriousness, and to mark the delicate forest-flowers springing from the moss and dead leaves at their roots, and filling the air with their delicious fragrance; and the little brooks that dance along so merrily, with a joyous, exultant sound, as though they rejoiced in the return of spring, and welcomed the glad sunshine again. But the woods around Lake-GEORGE possessed an additional charm from their historical, and I might almost say classical associations. It was easy to fancy the time when the forests through which we wandered were the scene of strife and bloodshed; when the war-whoop of the savage rang through the valleys and echoed among the hills, and their deadly tomahawks gleamed amid the dark shadows of the stately pine-trees, and their unerring arrows flew among the thick branches! But when gazing on that peaceful lake such thoughts were quickly banished, and more peaceful scenes arose to the mind's eye. In one direction the light canoe of the Indian lover is darting swiftly across its clear surface to bear him to a twilight meeting with some dark-eyed maiden of his tribe. In another an aged chief is slowly paddling homeward his frail vessel heavily laden with the beautiful speckled trout, which he has taken from the cold, deep waters of the lake same miles away. The smoke of the camp-fires is rising at intervals along the shore, and the squaws are busy preparing the maize and venison for the evening meal. Children are playing upon the sands, and the sweet voices of the maidens are borne to us on the breeze. Such were the scenes which my fancy best loved to picture when gazing on thee, beautiful Horicon!

'But let me turn from those imaginary scenes to the happy reality on which I so

love to dwell. Those horse-back rides in the beautiful spring-time! With what light hearts we mounted and galloped away over hill and valley, and the soft south wind came to us, bearing the delicious perfumes of the apple-blossoms, and bringing health and happiness with every breath. Then those glorious moon-light nights when we used to glide in silent happiness, each wrapped in our own reveries, and dreaming our own dreams, and building castles in the air, which had nothing but love and moon-light for their foundation! Sometimes we were gay, and said saucy things to Mistress Echo and each other; listened to the chorus of frogs, which we fancied a serenade for our especial benefit, and tried to imitate the deep base notes of the leader. Never was a party better suited to each other than we were; we always seemed to be moved by the same impulses, and inclined for the same amusements. Sometimes we walked by moon-light, and one evening we visited a fall, about a mile from the Lake-House. It was a delicious night, and the air was heavy with the perfume of the locust-blossoms which hung in rich clusters over our pathway; we laughed and chatted merrily by the way, till we came in sight of the falls, when there was a universal exclamation of delight and astonishment. The sky was without a cloud: the moon directly over-head, and its clear, pale light shining on the water made it look like liquid silver, as it dashed impetuously over the black rocks and sought the deep gorge beneath, and went struggling on through its stony channel till its restless waters were merged in the deep bosom of the lake. Long we sat beneath those venerable pine-trees, and our hearts were filled with love and thankfulness, and we spake one to the other in gentle whispers, as though we feared the sound of our voices might break the spell of enchantment and beauty which seemed to hang around the spot.

'In the fresh bright morning we would wander off with books, and sought the cool shades near some of the beautiful little streams with which the neighborhood abounds; but the books we brought were sadly neglected, and it never occurred to us to search for any 'in the running brooks,' nor to look for 'tongues in the trees,' being abundantly supplied already; but we did find 'good in every thing.' The days were not half long enough for our projects of pleasure, and we were never tired with being happy. But a dark cloud came to mar this happiness: *we must part!*

'Are not those words the saddest in our language? Have they not rung the death-knell to the hopes of many? To part from one we love though but for a day, will throw a shadow on the heart; but who shall paint the anguish when the parting is for years; when we feel that the best proof we can give of our affection is to bear the parting bravely, and seem to break lightly the ties it tears our hearts to sever; when no tear must stain the eye-lid, and no sigh give the struggling soul relief; when we must cheer him by a show of courage we little feel, and speak hopefully of the future when our hearts seem like to break! But our parting at Lake-GEORGE was not so serious or so sad a one, for we looked forward to a speedy reünion; yet it cast a gloom upon the spirits of us all. On the morning of our departure, Nature seemed to put on her sweetest smiles to bid us farewell; but the sun-shine failed to cheer us, and the songs of the little birds but made our hearts the sadder. The dear old Lake-House looked so old-fashioned and comfortable, and I kept my eyes fixed upon it as long as it was in sight, and I wondered if I should ever see it again, and if so, under what circumstances. The lake appeared more lovely than ever: but perhaps it was the tears which glistened in my own eye that made it look so dazzling. The little steamer dashed swiftly along, and as we passed 'Diamond Island,' we looked at each other and thought

of the happy day we had spent there; but none of us spoke of it, but each one tried to appear cheerful and pretended to enjoy the sail; but our exclamations of delight were quite forced, and we gazed absently at our own reflections in the water; and as if to add to our depression, there were a party of country-people who persisted in singing, 'Happy are we, darkies so gay!' We did n't know about the darkies, but we knew some white folks that were sad enough. The little steamer reached her dock; we mounted to the top of a stage-coach, took one last look at dear Lake-George, and were whirled away as fast as four horses could carry us to Old Fort Ti. J. K. L.'

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We consider the following a *Model Certificate of Moral Character*. It is, we are assured, the *exact* examination of a law-student applying for admission to practise as attorney and counsellor in the courts of this State, which recently took place:

'Examiner: 'When was the code of procedure adopted?'
'Student: 'In 1848.'
'Examiner: 'What object was it designed to effect?'
'Student: 'It was intended to simplify and abridge the practice, pleadings, and proceedings in the courts of this State.'
'Examiner: 'Has it effected that object?'
'Student: 'No, Sir – r – r! I do n't think it has!'
'Examiner: 'Have you a certificate of good moral character?'
'Student: 'Yes, Sir; I have a *tailor's bill, which is receipted*, in my pocket.'
'Examiner: 'You 'll pass!''

. . . . . .

'*Apropos* to the Little Ones' department of your very *companionable* Magazine, may I send you the following definition by a very little niece of mine, which strikes me as being at least as accurate as that by the excellent Doctor Johnson, describing a mouse as 'a small active animal with a tail'? Aunt E——, being in Michigan last summer, expressed to Miss Jennie's papa a desire to see a 'blue racer' or a 'blow snake,' or a Massasauga, or some other specimen of that interesting class for which Michigan was *once* (not now, *they* say) quite famous. Miss Jennie, supposing that Auntie had no idea of the nature and properties of any snake whatever, and having a talent for giving information, uplifted her small voice with: 'Why! Do n't you know what a snake is, Auntie? *It 's a thing that 's tail all the way up to its head.*''

Does n't that 'read snaky?' - - - The familiar names of the noble dogs mentioned in the subjoined communication, from a Kentucky correspondent, will recall to the reader's recollection the stirring sketch of '*A Panther-Hunt*,' from the same writer, published some months since in these pages, and which travelled the rounds of the press throughout the Union. '*The Death of the Big Buck*,' we take it upon ourselves to predict, will experience a similar fate:

'To-day we chased the 'Big Buck' whose death was so unfortunately delayed by my Panther-Hunt and the loss of Medora. Long before the sun had gilded the topmost branches of the lofty cotton-woods, my horn had waked the stillness of the sleeping morn with the echoes of 'In the wild chamois track at the breaking of morn;' and the music which rose from the canine choir was such as the ears of the city-bred exquisite never listened to; and to *me*, the most thrilling harmony that ever steeled the nerves or waked the enthusiasm of a hunter's pride. My wounds were entirely healed; and once more in the saddle with 'Alp' bounding beneath me, as if he snuffed

the coming chase, I felt as if his steed and rifle were the only loves a true-hearted hunter could cherish; and with a joyous 'Halloo!' I joined the party who awaited me.

'We numbered some ten or twelve, each well versed in the woodsman's craft, except a cousin from the North, whose lack of skill with the rifle had furnished me much amusement during my temporary confinement. He had sworn, however, that the 'BIG BUCK' should not fall by *my* rifle; and with many a bantering jest at his expense, we entered the woods, 'striking' for the bank of a distant lake. I have always detested the tardy and uncertain mode of shooting on the stand; and knowing 'ALP's endurance and speed, I assumed the arduous office of 'driver' for the day. Giving the party ample time to reach their stands, I slowly entered the wood where the stag was usually to be found, 'and deep his mid-night lair had made' amid the dew-covered leaves of a dense thicket.

'For the first time I took out 'LINA,' whom (possessing, as she does, great beauty and faultless proportions) I found as true and fearless as her lovely namesake. Still I missed 'BEAUTY;' and 'CROAT' and 'WARRIOR' seemed as if *they*, too, felt her loss. The 'rosy-fingered daughter of the day' just crimsoning the distant East, reminded me forcibly of the lines in 'LARA:'

> 'NIGHT wanes: the vapors round the mountains curled,
> Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.'

'But I had no time for reverie. 'CROAT' raised his ears and gave vent to his low, peculiar whine, preparatory to opening on the trail. Till then I had kept all the dogs close in; but with a subdued 'Hark away!' I sent them cautiously into the thicket. 'LINA,' however, was young and rash, and in a few moments I heard her give tongue not twenty paces in my front, and 'with one brave bound' the 'BIG BUCK' dashed across the path, with the whole pack yelling in view. Involuntarily I threw my rifle to my shoulder; but before I cast a glance along the glittering barrel, I remembered that one shot might spoil the chase; for at that distance, the crack of my rifle was certain death.

'Slinging the weapon to its place, I followed in pursuit: 'torrents less rapid and less rash.' Those who are calmly seated in their rooms, may wonder at the fool-hardiness of dashing at full speed through a tangled wilderness, at the tail of a pack of hounds; but to one who has felt the thrilling madness of the chase, it is a matter of no surprise for the hunter to 'tempt death in a thousand forms.' The wild music of the hounds, frequently accompanied by the cheering of my voice and horn, recalled SCOTT's description of the chase, when,

> 'WITH bark and horn and loud halloo,
> No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.'

With every nerve strained, on we flew rather than ran, for more than half-an-hour. The 'BUCK' had headed for the lake, which, if *once* reached, would afford him refuge at *another* time. It was his invariable custom to plunge from the bluff into the water, and swimming with only his nose above the surface, seek an island nearly a quarter of a mile from the shore, where he had hitherto been perfectly secure; as, beside the island being a resort for the most dangerous animals of the swamps, we had no boat nearer than the river, a distance of some ten miles or more.

'As we neared the lake, the 'BUCK' now nearly a half-mile in advance of me, I heard the report of my father's rifle, but waited in vain for the joyous 'tra-la-la — la-la-a-a' to echo through the woods, the death-knell of many a gallant but ill-fated stag. Reining my horse, I waited for the next shot to tell the course the stag had taken. In a moment more it came: the contrast between the echoing sound of the heavy German bore and the sharp crack of the backwoods' rifle, told me that the 'BUCK' had passed the two best shots of the party, and from hearing no death-note, that he passed at lightning speed, heading for the lake at the point where my cousin was on the stand. In a moment my purpose was formed — striking into a bridle-path which emerged at the same point as the course the deer pursued, I called upon 'ALP' for a burst of speed and

endurance, which, as I had never before called on him in vain, I felt would give me one more chance to win the honors of the day. Gallantly did the noble horse respond, and fleet as if just from his stall, he bore me onward at a fearful pace.

'The lake was in sight, and still no sound from my cousin's rifle. At last it came, not two hundred yards in my front, but not till I heard the 'BUCK' crashing through the underwood, with the two old dogs and 'LINA' at his heels. With a feeling of joy I marked the shot as ineffectual, and with a shout of triumph secure in my aim, I threw my weapon to my shoulder. We were both at full speed approaching at right angles, when, just as the deer leaped into the open space surrounding the lake, I cast a hasty glance along the barrel, and touched the trigger. The report rang through the woods but the splash in the water told me the 'BUCK' was untouched. My cousin tauntingly cried out: 'Who missed that fire, eh?' and burst into a mocking laugh. He had drawn my balls while I was saddling 'ALP.' Comprehending at once the position of matters, I threw my rifle on the turf, and wheeled 'ALP' for the bluff.

'Without one swerve he plunged into the lake. I heard the voices of my father and the others calling me back — telling me it was madness to follow the deer to the island — but that laugh was ringing through my brain, and I thought, too, shall LINA be told that I shrank from the chase the moment it became perilous; and had certain death stared me in the face, still I had kept on. The two old dogs, 'CROAT' and 'WARRIOR,' and 'LINA' had followed me, the others having obeyed the call from shore. As 'ALP' breasted the waves, I thought of my condition. My revolvers at the holsters had become wetted at the first plunge, and with considerable anxiety I felt for a single-barrelled 'DERRINGER,' which I carried in my bosom — a weapon, by the way, which has turned 'right side up with care' in more than one emergency. It was dry, and with this as my only arm, except my knife, I pushed for the island. It seemed an age till we neared its shore, but at last 'ALP' sprang upon the sands and dashed the glittering drops from his panting sides. Urging the now exhausted dogs with horn and voice, I followed the stag, who had reached the island but a few moments before me, with my only pistol grasped in my right hand and my BOWIE-knife clutched between my teeth. In a few moments I heard the dogs at bay, and the shrill, angry whistle as the 'BUCK' charged on them. A few leaps brought us to the shore, where he still baffled the attacks of the hounds. When he saw me, he dashed at full speed upon us, with his head lowered and his sharp antlers bristling on his frontlet. 'ALP' reared and swerved from the shock, and the report of my 'DERRINGER' echoed as the death-knell of the gallant 'BUCK.' The ball had entered his right eye, my invariable shot, and with one bound he fell dead upon the sands.

'Throwing myself from the saddle, I loosed 'ALP's girths, washed out his mouth, and lay down to rest my own wearied limbs where none but the hardiest hunter had ever trod. All around me I heard the hissings of the water-moccasin and rattle-snake, while in the wood the plaintive cry of the panther and the sharp bark of the wolf rendered it almost impossible for me to restrain my exhausted dogs from rushing to certain death. At length, when the energies of the animals were recuperated, with the assistance of a young sapling I placed the 'BUCK' upon the croup of my saddle, and winding my horn to cheer the anxious party on the shore, struck out for the nearest land. . . . . We reached it, and the flesh of the 'BIG BUCK' hangs from our cabin rafters, and his hide and antlers wait the next boat to be sent to Kentucky. But here comes my boy with his nightly report of horses and hounds. 'Well, JOHN, how's 'ALP' to-night?' 'An't nothing 't all the matter with him, Mass FRANK — he's jis as slick as a mole-skin, and jus the best piece of horse-flesh in dis State. All dem dogs took der mush 'cept dat black pup of old Mass.' By the way, as apology for JOHN's eulogy upon 'ALP,' he has great State pride, and believes nothing equal to the Kentucky born. Well, I'll take JOHN's word this time without a personal inspection, and after an exciting day will woo the soft embrace of the drowsy god, exclaiming with the doughty squire of Don QUIXOTE, 'Blessed is the man who invented sleep.' W.

'*Plantation on the Mississippi, November.*'

VERY glad should we have been to do full justice to the *Exhibition of the National Academy of Design*, for the present year: but with all our efforts we have only been enabled to visit the collection twice: so that our examination of the pictures has necessarily been but cursory. Our fair and competent correspondent 'J. K. L.,' has been more fortunate, as will be seen from the following:

'MY DEAR MR. CLARK: I do not pretend to set myself up for much of a critic, but have tried my ''prentice hand' on the exhibition at the Academy of Design: and if the following remarks meet with your approbation, please give them a place in your pages.

'The first picture that attracted my attention as I entered the large room, was 'LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD:' but it seemed to me that the face was too old, and expressed too much sagacity, for one who was as easily deceived as the nursery-tale tells us she was by the wolf; and she don't look as if she ever said, 'Grand-ma, what big eyes you've got!' or could ever have been persuaded to part with her pot of butter. The head is certainly too small in proportion to the body, for a child. I hope Mr. PEEL won't feel inclined to *eat me up* for my remarks!

'Just below is a '*Scene in Wales*,' a very pretty sketch; but there is a want of atmosphere, which very much detracts from it, and the road has the very extraordinary appearance of *leading nowhere*, though it is as steep as the side of a house!

'I shall make no remarks upon No. 20, '*Going to School*,' by JEROME THOMPSON, as I am sure it will not fail to attract the attention of every lover of true art; but I must say that I do not consider it by any means one of his best pictures, and certainly not equal to '*The Apple-Gathering*' he finished a short time since, and which I perceive you have seen at his studio.

'Number 33, '*Settling the Presidency*,' is by A. F. TAIT, and has a peculiar interest for me, as the sketch was taken at Chateaugay Lake, and near '*Camp Comfort*,' the scene of my hunting exploits, where I *killed that deer*, and wrote my letters to you!

'Number 57, A Landscape by HUBBARD. The fore-ground is excellent, but the mountains look hard and leady.

'43, '*A Symbol*,' by DURAND, I was perfectly fascinated with, and could have gazed on it for hours: the effect of light and shade is exquisite.

'74, Portrait of a Lady, by D. HUNTINGTON, looks as though the dress was made out of a damask table-cloth, instead of white satin.

'84, *The Head of a Scotch Terrier*, by HAYS, and '*Rabbit-Hunting*,' by the same artist, are both excellent: so life-like and spirited that one feels inclined to say:

'Hark! hark! hear the dogs bark!'

'86, '*The Young Husband's First Marketing*' is quite a comical thing; but it strikes me that his head is most enormously large, and quite out of proportion with his body: and as for '*The Young Wife*,' in No. 94, she looks like an old maid who might have been in a great many stews before.

'FALSTAFF, by C. L. ELLIOTT, is excellent. He looks as though he were just saying, 'I desire more acquaintance of you,' as it were of 'good Master COBWEBB.' A contemporary, '*The Oriterion*,' speaking of ELLIOTT's full-length picture of Ex-Governor HUNT, says, with perfect justice:

'IT is a vigorous portrait: very true, not only to the features, but the natural language of the subject. It gives us not only the form, but the very air of the man. How much better *posed* is this figure than the average of full-lengths in the City Hall! ELLIOTT is no experimental limner; he has a strong, true touch, an admirable sense of color, always reliable, ever at command. This portrait is the man himself, and, at the same time, a perfect illustration of American life — with hat, coat, and cane — firm on his feet, confident, and going *somewhere* — the epitome of a progressive, locomotive race, born for office and action! A very clear specimen of this artist's success in fancy portraiture, of which we do not remember another example, is the little picture of FALSTAFF! What an incarnation of jolly epicurism! How complacently his hand rests on the distended

paunch, as if indicating the seat of the soul: what animal delight in the eye, what thorough sensual philosophy in the whole expression! The coloring, too, is in ELLIOT's best manner.

'Number 125, is a beautiful scene in the Franconia Mountains: the effect is fine, but I think it would have been heightened by more careful finishing of the fore-ground.

'Number 131, '*The Grape-Gatherer*,' by HUNTINGTON, is an exquisite little thing, and so is '*Mount Washington*,' by A. D. SHATTUCK.

'I must not omit to mention '*The Happy Family*,' Quail and Young, by TAIT, which pleased me as much as any thing in the Exhibition. And now I think this article quite long enough for a first attempt: and although I make no pretensions to be a judge, I think all will allow that I have 'naught extenuated, or set down aught in malice.''

More anon of the collection. - - - SUBSECTIONS OF GOSSIP upon the following subjects, although prepared, are unavoidably omitted until our next, in order to save the California mails of the twentieth of April: Death of Mr. JOSEPH CURTIS: Visit to the Cedar-ware Steam-machinery Establishment of the Messrs. STORMS at Nyack, Rockland county: Death of Mr. JAMES H. BENNOCH, at Piermont: The Rockland County Female Institute: 'Music and Musicians:' 'The Lost Hunter,' a Novel: T. BUCHANAN READ'S New Pastoral: with several other smaller fragments, all of which, in their order, exceeded the allotted space of our pages. Our readers don't know how very reluctantly we write this. - - - WE were 'King-Fish' on the Tappaän-Zee this spring. JOHN VOORHEES, that well-known and indefatigable fisherman and clever fellow, in his beautiful sheltered nook at SNEDEN'S Landing, opposite DOBBS' Ferry, caught for us the first shad of the season: except one rousing big specimen, which strayed up the Hudson as early as the first day of January! But *ours* was a beauty: and a sweeter fish was never tasted. How good they *are*, out of the running-water reservoir where JOHN keeps them! Talk of a shad 'bought in market' in comparison! Pshaw!

'THE WORKS OF CHARLES LAMB,' in two volumes, edited by the late Sergeant TALFOURD, are before us, from the press of the BROTHERS HARPER. 'Household Words,' are his writings now, to millions of delighted readers. Let us repeat here what was written in the opening number of the *Ollapodiana Papers*, in the KNICKERBOCKER for March, 1835: 'I hope you *know* LAMB, reader, in that fond acquaintance which authorship establishes between a writer and his admirers. What an essayist was he!—how shrewd in observation; how discriminative of the burlesque; how quaint, yet melodious in diction—in expression how varied! *Who* ever rose from his pages without brighter thoughts and softer feelings? If any one, let him distrust his heart, and acquire new perceptions; for in any sense, 't were better he should have no perceptions, than to be in the possession of qualities that cannot enable him to discern the merits of LAMB; the contemplative graduate of 'CHRIST'S, at Oxford, who could fling the lustre of his serene and goodly mind over every object: who *trailed the flowery vines of Poetry along the formal walks of Prose, until the scene brightened like a garden to the vision, and the air was redolent of celestial odors.* When will his place be filled again? What hand may renew the leaves of 'ELIA,' fresher and greener than the leaves of spring? I fear me, *none!* How fine a scholar, too, was he! None of your plodding quoters of Greek and Latin, with sentences longer than the longest Alexandrian, and a style rougher than the wave by Charybdis: but clear as the sky of May, and smooth as the susurrations of a stream in Eden. He made the best sources of our

language his study and his enjoyment. He walked with the god-like spirits of old English literature, like a compeer among his fellows; he sat him down beneath the royal and purple shadows of their mighty mantles, and ate of the manna which descended around. How numerous and how worthy were his intellectual companions! SHAKSPEARE was his bosom-friend; and with CHAUCER, SYDNEY, WARWICK, SPENSER, OVERBURY, BROWN, and WALTON, he 'strayed among the fields, hearing as it were the voice of GOD.'' A portrait of LAMB, reading by candle-light 'books which are *books*,' and not merely 'books in books' clothing,' fronts the title-page of the first volume.

New Publications: Art-Notices, Etc.

'A NEW FLOWER FOR CHILDREN. — We had rather be the author of one such book as this, than of many a one we could name, written for older persons, and in a more pretentious style. There is more truth, more nature, more poetry, more feeling, in it than in half the poems that were ever written. That author has genius of no common stamp, who can so step out from himself, as to feel and talk to children like a child. Not with a childish un-wisdom, nor strictly in a child's idiom; but *like* a child in simplicity of thought and language, in truthfulness to nature, and in purity of heart. Blessings on thee, MARIA CHILD! For thou hast done this, and more. There is in thee that which children will not only love, but seek after and imitate. Not consciously, but in a far better and surer way. We have no fears for the moral safety of any child who has an abundance of books to read like this 'New Flower,' and is reasonably free of the baleful influence of parental mis-direction. It is the *tuition of the heart* that is more needed now. And thank GOD! with such writers as DICKENS, HAWTHORNE, 'PETER PARLEY,' ABBOTT, and L. MARIA CHILD engaged in labors, more or less frequent, so successfully directed, they are likely to find the sustenance their budding natures crave. As the stories, in this little volume, are uniformly good, in style and sentiment and *fitness*, we find it a difficult matter to make a selection, as a sample of the style.

'MEN AND WOMEN,' by ROBERT BROWNING, has been issued by TICKNOR AND FIELDS. We have esteemed friends and correspondents, who themselves write simply and well, and touch the popular mind, and win the popular heart, who profess to admire the poetry of the BROWNINGS. When the twain were married, a distinguished American poet remarked to us, that he was glad of the circumstance, on one account: as, although no body else could understand their writings, they might now perhaps be able to understand each other. A critic in the '*Express*' daily journal 'expresses' our own opinion in forcible language:

'BROWNING is the poet of idiosyncrasy and waywardness. His poems impress one with the peevishness of wearied and over-wrought aspiration. In his new volume, we have even a still more marked development of his peculiarities in this respect than almost any heretofore. The spirit which characterizes 'Milford' on his grand tour, or in his continental loiterings, makes up the spirit of 'Men and Women.' His lyrical pieces, his dramatic pieces, his descriptive pieces, are all of this one temper. Indeed, in the dramatic efforts, where his peculiarities might be supposed to submerge themselves, he only manages the anomaly of multiplying himself and his whim, in each of the characters. His dialogue and action has an uniformity, varied only in the artificial division of it, which seems like so many fragments of a broken mirror, reflecting the incumbent features, the idiosyncrasy of ROBERT BROWNING.

'Such a poet does not get out of his own couch far enough to gain any feeling or fellowship with the real hearts of men and women. In presenting us, therefore, with a representation of his fellows, in a medium which should specially exhibit their common nature as the basis or background for such an effort, we find no such adjunct, but a sort of bas-relief execution, each figure varied without atmosphere, roundness, or completeness — each broken or cut short with abrupt and arbitrary curtness. There is not wanting in his verses either beauty of thought, language, or design; but neither the elegance of his sentiments, nor the picturesqueness of his subjects, compensate for the artificial and overstrained effects of their treatment. He has, too, reached the height of the prevailing faults of the present school of English poets; a remoteness from the fresh and natural experience of men and things in nature.'

'THE WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS.'—Do n't take up this work and read it through at once, but peruse it at intervals. In that way it will prove exceedingly amusing. The papers which compose this volume first appeared in the columns of *Neal's Saturday Gazette*, the editor of which was JOSEPH C. NEAL, the well-known author of the *Charcoal Sketches*, in which paper they soon attracted such public attention, that the greatest interest was manifested to learn the identity of the author, who, at the time they were written, was a quiet resident of Whitesboro', in this State, and the happy centre of a home circle—a Miss BERRY, subsequently married to the Rev. B. W. WHICHER. The character of this extraordinary and talented young woman is faithfully portrayed in the introduction; and the matter of the papers is so originally humorous; so free from any straining after effect; so ludicrously comic in character, and 'so remarkable for minute observation of human nature,' that they at once elicited the highest encomium from the press in all parts of the country, and which procured for the authoress numberless proposals for her production. DERBY AND JACKSON, publishers.

'A JOURNEY IN THE SEABOARD STATES,' containing a series of letters originally contributed to the New-York *Daily Times*, under the signature of 'A YEOMAN,' have been issued in a well-printed volume, by Messrs. DIX AND EDWARDS. The author is FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED, Esq., author of '*Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England*.' He claims to have been influenced by no partisan bias: he went upon his journey with a determination to 'see things for himself, and to see them carefully and fairly, but cheerfully and kindly;' and he certainly seems to have done so. Much of his volume is devoted to the capability of the soils in different sections, to sustain profitable culture, and support an increased population; the opportunities for improvement, both in agriculture and commerce; the comparative value of slave-labor, etc. The book is illustrated by a few good wood-cuts.

'OUR COUSIN VERONICA.'—'*Amabel, a Family History*,' a previous volume, by the writer of the present, (Miss MARY E. WORMELEY,) will insure popularity to the book before us. It is a quiet, flowing narrative, describing the fortunes of an English family who leave their ancestral home for a residence among the mountains of Virginia. Without any affectation of intensity, the plot wins upon the sympathy of the reader by its air of perfect naturalness, and the genuine, home-bred virtues of its principal characters. Alternating between England and this country, the scene embraces a variety of social features, representing the manners and habits of the interior of Virginia, and of several of the leading American cities, as well as of the rural population of Great Britain. The author evidently writes from a wide observation of society, a familiarity with the best literature of the day, and a fund of native good sense and good feeling.'

WE have received from OLIVER DITSON the '*Free-Love Polka*, dedicated to several pretty girls,' and the 'K. N. PEPPER *Polka*, composed by P. PEPPER POSD,' with the motto, taken from the published correspondence of the pote, '*Yours wile the Vittle Spare continoos to shynet!*' The former, we are assured by musicians, is an excellent composition. The latter, our friend WILLIS—a 'good judge'—says in his *Musical World*, is 'pert, pleasing, popular, peppery enough.'

WE derive the following new music for the Piano, from Mr. HORACE WATERS, 333 Broadway. *Fairy Bell Polka*, by T. H. HOWE. *Looking-around Polka*, by GIACOMO LAMO. *La Belle Georgienne Grand Waltz*, by HERRMAN S. SARONI. *Vilikins and his Dinah Schottische*, by JAMES BELLAK. '*I Never can be Thine*,' ballad composed by ELIA VALENTINI. '*The glance of Love*,' words by Miss FANNING READ, music by ELIA VALENTINI. '*Bird's Complaint, Song*,' by BENJAMIN JEPSON.

WE are obliged to omit a notice of the OPERA as the season closed, and of the opening, under Prof. MARETZEK, which promises to be very successful.

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"It contains, in beauty of getting up and in the excellence of its contents, all the fair wrought anticipations that have been formed of it. The name of WASHINGTON IRVING stands the first of the contributors, and a fine likeness, the first in a collection of sixty fine superb engraved portraits of the Knickerbocker contributors. The frontispiece is an admirable head of our friend, LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, the editor of Old Knick,' and the title page shows the proposed 'Knickerbocker Gallery,' Confirmation stands of this publication it is to be. All the articles are by the pens of the first writers in the land, from the North and South, the East and West, and most of them have the merit of freshness in the most speaking manner. The value of this book to the American reader is beyond estimate. It is demanded by it is infinitely [illegible] to its worth."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

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"This beautiful volume is gratifying alike to the warm-hearted contributors to its pages, and to the publisher, who is presented it in such an elegant form to the public. The design was to furnish a book, the profits of which should be applied to the purchase of a cottage on the Hudson for Mr. LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, the accomplished editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine, a periodical which has been distinguished for the excellence of its papers, [illegible] and has flourished through nearly a quarter of a century. There are over sixty contributions to poetry and prose, from [illegible] of the writers of the United States, and forty-eight engravings of the authors, including those of WASHINGTON IRVING, BRYANT, HALLECK, WILLIS, W. H. CARPENTER, C. D. PRENTICE, LONGFELLOW, HOLMES, TUCKERMAN, BAYARD TAYLOR, EDGAR A. POE, KENNEDY, H. MAYNE, &c., &c."—*Boston Courier.*

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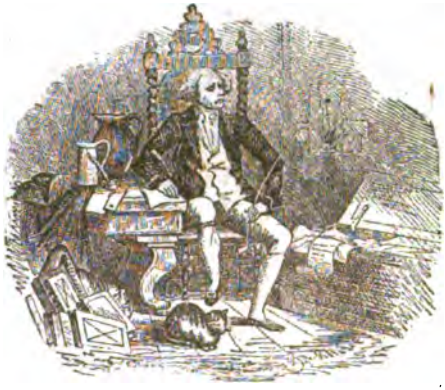
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AMERICAN AND ORIGINAL.

THE

KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE,

EDITED BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK.

THE number for January, 1856, begins the FORTY-SEVENTH VOLUME of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

Since the price of subscription has been reduced from FIVE to THREE DOLLARS a year, the circulation of the KNICKERBOCKER has been increased nearly four to one. In many places ten are sold where there was but one before, and through the year it has been steadily increasing. It is now offered as cheap as any of the Magazines, all things considered. Instead of making new and prodigious promises, we submit a few extracts from notices of late numbers, which we might extend to a number of pages.

'Those familiar with the Editor's monthly 'Gossip with his readers, have doubtless, with ourselves, admired the perennial source of its pleasant wit and joyousness. In this number 'The Gossip' holds on its way like some sparkling rivulet glancing and dancing in the sunshine of a May morning. We used to wonder how MR. CLARK held out, expecting he must certainly 'snow brown' in the coming number; but this number gives no sign of exhaustion.—*National Intelligencer, Washington.*

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Rev. F. W. SHELTON, Author of Letters from Up the River, etc., will be a regular contributor.

The best talent in the country will be enlisted, and no expense or effort spared, to make the KNICKERBOCKER more than ever deserving of the first position among our original American Magazines.

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Dec.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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LETTERS TO ELLA.

NUMBER EIGHT.

AN OFFER.

SOMETIMES it shall happen that divers sugars and liquids are put in a bowl, and eggs added: into this mixture is inserted a small shaft, or cylinder-shaped piece of timber, decorated at its nether extremity with thin pieces of similar wood, crossing each other, and projecting from the shaft to the four cardinal points. The upper end of the shaft being placed between the palms of one's hands, and one hand moved in one direction while the other hand moves in the opposite direction, and so alternately back and forth, the shaft is made to whirl; and the lower extremity, with its projections among eggs, sugars, and liquids, in the bowl, creates there an especial commotion. In a short time, not one of the West-India Islands, no, not even King Soulouque himself, shall be able to say, 'This is my sugar, and that is your sugar:' neither hen, goose, turkey, nor Shanghai shall be able to say, 'This is the egg which I laid;' nor shall any worm of distillery whatsoever recognize the liquid which made the long journey of its entrails. Behold a smooth, yellow compound, not free from exaggeration and froth, relishing and nutritious to the palate of carnal and unregenerate man, toward which the Anglo-Saxon race separates its lips and yearns.

Something such a shaft has been sunk and twirled among my faculties and sentiments, until it has become uncertain which part of me is really myself, and which part some body else. I am sentimentally stirred up, fused, and covered with light froth. My heart is figuratively and typically in the likeness of a bowl of egg-nog.

A letter has been received from Rachel, our friend Rachel, in which, among other things, she rehearsed some particulars of an entertainment or tea-party, given by the young misses, your school-mates and yourself, to the committees, trustees, and friends of the school, at the close of the term; how the honor had fallen to you of presiding over the occasion;

with how much care and unselfishness you forecast the arrangements to give your companions agreeable opportunities to be seen and known; keeping yourself only, as it were in the shade and back-ground; with what unobtrusive simplicity and modesty you made the occasion pleasant to the guests, in such sort that they went away thinking they had hardly ever met a company of young persons so promising and full of good dispositions as the young misses of that school. What was there, Ella, in this little bit of honor and success on your part, to make one's father cry? Perhaps he did not; and yet, I shall confess that smaller tokens of your good promise, ere now have caused the tides to rise, and in some solitary moment to overflow, in a manner quite womanly and ridiculous.

From Rachel's letter I infer that you have almost touched the line of beauty, and that you may hope for success as an artist. The field of art is ample. Painting and sculpture produce shapes and colors, with careful endeavor to represent their subjects in the most pleasing manner of which they are susceptible. Inanimate stone and canvas remain for ever. The perfectness of the idea embodied, of whatever sort, outlives generations and ages; but, at the best, it only awakens emotion, feeling none. By how much is character the better material to work upon! The true genius shall discover in every mind and soul, as in face or stature, a configuration more pleasing than any other, which at once resembles and exalts the original. Then the consciousness of possibility to be seen thus ennobled, invites the inward motions and growth of the spirit to dress up to the picture, and verify its attitude and expression. You shall live to a ripe old age, and never at any time be able to confer on any human being so great a benefaction, or win so much love and gratitude in any other way, as to bestow the consciousness of being seen and known thus favorably. So shall you draw ever toward yourself the sweet aspects of life. But in order to see the subjects in the right mood, the artist must be capable of suggesting the impulse sought, as deftly as of catching the response; and so, character will act and react, virtue beget virtue, and deep call unto deep. Not like stone or canvas will your work remain ever the same, an exalted resemblance; but the subject will work upward and over-pass the seeming likeness, and beam with a glow and exaltation all its own.

The only authentic hand-book of this species of art is the NEW TESTAMENT; and its great teacher and exemplar whose biography is there given, the NAZARENE. See with what rugged stroke HE hewed away the superfluous rock from HIS ideal! 'If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off. If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out.' Yet did HE so touch and open the sluices of the heart to the nobleness of its capacity, the grandeur of its possibilities, that men, however sordid and besotted, forgot their grossness. Doors of welcome flew open before HIM, and arms sprung apart to embrace HIS coming. The hidden susceptibilities of feeling were stirred, and opened for evermore; and souls were seen to go upon their courses, shining in the same eternal glory which lights up the stars and holds them to their orbit. Study the life and maxims of the GREAT MASTER. HE did not create truth, but only exemplified it. See how infallibly HE appealed to the germ, the similitude of GOD in man: 'I am the light and the truth; follow ME.' Fishermen, publi-

cans, usurers, and all manner of low and despised persons, seeing themselves appealed to as persons who could love the light and the truth, straightway revolted with loathing from their baseness, and wrought up to the ideal HE set before them. See with what calm resolve HE refused to win friends and followers, except by setting before them light and truth. How HE forgot HIMSELF in seeking to confer happiness upon others: how HE comforted the sorrowful, healed the sick, and enriched the forsaken with HIS sympathies. HE wrote HIS history only in the hearts of men; yet eighteen hundred years have fled; the memory of kings and philosophers has perished; but HIS life and character stand before us fresh as if they were of yesterday. The great pulse of the generations beats in response to HIS call more stoutly as the procession of the ages passes on. I repeat: HE created no new laws of mind or feeling, but only revealed those which before existed, and do now exist. So, my daughter, let the touch of your character upon other characters be firm, unselfish, gentle; flowing with sweetness and purity. Let your life be an appeal to the highest capabilities of other lives, and then shall you be an artist indeed, whose works shall be honored, and flow back upon you with fragrant memories, in all rich streams of love and hallowed affections.

Friend Rachel's letter, after giving an account of your entertainment, related in much the same way as your letter did, her invitation, and your acceptance of it, to spend the vacation at her house; but it also mentioned a circumstance which you forgot to state, and that was, the hovering round that neighborhood of a certain Mr. Miles Standish; how he arranged bouquets for your father's daughter, and stuck rose-buds in her hair. Her letter also related other some facts which I dare say you did not know, but which I tell you in order that there may be no reserve between us; how the said Miles Standish aforesaid then and there became absent-minded, addicted himself to solitary walks, wrote verses, and behaved absurdly. Rachel says she met him one day, walking back and forth, his head thrown a little forward, in a reverie, his hands clasped behind him under the skirts of his coat. She placed her hand upon his shoulder in a motherly way, and said:

'Miles!'

He looked up with a degree of confusion and embarrassment. For a moment her eye rested full upon his, and then she repeated:

'Miles!'

Her look was doubtless searching and motherly, for he made no answer. She fixed her gaze upon him, and held his eye fast to hers. I seem to see how she did it. Then, after another pause, she said:

'Miles, I cannot permit it: it will not do at all.'

He made a hesitating and feeble show of doubt, as if he did not know to what she referred. She said:

'Miles! It positively cannot be permitted. Thee must rally thy faculties and be a man. Ella has yet time to spend in school; and then she must see the world without embarrassing committals. If thee could, thee ought not to deprive her of that privilege. Thee has only education, the sensibilities without the fortune of a gentleman. Thee has yet to try thy success in thy profession; and I wish thee had a profession

which would not require thee to plead for the wrong as well as the right. But when thee shall have obtained a footing in thy vocation, when thy character and tastes shall become settled, and it shall be seen that thee is to be of some use in the world, then thee might hope for the brightest girl thee could find: but not now, Miles, not now!'

'I had not thought,' said Miles, 'to be laid under obligations for so much frankness;' and he turned, with some spirit, to leave her, but his motion was arrested by another flow of that motherly voice:

'Miles!'

'What shall I do? what shall I say?' replied Miles, with impatience.

'Do nothing, say nothing, in anger, Miles! Thee would not in that case do thyself justice, and would requite me badly. Ella is now under my roof, and while she is there, I am to her in the place of a mother. But if I had a son, I would wish him warned as I warn thee. No, Miles, say nothing in anger. But if thee can imagine what thee would say to thy mother, thee may say it to me, and welcome.'

'I would say,' replied Miles, 'that I had found an unexpected bar to all courage and motive to exert myself. If I cannot speak to Ella, and tell her my thoughts; if I cannot hope that she will share her thoughts with me, I might as well extinguish life itself, and cease to think and feel; for all thought and feeling would be stagnation. If my feelings could have their course, they would fill their deep channel, and move on like a flood: my mind would be borne with them, and partake of their power. I could put forth the strength of Samson; I could hew out a destiny for her and for myself. Yes, I would be a giant, and from cold obstruction I would wrench popularity and fortune, and lay them at her feet. But if this dream is to be dispelled; if this tall hope is to be laid low, then I am nothing but a driveller. I will pull up the roots of my last chance for manhood, and wander I care not whither.'

He was interrupted by Rachel's mild and monitory voice, saying:

'Miles!'

'Mother, have I said too much?'

'Miles, I did not think it had gone so far with thee. I looked upon it as a passing fancy. But does thee remember her youth, and would thee overcast its brightness prematurely with cares and anxiety? Thee talks of being a giant; but does thee know that strength without opportunity avails nothing? Does thee remember the slow ascent of professional success, how courage and patience are only not worn out by deferred hope, and how triumph comes at last, if it comes at all, when the sensibilities are blunted to its approach? Does thee know the silent tortures of a high heart struggling to lift itself from the depths of obscurity, but able to clutch only straws? And would thee invite our dear Ella, young, happy Ella, into such a struggle, and call thy feeling *love*? Beware, Miles, of thy manhood.'

'Mother! I have known all these things, not now only, but from my youth up. Have I not wandered up and down lighted streets of a Christmas eve, and caught the sights and sounds of rejoicing, saying to myself, Where for *me* is there any Christmas welcome or Christmas

cheer? I have had a few friends whose constancy shone like fixed stars in my firmament: but for these my life had been solitary. Have I not felt the enjoyments of wealth and the endearments of kindred creep by me upon the tides of life like the sounds of distant music? Have I not felt the stings of unfeeling arrogance, and seen the assumptions of pampered dulness? Forgive me, mother: it is not vanity. I feel that I *can* cope with the world. I know that I have that within me which shall return blows for buffets. I am not weak. I shall grapple with a fierce hug, and obstacles must yield. Never have discouragements so darkened my horizon but that I could see victory shining in the distance. When all else failed me, and my very blood seemed turning to ooze and mud, away in the distance, over bogs and mountains, victory has beckoned with never-failing smiles. I know what that victory is to cost, but I shall win it.'

'Miles,' interrupted Friend Rachel, 'thee has a brave heart, somewhat too fierce and eager. I would that the spirit of divine peace might soften and subdue it: then would thy prospects be not less sure but thy figures of speech less warlike. Go first and win thy victory, and then come back and talk of love. I trust thee will meet thy MAKER'S approbation, and all will be well with thee. I think thee may become an oak; thee is yet but an acorn.'

'Did you not say,' replied Miles, 'that I might call you mother?'

'Yes, I said so,' was the answer.

'Mother, I need help. I have been wandering through a dreary wilderness, and am sick at heart. Varieties of weather have beat upon me, unprotected. I am worn and weary. I have health and courage, but I need help. I have stumbled as it were upon a little flower, blooming in the midst of waste and vacancy. It has no strength of its own, but its purity and fragrance infuse themselves through my whole system, and fill me with new life. With that flower upon my bosom I would be as the Son of the Morning. I do not seek in haste to pluck it. I can wait. But I wish to drink in a little repose by gazing upon it; and you bid me move on. You tell me to come back after it has been plucked by other hands, or the frosts have nipped it. Mother, this is the crisis of my fate. I am a full man's stature, or I am nothing. There is in Ella the complement of my spiritual existence. When with her I am as whole as GOD made the world; without her is never any rest or hope. I must tell her this, and tell her that I shall bide my time. One year hence, two years, ten years, all the same to me. I shall wait for her. I will ask no promise, no committal from her; but when I have told her all, then I can pass on with a free heart, and feel like a soldier armed for battle, and I *shall* tell her.'

'Miles!'

'I hear you.'

'Thee talks unwisely. Thee has more vehemence than delicacy. Thee shall tell her nothing of the kind, while she is under my roof. Thee forgets that the child could not after such a declaration from thee be free and whole as she was before. Either she would be moved by thy persuasion to an impulsive response, which would bind her to think of thee; or her peace would be wounded by an apprehension of thy

unhappiness. Unless thee will promise to say nothing, hint nothing of all this to her, I will warn her of thee as of a serpent, and thee shall see her no more. Miles, what is thy choice?'

'I — promise!'

'And I rely upon thy promise, my son.'

'Rachel!'

'Why not call me mother?'

'It is time for me to have done with illusions. They cause expenditure of feelings, and mine have been too much drained already. These people and these places that have seen me shall see me no more. I will help to track the whale in his pastures. I will visit the Cannibal Islands. This free country, with its civilization, where all men are born equals, is no place for a poor man, unless he were as impervious to feeling as a sponge. Especially if he be educated, and carry his face upward, the look-out at the mast-head of conservatism cries, 'Here she blows; there she blows!' and even the women seize their harpoons and pierce him. For years have I been striving among icebergs to find a North-west passage leading to some open sea where my little bark might rest; but frozen and starved, I abandon the pursuit. My only trophies are a few dry bones. Good-by, Madam.'

'Miles! will thee answer me one question — only one?'

'Say on.'

'Is it customary for whales, the moment they are pricked with harpoon, to stop and deliver their blubber?'

'You wrong me: I am not blubbering. I ask no favors. Fate is against me, and I wage war upon fate. I offered a truce. I did not and will not cry for quarter.'

'I see,' said Rachel. 'There is a kind of warrior, that, before battle, inflates himself with bellowing, tears up the earth, and scatters much dirt, chiefly — on himself. He is thy ideal.'

'Rachel!' said Miles, 'I did not look for such cruel taunts, from your peaceful countenance and affected simplicity; but why not? Such are the bounties bestowed by the world upon free spirits. You are only like the rest, smooth and without mercy.'

'Miles! I have seen more years than thee has. Thy tone of conversation tells me thee reads Byron and Shelley, and admires them. Am I right?' inquired Rachel.

'I do, of course. They were men of genius. They set society and the world at defiance, and made war upon cant. I admire their courage, and I share their martyrdom,' said Miles.

'Yet,' said Rachel, 'it seems to me, thee has chosen for thy favorites two arrant and miserable cowards and drivellers. They disregarded those principles which society has found to be its only safe-guards, and trampled under foot its holiest observances. When society, in self-defence, turned upon them, they raised a piteous and cowardly cry of persecution. The wounds they inflicted were stealthy, but vital: a moderate share of manhood would have dictated that they should bear their punishment in silence: instead of this, they made the literature of their day vocal with cowardly complaints. They prostituted genius and the noble art of poetry, to make their poltroonery immortal.'

'May I beg to know,' asked Miles, with an air of wounded pride, 'why I have the honor to listen to these views on this subject; why you confer on me a pleasure so unexpected and unsought?'

'For shame, Miles!' retorted Rachel. 'With all thy fancied wisdom, thee is but a boy. Thee has partaken of my bread and salt. Had I loved thee less, I had said less. Thee seeks to bind to thy untried fortunes a child whom thee should scorn to entrap; to defy every rule of prudence which can be counted upon as affording a plausible guarantee of safety and happiness. Because thee finds obstacles to thy devouring self-love, thee rails at society, and smites thy friends. Thee thinks thyself a lad of spirit, to cast about thee at random bitter and complaining words. Thee is a soldier, armed for battle. Thee is a navigator of tempestuous seas. Thee is a whale, whom society discovers from its mast-head. My regards for thee, Miles, are kind and of a verity, but if thee will have warlike comparisons, thee should liken thyself to Falstaff and his men in buckram. If thee does not harpoon thyself, none will harpoon thee. If thee would render it possible, I would befriend thee. I would advise and comfort thee.'

'Perhaps,' said Miles, 'I am wrong. I own I have been rude, and I beg you to pardon it. But I was in a pleasant dream. I seemed to have ended my forty years' wandering in the wilderness. I was on the top of Pisgah, looking along the sweet valley of Jordan, and over into the fruitful land beyond. The fulfilment of my desire seemed about to make my face to shine, as the face of Moses, when he came down from Horeb. But you dashed ——'

'Thee is now likening thyself to Moses: was thee at any time the great Iguanadon?' asked Rachel.

'Oh! I beg you mercy,' exclaimed Miles: 'I see now what I have been. I have been a ninny and a fool. Do, mother, forget my inexcusable and ridiculous extravagance. Did I wound you? did I ——'

'Thee shot poisoned arrows, Miles, but I cannot flatter thy aim: they went wide, and left me whole. Nor is thee so very much to blame. Thy faculties were inflamed, and it may be that I was too hard upon thee. Thee went up in a balloon which has collapsed. Now thee is once more on earth, shall we consult what is to be done with thee? Doubtless thee has fared less daintily than some others; but the GREAT MASTER has uses for minds trained in the rigors of penury. Seldom HE honors those born to tread upon flowers with HIS highest commissions. HE makes not them the advocates of great causes, nor are they rugged to uphold the truth. Whom HE loveth HE chasteneth. Fatigues and self-denials may be the foreshadowing that HE has chosen thee for great duties. The Great Emperor did not bestow upon ease and sloth the star of the Legion of Honor. Our GREAT MASTER is greater and more just, and HE too hath HIS star of the Legion of Honor.'

'Now, mother!' exclaimed Miles, 'you speak to me like the sound of a trumpet. My blood mounts and cries: "Ho! for the star of the Legion of Honor."'

'Softly, my son! If HE chasteneth the minds of HIS chosen to endurance and victory, he also toughеneth the stupid. Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him.'

'What, then, is your advice, and where does this lead me?' Miles inquired, with new perplexity.

'It is this, my son. Meet thy fate modestly and serenely, holding even course between extravagant hope and despair. Be to Ella a true friend and a brother. In fulness of time it might happen that thee shall be decorated with a nearer regard, and be as thee says, the Son of the Morning. I shall write her father all that has taken place. If thee persists in thy wishes, I will give thee a letter of introduction to him, and leave the matter to him and thyself.'

'Is he haughty? Is he scornful?' inquired the young man.

'Is this the warrior?' replied Rachel pleasantly. 'Is this the hardy navigator? Is this the whale? Is this Moses? Is this the candidate for the star of the Legion of Honor?'

To this point, my daughter, did Rachel write me with a most obliging particularity. I repeat it all to you, because it concerns you, and will do you no harm. If there be danger in it, and I doubt there may be, that danger would not be lessened by concealment. My trust is in the FATHER of us all, and in the delicate perceptions of your womanly nature.

Having ended her faithful narrative of affairs relating to my daughter, she made known her great sorrow for the irregular courses of her sister's son. He had fallen into bad company, lost his employment, and wandered away, without the courage to write to his mother. It was reported that he was in the West, and she earnestly requested my friendly assistance to find and reclaim him. She entertains the same notions of the West that are common to people who have not been this side of the Alleghanies. She understands geographically, the number of States and cities and the distances, but her habitual notion is, that the West is a place or a neighborhood. Because her nephew is in the West, she hopes I will be able to find him. And glad I am it happens that I can gratify her; for the young man whose leg was broken, and who is now at Elwood Nathan's, is the nephew. I commission you to convey to her the agreeable news that he is found, and among friends.

But I have not completed my letter. The above paragraph was on the point of being finished, when I was interrupted by the door-bell — 'Ching-a-ling, a-ling, ling-ling!'

Who should be shown in but Mr. Miles Standish himself, bearing a letter of introduction from Rachel, commending 'the youth' to my friendly regards.

There stood before me a young man, the lines of whose countenance were sufficiently marked for a man of forty years; but from other appearances I should say his age might be anywhere from twenty to twenty-five. His head was covered with a shock of straight hair of a glossy black color, so thick and ample in growth that there was a strong tendency for masses of it to over-lap other masses, and lie in disorder. His eyes were of a dull, heavy black in repose, but such as suggest the possibility of being kindled to a flame and brightness almost weird. The general cast of features did not suggest deformity or extreme irregularity, but was marked, angular, and decisive. His upper lip, chin, and neck, had no commodity of beard, and were held in close subjection to

Arsch H. Tisdale.

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L I N E S

INDITED UNDER THE INSPIRATION OF THE FELINE MUSE.

NOT YET SET TO MUSIC.

I.

STRANGE sounds one moonlit night came to my ear,
While I lay tossing in a maudlin dream:
I cannot tell like what of all things here,
But themselves only,* to my thought they seem.

II.

Not like the groan and grumbling of the thunder;
Not like the squeaking voice of ancient maid:
Nor spectral 'raps,' which leave us rapt in wonder:
Not like the screaming of a serenade.

III.

Nor like the jargon of a cracked hand-organ;
Nor screak of saws, nor note of pigs and geese:
Nor like the mythic shriek of murdered MORGAN,
Nor lumbering wagon-wheels, unblessed with grease.

IV.

Unlike caged creatures' howls and squeals and growls;
Unlike the ghostly moan of aged trees:
Unlike the angry tones of frighted fowls;
The brat's shrill cry, or crone's asthmatic wheeze.

V.

It was a dissonant and dismal yawling,
Telling of whole dire Iliads of woes,
Hideous as fiend-yells — very caterwauling:
How with grim thoughts of vengeance up I rose.

VI.

Up rose my window too, and from it whirling
Forth went a cudgel through the mid-night air;
The sounds subsided not: I kept on hurling
Big sticks of fire-wood at the prowlers there.

VII.

Then to my dozing chum most loudly called I,
In sad despair at my own impotence:
'Cats! cats! cats! cats!' with lusty out-cry bawled I,
For sleep had dulled his every nerve and sense.

VIII.

Some vigorous punches at his ribs; out jumped he,
Just as the demons pealed their parting wail;
His drowsy head against the bed-post bumped he,
Then bolt he upright stood, with visage pale.

* '*Tantum sui simillis.*' — TACITUS.

IX.

'Boot-jacks and Jews'-harps! JACOB! what's the matter?'
He said. Now oaths by hurried hundreds come:
Before his wrath my teeth began to chatter;
I stammered faintly, 'C–c–a–a–ts!' and straight grew dumb.

X.

Then, with most scorching looks and muttered curses,
And vengeful vows, he sank to rest again:
The memory of them, as I write these verses,
Curdles my blood, and chills my soul with pain.

XI.

I clomb in too, to mend my broken slumber,
But tossing lay, all night, in sore unrest:
Grimalkins, tabbies, catkins, without number,
Frisked for a race-course on my aching breast.

Augusta, (Maine.)

The Wicked Young Doctor: and the Direful End that Him Befel.

'THEREIN a cancred, crabbed carle does dwell,
That has no skill of court nor courteste,
Ne carés what men say of him ill or well:
For all his dayes he drownes in privitie,
Yet has full large to live and spend at libertie.'

THE dread and terror of the village, a reproach and a by-word in the mouths of the whole country round, old Giles Grimsby lurked in his den, far away from every human dwelling, under the dank, black shadows of the hemlock-swamp. Shunned and hated by all, haunted in a hundred boyish imaginations by baleful shapes of evil, and echoing in superstitious ears with sounds of unearthly ill, his ruinous hut stood close by the edge of that accursed wilderness: a narrow road-way worn by the unfrequent wheels of the lumber-trucks led by it; but seldom did any feet of human being go that way. The bold foresters occasionally, rifle on shoulder, would pass the spot on their way into the thicket, but the boldest of them, I ween, hushed his shrill whistle as he marched by, and there was less of the careless swing in his gait, and a less air of assured and proud security, and a glance around that betrayed something of an uneasiness of which the wearer was half-ashamed, and a softer tread, like one stepping on untried and forbidden ground. It was a dismal place to pass of a winter's morning: the ragged coats and the old hats stuffed through broken panes did not betoken much of ease or plenty within: you might have battered long at the stout old door without inviting other welcome than the fierce, snarling growl of old Satan the mastiff, or perchance a deep, surly curse from his master, if, indeed, his

deaf old ears should deign to hearken to your boisterous call. The crows kept such an endless cawing around the old hut as they hovered about its broken roof-tree — it fell in years ago, and the four walls are a black ruin now — that they passed in the village for the old man's familiars; and indeed, if ever there was a living man who could find company in that heathenish rout, and sympathizingly listen to their croakings, that man was old Giles Grimsby. Sometimes of a cold morning there would steal up from the low mud-chimney a thin, blue streak of smoke, curling up above the black tops of the hemlocks: little other token was there of human life within these desolate, tumbling walls; little other except the loud oaths and the sound of heavy blows that greeted the huntsman sometimes, mingled with the snarls of Satan, and black Noll's loud and piercing shrieks.

None ever cared to interfere personally in these pleasant domestic scenes: Noll and Satan and old Grimsby were left to maul and beat and tear and slash each other very much in what manner seemed good in the sight of their own eyes; and old Noll, fifty years after, when your narrator could listen to his story, used to show a hideous white scar gashing his black face, half-severing his flat nose, and making a long seam beneath his eye, while on the other side his torn and ragged ear, and the deep dints in his cheek, gave good evidence of the fearful earnestness of old Satan's bite.

If you met old Grimsby limping slowly among the hammocks and charred stumps of his half-cleared, barren fields, little good you got from his gruff salutation, and old Satan dropped his raw under-lip, and, growling, held down his ragged head, leering side-ways at you from his blood-shot eyes, and stealthily watching you between his master's halting legs for a reasonable chance to fasten on your throat; and if old Giles was in a particularly bad humor, it was a fair chance but you left behind you at least a fragment of your calf with the appertaining broadcloth, to regale old Satan's spleen till a more fitting opportunity occurred. The boys of these times could tell many a moving story of their forays into this dread territory; of the rich spoils of walnuts and plump chestnut-burrs sacrificed in the vain attempt to escape this savage Cerberus; of long chases across the shaking morass, the old man hoarse with rage pouring forth his blasphemy from the firmer ground, and the deep bay of old Satan, leaping steadily and swift behind, in sure and terrible pursuit. The trembling ones that fell and were left in these unequal races, were sure to carry home with them tokens of the mastiff's tender remembrances; and the marks left by old Grimsby's knotty cudgel were not soon effaced either from the backs or memories of these juvenile invaders of his quiet.

So the surly old cripple, his limbs knotted and gnarled, his back crouching under infirmity, and his wheezing ribs struggling convulsively for breath, lived out his miserable life unvisited by human beings. Unvisited save by one: a little black Canadian pony the woods-men often noted at dusk, tied by his bridle to a charred and splintered pine-tree stump that stood close under the shadow of that unfriendly roof. As the pony snorted and reared, and pawed with his vicious hoofs the withered sod around, he seemed to the woods-men a fit visitant for such a

spot; and on the nights when he stood uneasily there, a bright light would gleam out through the wide crevices in the ruined walls, and loud oaths and unearthly laughter, broken and mingled with low, growling curses, wheezed out between the intervals of a hoarse, hacking cough, and the muttered grumblings of Satan, with now and then short snatches from blasphemous drinking-songs roared out by two coarse, discordant voices, proclaimed unusual revels going on within. At such times there were few that cared to linger long in their road by the ill-omened hut; the very crows would be roused from their mid-night roost, and would flutter cawing and dismayed away, clustering in a frightened crowd under the scant branches of the cedars. But one man bolder than the rest, who listened once at dead of night close by the shattered window, over-heard in those low, grumbling tones, deep threats of murder and dark vengeance, and then they turned to snivelling, broken prayers for mercy, or tremulous accents of terror and despair; the more abject, the louder and more harsh the derisive laughter that greeted them, and the deeper the draughts of fiery spirits, and the sea-songs more bloody, and trolled with a more reckless and unmerciful glee. And the old wretch himself would join, breaking off from his cowardly supplications, and would belch down the hot rum into his withered carcase, and cough forth a cackling laugh at the chorus, and whine unseemly flattery, ogling in all his wrinkles admiration, while the dull, deep light of hatred burned red and insatiable in his blinking eyes.

At a scandalous hour, after one of these ungodly orgies, the hoofs of black Beelzebub, the wicked little pony, would clatter over the stones of the village street, and the good people he roused from their quiet slumbers followed his steps with no fervent blessing, and invoked no happy end for his misguided rider. And if there ever was a point in which unanimity prevailed in our village, it was with regard to the evil fate which, all agreed, awaited that unlucky practitioner. And it needed but one glimpse of Dr. Griffin's ill-favored features to convince the most skeptical of the justice of the village auguries. About his lank form, which would have been tall but for the stooping shoulders, whence hung dangling two long, bony arms, his garments clung with as much sympathy as the cast-off clothes upon a scare-crow: his great knobbed joints seemed to creak as he strode along: his hollow cheeks were pale and haggard, and the untrimmed, scattered beard that grew upon them, as well as the straggling black wisps of hair that fell over his narrow forehead, were left uncared to wander at their will. But withal, there was something strange that compelled your gaze, in the restless black eyes, small and far-hid beneath his shaggy low brows, which, when once they fixed upon you, seemed to look you through, while they baffled by their sudden changing every attempt you made to read them. It was something in the terrible, deep meaning of those eyes that extorted from old Giles Grimsby the sullen, grumbling deference he was used to accord to the only man whose company he craved; hating him, and muttering his malignant threats before his very face, you could sometimes see the blasphemous old churl cringe tremblingly before the young physician, and turning off his smothered curses with a hoarse, unkindly jest. Once there was something so devilish in the quick leer of

the young man's eye, as the two sat together in the forest-den, that the old man sprang up from the crazy chair in which he had been groaning and writhing in the torments of his rheumatism, and with a terrible oath dashed the potion he had just received from him, cup and all, into the chimney, and then fell back helpless in his chair, chattering and quivering, and shaking in every limb, with the great cold drops gathering in the deep channels on his brow. The doctor, old Noll says, roared out with a coarse laugh that made the rafters shake, and when his merriment had in some measure subsided, he prepared a draught from another vial, and old Grimsby lifting it to his lips, his red eyes shrinking away from the twinkling glance of his companion, drained it every drop, and slept that night a sweeter sleep than was often vouchsafed to the battered, worn-out old sinner.

When old Grimsby crouched doubled up with rheumatism in his leaky hut, or tossed wild with asthma on his miserable bed, or when any of the ailments which were ever afflicting his shattered old frame was sternest in its iron hold upon him, then Beelzebub would be seen shivering and snorting at his stand by the burnt pine-tree stump, and except by the boy Noll and Dr. Griffin, the stubborn old rebrobate was left to groan and swear and toss himself free as best he might from his load of torturing infirmities. And when after one of these fierce sieges he would crawl out like some viper into the sunshine to thaw out his stiffened joints, with just breath enough left to curse, and just strength enough, leaning on his crab-stick, to shake his skeleton fist at the unlucky black, small thanks did Dr. Griffin receive for his skill, small welcome he and the black pony Beelzebub when they paused in their morning canter at the rickety gate, on which leaned the just-rescued sinner, with an ill-favored leer of triumph in his ferret eyes, as he answered the doctor's inquiries after his health, and held out his gaunt, shrivelled wrist, with the rigid artery sluggishly swelling under the doctor's finger.

At last, one black November night, there came a pealing storm of raps upon the doctor's door: the doctor slept ill o' nights, they said, and Noll might have spared himself such unusual trouble: at all events he just dropped the hammer with one last thundering blow, when Dr. Griffin's black shock of hair protruded from an upper window. Beelzebub soon dashed by the negro on the road, leaving him panting on through mud and mire to follow as he might.

When Noll reached the cabin-door, Satan lay stretched upon the threshold with his great muzzle turned up toward the clouds, baying forth such long-drawn, piercing, pitiable howls as struck a strange, chilling terror into the negro's bosom. It was with a shaking hand he lifted the latch and stepped within the door: old Grimsby, pale as very death, lay bolstered up in bed; his mouth, wide open, gasped for air, and his head in agony rolled from side to side: the dirty, scanty bedclothes rose and fell with every convulsive, heaving inspiration; his gaunt ribs it seemed would burst at every breath: cold damps were gathering upon his wrinkled face: his eyes glared fiery red from under his gray brows, and curses, oh! more terrible than even old Grimsby ever

swore before, came up mingled with death-rattles, and poured from his quivering white lips.

'Ha! ha! have I cheated you at last? Have you lost all your years of jealous watching, your potions and your drugs, your long nights of vigils and your stormy mid-night rides? Must you hover round me like a vulture, ready to pounce upon my old carcase, and snatch from the worm his due? Would nothing satisfy you? no bribe, no prayer, no humiliation — nothing but this poor, skinny, rotten carrion? Would you not take your clutches from me for an instant, not though I begged and prayed to be left alone to die? Come, feast your devilish eyes upon me now; I called you here for that. Come, gloat upon this agony: come, count this ebbing pulse: listen to these hoarse rattles: feel these cold, deadly damps! Ha! ha! you 'll have no more of me! I 've cheated you: you 've lost your wager, doctor! Ha! ha! ha! Good-by! good-by!'

The bony fist dropped dead upon the bed; the toothless jaw with a shuddering, long-drawn sigh fell open wide; the doctor sprang forward: it was all over with old Giles Grimsby!

Two men whom Noll had not before seen, stepped quickly out now from a dark corner of the room: they bore between them a stout, heavy box of strange shape and workmanship: with a business-like air they took their places at the head and foot of the straw pallet on which in an unshapely heap lay the miserable remains of old Grimsby: the doctor gave way to them, stepping quietly back, laying down the pulseless wrist he held between his fingers, put up his watch within his great-coat, and stood watching the preparations that were going on with an expression of half-indifferent curiosity; yet Noll thought he could read something more in a dim twinkling light that lurked in the deep caverns far beneath his eye-brows. The men completed their arrangements in silence; screws and bolts, a formidable array, were driven in and secured: then they took up their burden and staggered with it heavily out. Dr. Griffin looked after them till the door was closed; then he bestirred himself where he stood with a faint, inward chuckle.

Noll was crouching close to the faint embers, trying to blow a little life into them, wondering to himself what next he should do in life, and catching stolen glances at the doctor's face as he stood alone in the middle of the floor: he felt Dr. Griffin's strong, heavy hand upon his shoulder, and the next instant was jerked upon his feet.

'Come, lad, let those dead coals alone: you 'll never warm yourself by their light again: better look out for a new hearth and another home. What say you? I 've a place and work enough for a likely boy like you: come to my house to-morrow: I 'll make you useful: never fear.' Noll bobbed his head in token of acquiescence, and the doctor strode out of the door.

That night there was a great blaze seen over by the hemlock-swamp, and a black form dancing about with uncouth gestures in the lurid light, and in the morning four crumbling black walls and a staggering chimney showed where Giles Grimsby had passed his useless, desolate life.

What starved, ill-favored cur haunted all day and all night long the

gate of Dr. Griffin's lonely dwelling! The stark ribs stood out beneath his brown-brindled mangy hide: the sharp and jagged chain of bones along his back started up in a bare, rough ridge between his two lean shoulders: famine stared from his dull red, hollow eyes; half-dead he lay, with famished mouth wide open, and his dry, red tongue lolling out at the inhospitable gate: but when Dr. Griffin stalked abroad, he would rear himself up feebly on his tottering legs, dashing himself against the palings, and baring his white fangs in ineffectual fury. All through the night he sent up his unearthly, agonizing howl: people shuddered in their beds at the ill-omened sound: 'There is a death to-night,' they muttered, turning in their uneasy slumbers. They could not drive the dog away: he found his way to the door of the side-office, and there he laid himself down with a growl rattling in his hoarse throat, breaking out every now and then with such an appalling, heart-sickening yell as set the doctor cursing over his work within. Blows and kicks were of no avail: the beast's red eyes would start from their hollow caverns like globes of fire; with savage strength he would throw himself, snarling a desperate growl, against the half-closed door, and when it was forced shut against him, he would scratch and paw and beat against it with such determined fury, that Noll verily believed it was Satan himself, come in the shape of that insatiable dog-fiend, to carry away the body of the old sinner who lay festering in his sack-cloth shroud within.

The night was one of the blackest of December: the winds hooted and howled around the corners of the little old house, rattling the sashes in their frames and driving in at every cranny; the rain dashed in pelting sheets against the panes, the timbers rocked and trembled before the blast. The hammer of the old town-clock had raised itself with a sepulchral groan of premonition, and came down with a low, deep, booming sound, one — two — three! Again and again it fell, till eleven strokes were told. The doctor, with his new 'squire Noll to help him, was shut in, in his little back-office, busily at work. Three or four tallow candles hanging in the sconces round the room, blackened its low ceiling with their smoke; their glaring flames blown hither and thither by the puffs of wind, shed a dim, unsteady light throughout the room; the hot grease streamed over Noll's fingers as he stood with his candle in his hand close over old Giles Grimsby's gaunt, naked corpse, lending what help he could to the doctor in his labors.

'Ha! ha! You 've cheated me, old carrion, eh?' the doctor exultantly chuckled: 'was it your bolts and your screws, your strong coffin, and your deep grave, your drunken watchers, and your triple locks, that were to keep me from you? Ha! ha! Noll! see you this pleasant grin he gave me at parting? Not so — not so easy, old curmudgeon! Dr. Griffin did n't watch you without fee or favor, night after night, and cold, stormy day after day, through dropsy and rheumatism, ague and asthma — did n't bear your abuse, and listen to your grumblings, and pity you in your whinings, and nurse you through your obstinate, tossing nights, to be cheated at last by a stout coffin and an undertaker! No, no, old fool! ha! feel you this knife now in your wretched old bosom?' Harshly it grated over the brittle bones. Noll, in his terror, almost

thought he heard a groan come up from the hollow trunk; the doctor only laughed the louder, with a harsh oath admonishing Noll to be more careful with his burning grease: but Noll, trembling and chattering, only shrank the more away from the fearful, maddening light in the doctor's eye, and the grin of unearthly triumph with which all his pale features writhed. As stiff cartilage after cartilage gave way with a crunching sound beneath the heavy knife, his dark eyes glared and rolled in their sockets, the thin, pale lips were contracted, and the ghastly cheeks quivered with demoniac frenzy: the storm without grew louder and louder, the old house quaked as if would tumble down: as the lights within flared and glimmered, they threw an uncertain, spectral light upon the bowed face of the young doctor, till it seemed half-real, half a ghostly shadow.

The bones were wrenched from their attachments; the doctor's long arm plunged far down into the open cavity: with a nervous jerk of his powerful arm, lungs and heart and streaming vessels were torn reeking from their bed. Just torn away, and suspended in his bloody hand with an exultant laugh — that instant came a thundering blast that shook the house to its foundations, and tore the stout door from its hinges — that instant stood the mastiff Satan before Noll's blinded eyes, flame and smoke and sulphurous vapor pouring from eyes and nose and mouth, every hair alive with streaming fire — just that instant passed flying through the air, and Noll, quaking in terror as he lay, heard Dr. Griffin's curses growled in the darkness: 'Damnation seize the cur! After him! — after him, Noll! here, silly coward! follow me!' And, rushing out into the black night, he left Noll with his candle clutched in his hand, stretched powerless on the floor, old Grimsby's cold, skeleton hand pressing on his cheek, and the drenching blast sweeping over him.

It seemed hours of freezing terror that passed over him before Dr. Griffin returned in the first dim winter's dawn, wet, and covered with mud, draggled, empty-handed, haggard, stamping and blaspheming up and down the creaking planks, till he stumbled over poor Noll, shivering in his fright, upon the floor. He saluted him with such a storm of blows and curses as, used as he had been to such benisons, made the poor negro wish it had been his dead master's arm that dealt the blows. At last, set upon his feet with a few parting cuffs, Noll staggered off to do his master's bidding.

They sallied forth into the dim, gray mist; Dr. Griffin, his long back bent low to the ground, reading each foot of earth they passed. Noll, feeling his obscure way, followed close in his tracks, starting and trembling at every sound. 'I've found him! I've found the damned bloodthirsty hound!' shrieked out the doctor; 'here — this way! follow now!' Four long leaping foot-marks were there, printed in blood upon the black, heavy soil, here gathering up close to the foot of some tall fence or low, gray, tumbling wall, and far on the other side again appearing deep stamped in gore. Now they skirted the edge of some deep pond; now abruptly stopped at the brink of some swift swollen stream; through these would Dr. Griffin plunge head-long, dragging Noll with him, and groping back and forth on the other side till the

bloody tracks were found again: here they grew faint, the tracks less deep, the leaps less bold and long; there they slipped unsteadily on the wet, bare rocks. With just light enough to trace these guiding-marks before them, the doctor and Noll toiled wearily on for many a mile, tearing their clothes among the black-berry bushes, plunging mid-deep into bogs, up hill and over plain, and through the brakes and thickets, unconscious whither they were led, until the day had far advanced. Then, as Noll, with his teeth chattering, and his black face growing livid with cold and terror, his knees trembling and bending with fatigue and fear, was about to fling himself upon the muddy earth to beg for mercy and a moment's rest, an eddying puff of wind whirled up the mist from off the ground; before them like a black skeleton for a moment visible, stood the charred timbers of Giles Grimsby's ruined home. Noll fell fainting to the ground: the doctor letting go his hold upon his collar, with a fierce yell sprang forward; there lay old Satan, dead and stiff, stretched out upon a new-made mound.

A fresh and heavy shower of blows roused Noll from his death-like swoon. 'Dig, dig, you scoundrel! up and dig, I say!' the doctor screamed in fury; and Noll, creeping from his muddy lair, set to work with hand and nail to mine the fresh mound on which lay Satan, grinning in derision. Stones and mud, thick-matted leaves, and rotting sticks, Noll flung up from the pit, as he groped deep with his hands into the mire: when he flagged, his master's fist, or his heavy heel, aroused him to new efforts: still, as the murky morn stole on, was Noll stooping low, his master, with starting eyes bending over him; the pit grew wider and deeper as the day crept on apace, but they found no sign of what they sought; it was in vain the doctor cursed, and stamped, and tore away weeds and rubbish, and Noll toiled and threw out handful after handful of black saggy earth. With a screaming execration as noon came on, the doctor tore Noll by the collar from the yawning pit, and flung the gaunt carcase of old Satan into it. The famished cur turned up his grinning jaws as he lay dead in the bottom of his grave, as if to mock them: the doctor stamped in his furious rage upon the starveling carrion till every rib cracked, then they flung in the heaped-up earth upon him, and turned sulkily and wearily their faces home. So it happened that Dr. Griffin never could explain satisfactorily why it was that old Giles Grimsby died that night so suddenly.

The whites of old Noll's eyes seemed to glare with a weird terror in the dim obscure of the village bar-room when he reached this point of his story: our host bustled in at the pause amidst the rank of thick-shod feet drawn up upon the fender, and with much ado and a loud rattle, shook down the red brands to the bottom of the stove; a shower of sparks flew up with a glowing light upon Noll's ashy face: the long seam beneath his eye seemed to grow whiter and broader: there was an uncanny stare in his blank fixed features: his white teeth, exposed by the thick lips, gleamed in the sudden light: a chill crept over each one of us: we drew insensibly nearer to the bed of flickering embers into which old Noll was gazing as if he saw a spectre there. It was but for a moment; a fresh pile of crackling wood was soon sending up its dancing flames; the warm cheery fire-light went flickering into every

corner of the dingy old room; old Noll roused up with a shake of his brawny shoulders, and filled his glass from the smoking jug.

'Well, well, gentlemen, it was a hard life for old Noll, to be sure; it was n't much else but kicks and cuffs and hard words the whole day long; oaths and blows to get up by, curses and kicks to drive me off to bed, and mighty little sleep I used to get: there was Beelzebub to stable at mid-night, and Beelzebub to saddle at dawn: many 's the black night I 've followed master across country, and the devil's own roads he used to ride, and many the heavy load I 've dragged home for him that he got, the LORD knows how; the dark things that were done in that little rickety office, you 'd not many of you walk home to-night should I tell you now.

'At dead of night I 've opened his doors to a crew he 'd bring home with him then: they were black-faced, villainous rascals, and the oaths they 'd swear would sometimes make even me shake in my shoes, and I was pretty well used to that sort of thing: there would be drinking, and loud carousing, and sometimes there would be bloody fights, and glasses and bottles would fly about, and pistols and dirks would be drawn, and I 've seen my master loll back, laughing ready to die, when some big bully has been laid under the table with a bleeding gash in his temple. But there was something strange about him: let the quarrel be what it would, and the words and turmoil ever so high; let him give one of those strange glances of his, or speak but one word, and the loudest swaggering ruffian of them all was in a moment as quiet as a lamb. *He* never was drunk: he would pour down the strong Hollands so hot it seemed to hiss in his throat, and when all the others were laid snoring and stupid on the floor, he would stalk off with a scornful sneer to his dark office, and toil away at some unhallowed craft till early dawn. Such nights I used to be posted, no matter how fierce the storm, down the lane where I could catch the first splash of a horse's hoof upon the road: if a message of sudden sickness came, I brought it to my master, and then he and black Beelzebub would dash away through the mire, and the dark-browed ruffians, sulkily, but well primed with gin, would steal away, leaving their frolic unfinished.

'Though my master was hated and dreaded by the whole country round; though the children used to shrink from him in the streets, and the women whispered his name with horror as he passed; though no one ever came near his lonely house, unless driven by sickness or distress; yet there was no other doctor half so good for whole miles about, and Dr. Griffin got to have nearly all the practice of that region. He was driven all day long by business, he was called out night after night; he never was tired, never seemed to sleep: when he came home o' mornings after a whole night's watch, I would loosen the girths on old Beelzebub's sides, and shake down his feed of oats, and after a hasty mouthful snatched from the table, and a long, deep draught of fiery gin, the doctor would be ready for his morning ride, and astride of Beelzebub, cantering down the road with his long ragged coat flaunting out in the wind. The beast, too, did n't seem to be much the worse for his hard work; he only seemed the more vicious the harder he was ridden; he had a hundred tricks with his heels and

his devilish bite that I had to look out for; sometimes I did n't know whether I should come out of the stable alive, such precious pranks he used to play with heels and hoofs, trailing the bar of his stall before him by the halter, as he dashed snorting through the darkness, sending the old timbers flying in splinters at his heels, and tearing and champing the rotten clap-boards like paper in his teeth.

'The doctor was getting to be well-to-do in the world: to be sure he did n't change much his way of living: some how he never seemed to care much about those little comforts that men spend money for; he wore the same ragged old over-coat, and fared as hard and lived as carelessly as ever: but then, when he came home o' nights, he would rattle out whole handfuls of silver down upon the deal table, and often there would be bright yellow gold shining among the rest; but he would sweep all together with a grin, into a greasy leathern pouch, and fling it uncounted into a deep iron-ribbed safe, built in the stout old chimney. No one would ever have cared to rob the doctor: there it lay, as safe as if the key were in old Nick's own pocket, and indeed it might have been as well as in my master's for all the good the money did, and all the chance there was of any one else ever getting hold of it.

'Still, although the fences all about the old place were tumbling down, and the house was battered and dingy, and going fast to ruin, and every thing looking desolate, and my master himself more like a scare-crow or a breathing mischievous skeleton, than any thing that ever lived, it went abroad all through the town that he was growing rich fast; and how it came I do n't know; but there were a good many respectable people, and good Christians, too, that began to show a kind of interest in his welfare, and would speak a little more than a civil word to him in the street; and whereas he had always been looked upon and spoken of as one wholly given over to perdition, as they say, whose end is to be burned, there were some who were not quite so sure now that he was so utterly lost, and a few that could tell of sinners fully as abandoned as he, who, by a word fitly spoken, had been turned from the error of their ways, and had become bright and shining lights in the world. Some of the deacons got into a way of talking with the doctor as they met him around in one house or another where some body happened to be sick; but no one seemed to have a gift that way quite so much as Elder Wiley, who used to live in a large farm-house over the other side of the town, where some of the finest farms were; and he and master really did seem to get on together wonderfully: sometimes he would jog along on his gray mare by the side of old Beelzebub, talking over crops, and sickness, and the weather, and improving the subject, as he called it; and the doctor would answer him quite civil, and perhaps he would n't swear once in half-a-mile.

'But I *was* taken all back, when this sort of thing had been going on quite a while, when master brought home one day a big bundle, which he flung at my head, as he generally did every thing which he brought home, swearing at me for a damned, lazy, black rascal for not moving quicker to get out of the way. It did n't hurt me any this time, but what could be in the wind to make master bring home such a bundle of Sunday clothes, I could n't for the life of me guess then.

'Now, I was n't much of a meeting-goer; I was n't brought up that way; and some how it never would come natural to me; but next Sunday, when master rigged himself all out in his new clothes, after scraping his rough chin till the blood came, and damning his soul, and his eyes, and his whole body, because his new cravat would n't tie anywhere but under his left ear, I could n't help stealing out after Beelzebub was fairly mounted and off, and taking a short cut across the fields to the old brick meeting-house: and there, sure enough, when I had got myself hid away in the back part of the house, clear down in the corner of the pew among the boys, there came in master, alongside of Deacon Wiley, and sat right down in his pew in the front of the whole congregation. You may be sure there was a great fluttering among the bonnets, and fans, and old gray men looked at each other as if they thought the galleries would totter down over them next; but master sat still, thumbing over the hymn-book, and looking as unconcerned as possible. When the minister rose to give out the psalm, he turned over the leaves till he found the place — I wondered how he managed to do it — and than he leaned over his long body to one corner of the square pew, where pretty Miss Wiley sat, and handed her the book wide open. It seemed to me that she started back a little and shuddered; but she bowed and declined the book, and did not rise as the others did, while the people were singing. Master sat still too, but never lifted his eyes from the page, and all through service he seemed to listen attentively to what the minister said, and always found the hymns for himself and the deacon when they were sung. I knew I should catch it soundly if I was n't home before he came, but I could n't help waiting just one moment, as the people turned round to go, after the blessing; and as he stepped out into the broad-aisle I saw my master put himself by the side of Miss Wiley, and stoop to say something to her. I saw that she trembled like a leaf, and shrank away from him, and turned so deadly pale in an instant, that I thought she would faint there in the crowd; but she drew herself up at once so proud, and her eyes flashed, and with a slight courtesy she let him pass her. If she had seen what I saw then in his hollow eyes, she would have swooned away on the floor where she stood; but except that, his face was as quiet and unconcerned as if nothing had happened.

'I knew there was no time for *me* to waste, and I scampered across the fields the quickest way home. Beelzebub was n't long after me, and the doctor, tearing off his finery, flung himself down moodily into a chair. I never saw him just that way before, and some how now I felt it meant no good. He did n't swear at me: he hardly seemed to know that I was in the room, but sat by the pine-table drinking off gin by the tumbler-full, without saying a word, or attending to any thing that I was doing; when he looked at me he did n't appear to see me; there was an ugly look in his two little black eyes once or twice when I caught a glimpse of them, that frightened me, but what it meant I could n't tell, and I did n't like to watch him too close when he was in that way. But after he had sat so some time, he got up and stalked across the room without a word, or seeming to rouse up a bit more, and

went into his side-office; I heard him rattling away at his old dried bones, and among his big jars and tinctures for ever so long. I never had much notion what he used to do in that little gloomy office all shut up so by himself; I knew that once I found him sitting there with an old brown, grinning skull upon his knees, leaning over it, and groping down deep with his finger into the empty eye-holes, and using strange words to it, the like of which I never heard before. I did n't go in there very often; the old books and jars were never dusted — master did n't care much for such things — but there was an upright glass-case in one side of the room, and many strange-shaped things hanging up on hooks and nails within it; and beside a loose heap of dusty bones that lay on the bottom, there was one whole skeleton hanging up that I knew very well: it was my old master's, old Giles Grimsby's.

'The doctor used to shut himself up long dark nights with these ugly shapes, and sometimes I could hear him mumbling uncouth words in a hollow voice, pacing up and down the creaking floor with long strides; the sashes of the cases would burst open then, and I could hear the loose-hung bones shaking together, and old Grimsby would step down from his place. Master and he had many a strange talk together there; for once, I do n't know what it was that made me, it was long past mid-night, I found the door unlocked, I shoved it just a little ajar — enough to catch a glimpse of old Grimsby's skeleton cowering close to the little fire, and chattering his white jaws; he had his bony fist up, just as I saw him last, with his shaking arm brandished high and threateningly above his head: master was lolling back on the hind legs of his chair, chuckling with one of his strange scornful laughs that I used to hear him give when he and old Grimsby sat drinking together by the fire down in the hemlock-swamp. I did n't dare to stay long watching there; neither my old master nor my young one used to bear watching very well when they wished to be alone, and I did n't like to be too curious after that about what was going on in that little room, but I never believed master meant much good when he went by himself there and locked the door, and so it was now.

'But after that day my master changed a good deal in some things; he used to wear better clothes, and go better shaved, and kept less of his old company, and took some pains to be respectable; but *I* never found much difference in him when he was at home; his blows were just as hard and as many; but he was more silent and moody; and when he swore, his oaths had a darker and more terrible significancy. But Sundays he would go to church very regular, and would sit in Deacon Wiley's pew, and would show himself by the side of Miss Wiley in the street; though I never thought but that she hated him, for she never seemed more than civil to him; and I know once when he sent me with a note to her, she snatched it from my hand the moment she saw the direction, and without opening it she tore it into a hundred pieces, and stamped with her little foot upon the fragments on the floor. I was startled; her dark blue eyes blazed such fire as she did it, and her cheeks were all in an angry glow, and she could n't speak for a

moment, her breath came and went so fast through her open lips. At last she swallowed down something that seemed to be choking her. 'Now, go and tell your master how I answer him!' she said, and she drew back her shoulders with a quick, shuddering movement, and shut the door upon me before I could speak again. I told my master what occurred, and got a hearty threshing for my pains: it did n't seem to affect him much however, for he did n't cease his attentions in the least; only the next note went to the deacon himself, and I noticed after that that he began to take tea at the deacon's occasionally; it got to be pretty often after a while, and Miss Wiley seemed to pay more attention to his suit.

'But though she did n't show her dislike to him quite so plainly, I know there were some things passed between the two that were not much to the doctor's liking, for he would come home some nights after he had been at the deacon's, in such a storm of rage, that I fairly expected to be murdered in some one of them. 'By the Almighty GOD!' he roared out as he tramped up and down by himself in the office, 'have her I will, dead or alive! Dr. Griffin is not a man to be cheated by a woman's freaks, or to be put off by a silly child's likes or dislikes! Let her look to it well! I have said it, and I will do it! The devil can't cheat me of her!' And so he began to follow her everywhere like her shadow: he was always at church; he would meet her at parties, at huskings, and the tea-drinkings around in the neighborhood; she could hardly stir into the street but the doctor was in a moment at her side, bowing in his strange, stiff way, and watching her with that wicked black eye of his; or if she cantered out alone on her little sorrel pony, the doctor, on Beelzebub, would shoot out upon her from some cross-road through the thicket, and stick close at her saddle till she dismounted at her gate.

'And so he kept up his courtship for weeks, until Miss Wiley seemed fairly to consume and fade away under his blighting presence, like a morning flower under the hot noon sun. Her cheeks, though they grew pale and wan, would light up with a more beautiful color than they had ever had before; but then it was so different! bright red blushes would show themselves there at times; and then, her eyes that were of a dark and beautiful blue, and fringed with long lashes, glowed under them with a strange light that did n't seem to be of this world; I have thought sometimes, as I looked into them, that it was a part of the hot fire consuming within that streamed out through them, and it seemed almost as if they scorched me when they fell upon me for a moment. The pity of a poor black boy like me was n't of much use to such as she, and indeed I had a dog's life of it myself, and enough to look after for my own part; but I could n't help forgetting my own troubles a little — and I was always used to hard treatment, and could n't expect much better — but when I saw her, poor thing, fading and wilting away, day after day, and yet striving and struggling bravely — GOD help you, Sir, it was n't any use! — and fighting against her fate so proudly, though every day the net was drawing closer and closer about her, and Dr. Griffin never let her for one mo-

ment out of his power, nor took his villainous eye away from her; to see her dance as she did, like the gayest girl in the whole country, and laugh so — I had a deal rather hear her cry — it seemed so forced and hollow; she would laugh so sometimes in his very face, when he met her out at a quilting-frolic, but it was with such a start and a shiver as if an adder lay in her path; and that strange color, and the awful fire that burned in her eye, would come back when she laughed: it was enough almost to break one's heart to see her. She was trying to wear him out by her delay, and her scornful ways, and womanish humors; I could see that; but she might as well have tried to tire out the old stone block before her father's door. Dr. Griffin was just as quiet and cool in her presence, as persevering in his attentions, as ceaselessly constant in his watch over her, for all her insults and neglect, and her petulant freaks and her wayward, capricious, vexatious tricks. It was like a poor wild bird entrapped; she may scream, and flutter, and beat with her poor, silly, useless wings, but the strong wires of her cage are all about her; she can only sink down at last exhausted, panting and bleeding and helpless, and hopelessly captive.

'It was strange her father the deacon never noticed how she was going on; but he was a very upright man, and a great man in the church, and exceedingly active in Sunday-schools and missionary enterprises, which were just beginning to be talked about here; for I got to going to meeting a little more then, and heard a great many things which I should n't have found out else; and he laid all her strange ways to perverseness and woman's fickleness, and thought perhaps he was doing his duty by her as a parent, not to notice these obstinate and unreasonable humors. But *I* knew enough to know that she was dying, and that my master was killing her; and it was n't such a new thing to me when people began to talk about Miss Wiley's dreadful cough, and to notice how thin and miserable she was getting; and at last her father and mother became frightened in real earnest, when, in one of those fearful fits of coughing, she raised a quantity of blood; and they sent off straight to the doctor my master, though she begged them not to do so, and protested it was nothing; she would soon be better. But she got no better after that: the winter was coming on; a blustering, stormy year it was, and she had to keep the house, and soon she could n't leave her room; the doctor would be there every day, but she would take none of his medicine, and would laugh when they told her how sick she was. I do n't believe she wanted to get any better; but she kept on failing and fading away, and her beautiful hands, they said, got so thin you could see the light through them, and her pure, white brow, that I remember with the blue veins winding through it just beneath her broad, brown tresses, became as pale as marble itself; until early one morning my master came home — it was the first fall of that winter's snow — and said that Miss Wiley was dead.

'They said my master had behaved like a brother to her; that he watched by her bed-side long nights; that not even her mother could have been more constant and tender in her care. The people all sympathized with him in his loss; they knew how ill his devotion had been

repaid: he had been a wild young man, to be sure, and had played some terrible pranks if report spoke true, but he had reformed most nobly since he began to care for her, and then the patience and untiring love with which he had requited all her scorn, showed what a true and faithful heart he had in his bosom. My master went to her funeral in a complete suit of black, and with a wide crape-weed upon his hat; there was no mourner among them all so broken down under the heavy affliction; it seemed as if he never would get over it. They had to shovel away the drifted snow to dig her grave, and the white flakes fell thick upon her pall when they bore her out to bury her: after father and mother had looked their last and stepped back into the throng that pressed about her grave, the doctor still bent over the coffin and watched till the last heaping shovel-full had been thrown in: it seemed that he was inconsolable; they had to drag him away.

'But I do know this; there were many stormy days after that, and it seemed that, wrapped all up in the cold snow-drifts, and with the hard earth bound down tight about her, poor Miss Wiley might have rested in her coffin: but if they had gone with pick and spade but one short week after they laid her there, they would have found an empty shroud and a rifled coffin in the bottom of her grave.

'I do n't want to tell any more. God forgive me for knowing so much about such villainy! I could n't help it then: I should have been murdered else; but I could n't have gone again into that little dark back-office after what I saw done there. I was nothing but a poor, ignorant black boy who had been beaten and kicked and cursed, and who had shared in many a deed before perhaps as dreadful, but never before, oh! never, was such accursed sacrilege: it will haunt me to the day I die. It was a great many years after, that I took down her poor bones and found the spot where she had been buried, and laid them again to rest; it was all I could do for her, poor black, ignorant devil that I was.'

Old Noll bent forward suddenly as he spoke, his grizzled head fell low upon his bosom, and his face he buried in his hard, black hands. There he crouched, sob-sobbing away, his great chest heaving and swelling, his brawny, uncouth frame all shaking with the struggle. We village idlers sat in astonishment looking on; the old man choked with the rebellious swelling in his throat, and groaned writhing in his chair; at last, with one throe of agony the tears burst forth, streaming between his horny, shrivelled fingers. The poor old wretch had dammed up those tears for a life-time; he must needs give way to them now. Stolen glances of wonder and awe went round from one lounger to another: no one had ever dreamed of old Noll as any thing but the battered, limping, drudging hostler of the village, the companion of a fishing excursion, or the butt of a coarse bar-room jest; we watched him now with a dumb reverence, and unmolested let him give his pent-up feelings way.

At last he lifted himself up, swept his ragged sleeve once or twice nervously across his streaming eyes, seemingly to clear away the film that gathered in them, gazing far off across the room into the darkness,

as if he saw some happier vision there; for he grew calmer as he gazed, and drew his breath more freely after one or two gasping struggles, and a brighter light fell over his sooty, wrinkled face; the twitching movements of his lips passed by, he gave one more long sighing breath that came from the very bottom of his chest, and sat silent and calm in the red fire-light, as if in a dream. He roused himself at length.

'Do n't mind me, gentlemen: it would come, and I feel better for it, now it 's past. I never could tell what it was made me watch that poor young lady so, to follow her to church, and dangle after her a long way off in the streets, and try to get somewhere where I could see her at the parties and country frolics, up with the fiddlers or among the waiters, anywhere where I could be near her and watch her. I could n't dare to speak to her, and it would have been no use; but, dead or alive, I could n't get rid of her: she was everywhere; in my dreams, and by me in my work; and when I have been so dull and stupid, and people have laughed at me for it, and made fun of me, and called me dreaming Noll, she was by me then, so pale and wo-begone, and wasted, and despairing: she has dogged me all through life, from the day I first saw her along with *him* in 'Squire Wiley's pew; never once took her scorching eyes from me: they burn me here, *here*, till it seems as if I carried that hell-fire about me in my bosom; as if it were burning my life and soul to ashes!

'My master kept up his steady habits after this, and became very devout in his attendance on the exercises of the sanctuary: their common affliction drew him and the deacon still closer together, and a little after the funeral the doctor came before the session and was accepted as a member of the church. His practice continued to thrive, and his wealth increased rapidly; he fixed up the old place, gave up his old habits, and settled down into a very steady, reputable, active man. He used to lend out money a good deal on bonds and mortgages, and was very strict and exact, so they said, in all his money-dealings. He took charge of a good many of Deacon Wiley's business transactions, and managed some of his law business for him; but I believe he did n't do very well: at all events, it turned out, after a good many years, that the Wiley farm had to be sold under mortgage; and by some stroke of luck Dr. Griffin came to be possessor of it. Every body thought that now the doctor would show his gratitude, and his affection for the daughter's memory, by giving the old people at least a life-lease of the farm: they had no one else to care for, and they could have been comfortable there all their days. But, to the surprise and horror of every one, the doctor, as soon as he got the proper papers made out, gave the old folks notice to quit, saying that he intended to occupy the place himself.

'This blow broke the old deacon sadly; he did n't live many months after leaving the old homestead: the doctor had it all painted and papered ready for himself, and was going to move into it; but while these changes were being made, he concluded to winter in his own quarters.

'It was one December night, the stormiest night but one I ever knew:

the doctor had shut himself up in his office, where he spent nearly all his time now, drawing up agreements and calculating interest, and doing a great many other things of that sort: I was in the room next by, darning together my old clothing, and shivering at the rain-blasts that dashed every now and then against the panes. It was such a night that no one would have ventured out; the darkness was pitch-black, and the rain drove in sheets against the weather-boards. The house creaked and rattled all over, and the sashes, as they shook in their frames, let in the wind at every crevice. I did n't dare to go up to my dark room at the top of the house, so I crept close to the fire in the great chimney-place, wrapping myself up as well as I could, and tried to sleep.

But the storm outside grew fiercer and fiercer, as the night drew on, and I had an uneasy feeling that would not let me sleep; so I lay listening and trembling, and trying to quiet myself by counting over and over again as far as I knew. As mid-night crept on, it grew to a hurricane: the old house rocked to-and-fro, and the floors and rafters trembled and groaned: any moment I thought they might fall on me. I lay listening and shivering in my fright; just then there came to my ear, through the deafening uproar of the tempest, a faint and far-off cry: the next moment it was nearer, more distinct; it was drawing nearer and nearer, more clear, more certain every instant: it was the deep, low, sullen baying of a mastiff; the roar of the storm could n't drown it; it grew deeper; it came nearer every moment: my blood froze within me: I drew my blanket over my head, and lay shaking in deadly fear. The town-clock boomed twelve: the blast shrieked down the chimney and roared around the tottering walls: once more that dreadful howl close to the door: one crash, one burst of thunder: the old house reeled and quivered: there was a blinding flash of light, a scream, a heavy fall; then one low, gurgling rattle, and all was still as death.

'When I came to myself in the morning, the sun was shining in at the window, and the sky over-head was blue and clear. I went out for a few moments to breathe the fresh air, and to try to forget my fearful dream. But the storm had worked terrible mischief on the old place; fences were blown down, and every tree lay up-rooted on the ground: where the little office had stood against the side of the house, was a heap of smoking cinders: the old case still stood amidst the ruin, but the doors were rent apart, and old Giles Grimsby's grinning skeleton, low stooping to the ground, half-knelt upon the smoking hearth, the bony fingers clutched about a black, black *something* that lay reeking there!

'One errand yet I had to do. Crushing the smouldering embers under foot I did it, wrapping my poor burden up tenderly in my blanket; then I turned my back upon the place with a curse, and fled away. I sought for Beelzebub in the stable: Beelzebub was gone, and the stable a smoking heap. I fled over the hills: I hid in the bushes till night came on, and then, when my poor duty was finished, I wandered down into the village to find a home.'

FRANK FANTOME.

December, 1855.

WHISPERINGS.

Is it the beauty of this sun-set hour,
Comes o'er my soul with such strange, soothing power:
Quiets my throbbing pulse, and bids to rest
The tide of sorrow swelling in my breast?
The air is full of whisperings of love,
As if some angel missioned from above
Gently doth pour upon my ravished ear
Of Heaven's sweet minstrelsy an echo clear.
So clear, so sweet, it entereth in my soul,
Making with melody my spirit whole:
While a strange gladness thrills my frame
As if a loved voice breathed my name.
The dear, familiar accents come and go,
So dreamy, scarcely doth my stirred heart know
Belongs to earth or heaven so sweet a sound:
As in this blissful moment floats around.

How thin the veil; ah! who may dare to say,
Which from our twilight hides unclouded day!
Faith's eagle ken may pierce its shadowy fold,
Hope fix her anchor there, and Love, made bold
By promises divine, may enter in,
While yet a tenant of this world of sin:
And whisperings of those diviner things
Come down like breath of angels' wings.
Nor only in the bright, brief moment of their stay
Cheer they the fainting pilgrim on his way;
But their soft echoes frequent hover round,
And strength and speed he gathers with the sound.
There is a commune with the world unseen,
Though some may deem it but an airy dream:
Or, if there be not, then what meaneth now
The almost kiss pressed gently on my brow;
The calm, deep quiet falling on my soul;
The waves of peacefulness that o'er me roll?

My SAVIOUR GOD, thy word can never fail:
THOU that hast passed for me within the veil,
Unfoldest to the waiting heart of love
The radiant glories of that home above;
Showest the loved, the lost of earth, most blest,
For ever living in that clime of rest;
Though fettered sight trace not their dwelling-place,
Yet faith may hold them still in love's embrace,
E'en as this calm, soft radiance in the west,
So clear reflected on the river's breast,
Left by the passing of the glorious sun
To other climes, his race for ours full run;
So rays of glory stream through Heaven's gates,
Communings holy to the heart that waits—
That waits in hope, in patience, and in love,
For these revealings from that world above.
And as they come, like the mild sun-set ray,
They scatter radiance o'er the darkening way;
They bid the worn, the fainting spirit come;
They lure it gently to its glorious home.

THE ENCAMPING ANGEL.

My guardian Angel! while the night is weeping,
And while, alone, defenceless, I am sleeping,
Art thou thy vigil by my pillow keeping?

Hast thou with self-forgetfulness forsaken
Thy place beside the Throne, and kindly taken
Thy post by my lone bed till I awaken?

Is it thy presence holy that dispenses
These pure aspirings, these calm influences?
Are they of thy descension evidences?

While this communion I with thee am holding,
I almost see thy brow's celestial moulding,
And the white wings thy lineaments enfolding.

What are thy thoughts while I am stilly dreaming?
What radiant visions on thy soul are streaming,
More bright by far than day's meridian beaming?

Within thy ken are kindred angels winging
Their earthward flight, bland benedictions bringing,
Or by young children's cradles are they singing?

Do they o'ercome all sorrowful, sad noises
With the majestic mildness of their voices,
Till earth refrains from weeping, and rejoices?

Above the sufferer's pillow are they bending,
Rich consolation with his anguish blending,
Till Christ shall give the signal for ascending?

Will some remain to bind the broken-hearted,
(As He, when human, with divinest art did,)
And guard the sacred dust of the departed?

Where contrite souls are God's just anger dreading,
Are they compassionately, kindly treading,
O'er crimson sins the Saviour's pardon shedding?

Are some unfolding to enfranchised mortals
The golden gates, the fair and pearly portals
Responsive to the hymns of the Immortals?

Benignest Angel! move the moments slowly?
Dost thou not yearn to join their worship holy,
Rather than watch beside my slumber lowly?

No! bright one! purified from self-denial,
It is to thee no banishment nor trial
Thus o'er my sleep to hold serene espial.

Christ Jesus, charge concerning me, hath given
To keep me in my rest, this summer even:
Where Christ commands thy post, there is thy heaven.

Oh! when the morn shall see the swift returning
To those fair realms where seraphim are burning,
New love unutterable ever learning,

Beseech HIM, in each unforeseen mutation,
That thou mayst come with gentle ministration
To me who am an heir of HIS salvation.

And oh! when I shall feel that I am dying,
When to loved lips my own refuse replying,
Through the dim darkness let me see thee flying,

Mild, mighty Angel! from the surging River,
From mustering foes, my fainting soul deliver,
Then bear it saved and safe to GOD, the Giver.

JULIA A. MCMASTERS.

Alton, 1856.

PUSILLANIMA SIMPLE.

BY KIT KELVIN.

'THERE is a generation, oh! how lofty are their eyes, and their eye-lids are lifted up.'
PROVERBS.

THE family of Simples was purely of city origin. It was the result of an alliance between Mr. Rawson Simple and Miss Ophelia Peth. The latter affected a foreign relation, but it was not definitely settled how legitimate the estimate was; and cousin-germanships were ultimately lost in confusion.

Simple had been a butcher for twenty-five years of his life, and had retired upon an easy fortune, and with it, unfortunately, an empty head. In this respect, his family very cleverly imitated him.

The result of his *life-sacrificing* labors had placed Simple at the head of a finely-built house in a fashionable quarter; and upon his door he read with inward delight, at every approach to his dwelling, from a massive silver plate — R. Simple. The interior was not wanting even in a library. There stood an elaborately-finished mahogany case, filled with costly-bound books, sacredly preserved from touch; for the owner's time was too precious to spend in spelling and defining the titles and subjects of so many unknown authors. A daily gaze upon the gilt backs that stared through the glass sufficed him; and then, too, he would pass for a literary man, or at least, for one possessing *some* literary taste. This was requisite for house-keeping in the particular part of the city in which Simple resided. Mrs. Simple was very vulgar, but she was not aware of the fact. A countless change of dresses, jewelry in profusion, a lap-dog, and sweet-singing Canaries, spoke to the contrary; and then, too, a coach and black driver chased away all lurking suppositions that she ranked lower than her own ideas had located *caste*. In fact, Simple's money had positioned him much higher in the niche

of worldly estimation than his naturally *sanguine* temperament had figured for him. He enjoyed the title of alderman of his ward; and his orbicular personage certainly commanded for him some respect. His little apple-head, furnitured with a small, gray eye, generous nose, and vermilion face, would turn but slowly unless addressed by those who had a respectable handle by way of a title to their names. Upon his entrance into official notoriety he had been run for the chair, but subsided into one of a committee upon salaries; a position he was as capable of filling as any in the gift of the council. His appearance was invariably the same, especially when discoursing upon city affairs in and about 'the Hall.' Legs located at a distance, like an old skipper in a heavy sea; hands in pocket, hat hung upon one side of the head, and a lighted segar pointing sky-ward from his mouth: it was thus he stood when gratuitously giving advice and receiving requests; generally shortening a *bore* by *seeing* him *again*. With a man of real standing, his cunning stood by to scatter such enigmas as would create a desire upon the stranger to have another conference.

Such was Simple 'down-town.' At home, he ate with his knife, swore lustily at his table, and steadily 'turned in' with more brandy than sobriety would prescribe.

Upon Pusillanima Simple, father and mother had lavished every thing that riches with vulgar tastes could suggest. She had attained the age of twenty, and in personal appearance could not boast of much natural beauty. Her hair was red; her face badly freckled; with a gray eye and a pug nose, followed by an enormous mouth and retreating chin: in stature short and the obverse of *thin*.

In the matter of cleanliness, her education had not been fully completed. There was evidently lacking in or about her toilet-stand a tooth-brush. At least her *dentals* evidenced such a want. It is true she had been sent to school, but not until late in her 'teens;' and, there is a very homely but true adage, hardly appropriate to the estate of a young lady, but not the less truthful: 'It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks.' She had recited grammar and taken lessons in chirography, but it did not prevent her from slandering Murray, or disgracing the personal pronoun I with an invidious *dot*. She sang loud, but the melody, to an anxious parent, or the ear of a skilful physician, would have suggested croup with instant relief. Her voice, the true index of a lady or a commoner, was pitched high, with a shrillness that reminded one of 'The Vision of Judgment,' where the process of ear-stopping was resorted to for the purpose of shutting out *all* cadences.

But Pusillanima Simple, in her own estimation was a real lady, representing such wealth as would call to her side any partner she saw fit to select. The only delight of her life was to hear the bell and her name pronounced; the great object of her life, marriage. Poor Pussy! for such was her endearing appellation.

Simple's object in choosing such a fashionable neighborhood for a residence, was merely to connect himself, through his daughter, with a *blooded* family. No matter what the suitor was, so long as he *ranked*.

Simple was no miser. Scarcely a week passed without a gathering in his rooms from whence, late at night and early in the morning, issued

a variety of sounds, indicative of experiments upon some instrument in connection with *supposed* vocal music; acting as symphony, an occasional burst of strong lungs that *might* be mistaken for a slight forgetfulness of time and place, but, of course, *mere* party hilarity.

There are young men of the town who respectably pursue respectable avocations, and yet are ready for *spicy* adventures that have a show of novelty as well as variety: by reason of which many in the end would have shown more wisdom to have declined the chase.

George Lark was of good birth and education, a gentleman in reality. He was teller in one of the city banks — in all respects one whose society was sought for, and whose presence was ever most welcome. It so happened that he resided in the same street with the Simples, and daily passed their number on his way to business. Neither was he ignorant of the fact that at the library-window of Simple's house a red-haired damsel was generally stationed to view the passing throng. Lark's personal appearance pierced the fancy of the sensitive Pusillanima, and she had already commenced mental negotiations to make his acquaintance. With the natural cunning of her sex, she at last arranged it, and Lark one evening could add another name to his extensive list of lady friends — Miss Pusillanima Simple — a verity that made *her* very happy. This objective obstacle now overcome, the next soirée given at Simple's was more particularly for young Lark, who, *just for a bit of fun*, accepted the invitation. The best description of the evening, with his impressions of the fair Pussy, is given in a letter he tossed off the following morning to a friend out of town. It ran thus:

'Dear Jim: I wish you had been with me last evening. Alderman's Simple red-haired daughter gave a spicy blow-out; and, probably, such a conglomerated set was never before seen in jewels and flounces. As to the 'feast of reason and flow of soul,' it might be summed up in expressions such as *done*, for did — *went*, for gone — *seen*, for saw — *him*, for he, interspersed with murderous language and slang phrases. Imagine my 'feelinks,' as mellow Clark of the 'Knick' says. Fancy me in the giddy whirl of a polka with the queen of the evening — that vulgar, pug-nosed damsel! *so graceful* in all her movements! I was not 'pierced with a white wench's black eye,' but I was thoroughly disgusted with the entire arrangement, and '*plied my pinions*' as soon as decency would allow. Egad! *could* you have seen me and Miss Simple, you *might* have felt jealous, but I essentially doubt it. For further particulars wait until we can meet.'

The *bit of fun* which Lark anticipated, came too speedily, and with altogether too much reality. Like an Alpine avalanche did the tenderness of Pussy Simple encompass him, and, with so much ardor did she follow it up, as to seriously annoy the teller. Like Dick Swiveller, he had completely *blocked* up his own street, and had been obliged of late to pass down-town by another route. He had endeavored to quench the sanguine affection of Miss Simple, but all to no effect. The crisis at length came. The post-man handed over the counter a note at which the gallant Lark blushed crimson. The mantling blood was not be-

cause the letter *might* be from a young lady, but from the fearful scrawl which met his eye. The superscription was:

'Mr. georg lark esqre.
at —— bank
in —— strete.'

With a feeling of shame, and a half-formed idea that this was a just retribution for his foolish adventure, he thrust the missive into his pocket. Could Pussy have seen the reception of her invitation, her feelings could not have been more bitterly crushed than was her gilt-edged note, over which she had passed nearly an entire day. Miss Simple's 'last dying speech' ran as follows:

'deer mister lark esqre.

'i am agoing to a large fashunabel sorei tormorro nite and i had ruther hav u go with me than that uglee fello sam buckster i hope u will cum in a carradge and cum erly as i shall have to fix my dress when i get thare do nott disapoint mee

'urs, PUSSY SIMPLE.'

'p s u no itt is custumary for ladis to invit hur own cumpanee.

'P. SIMPLE.'

This 'stunning' specimen of elaborate composition completely capsized young Lark, and he immediately concluded to close the game, at all hazards. In order to effect this, severe and immediate measures must be put in requisition. He accordingly answered the invitation in the following manner, borrowing largely from his imagination.

'MISS SIMPLE: Your kind invitation I regret to say I cannot meet. My father has been taken suddenly ill, and in case of his death, I shall be obliged to leave town permanently. It is with pain I add, there is very little prospect of his *ever* being *any* better. As I leave this P.M. I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you again. G. L.'

This was readily received as truth, but the disconsolate one being very philosophical, recovered in a few days from her pungent disappointment. At all events, it was so supposed, as shortly after, the following announcement appeared in the morning papers:

'MARRIED — At the residence of the bride's father, Alderman Simple, by the Rev. John Crash, Miss Pusillanima Simple and Samuel Buckster.

'WHEN Youth and Beauty meet,
It is a sight so sweet,
That naught should ever part
But Death's relentless dart. — [*Com.*'

It is necessary to add, Samuel Buckster was a butcher, but had, by his dashing generosity and daring exploits at sundry fires, won the lacerated heart of Pussy; and from his 'devil-may-care' boldness, with decided shrewdness in business, gained the consent of the worthy alderman. Mrs. Simple wept bitterly upon the fearful fall of her house; but find-

ing no sympathy but execrable oaths from her lord, left the matter to take its own course.

Alderman Simple, soon after the wedding, was carried out of his house feet first, boxed; having fallen in an apoplectic fit after an evening's convivial, while standing before his book-case.

The massive silver plate has since been changed. It is now simply Buckster.

BIRTH-DAY ODE.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

I.

ARM for the strife! behind thee lies
Youth's happy and enchanted shore:
A beauty that made glad thine eyes
Is gone for evermore;
For life hath more of shade than sun
When our years number twenty-one.

II.

Go forth to battle with the world,
And well the fearful warning heed!
Ten thousand banners are unfurled
Thy footsteps to mislead:
Of Pleasure's sorcery beware,
And Falsehood, with his gilded snare.

III.

Astrology our sires befooled
With stories of the natal hour;
But mortal fate was never ruled
By planetary power:
With our own hands the seed we sow:
The harvest must be *bliss* or *woe*.

IV.

The magic threshold has been passed,
And boyhood is a vision fled:
Hark! pilgrim, to a trumpet-blast
That might awake the dead:
It calls upon thee to arise,
And struggle nobly for the prize.

V.

Stern right must be thy polar star,
And truth an ever-present shield,
To be a conqueror in the war
On life's great battle-field:
Though Danger in thy pathway frown,
March onward: win and wear the crown!

PROCRASTINATION.

Por la calle de despues se va a la casa de nunca. — SPANISH PROVERB.

THERE is a thief that walks the world,
In the quick noon-day and the starless dark,
Protean-like, now ringed and curled,
Ragged anon, and grim and stark:
And he plies his trade with a ceaseless skill,
Defiantly, warily, working ill.
But I troll the charm
Will keep you from harm,
If scored in your memory ever:
'Who walks in the street of *By-and-by*, will stop in the house of *Never*.'

He steals your purse and he steals your time,
The golden grain of deed
From the chaff of purpose he filches oft,
With subtle hand of greed:
He flings the umbered rust on mind,
And it sinks, his captive, chained and blind:
But this is the charm
Will keep you from harm,
If scored on your memory ever:
'Who walks in the street of *By-and-by*, will stop in the house of *Never*.'

Hopes which should blossom into joys,
As the blushing rose uncurls:
Tears which Wisdom should alchemize
To a glorious rain of pearls:
Soft germs whence love's goodly fruit should rise,
He withers and changes and petrifies:
But here is the charm
Will keep you from harm,
If borne on your mind for ever:
'Who walks in the street of *By-and-by*, will stop in the house of *Never*.'

Like the mighty NEMESIS of eld,
His sandals of wool are made,
And swift will he glide and still to your side,
With light touch on your shoulder laid:
And 'Wait; there is time,' are the *drugged* words given,
As he steals from your soul its last chance of heaven.
But this phylacter bind
On the brow of your mind,
Firm and for ever:
'Who walks in the street of *By-and-by*, will stop in the house of *Never*.'

As the stony seeds in the olden time
Sprang up into armèd men,
So thought-seeds sown in the field of life,
Raise goodlier ranks again.
Those — mailéd hosts in earth-strifes known;
These — angels to stand by the Great White Throne:
Then the wisdom deep
Of these old words keep
Your guide for ever:
'Who walks in the street of *By-and-by*, will stop in the house of *Never*.'

ASIA.

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

HOME.

ANOTHER day, and the old chaise which, eight years before, might have been seen slowly winding its way through those busy streets, was 'homeward bound,' but with a very different burden. The joyous child would not have been recognized in the demure and heavy-hearted maiden. I was going home, but it was with sadness. There were no pleasant associations connected with the people or place, except that I had a lingering affection for the mountains, the meadows, and the green, sloping bank, which had never been forgotten. I did not enjoy the ride: I was silent, and perhaps was sullen.

On the afternoon of the third day, the little village of Kirkenwell came in sight. There was the spire of the old church, built so long ago by the first settlers in those mountain wilds; and there was the new church down in the valley, with its many spires glittering in the sun.

There was the same old school-house, filled now as of old, with flaxen-headed urchins, all gazing out of the windows, just as they used to do, and I could see perched upon the accustomed bench the old pail and the rusty tin dipper, looking for all the world as if they had not moved since I left.

But all else, how changed! There are rows of pretty white cottages all along under the hill, and many buildings of far more imposing structure, a new store with a painted sign adorned with gilt letters. The post-office has walked across the street, proving that some body has walked out of office. The 'powers that be' are not the powers that were! The tavern has become a hotel, but does not seem otherwise changed, except perhaps a few more loungers may be seen about the door.

How the trees have grown! but there is the same old brindled cow that was ever whisking the flies in the shade of the big maple at the foot of the hill, or else the peculiar privilege of those shadows was inherited by one of her grown-up daughters.

Ah! the grave-yard! there it is; and many a new mound can I count, dotted here and there among the tall rank grass. Who among those I knew has found a 'resting-place in those dark mansions?' Yes, there are the flowers blooming still upon the little grave where my childish affection planted them. A tear is already on my cheek, at the remembrance of him who sleeps beneath. But his spirit is in the bright realms above; he is a cherub in heaven. Why are some taken so early to bloom in beauty where flowers never fade, whilst others are left to sigh amidst decay, and change, and death?

Now the meadow is in view, and the silvery stream winding round

and round; the gurgling brook on the other side of the hill, the mountains so green in their summer verdure, and the blue peaks far away in the distance.

Sweet and bitter thoughts come crowding thick and fast. The garden brings back all those sad and pleasant hours, and the flowers do not seem to have changed, or even to have ceased blooming. The tulips are as bright, the great bunches of peonies still stand sentinels at the entrance of the broad alley, and there is the 'live forever,' as bright and green as in the days of its youth.

The cottage has grown gray, and the little elm in front has grown large, and the large one at the corner is a great tree with broad spreading branches.

I ran into the house, and was greeted kindly by the old lady, whom I had never seen before, and as I glanced about, there seemed an air of comfort, an indefinable something in the atmosphere that said: Oh! it is different from what it used to be, and pleasanter. The chairs do not stand so prim all round the sides of the room; things do not look quite so bright, perhaps, but as if they might possibly move without creaking and croaking so as to set one's teeth on edge.

In a few moments I was at the top of the hill, and instantly my eye was attracted by a new feature far away at the foot of the mountain. I remembered lying on the grass one sultry summer-day, and seeing the thick smoke rise from out the dense forest, and then the bright blaze start up and quickly spread, and soon I heard the crashing and rolling of falling timbers, and in a day or two an open space was visible, and they told me it was a clearing. Now there were houses scattered about here and there, with roofs of bright new shingles, gleaming in the rays of the setting sun, fields of grain and green clover, and others with the dark turf newly broken by the plough.

My thoughts were a long time busy with the people who dwelt there, and who had, in so little time, made the desert a fruitful field, and the wilderness to blossom as the rose. How long I sat within the little bower, sheltered by the trellised weeds, and gazed on the quiet yet varied scene, my senses bewildered as I luxuriated in those rural sights and sounds.

I lingered till night had begun to draw her sable curtains, and then entered again the cottage to seek my little room, and revel anew in the sunny dreams of childhood. But sleep was a long time visiting my eyelids that night: a thousand images were floating before me, and the old clock in the kitchen corner, where it had stood for half-a-century, I could distinctly hear as it struck one, two, three, and I was still tossing restlessly on my pillow.

It seemed as if I had scarcely fallen into a gentle slumber when the little birds were twittering at the open window, and the robins and bobolinks were singing merrily in the tall trees. I arose and felt that I was at home.

For several days I was sufficiently busy in getting settled and seeing the neighbors, and then came the wearisome monotony of nothing especial to do. I could scarcely go out because there was no one to accom-

[illegible] me and the [illegible] and their interest, though [illegible]

The [illegible] who [illegible] the house-keeping, I found exceedingly [illegible] and intelligent, and in conversation upon [illegible] matters an agreeable companion; but the thoughts and [illegible] which were arising in my heart, would have [illegible] and I never announced that I had a wish [illegible] in the long catalogue of blessings there was one I [illegible] mine. I felt unlike in some respects I was peculiarly blessed, and far more pleasantly situated than ever before for enjoying peace and all the [illegible] of life. I knew it, and felt [illegible] for not being perfectly contented and happy, and no one could wonder more than myself why I was not. To what was this [illegible] referable owing? 'Something incurable in human nature, or a dissatisfaction engendered by a false education?' It certainly had neither been created nor nourished in me by easiness and a life of luxury.

So passed a year in which I was happy as the world defines happiness, and in which there were not in my cup any drops of positive misery. I could write as many letters as I chose, and receive them too: they were never inspected, and never inquired about. To my brother I wrote of my loneliness and my occupations, of the books I read, of my walks, and what was in the newspapers; and to my cousin, of my dreams, and received corresponding replies, and though not always understood, I was never reproached, and the feelings thus poured out had no power to corrode. My brother loved me because he had nothing else to love. Though intelligent, handsome, and prosperous, he was not attractive to ladies, and consequently not embroiled in flirtations, to which they are usually the tempters, and for marriage he was not ready. But he did not love me as I loved him, though his professions amounted to idolatry. During his short visits we were inseparable: he brought me books, and filled my table with magazines, and I revelled freely in his caresses. When he left me it was like casting me back into the dark pit from which my struggles had for a little while set me free. Then I became used to the darkness, and dreamed on as before.

I as seldom saw a gentleman as a wild animal of the woods, either because I was no object of attraction, or there was a sort of tacit understanding that they would not be welcome.

So it was with infinite surprise that the old lady came to me one day with the announcement that a stranger, Mr. D——, wished to see me. He was a gentleman whom I had often met during the last year or two at my aunt's, and one whom she paid the compliment of liking. It was another strange phase of her character that she never recovered from her youthful loss of admiration. She could never have been beautiful, yet there might have been something cheering in her vivacity when she strove to please, and she never ceased striving. It was marvellous how ill she succeeded, how utterly impossible it seemed for her to win love. Then I could not solve the mystery; but now I know the obstacle was her jealous anxiety and over-striving, her desire to be loved rather than to be what people love!

Mr. D —— had understood this, and reasoned that in order to win any thing of which she had the disposal, he must first win her; and had his ambition been the possession of herself, he could not have been a more assiduous devotee at her shrine. I sat in their presence as mute as if I had not the organs of speech, and my presence was scarcely more acknowledged than if I had been a statue. It had not crossed my mind that I was an object of interest, and I had often noticed him paying attentions to others, which indicated more than ordinary regard; had even heard he was engaged; and to neither one story nor the other had given a thought. What could have induced him to come a hundred and fifty miles out of his way to give me a call, I could not imagine.

I had, in some measure, recovered from the embarrassment and awkwardness which the restraint of years had thrown around me, and descended to the parlor with a frankness due to one who had been the friend of my aunt, and a frequent guest at her table.

He remained to tea, and was received by my father with his ordinary civility. A few indifferent questions were asked and answered, and we were left again to ourselves.

It was July, and this was a delicious evening; we walked into the garden, where, with pride and enthusiasm, I expatiated upon the features of the lovely landscape, and was delighted with the expressions of admiration the scene elicited from one who had travelled much and could not be a partial judge. He had been in Italy and seen the gorgeous sunsets of that eastern clime, but assured me he had never beheld any thing more beautiful than the rich crimson which was bathing the distant mountain, and the golden splendor of the over-hanging clouds.

When the shadows gathered, he bade me good evening, saying he might be detained in town a day or two on business, and would call again.

My monotony had been interrupted, and I could not help thinking, in a very pleasant way. I began to feel as if there might be something about me beside awkwardness and dulness, and before I retired that night, spent a longer time than usual in my dressing-gown and shawl, with my elbow on the little table by the window looking out into the moon-light, while my head rested listlessly upon my hand. My feelings I could not define.

The next day my step was lighter as I performed my usual avocations, and my heart sometimes beat quickly, though I could not tell why. I tarried longer at the glass, and blushed as I thought of the reason, for it did not require any very scientific analyzation of what was going on within, for me to see why, for the first time in my life, I studied to look well.

Long before it was possible for any body to think of calling, I was seated at the window, but not in the parlor, lest I should *seem* to be watching, but in an upper room that commanded a view of a long length of street, and commenced sewing with amazing dexterity, but with a zeal which expended itself in something beside stitches. When an hour had passed away, I was scarcely nearer the end of my seam than when I began. The landscape was more than usually attractive,

... I was long before any material object of interest presented itself ... I feared lest I had been forgotten, and to tremble lest ... might prove a temporary agitation.

But there was an end to my anxious waiting at last; and the little ... who waited below and answered the summons of the bell, came ... to say that the master to see me. I was very busy when she entered, ... and wondered what it could be, as if I had not a suspicion, and ... a pretty shrewd one.

... my studies it seems had perhaps prepared me to be able to ... the information so necessary to young ladies when conscious ... new and strange power like this which was dawning in my heart: ... I am sure I was not guilty of betraying it at this time, or during ... many succeeding visits with which I was favored, while my friend ... detained by business in our village. But at length he departed, ... I was left again with a more oppressive loneliness. Had I really ... power of pleasing or being agreeable? One who had seen much ... world appeared to enjoy my conversation, and I had been grant... a pleasure which it would be impossible for those to appreciate who ... been in society and accustomed to its homage.

... commenced those intense longings for something indefinite and ... — a morbid dissatisfaction with self and its surroundings, ... made every hour of mine a weight, and ordinary people and con... insipid and intolerable.

... had uttered no declaration: no words of love or passion had ... poured into my ears. I had only been treated for a few days as ... are treated in their lives: yet there was something which whis... that a more than ordinary interest had been awakened in another ... for me, and had found me perhaps too ready to reciprocate it. ... heart rose in revolt against me as monsters, and dared not in... the thought of dwelling on, and was almost frightened at my ... to find my thoughts inclined to dwell upon the possible ... which might be the consequence of this pleasant acquaintance. ... name the questions of why and wherefore this silence, these im... about what every body experienced and every body desired?

I heard a good and eminent divine once say that "it was quite proper ... a young lady to pray for a good husband! but he was the only ... I ever heard speak on the subject who did not denounce as immo... even the thought of a husband. Nothing would have emboldened me to make such a prayer, though I entered into my closet and shut my door, and lifted my thoughts only to Him who seeth in secret and rewardeth openly! The certainty that my prayer would not only be heard but answered, would not have given me strength for its utterance. I endeavored, too, to regulate my thoughts, so that they should not sin against these established rules of delicacy, but in spite of myself they were continually suggesting themselves.

I had been accustomed to hear a great deal of nonsense and foolish bantering among girls of my own age, who were thinking of nothing but beaux, and until they were fairly married or engaged, denying that they even speculated upon such subjects. It was a continual matter of wonder to me why this was a banished subject from all sober and

honest conversation; why a subject on the right understanding of which depended the happiness of every human being, should be thus proscribed; why those who considered it a most important and solemn thing, should never introduce it upon any important and solemn occasion, and the young and gay and thoughtless should be left exclusively to dwell upon it, without one word of proper or useful advice.

A wise philosopher says, 'The reason love-stories are universally read in preference to any thing else, is, that they are more universally understood.' The more 'true to nature' a novel is, the more it is approved. True to nature means that it accords with the actual experience of human beings. They have been, as yet, almost the only books in which the young find portrayed the workings of the affections; in which they see hearts like their own, thoughts and feelings such as they are conscious of possessing, and which they cannot crush or overcome. It cannot be expected that enthusiastic minds and warm hearts will be contented without sympathy upon a subject which, in spite of all prohibitions, will ever be to them the most intensely interesting.

The only young lady I was intimate with was engaged, and was ever wishing that I was too, that I might understand her happiness, which consisted, she said, more in being at rest and feeling that the future was settled, than in any positive bliss she found in the new relationship. I had an indefinite idea that this was not all that was necessary in such a contract, but still had not the experience which confirmed it.

I had been conscious of pleasing and being pleased, but for many months there were no demonstrations of any thing more. The little episode which had disturbed my dreams was soon forgotten as a reality, and I returned to my books and my embroidery with new resolutions to be content.

I had never learned much at school, though I had passed a faultless examination in many books. I had learned to repeat like a parrot, seldom making the ideas of others my own, and more seldom developing any thing like originality. I had not been taught to think: no object of thought had been given me; no purpose had been set before me in life that could awake the energies of mind or body. I existed, but I did not live. I knew now that what I longed for was activity.

The house-keeper who cared for my childhood, and my aunt who directed me in girlhood, were very scrupulous about the line of demarkation between the sports and occupations of girls and those of boys; and to play in the open air was considered a boy's prerogative; and nothing that boys used in playing — ball or hoops or sled — must be touched by girls. They must sit in the house and sew and knit, and for amusement dress and dandle dolls. When their tastes had out-grown this, they might read a little; but it was waste of time to be long engaged in any thing that was not remunerative labor. Girls and women must be delicate, at the risk of life and health and happiness. I wonder why, if this is necessary to woman's honor, that she was not so constituted that inactivity is sufficient for her, and with nerves and muscles that would remain firm in the wearisome monotony of an idle and useless existence.

I had no love of knowledge for its own sake, but I had ambition and pride, and did not wish to seem ignorant. So the next year I devoted to study, with my own perseverance for aid, and found it better than any teacher, and marvelled at my powers of acquiring, when entirely self-relying.

'Dear me, what 's the use of knowing so much?' the old lady, whom I had become accustomed to call Aunt Ida, from the familiarity which had grown up between us, would exclaim; 'you are not going to be a school-ma'am, and will have no use for learning.'

'But does no body need learning except those who are to be school-ma'ams?'

'Why, what 's the use? Women do not need book-knowledge to teach them how to keep house, and that 's what women have to do.'

'Sometimes, and sometimes they do not have houses to keep; what shall they do then?'

'Those that are obliged to work for a living can sew; but you are not. You are independent yourself: your father is well off, and you have a brother to take care of you.'

'But riches take to themselves wings and flee away. Death comes, and does not always take those who are most willing to go. You once had a house of your own, and now you are alone in the world; perhaps I shall be; and it must be pleasanter to teach than to sew. I confess I should not like to support myself with my needle.'

'It is no disgrace,' exclaimed my friend, with a little irritation in her tone.

'Not any, dear Aunt Ida; yet it is a hard life; and you know that even in our republican country there is a sort of caste, and a seamstress is not thought in quite so high a position as a teacher; or one who keeps house.' I had begun to fear the good lady was thinking I classed all who supported themselves as a little inferior, and added the last clause to reässure her. A gleam of complacency immediately crossed her shadowed face, and she replied:

'Well, I think it is very foolish for you to be troubling yourself about ever coming to want. It is time enough to think about calamities when they are here.'

'No, I think it is better to provide for them. How many poor women might have been independent in spite of misfortune, if they had only thoroughly believed misfortune could come to them? How many widows are reduced to want, and ——'

'And — you expect to be a widow, with all the rest?'

'No, I have not ever thought of getting married myself. You know beaux are prohibited articles here; and I go nowhere else to meet such monsters.'

'I wonder what has become of Mr. D ——,' said the good lady: 'I thought, after coming so far and staying so long, he would return.'

'I don't know: he said he came on business; and I suppose business has not called him this way again. I have thought nothing about it.'

This I added, to be sure and convey the impression that I had felt no particular interest in him, though I had thought of him every day

and hour. It was not necessary; for my companion had not very quick perceptions; but my womanly instincts prompted me to guard against suspicion. (Is it instinct or education?)

I had not neglected any duty to nurse these wandering thoughts, but had, on the contrary, worked more systematically, and with marvellous results in the way of acquirements. I was in no danger of pining in sickly sentimentalism — no danger of seriously loving any body who did not love me, or profess to. 'I wish something would happen to vary the monotony. Do you ever feel lonely, Aunt Ida, and wish for change?'

'No,' she said; 'I prefer solitude, and think it most profitable.'

I had no good reason to give for not preferring it, or for thinking it not the most profitable; and as both the religious and moral code of the good lady were derived from long-standing authorities, which it would have been treason and sacrilege in me to dispute, I said nothing; and just at that moment our colloquy had a pleasant interruption.

The bell rang; and as I listened, I heard a voice I knew, long as it had been since its accents fell on my ears It was not in my power now to assume indifference when summoned, nor when I entered the parlor to see Mr. D——.

I was conscious of the crimson blush and the hesitating manner, but I was also aware that I was not alone embarrassed. A few commonplace remarks were all that seemed likely to make up our conversation, as much material as there really was for us to use in a first interview, coming as he did from the village where I spent so many years, and where there were so many mutual objects of interest.

At length the question came abruptly: 'Why did you not answer my letter?'

'I never received any,' I replied.

He looked relieved; for now he was at least permitted to imagine it was not unwelcome.

'I wrote one,' he said, 'soon after I left here; and thought I would come and see why you slighted your friend.'

I said nothing.

'It is a delightful afternoon; will you take a ride?' was the next proposition.

To which I hesitatingly responded in the affirmative.

As this was a step which required some volition on my part, I could not take it without assuming responsibility; and it was the first time I had ventured beyond the walls with a gentleman.

And that ride! what a revelation did it bring to me. I was not prepared for it: it was premature.

'I have something to tell you,' he said; 'but I fear it will not please you.'

'How is it possible you can say what will displease me?'

There was a pause, and then he said:

'I think I will defer it, and tell you in a letter.'

'But the letter may share the fate of the other, and I may thus never know. Oh! proceed; I think my anger will not be mortal.'

I really had not a suspicion what I was to hear; and when he slowly

and solemnly added: 'It is, that I love you!' I was petrified, and by no effort could open my lips. Then followed the still more incredible intelligence, that during the two years before I left my aunt's, he had tried in every possible way to make me understand his preference, and to elicit some proof that I was not quite indifferent; and to all I had been, or would seem, deaf and dumb and blind. He then came to me determining upon the declaration, but my frozen ways, deprived him of the power, and he deferred it to be written. The letter I did not receive; and with not a gleam of hope, he came again, and now would know if it must be in vain.

Where, indeed, had been my eyes and ears, during all those revelations of look and tone, 'more eloquent than language,' that I had never suspected their import? I had become an automaton, and so thoroughly believed myself the uninteresting, undesirable thing I was so often represented, that I looked for nothing but neglect.

Mr. Dunstan, for that was his name, was my ideal of a manly-looking man, tall and finely-built, with rich masses of dark-brown hair, shadowing a brow deep and broad, and an eye of clear, deep blue, that did not gleam or sparkle beneath its long, dark lash, but calmly spoke of truth and lofty aims — of a heart to be trusted in all and through all, and a man wholly to be loved.

But I did not yet love him. In love at first sight, I do not believe, nor in any love that is not the growth of culture, which is not the fruit of congeniality, the result of interchange of thought and feeling. He had studied me with reference to this event; had put questions and elicited remarks, but I had bestowed upon him no thought that prepared me to reciprocate the interest he expressed.

My confused thoughts were rallied by the murmurings of despair, and I stammered '*Time*,' which shed a gleam of hope upon his shadowed face; and soon we parted, with the day appointed to meet again; and I hastened to my lonely room to gather strength to analyze and ponder.

No woman will confess herself indifferent to an offer, and especially to the first. I must confess to being in a sort of delirium, almost wild with excitement. To be assured that I was loved, and by one who had known me long and well; by one who did not speak meaningless words! Soon it began to assume the appearance of a dream. There came a cloud upon my joy, an incubus upon my spirits; a something whispered, it was a vain dream for me; and I awoke to the reality which I had well-nigh forgotten, that there was another to consult in an affair like this.

I descended to tea with no trace of bewilderment or of happiness upon my face, but there was a frown upon the one I met, and I saw that I had presumed too far.

Now came back with double weight the old feeling of restraint and depression, and to think of opening my heart was like crucifying it. I already felt the spear and the nails; and the cup which, a moment ago, was so sweet, was turned to bitterness. Would it not be better to dash it from my lips? If done by my own hands, there might still be left the taste of the nectar, and the draught, though meagre, might still refresh me. But then came thought of what might be, in contrast with the dreary, objectless, famishing life I led. I had not

strength to put away the boon, and the more I thought of it the more sweet it seemed. Life no longer seemed a desert, and the aching void in my heart was filled. There come over my restless spirit a quiet, as if I had swallowed an opiate, that was not lethargy, but repose; that was not dreamy listlessness, but the lull of anxiety, a taste of happiness which was provided 'for mortals here below.' Oh! why is it permitted to so few?

But I must not dwell on so bright a vision, till I had learned whether I should be permitted, and how should I ascertain it? Between my father and me there had never been an hour's familiar conversation. He had commanded me, but never counselled me. He had given me food and clothes and schools and books. It had been one of the family habits to attend church punctually, and as it was the only variety of the week, I had never thought of it as onerous. This was the only occasion for dressing, the only occasion for studying physiognomy, the only opportunity of meeting people and seeing variety. I never thought of listening to the preaching, and attached very little meaning to the services, never doubting that ours was the only true way, and all who believed otherwise were deluded heretics.

No intimation had I ever received that my soul was suspected of a want that was not supplied. I lived as thousands of others lived: why was it not enough? No explanation would make it clear; so I can only say it was not enough, and should not be for any human heart.

I knew the qualifications which would be considered necessary in my husband, and began forthwith to think whether he possessed not only what would be sufficient in my eyes, but in those of another. That he was a man of Christian principle and moral integrity, would not weigh a feather; but whether he was whig or democrat, how much money he had at interest, and what was his standing in the world. These were the 'weighty matters of the law,' and these were points concerning which I had no knowledge, except the last, and congratulated myself that on this, I could satisfy the most exacting world-worshipper. But how should I ever commence the story?

The ride was on Saturday, and I should have all of Sunday and Monday, and half of Tuesday, before another meeting with my lover. But I could not endure suspense, and beside, could not well decide whether he was acceptable in my own eyes, till free from the doubt whether I should be permitted to act according to the instincts GOD had given me.

At length, I concluded to write. I could say it better in a letter, and should thus get rid of the stammering and trembling and blushing inseparable from a verbal communication. So, after spoiling a dozen sheets of paper, I finished a short but very comprehensive note, and thought, in my simplicity, it must have the effect to soften the heart to which it was affectionately and feelingly addressed.

Aunt Ida had 'guessed what was going on,' but permitted no sign of intelligence to evince her surmises. I read her the letter, and asked her what she supposed my father would say.'

'Say!' she exclaimed; 'I can't tell what he will say, but of course he will have no objection. Mr. Dunstan is a likely young man: what more can he ask?'

[illegible] and she had never treated with so much [illegible] had never imagined the [illegible] which separated our hearts and smothered all sympathy. I had always spoken of him in terms of affection and respect, and she could not see that there was any thing wrong.

I made a note [illegible] of my impressions, planning it where I have I would be taken up while I was going to church on Sunday morning, and [illegible] sequence.

[illegible] had been called upon for an analysis of the sermon that day. I fear it would have been a very imperfect one. I should have given, though I endeavored very perseveringly to untangle the thread of the discourse as a [illegible] from the [illegible] of thought in my own mind, from which however interesting I was inclined to recoil as from an enchanted ground.

But the fate of my letter and the infallibility of my presentiments must be deferred to the next chapter.

MABEL MORE.

I did not care: I knew full well
'T was only arch coquetting,
And since she said she loved but me,
I did not dream of fretting.
Her smile and glance were Truth herself,
That left no room for doubting:
I'd rather kiss her cherry lips
Than curl my own in pouting.

The morning came that bore away
My own, my dearest Mabel,
And fickly whirled, I recollect,
The cock that topped the gable.
O Mabel More! for me no more
That smile of thine should ripple:
My name that on thy heart was wrought
Was only done in stipple.

Miss More no more! mine nevermore!
I found thee false and fickle,
And I was but a man of straw,
Thy summer time to tickle:
For seven days of weary time
The news from Mabel carried,
That she to Mr. Johnson Smith
The day before was married.

The *why* was plain, O Mabel More!
For he was rich, though wilted;
And so she snapped her solemn vows,
And married Smith, the jilt did.
But rich as was her Mr. Smith,
I envy not his pleasure,
Nor ever think to hate the man
For filching such a treasure.

THAT TONE.

BY HELEN M. LADD.

ERE a cloud had shadowed our morning,
Ere a thorn in our path-way grew;
Ere the world had taught us its scorning
Of all that is good and true:
When care had hardly a seeming,
When doubt had hardly a name,
When the hues of our fancy dreaming
Were never of wealth or fame:

In the days of our sunny childhood,
When our cabinet was run o'er
With the blossoms of meadow and wild-wood,
And pebbles from off the shore;
When weepings in sorrow and sadness
Our little life never had known,
We listened in joy and in gladness
To a soft and musical tone.

Then visions of bliss were round us,
And joy-wreathed spirits were ours;
For Hope and Love had crowned us
With seemingly fadeless flowers.
So we built to ourself an Eden,
And said: 'T will be always day;
For much to our heart is given,
And naught shall be taken away.'

But the angels among their number
Had missed that musical tone,
And they came 'mid his gentle slumber,
Claiming our own, their own.
Then the evenings were draped in sorrow,
The mornings were shrouded in grief;
No hope could we build on the morrow,
Because of our unbelief.

So we wailed in our desolate spirit,
We moaned in our helpless pain;
We prayed that the LORD might hear it—
'Give us our own again:'
For the roots of our faith were shaken;
Despair encircled our brow:
Our all had the MASTER taken;
Oh! nothing was left us now.

But once in our desolate dreamings
We listened to that dear tone,
And the eye with its purified gleamings
Looked earnestly into our own.
In its sanctified depths was written
Rebuke for our waning trust,
And our penitent soul was smitten
Down, down to the sister dust

We wailed in our sorrow no longer;
A ray in the future gleamed;
The roots of our faith grew stronger
The rougher our pathway seemed:
For now to our heart is given
Sweet memory of that tone,
Which woos us toward yon heaven
Where at last we may claim our own.

North-Hero, (Vermont.)

REMINISCENCES OF 'THE SOUTHERN TIER.'

NUMBER TWO.

For a long time we had among us, in 'the Southern Tier,' a jolly, eccentric Irishman, who kept a public-house at Bath and Elmira, and subsequently at Albany and Auburn, and, I believe, is now located at Batavia.

He had seen much of the world, was exceedingly fond of good cheer, and was much appreciated as a boon-companion, though said to be somewhat aristocratic in his notions, and very hostile to the democratic habit of spitting tobacco upon his floors, and could not abide a traveller who ventured to his door with a hair-trunk. It is said of him, that when he figured as 'mine host of the Eagle,' at Elmira, he refused to step to the door to receive the Canal Commissioners of Pennsylvania, who had come into our State on a visit of inspection of our canals, simply because they drove up to his door in a common lumber-wagon, which was the only vehicle they could procure on the Pennsylvania frontier. He had observed their arrival while standing at a window, and when told by a citizen who they were, he replied: 'You are mistaken, they are not persons of reputation, as none but loafers travel with *hair-trunks*.' When satisfied, by the attention shown by the citizens who knew them and were expecting their arrival, that they were no impostors, he gradually unbent, and treated them with the suavity and kindness for which he is so justly esteemed; though still protesting against their *equipage*.

The celebrated N. P. Tallmadge once stopped at his house in Elmira, while on a tour of 'stumping the State:' on calling for his bill at his departure, our jolly Boniface told him there was no charge against him; for, said he, 'it is seldom we have such distinguished gentlemen among us.' It is said, however, that the 'distinguished' ex-Senator had serious doubts whether it should be considered 'a censure or a compliment!'

While the proprietor of one of the hotels at the county-seat of a neighboring county, during the sitting of one of the courts, he applied to the cashier of the village-bank for a supply of small change, which

was very desirable to him in settling with his customers. The cashier, probably annoyed by the frequent applications of this kind from all the village establishments, exhibited some little unwillingness to accommodate him, and intimated that banks were not established for the exclusive purpose of furnishing small change in the country. This irritated the 'Major,' for so he is called; and he resolved upon revenge. He soon after appeared at the counter of the bank, with a roll of its bills in his hand, to demand *specie* for them. Deeming it a matter of some moment, which required unusual ceremony, the Major, to give the greater importance to the occasion, (as he tells the story,) brought to his aid all the erudition he possessed, and determined to 'make the demand in Latin,' thus expecting to terrify or awe the offending cashier, for whose daily annoyance 'the Major' seemed to have but little sympathy, Throwing down the bills, or 'dirty rags,' as he termed them, and assuming a heroic attitude, he thundered out his demand: '*Honos, bonos, crocus metallorum.*' On being asked the effect of this strange proceeding, 'the Major' replied: 'Why, what could the man do? He felt his want of education, and at once forked over the specie.'

A good story is told of his successor in the house which the Major then occupied. He, too, was a man of generous and social impulses, and had shown his disposition in freely bringing out his bottles, without charge, when any of his village neighbors happened to step in — he partaking with them, or setting the example, and inviting them to drink. Some of his friends, knowing the kindness of the man, became apprehensive that it might eventually induce in him the habit of tippling, while it would affect his pecuniary prospects, ventured to remonstrate with him in a kindly manner. These were frequently urged without effect. One of the most esteemed and venerated of the villagers called upon him, and in his gentlemanly and solemn manner, warned him against a habit which he feared was growing upon him, and might injure his usefulness and standing in society. This brought to his mind the previous warnings of others, and he became convinced that a concert of action existed among his friends; he began to view it as a matter of serious concern, and was not a little depressed when he saw the kindness intended by the proceeding. After a moment's reflection, he replied: 'Well, Mr. H ——, you may be right. I am satisfied that your solicitude proceeds from kind motives; you all tell me how much *I drink*, but not a man among you thinks of *how dry* I am.'

We have still among us, in *Chemung* county, a citizen, whose history is so intimately connected with that of the *town* and *county* of Chemung, that they seem almost inseparable. Possessing a strong and energetic mind, a great fund of common-sense, much soundness of judgment, extensive general information acquired by several years' service in the Legislature of the State as a member of the House and of the Senate, the polish of 'a gentleman of the old school,' though an unassuming and energetic farmer, Judge McD —— is universally esteemed. A man of much wit and humor, his love of fun and jollity always gathers around him a crowd of choice spirits wherever he goes; and on

such occasions, he is the soul and spirit of the assemblage. Many amusing anecdotes are related of him, which would fill a volume. One I will venture to give, as it is characteristic of the man, and exhibits his warm attachment to the place of his residence, and probably of his birth, and his hostility to useless innovation, being eminently conservative in all his feelings. The 'township of Chemung,' as originally laid out by the State Commissioners in 1788, included the territory from the easterly line of Steuben on the Chemung River, to Owego Creek on the Susquehannah — a territory some forty-five miles in length by some ten or twelve wide.

The old town of *Chemung*, as erected by the Legislature in 1791, comprised territory now divided into ten towns

The Indian village of *Chemung* was located on the flats near the present village of Chemung, and was destroyed by the American troops under Gen. Sullivan, in 1779, and another called *New-Chemung*, or New-Town, was near the battle-ground on which Gen. Sullivan fought the Tories and Indians under Butler and Brant, a few days after.

The word *Chemung* is an Indian word, signifying *Big Horn*, and was given to the river, from the fact that a large horn was found by the Indians in its waters at an early day, and a similar one was found by some of the early settlers about the year 1791, in the same stream, in the present town of Chemung. The father of Judge McD—— was captured by the Indians in 1782, and remained a long time a prisoner among them. He informed the writer (then a boy) that at Quebec he saw the horn which gave name to the river, and, as he represented, the *counterpart* of the one found by the whites soon after the first settlement of the country.

The Judge had frequently represented the town of *Chemung* (the place of his residence and that of his father) in the Board of Supervisors; had been active in the Legislature in reference to the *Chemung* Canal, and the erection of the county of *Chemung*, and was the first President of *The Chemung Canal Bank*. It is not strange, then, that his attachment to the *name* so intimately connected with his early and more mature associations, should be deeply seated.

Soon after the New-York and Erie Rail-road Company commenced operations, the Judge had occasion to visit Binghamton on business, and took his passage on the rail-road. When ready to return home, he took his seat in the train going West, which would pass through Chemung. The conductor called for the fare, when the Judge handed him the amount required, stating that his destination was *Chemung*. It seems that some of the employees of the road, in preparing the list of stopping-places and rates of fare, not possessing the love of ancient names which characterized the Judge, had arbitrarily left off the name of *Chemung*, and substituted what seemed to them to sound better, that of *Springville*. The conductor had but lately been placed on this route, and the name of *Chemung* was as *new to him* as was that of *Springville* to the Judge. Looking over his list, he told the Judge there was *no such place* as Chemung. Imagine the surprise of the Judge at this announcement. 'No such place as *Chemung*? Why, Sir, the name of Chemung was known, loved, honored, and cherished

by the early settlers, who now sleep in its soil, long years ago. The conductor asked on which side of *Waverley* it was located? This made matters much worse. 'Young man, you have much to learn: Chemung was known and had become a part of the history of the country long before Waverley or the New-York and Erie Rail-road was ever thought of. You had better ask *which side of Chemung Waverley is.* Sir, I will teach you and you employers that *there is a religion in old names!* What right have they to change *this loved and honored name*, rich in historic associations, for the unmeaning one of Springville? I will have it restored.' He then paid his fare to Elmira, *twelve miles beyond Chemung*, which he said should be the place of his arrival and departure, until the Erie Rail-road Company had learned where *Chemung* was. It is needless to say that the energy and perseverance of the Judge soon restored the time-honored *Chemung* to its appropriate place on the roll. The anecdote has been related by a friend of the Judge, who represents him as unacquainted with the meaning of *Chemung*, which is unjust to him, as he and his father have had too much to do with the '*Big Horn*,' to be ignorant on the subject. The one, *while a prisoner*, having seen *the original*, among the Ineians; the other, its *counterpart*, found near his residence.

N I G H T.

I.

THE pale moonlight holds sway to-night,
And all beneath is peace.
The worlds of light roll on in might
Above, where all is peace.

II.

The weary sleep, in slumbers deep,
And for a while have peace.
The sorrowing weep, and vigil keep;
They now may weep in peace.

III.

Above, around, nor sight nor sound
Breathes aught but rest and peace.
The grassy mound, the sky profound,
Tell of eternal peace.

IV.

O soul of mine! no more repine,
Striving in vain for peace.
Thy will resign to the Divine,
And thou shalt have GOD'S peace.

E N.

THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

O LOVELIEST lake of loveliest isle that lies beneath the sun!
I've roamed around thy banks in life; and when my race is run,
I would it might be mine to rest beneath some branching tree,
That watch would keep around my grave, and overshadow thee.
Some drooping tree, around whose trunk the dark-green, graceful vine,
Emblem of trust, of trust and truth, from age to age would twine.
It may not be, this dearest wish, for I perforce must die
In exile lone, and make my grave beneath a stranger sky.

THE VALE OF ECHOES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'BOARDING-SCHOOL SKETCHES.'

'WALLS have ears;' yes, and tongues. After an absence of months I seat myself once more in my study, and numerous voices welcome me. The initials scratched carelessly upon the desk, the pictures hung around me, the books on the shelves, the indefinable *salute* of old associations, fills my mind with echoes,—echoes of the days gone by. For what are memories but echoes of departed joys and sorrows; and reveries are but the lengthened reverberations of sounds which rung upon our hearts in the hours of youth and gladness. Happy is the one who, standing upon the quick-sands of the present, not only hears echoes from the past, but sees rain-bows illumining the future.

Sweet is the music of these old-time melodies which chime from my study-walls, yet the echo-land of which I would write now is a veritable valley among the hills of Northern Jersey. Wearied by the insipidities of Saratoga, shocked by finding a heartless crowd even at Niagara, we longed for something quiet, entrancing, unique. The *Vale of Echoes*, which to our mind's eye had ever been pictured an Elysium by an enthusiastic friend, seemed to offer all the rest, the refreshment, the novelty desired.

'One day among the catamounts will suffice!' laughed vexatious Annie. 'You will find more screech-owls than echoes, and will soon tire of an 'Acadie' inhabited by mosquitoes and rattle-snakes.'

Nothing daunted, with too much pride to *seem* to believe innendoes so fatal to our scheme of enjoyment, in a mood to be charmed with every thing save the rattle-snakes, we reached the valley at the witching hour of even-tide. Over all was the weird charm of deceptive indistinctness; and suddenly there streamed across the road, with a startling effect, the red light from a furnace that was forging something

quite as terrible as thunder-bolts, judging from the Satanic appearance of the Mulciber and attendant Cyclops.

The bright September sun awoke us in the morning. Our good landlady spread a repast for us which would honor a more ambitious *mĕnage* than Underhill-Cottage, after which we started out upon a tour of exploration. The *coup d' œil* from the cottage-door was thrilling. Above us frowned Piccatinny, as noble a bluff as ever reared itself toward the skies. On every side towered wooded hills, encasing the valley in nature's most exquisite frame-work. A limpid stream wound through the meadows, away, away toward its sister rivulet, with which it would soon unite to form the Rockaway. The air was nectarean; the scene about us, more than our wildest hope had pictured it; the groves vocal with the morning salutations of the forest-choir.

'Our Arcadia was no Utopian fancy!' cried I exultingly: 'but tell us, Edgar, where 's the echo?'

'So you do not believe the echo-stories I have told you: come this way:' and he piloted us around the gloomy old forge, along a singing race-way, up past the smoking lime-kiln. We forgot the echoes, the scene at the head of the valley was so unlooked-for, so magnificent. A lake gemmed with islands lay in the embrace of the rocky hills.

'O Milly!' exclaimed Julia, with a long-to-be remembered (characteristic) grasp upon my arm.

'O Julia!' screamed I; and sprang into the boat which rocked upon the waves just beneath it. Edgar unlocked the chain, and, seizing the oars, with a vigorous pull brought us way out among the water-lilies.

Enraptured with the beauty all around, we spoke not a word, when suddenly Edgar shouted, 'Good-morning!' and Piccatinny answered, 'Good-morning, good-morning!' which the opposite mountains repeated, 'Good-morning, good-morning!' and when all these had died away, some musical hill, so far distant that we could not locate it, clearly responded, 'Good-morning!'

'Good-morning!' 'Good-morning!' cried Julia and I, in the fulness of our joy. We could never tire of awakening those thrilling echoes. Well named is that liquid mirror, Echo Lake.

The sun-set found us again in the boat, our party increased by the amiable summer-residents of Cliffwood Cottage. Mrs. R—— brought her guitar, and sang with all the sweet enthusiasm inspired by the hour, the scene. Little Willie listened earnestly to the songs of his mother, and when she paused, laughed out, 'Halloo-a!' 'Halloo-a!' answered Piccatinny faintly; for the boy's voice was scarcely above a Canary's note.

'Who is that, Willie?' asked his mamma, with questioning eyes.

'Man in the woods!' lisped the young mountaineer; for he had called to him daily, and loved the civil back-woodsman, who never failed to reply when properly spoken to.

The stars were gleaming when we returned to the shore. 'You have not named the new boat, Milly. That honor is reserved for you,' said its master; so, after some consultation, we all agreed upon 'Star-Light;' and the little bark was duly christened.

In the morrow a grand excursion was planned to the top of Piccatinny. A four-mule team drew a large wagon to the door, and our party numbering six seated themselves as best they might, for an ascent which had never before been attempted.

'These mules are living in an up-set,' said our hostess, placing her arms around and raising them as though never expecting to see us again alive.

'Is the boss crazy!' exclaimed the wise old forge-men, as the mules started off with their precious load.

The driver ran along beside his beasts until we came to the turn-up place, plainly called a road, when the donkeys would not go. After much persuasion, entirely feeling appeals, etc., they started up the mountain in a run. They kept the track much better than reasonable people could have expected, but we did not pretend to be reasonable; and Julia screamed, 'You wretched animals!' while little Willie laughed bravely as the boughs swept off our sun-bonnets and gipsy-hats. The end-board flew out as we rattled over stones, rocks, and even bore down young saplings in our march.

'Never mind what goes,' said Edgar, 'if we do not lose the dinner-basket.'

The woods were thick on every side, and sometimes the road (?) lay not through but over a young forest. The mules, encouraged by Sam in various ways, dashed down the slender stems, while the great wheels snapped trunks of several inches in diameter.

Bang! went the wagon: it had met a stout tree which was 'too much for it.' The axe was in readiness, the birch was felled, and the mules trotted on: while thump, thump, thump, jogged the wagon; and we reached the brink of Piccatinny! A single mis-step now, one unskilful revolution of the wheels, would plunge us down a perpendicular height of some hundreds of feet. Gladly we alighted, while Sam guided his animals off into the thicket.

Now our eyes roamed over the whole extent of Clifford Valley, and away toward other valleys, other forges, other lakes glistening in the sun-light. Surely if our country possesses any of the charm of Switzerland, it is among these hills, the continuation of our own Highlands on the Hudson. The view from Piccatinny is of the same character as that from Mount Holyoke, which we had ascended a few weeks previous, but not so extensive, being circumscribed by the surrounding hills.

The 'rolling-off place' afforded us continual amusement. The rocks thundered down with deep reverberation like booming cannon, then rattled as they broke upon other rocks like crackling grape-shot. Oh! the glory, the beauty, the enjoyment of that September day! Where, among the echoing memories of by-gone hours, is there one to surpass it? Nature was queen of the festival; and with willing homage to her sway we gathered around the rock which served as a festive-board, while Mrs. R—— spread the noon collation so refreshing to our quickened appetites.

The descent of the mountain was made early in the afternoon, and the evening again found us upon Echo Lake. New beauty was dis-

covered continually. Now we found a place where a clearer echo could be obtained, now one where several notes were repeated, until, arriving opposite Lily Island, we rested on the oars enraptured. Five notes were repeated consecutively, by five successive echoes! 'I would like to know where you can find an equal to that?' cried the proud Laird of Cliffwood? 'Even the Old Man of the Mountains, whom tourists rave about, is eclipsed.'

What seemed most singular, the last echo was as clear as any previous one, and repeated the notes some seconds after the others. These echoes abound through all the valley, and to some extent in neighboring valleys, Nowhere, however, are they so clear and numerous as upon Echo Lake.

As we lay off Lily Point, Julia said: 'We must have an Echo-Song, expressly dedicated to this valley. What vale is more worthy?'

'And Annie shall set it to music, when we return home!' 'And Mrs. R —— shall sing it!' said we all, as we impulsively dubbed the 'head-land,' toward which our boat had floated, Cape Song.

'I have a poet-friend!' 'And I!' 'And I!' said one and another.

But our poet-friends all decline writing *the* song until next summer, when they may have the inspiration of Cliffwood itself. In the mean time permit me to give you our own *impromptu*, which you may call a burlesque, if you please; for we confess that our rhymes were chosen with more regard to the peculiar lungs of Piccatinny than to the critical taste of the Knickerbockers. We set it in the key of D Major: the third and last line of each stanza go in this fashion:



List! on the hills ringing,
List! through the vales singing,
Hark! how it goes!
Whose is that voice we hear?
Half a laugh, half a tear —
Echo's, O Echo's!

'Man in the woods!' says Will:
'Halloo-a!' —— 'Boy, be still!
'Tis Echo! Echo!
Wonderful Mountain-King!
Hark! that 's his signet-ring' —
Echo! O Echo!

'Stop!' cries the brave boy, 'Stop!'
'Stop!' answers back the rock
Right up above us.
Old Piccatinny aye
Holds *his* head haughtily:
Echo-*lake* loves us.

Rocks, like man, one cannot move;
Waves, like woman, are all love,
Scorning us never!
Thus 'tis with sigh and smile
We recall crag, wave, and isle:
Cliffwood for ever!

With a few dexterous strokes we gained Tiny-Island, and springing upon *terra* — any thing but *firma* — gave a cheer for the *Vale of Echoes*, and played battledore with Piccatinny and his suite, using words for shuttlecocks, until our soprano, contralto, and baritone were thoroughly fatigued, although the mountain-choir seemed not in the least exhausted.

Day after day glided past, crowded with enjoyment. Now we explored the neighboring iron-mines, to the infinite danger of being frightened to death, if not killed outright, by the subterranean horrors of those mighty artificial caves; now we spent a day upon Lake Hopatcong — how many echoes touch our hearts at the mention of that shining water! — now mounted on Don and Diamond, the proudest span in all the country round, we threaded the arched forest-avenues, as smooth as the drives in a gentleman's park, or scaled the dizzy mountain-sides, where lady-equestrian never before had ventured, to seek the wondrously beautiful lake reposing on the summit of these hills, without visible inlet, fed only by springs and the generous clouds.

Well may the Jersey-Blues boast their 'native land;' and when taunted by the finger of scorn pointing to their barren southern plains, turn proudly to their unequalled northern hills and lakes, around which cluster legends upon legends of the olden time, where mid-night skies glow with the flames from a hundred busy forges nourished by the rich veins of her unnumbered mines. There are grave-yards, too, dotting her hallowed soil, which are not filled alone by the *forgotten* dead. Heroes have expired upon Jersey battle-grounds, and her revolutionary history is inferior to that of no sister State. Here the stars and stripes waved triumphantly; here arose the rain-bow of hope which to-day spans our whole land. Thoughts like these rushed through our minds as our steeds tramped along the stony mountain-roads, or as we paused to tear away the moss from the dark slabs in a sequestered burial-place.

Reluctantly enough we left the Vale of Echoes. There were home duties calling us, and their voices drowned the pleadings of the echoing rocks, the murmuring waves, and whispering forest-boughs. We paused awhile at our old home just outside this range of northern hills, where echo upon echo rung upon our ears as we retraced the well-known paths, read the well-remembered names carved upon the cupola and on the walls of the vine-wreathed summer-house, or songht for the marks of our ambitious bullets in the target-trees of the grove across the stream, where we had marked out a primitive 'shooting-gallery.'

Night found us at home again. How joyous was the welcome given by one and all, as they crowded around to learn how we had passed the 'week in the woods.'

'A week in Paradise!' said Julia, humming over the last verse of our echo-song.

Another week, and one of our number had passed away to that unknown Echo-land whence there is no returning. Scarcely had the delight of our safe arrival, the joy of finding 'all well,' settled into a calm enjoyment, when suddenly, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the aged one of our family circle disappeared into the Vale of Shadows, leaving us the warning so to walk in the ways of righteousness, that when our steps are bidden to follow her, there be no dread upon us as the

echoes of our lives come rolling up to the throne of the GREAT ETERNAL.

By a beautiful coïncidence, while we were tarrying at Cliffwood, a friend, unknowing its particular appropriateness, quoted to us in a letter the bugle-song of Tennyson, in the '*Princess.*' To make amends for our our own unskilful notes, we will cite the closing stanza:

'O LOVE, they die in yon rich sky:
They faint on hill, or field, or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever:
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying!'

Williamsburgh, (*L. I.*,) *March*, 1856.

THE DRUMMER'S BRIDE.

HOLLOW-eyed and pale
At the window of a jail,
Through her soft disheveled hair,
A maniac did stare, stare, stare!
At a distance down the street,
Making music with their feet,
Came the soldiers from the wars,
All embellished with their scars,
To the tapping of a drum,
Of a drum;
To the pounding
And the sounding
Of a drum!
Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum!
Drum! drum! drum!

The woman heaves a sigh
And a fire fills her eye,
When she hears the distant drum;
She cries: 'Here they come! here they come!'
Then clutching fast the grating
With eager, nervous waiting,
See! she looks into the air,
Through her long and silky hair,
For the echo of a drum,
Of a drum;
For the cheering
And the hearing
Of a drum!
Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum!
Drum! drum! drum!

And nearer, nearer, nearer
Comes, more distinct and clearer,
The rattle of the drumming;
Shrieks the woman: '*He* is coming,
He is coming *now* to me;

Quick, drummer, quick! till I see!'
And her eye is glassy-bright
While she beats in mad delight
To the rattle of a drum,
Of a drum;
To the rapping,
Tapping, tapping
Of a drum!
Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum!
Drum! drum! drum!

Now she sees them, in the street,
March along with dusty feet,
As she looks through the spaces,
Gazing madly at their faces;
And she reaches out her hand,
Screaming wildly to the band;
But her words, like her lover,
Are lost beyond recover
'Mid the beating of a drum,
Of a drum;
Mid the clanging
And the banging
Of a drum!
Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum!
Drum! drum! drum!

So the pageant passes by,
And the woman's flashing eye
Quickly loses all its stare,
And fills with a tear, with a tear;
As, sinking from her place,
With her hands upon her face—
'Hear!' she weeps and sobs as mild
As a disappointed child:
Sobbing 'He will never come,
Never come!
Now, nor ever!
Never, never
Will he come,
With his drum, with his drum, with his drum!
Drum! drum! drum!'

Still the drummer up the street
Beats his distant, dying beat,
And she shouts, within her cell,
'Ha! they're marching down to hell,
And the devils dance and wait
At the open iron gate:
Hark! it is the dying sound
As they march into the ground,
To the ceasing of the drum,
Of the drum;
To the sighing
And the dying
Of the drum!
Of the drum, of the drum, of the drum!
Drum! drum! drum!' J. W. S.

Zanesville, (Ohio.)

Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIOGVOLK.

MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

PART SIX.

Our cars are a 'feature' in New-York life, as the newspapers say. I should rather call them a *limb*. It would be impossible to get on without them. Our distances have become so great, and our people so numerous, that no stages or cabs or coaches could accommodate us. If we continue stretching out upon this narrow island, what shall we come to? Perhaps the Harlem River! Perhaps a change in business hours. In the early days of New-York, men had their homes within a block of their counting-rooms or offices. The space between the breakfast-table and the work-shop was accomplished by the time the cobwebs of sleep were brushed from the brain.

Oh! the early hours for business. When I was a clerk, I used to be the envy of my fellow-clerks and the wonder of every body. 'How could I accomplish so much of daily routine, and yet find so much leisure? How did I manage to master the involutions of such masses of complexity and detail, and keep so calm and cool?' I was never hurried, always ready, always found time for every thing, and every thing under my care was done in its appropriate season. I was set down for a man of talent, great talent for dispatch of business. Had I adhered to an occupation to which I was adapted, I might have kept up the illusion to this day, and grown rich perhaps. At least, I might have been spared much pain and affliction my vagabond life has betrayed me into. Some fancied I worked late at the office, and outwatched the stars. This was an error. I left the office early, for a clerk. The whole secret lay in my early morning hours. For the purpose of rapidly disposing of business, I always found an hour at the desk before nine o'clock worth any other four in the day. Then the mind is calm, the head is cool, the thoughts clear, and the memory tenacious and exact. The ideas are easily concentrated, and the most confused and abstruse details assume order, and the guiding clue is readily detected. Later in the day, noise, interruptions, and a thousand disturbing influences dissipate the attention, distract the mind, and make fretful the temper that tries to resist them.

I once read law for a little period in the office of a gentleman now an eminent judge of this city, whose habits were the reverse of mine as I have described them. He kept very late hours in his study at night, and reached the office just before ten o'clock in the morning. He would then fly about the room from desk to table, and back again, in a nervous twitter. Some dozen people would be waiting to see him, and all spoke to him at once, and he answered all at once. It was hurry-skurry until he gathered up his papers and rushed away to the City-Hall and court-rooms. Half the time he forgot the papers he wanted most, and oftentimes he might have sent a clerk, and saved himself the trouble of going at all.

But he had not time to think of what he required done, or what he might leave undone. If engaged in a trial or an argument in court, there was always something he had forgotten, and his thoughts would stray away from the business in hand until he lost his presence of mind, often at a most critical period. When he returned to his office it was in the same mood — hurry, excitement, and anxiety. He had nothing but nerves, no phlegm, no composure, no serenity, *no time.* All day long it was the same. But for all this, it is not his real nature; and when the business of the day is over, and now he rides home in my car, he is quite calm and serene.

Capacity for detail is a useful, desirable, and much-coveted talent; but very often, I suspect, it is merely the result of a habit of doing things in season, and of beginning the business of the day early. On the contrary, the custom of late morning hours, and the vice of procrastination, beget an incapacity for the management of detail, make a man fidgety and nervous, take away his power of effectually disposing of business, or of clear, connected thought, muddle his brain and darken his memory, nay, I will add, carry many a fine fellow and capable man to a premature grave. All these results the 'magnificent distances' of our city are begetting among our citizens. 'Why don't you do this or that? Why don't you see me?' The universal answer is, 'I have no time.' The child gets 'no time' to visit his parent; the friend is a stranger to his friend, except as they meet in business. All the sweet family cares of the householder are intrusted to servants; for he has 'no time.' The thousand familiar trifles of domestic life, that go far to make up the honey of existence, are omitted from the catalogue of human affairs for want of time to give them attention. Domestic economy, from becoming impossible, is growing obsolete. Two or three hours each day are consumed in going to-and-fro from fire-side to ledger and from ledger to fire-side. This time being cut out of the best working part of the day in the morning and the better part of the social hours in the evening, leaves no time for pleasure.

We are sadly in want of a reformer who shall take in hand our new circumstances, and make us comfortable. At present, the business-man of 1856 in New-York is very far from it. Look at the merchants and professional men of former days. They were a hardy race. 'Born,' like some famous duchess whose name I forget, 'before nerves came into fashion,' there is no hurry or bustle in their gait or manner. They transacted vast affairs and amassed large wealth, while bankruptcies among them were comparatively rare. They found time *to think;* and a half-hour's *thought* is often more effectual in business than six weeks' hurried, ill-planned *labor.* I cannot believe they labored as assiduously or incessantly as the business-men of our day, yet I see no reason to doubt they effected as much. They lack the nervous quickness of the men of to-day, but to my thinking their sober judgment was more reliable. If they moved more slowly, they moved more steadily, and by looking carefully about them to see whither they were going, they lost less time in making up for improvident deviations from the true course.

There is my friend of 'CARCO. & COH' memory, a type of the class I speak of. It is an early hour in the morning, but he has already taken his seat in my car. Time has furrowed his cheek, but he is hale

and hearty, merry as a cricket and chick as a bird. He goes down-town every morning at the same early hour, although no business calls him. He has a smile and a cheerful greeting for every body he meets, be it friend, acquaintance, or stranger. No moody cares knot his brow: he is no mere anatomy of man, whom fiery excitement and feverish anxiety has burnt out. He was formerly very extensively engaged as a merchant in this city. He amassed a large fortune by his care and assiduity and attention to business. Still I am told by those who knew him that he was always the same pleasant, happy being as now. There were many more such who have borne the heat and burthen of the day, and grown old gracefully. But I have my apprehensions as to whether the system of doing business in our days is not exacting from youth and middle-life some of the stamina that should be husbanded for declining years. I fear this feverish fretfulness that worries us at thirty will tell upon our constitutions at sixty.

PART SEVEN.

It seems to me one of the greatest draw-backs to the luxury of living in a great city, is the constant pressure of human suffering upon the sight. Not only have you the poor always with you, but the sick, the disabled, the decrepit, the oppressed, seem to swarm in the atmosphere, and to dog your heels whithersoever you go. You wish to relieve, constantly you do give, your heart aches at the spectacle of poverty and apparent misery; and yet if you attempt to give alms, you may encourage a thief in disguise, or pay tribute to a brutal task-master by making profitable the gleaning labors of his slave. The cupidity of debased natures has found commodity in human infirmity and misery: a running sore is 'floating capital,' and a wooden leg is 'stock in trade.' You feel the impulse of charity, you are pained at the spectacle of human wo; it costs you an effort to resist the promptings of your nature; but you feel you are likely to be cheated, that you may be doing harm instead of good, and yet you are unable to distinguish between real and feigned misfortune. By degrees, from being constantly deceived, you become indifferent, and then almost brutal, when alms are asked of you. Your heart recoils at yourself, but habit now makes you act before you think. If you happen to have a country friend with you, he stares at you and wonders if he has so misunderstood your character: he thought you kind-hearted; you are sinking in his opinion rapidly: magnetically you are conscious of this: you endeavor to explain or philosophize about it: you do n't, however, satisfy yourself; you are very far from satisfying him: then you avenge outraged human nature by giving doubly to the first unworthy importunity that thrusts itself upon you. Gradually your heart grows harder, sentiment dies out, your sympathies are deadened, and your moral nature withers under this blighting treatment of its promptings, and the unsatisfactory casuistry that puzzles the will but does not convince the heart. It is a sad and perplexing dilemma. For although many wise heads and sound hearts say indiscriminate charity is worse than never to give alms, it is a dangerous doctrine for the giver; and it must never be lost sight of that charity, like mercy,

'———— is twice blessed,
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.'

I hope there is nothing irreverent in the thought; but I would like to see an angel in human shape descend from his empyrean domain to this Babylonish city of ours. I would like to see and to know how he would settle the nice questions of casuistry and expediency that hourly embarrass the heart of the man who is the lover of his kind, and who would yet square his actions by a rule that will stand the test of time. I would like that angel to condescend to be my friend here for a little space. I would fain walk beside him through our crowded streets, and put my hand upon his human heart and watch his human features. I would like sometimes to encounter a street-beggar asking alms of him. I should like to feel how his heart beat, and to see his face give token of the battle within — between the promptings of his manly heart and the suggestions of his angel mind. If I could trace the manner of his reasoning and guess his conclusion, and find in it a satisfying guide for my conduct, I should feel relieved. As it is, I cherish the policy of that beneficent citizen who always gave alms to whomsoever asked, lest he should err in a single instance, and for the sake of keeping the spontaneity of his heart unchecked.

THE CHANGE IN A HOUSEHOLD.

ADDRESSED TO A FATHER ON THE FIFTH BIRTH-DAY OF HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

BY MINNIE MYRTLE.

FIVE years have passed, and what a change hath here
Been wrought within one household, where I used
To dwell long winter days, and hear no voice
Of youth or lisping child. Where stillness reigned,
And I could sit with book and ponder o'er
Its pages many an hour, or wrapped in thought,
Pursue the mazy train, till clear and bright,
It opened to my view, without a sound
To break upon my ear, or quickly rouse
Me from my reverie. Ah! yes; for then
It was the dwelling of a youthful pair,
Who had alone for many pleasant months
Enjoyed the quiet of their new abode.

I never can forget the happy day
When first this stillness fled, for ever fled;
When new and strange emotions woke within
Each bosom, never, never to be hushed
Again. Upon an open manly brow
A shade was cast, but not of sorrow's hue;
'Twas pencilled there by deep and holy thoughts
Within. What fresh, tumultuous feelings bid
The blood rush swiftly through the veins, while on
The temples I could seem to trace the lines
So quickly deepened, when a father first
Put forth his arms to clasp his child:
A silent tear stole down the mother's cheek,
As closely to her heaving bosom clung

Her first-born, centre now of all her hopes
And brightest joys.
Weeks rolled away, and she
The infant babe, became a playful thing,
With rosy lip and bright blue eye, and won
The strong, pure love of every heart; around
Her fragile form so firmly twining all
Affection's ties, that helplessness was more
Secure than manly strength. I had begun
To watch the dawning intellect, and love
To talk and laugh and play with innocence,
When I was called to say farewell to joys
Like these, and far away to seek my own
Bright home.
Since then the seasons must be told
In years, and years of varied scenes they 've been
To me — of joy and sorrow, hope and fear.
And could I gaze on every fire-side group,
On all the circles gathered in the homes
So thickly scattered 'mong the hills and vales
Of our dear happy land, more dark and sad
Would be the story I should have to tell,
Than this on which I 'm dwelling now. For some
Fond bosoms have been called to mourn, some hearts
To bleed at severing of the ties which here
I witness formed anew or made more strong.

Five years have passed, and I am once again
With joyous welcome 'neath the same blest roof;
But many little footsteps now I hear,
And other voices speak the gladness which
In youthful hearts can never be suppressed,
When friends arrive to add to household mirth,
To share the household joy.
The little one
That I could scarcely dream was not to look
As I last saw her in a gentle sleep,
Has grown a big and active child — can think
And talk, and read and run, and is indeed
A very woman in her handiwork,
Though young in years, a good companion now
For age, mature in thought and sage remark.
Another, with her full and rosy cheek,
With deep blue sparkling eye and chubby form,
Goes trotting round with pattering feet, and speaks
In lisping accents her soft, pleasant words,
And though a stranger yesterday, has won
Her way to love's pure empire in the heart.
Nor are these all to bid me welcome now.
Oh! no; another tiny fairy thing
Appears, and with the smile that sweetly plays
Upon her dimpled cheek, most plainly says:
'I, too, am glad.'
And different far must be
My philosophic reveries from those
Indulged in former days. I then had traced
The mind's slow progress in maturer years,
And deep the interest it awakes, but not
Exciting, like the ever-varying, quick
Perceptions of the little child. I love
To watch the artless one as cautiously
She moves her fingers o'er some bright new toy,

Till she is sure 't was given to please and not
To harm. See triumph in her joyous smile,
When some new feat she has performed, or learned
To imitate some useful art.
And she
Who can express her wonder and delight,
Requires me every hour to search for words
To clothe her budding thoughts, where all is strange,
And any moment seems to bring some new
Idea to be gathered to the stores
That, one by one, unconsciously
In infancy are treasured in the mind.
How much of science, language, art, is learned
Within a little period of time,
Which we of riper years may spend in toil
And weariness, with flushed and burning cheek,
And throbbing brow, to fathom wisdom's depths,
And seek the hidden springs of knowledge, while
The riches inexhaustible, for which
We pant, do still and ever will elude
Our grasp.
Yes, childhood's days are days of joy,
Of careless joy and buoyant gladsomeness,
And yet I would not live them o'er again.
I love the sober hours of thought, the calm
And gentle influence which reflection brings,
The soothing power of twilight reverie,
The mid-night meditation deep, the still
And solemn hour of silent prayer. I love
The quiet contemplation of the works
Of GOD'S creation in the world around:
The starry firmament and mighty deep,
Mystic river and the dewy mead.
I know that gloomy clouds must hover o'er
Each pathway we may tread through life, but then
The bow of promise never fails, and seems
Each time to wear a brighter smile, as wind
And storm are hushed, and golden rays of hope
Are ever beaming from its radiant brow.

May these blithe trusting ones, with opening minds,
Which thou art training with such anxious care,
Reward thy faithfulness. May no fell blight
Destroy thy hopes, nor blasting mildew waste
What seems to thee so beauteous and fair.
May theirs be high and lofty aims; may they
In noble objects search for happiness,
Possess pure minds, with richest treasures stored,
Delight in wisdom's ways, and humbly walk
In virtue's paths. Oh! may they early seek
The priceless pearl whose lustre never dims;
So when thy hair is silvery white, when youth
Has fled, and vigor wasted from thy form,
Thy children's virtues, like a halo bright,
Shall shine around thy hoary head; thy path
With fragrant flowers be strewn, and beauteous strength
Support thy tottering footsteps to the grave.
And may a jewelled crown await thee, where
With holy rapture thou mayst greet them, clad
In shining robes, attuning golden harps,
Amidst the glorious heavenly hosts who throng
The city of the New Jerusalem.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

NUMBER SIX.

If we take it first and last all through life, it 's really amazing what a raft of people we 've heard and never seen. Especially in hotels.

It has been Mace Sloper's luck to be very frequently quartered in rooms with nothing but a door betwixt his room and his neighbor's; and whenever this happened he has been pretty generally about as certain to hear, willing or unwilling, considerable that was n't spoken to him. Particularly when girls were in the next room! Not giving myself credit for any especial 'cuteness, I can't brag of ever having got up any wise theory on the subject; but it does seem to me that the queerest, wildest, and most amazing speeches I ever heard in all my life from mortal lips, always came from people I could n't see. Moreover — and every body 'll agree with me if he 'll rake out his own experience a little — I maintain that no two people can talk in the dark to one another as they do in the light. Report such a talk, and read it to them, and they 'll as soon believe that they 've been talking Injun. That 's *so!*

Which reminds Mace Sloper of a talk he once heard in a New-Jersey hotel. I had quietly smoked myself into a regular nap such as the good alone enjoy, when I was awoke by hearing some body enter the next room. Apparently he woke some body else up too, who was sleeping there in advance of him.

'Hullo thar?' says the man a-bed.

'Hul-lo and behold!' answered the one entering.

'Wait for your welcome afore you come in,' said No. I.

'In-comes are always welcome,' answered No. II. 'The mixologist of tipulars directoried me to apartment XC., which, being exceedingly weary, I did uncandelized. Yet if you desire illuminosity ——'

'Stranger!' cried No. I.: 'hold thar! don't light a match, for the love of God! I know adzackly what you look like without goin furder. You 're five feet 'leven inches high, got gray eyes and a coon-colored vest, short-cropped ha'r and a loose over-coat, nose like a razor-handle, and scar over your left eye. That 's the stripe!'

'How do you cognovit that?' was the amazed reply.

'Cog —— *thunder!*' was the response. 'How do I know how you look? Why, who the h — l ever heard of a man's coming to bed in the dark, and calling a bar-keeper a mixologist of tipicular fixins, unless he *had* gray eyes, razor-handled nose, short ha'r, an' a coon-colored vest? Do n't light a match, stranger, on my account. Drummon' lights would be darkness on *your* face arter such a blaze of language as that. 'Illuminosity' and 'cognovit!' That shows you 've got a ca'pet-bag in your hand and a whiskey-bottle in it. *Sho!*'

There was a sound like the pop of a cork, and a clear case of drink-

ing to better acquaintanceship going on as I fell to sleep. We hear queer things in the dark. That Western man rather knocks me whenever I think of him.

It was in a country tavern of a still harder stripe, in Pennsylvania, that I once heard in the next room to mine a talk 'with a twist in it.' Two fellows, apparently regular city rough-scuffs, were having a comfortable palaver, the subject being sour-crout.

'I used for to like crout — once-t,' said one, 'but I do n't keer for no crout now. No Sir-ee! I 'm down on crout like a nigger preacher is on the wices of white folks.'

'What fur?' grunted the other.

'Wot fur?' drawled his friend; 'I 'll *tell* yer wot fur. Yer know two years ago when de Blood Balls and Murderers lammed de Tormentors and killed Greasy, besides squashin' a ba-by under de in-gine wheels? *Ha-ay?* Well, I cleared out frum town — kase de perlice, Gawd da-a-m 'em, were arter me, and I went to Har-risberg.

'There I come across two covies I used to be thick in with in Philadelphia, Members of the Legislater.

'Well — we got ter skyfaluting about, and there was licker around, and pooty good rum too. I got tighter n' a peep, and de legislaters dey was sprung as so many rattles. Yer might have split their skulls wid a spanner, and dey wouldn't er known what tapped 'em.'

Here the voice of the chap telling the story sunk down so low that I could hear nothing but a dim sort of growling about 'fight,' 'lamming,' and 'watchman.' All at once he louded up with:

'Yes — dey tuck us to de lock-up *and made us eat sour-crout from 'leven o'clock to two de next morning.*'

'Yer got sick er crout that time — *h-a-ay*, Jakey?'

'Well, I did — hoss-fly!'

I heard nothing more of their talk. Some folks would think that the aforesaid sample was enough in all conscience. But I 'm free to confess that, not being one of your 'cute sort, the allusion to sour-crout has been one of the great marvels of Mace Sloper's life-time. Is it one of the legal punishments in Harrisburgh to make offenders swallow sour-crout for hours together? If it is, Mace Sloper sincerely prays that if he ever visits that virtuous village he may remain virtuous, and never be tempted into doing any thing which will bring him into the power of its police.

I remember another queer dialogue which came within my experience at a hotel in Boston. I was going to bed, rather late, when all at once I heard one of the sweetest voices in the world, with a sort of English ring in it, say, in the next room:

'Clara, dear!'

'Well, dear?' answered another just as sweet, and just in the same English chime.

'Is it the lobster you want?'

'Yes, love,' answered Clara. 'And I want the ham, too; and you may open the oysters — and the sardine-box.'

'Well,' thought I, 'Mace Sloper, if those angels an't going in for a pretty substantial supper, I 'm mistaken.' But I had more before me to astonish me.

'While you're about it, Clara dear, you may as well open the Yarmouth bloater. I'm going to take all there is in it. And the cheese, the cheese; oh! *do n't* forget the cheese!'

All at once Clara who, as nigh as I could judge from the sound, was poking about very industriously, cried out with joy:

'Oh! I've found the Strasburg pie! the dear little putty de foi graw. Oh! I must go to the very bottom of the Strasburg-pie!'

'That'll *do!*' thought I, as I rolled back. 'I've heard of English appetites, but don't want to hear any more. I've heard Hiram say that Byron did n't like to see a woman eat; and I do n't blame him, if they all eat like this. Whew-w!'

There was a rattling sort of a going on for a while, until, by-and-by, Clara cried:

'I declare there 's my white satin dress in the lobster!'

'And here 's my diamond-ring in the cheese! Oh! how odd! Why, I expected to find it in the pie as much as could be.'

A dim suspicion began to come into my head, that the evening-meal of the young ladies was n't limited to eatables, and that one of the effects of their refreshment was to make things lie around loose in a very promiscuous manner. But what was my utter amazement when the soft silvery voice of Clara again cried:

'Oh! dear; I'm *so* hungry! Lucy, love, we 've got nothing here of any consequence; let 's ring, and make them send us up *something to eat!*'

'*You'll do!*' thought I. 'I wonder if you 're rich. There 'll be a famine in Boston if you stay long, *that 's so!* Ham, lobsters, herrings, pies! *Jee* – WHILLIKENS!'

Here I fell asleep, and the next next day found me bright and early at the Fitchburg dépôt, and rattling off to the ancient shades of Chippety Whonk, where the bones of the Revolutionary Slopers lie buried. And it came to pass that after a while I forgot all about Clara and Lucy, especially as it was a story I did n't dare to tell.

About a year after I was at the celebrated 'Bed-Bug and Bible' Temperance Hotel, situated in a well-known city on the North River. While a-staying there I got acquainted with two as nice English girls as I ever knew, travelling with their 'Pa,' a plump old fellow who had been in the fancy victualling business in London. The girls wore the names too of Clara and Lucy, but some how I never thought of the other couple in Boston. Leastways, *this* pair did n't eat much to speak of, and no body who ever saw their dear clear cream and rose-leaf faces, and beautiful eyes, which sparkled spry with common-sense, or else swum about in wonder at the scenery as we went down the river, would have accused them of eating too much, let alone drinking.

I offered, being as I was, a single man, to attend to their luggage. They went forward with me to point it out. As we got near the city there was considerable of a jam and flurry, and the girls were in rather a flurry too, not being used to travel.

'Well, Miss Lucy,' says I, 'only point me out your traps, and I 'll send 'em up to the hotel, and fix you off all as square as a box. Which is it?'

'O Mr. Sloper! Pa has such a queer way of marking his baggage. He was terribly afraid of losing it, and so he put on marks he was sure

there could be no mistake about. There, those trunks and boxes with such queer little pictures in white paint under the handles are ours!'

There was an awful hurry and skurry going on around; porters, firemen, passengers, and every thing, rushing and crushing about like mad; but as Lucy spoke, and as I looked at her baggage, something came into my mind, a light broke over me like a sky-rocket into midnight, and I burst into the loudest laugh that ever stirred me up since I was born. None of your little town-garden grins, but a regular hundred-thousand-acre guffaw — a laugh by the square mile — a whole Western prairie laugh. The old gentleman, wanting to distinguish his baggage, had stencilled little store-marks under the handles, such marks as you, reader, can see at the groceries on boxes of imported preserves and potted meats. On one trunk was a lobster, on another a herring, on one a cheese, on another a pie. Yes, it was in that identical 'lobster' that Clara had kept her white satin dress, and in that very 'cheese' that Lucy had discovered the diamond-ring.

MORAL. — All is not gold that glitters, and all lobsters and pies are not made to be eaten. Neither is it always possible to judge of a young lady without seeing her, though the old folks tell us that wives should be chosen by the ears and not by the eyes.

WITH MYSELF.

HUSH, heart, hush!
Why murmur to-night and break the rest
Of every angel that bides in my breast?
Why whisper in sorrow the saddest words
That the tender depths of my soul e'er stirred?
Hush, heart, hush!

Rest, heart, rest!
Thou art weary, so weary of strife and care;
But heavier burdens you yet may bear;
Burdens that crush and leave thee to bleed,
With no one to pity and no one to heed.
Rest, heart, rest!

Bow, heart, bow!
Forget thy weak pride, thy sad wailing chant,
And ask of kind HEAVEN in mercy to grant
A wing to enfold thee amid this wild storm,
Yes, the wing of HIS mercy, keeping thee warm.
Bow, heart, bow!

Hope, heart, hope!
See the thick darkness is breaking away,
The stars must fade out when cometh the day.
Oh! faint not in weakness: arise and be strong:
Thy courage is needed to battle with wrong.
Hope, heart, hope!

New-York, 1856. JENNY MARSH.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LIFE OF SCHAMYL: AND NARRATIVE OF THE CIRCASSIAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE AGAINST RUSSIA. By J. MILTON MACKIE, author of 'Cosas de España.' In one volume: pp. 300. Boston: JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY: Cleveland, Ohio: JEWETT, PROCTOR, AND WORTHINGTON.

AN able article in the '*North-American Review*' first drew our attention to the elements of the sublime in the character of SCHAMYL: and our readers will remember the eloquent descriptive passage which we quoted in these pages from the article to which we have reference. In the present volume that great character is developed in full detail; and not only this, but all the causes, the outer influences, scenery, associations, vicissitudes, trials, etc., which went to form it. We hesitate not to say, that the *style* of this book is behind that of no volume which we have encountered within the last ten years. It is entirely simple — wholly unambitious; and yet, even in mere *description* — the hardest thing in the world to make interesting, unconnected with personal incident or association — its merit is most marked and attractive. Now, in justification of our encomiums, let us take the very opening chapter, describing '*The Land of Schamyl:*'

'CIRCASSIA — under which name the country occupied by a great number of tribes, of which the Circassians are one, is best known to foreigners — lies in the Caucasus, a range of mountains which, running in the direction between north-west and south-east, extends from the shores of the Black Sea to those of the Caspian, and divides by its wall of rock the two continents of Europe and Asia.

'The traveller approaching these mountains from the steppes inhabited by the Cossacks subject to Russia, beholds at a distance of thirty miles a single white conical summit towering high above the otherwise level horizon. This is the peak of Elbrus, the loftiest in the Caucasian chain, and called by the natives the Dsching Padischah, or great spirit of the mountains. Next, is seen the no less solitary top of Kasbek, situated further eastward, and its snows tinged by the first red rays of the morning. Then, the whole line of summits, 'the thousand peaked,' rises to view; and finally, a lower range covered with forests, and hence called the Black Mountains, draws its dark and irregular outline against the higher snows beyond.

'The waters shed from the northern declivities of the Caucasus, are received by two principal rivers, the Kuban and the Terek; while those which flow down on the south side are gathered into the Rion and the Kur, or ancient Cyrus. Of these streams the Kuban is the largest, and empties itself, as does the Rion, into the Black Sea; the other two running eastward to the Caspian.

'The western portion more especially of the Black Mountains is heavily wooded. Gigantic oaks spread their branches above cliffs and summits, where in less favored climes only the cold pine would be able to find a scanty subsistence; while the spray

of the Black Sea is dashed against the immense stems of the blood-wooded taxus, and the red and almond-leaved willows sweep with their long branches the waves. The box here is a giant of the forest; the stem of the juniper measures often fifteen feet in circumference; and the vine climbing to the top of the lofty elm sends its tendrils across to the neighboring beech, hanging festoons from tree-top to tree-top, and almost making of the forest one far-spreading arbor. Lower down the pomegranate hangs out its blossoms; the fig and wild pear their fruits; the laurel and the myrtle their green leaves; while an infinite variety of creepers entwine themselves around every form, and wild flowering plants, from gorgeous rhododendrons and azalias to the lowly violet and arbutus, fill the woods with sweet odors.

'The distant view of the Caucasus, so bold in its outlines and varied in its forms, surpasses in grandeur that of the Alps; and if from the small number of lakes and glaciers, the interior aspects present less of that exceeding beauty which characterizes the Swiss landscapes above those of all other mountains, there is nevertheless a brilliancy of tints in this oriental air, a glory of nearly five hundred miles of snow peaks, a luxuriance of woods on the lower ranges, and a degree of cultivation in the valleys where the hand of man has been busy since times the most remote, which render this mountain land one of the fairest portions of the globe, and worthy of having been, as by some traditions is reported, the cradle of the human race.

'The western portion of the mountains is fruitful to the height of five thousand feet, and the eastern is frequently terraced with gardens. The valleys green with meadows or golden with many varieties of grain, are dotted over with villages and clusters of cottages. White sheep in great numbers and jet-black goats crop the hill-sides; while in lower pastures feed the buffalo and the camel. Herds of tame or half-wild horses roam at large through the glades; wild boars house among the reeds on the river-banks; and the chamois looks down from its rocks upon wild deer and gazelles grazing unscared in the vicinity of the habitations of man.'

Take also this superb picture, from which DURAND might almost paint a landscape, with its living and moving accessories. Our extract embodies and illustrates that rare art in writing which enables the reader to see *clearly* through the spectacles of the 'word-painter' himself:

'THE larger kinds of game being abundant in these mountains, and the use of small shot being unknown, bird-shooting is but little practised, and the fowl fly in these heavens as unscared as in the original paradise. The nightingale sings in the thickets; the wood-pecker makes the primeval woods resound with his chisel; crows of the pink and black species croak from the dead branches of the oaks; ravens with dark-red legs and scarlet bills build their nests in the top of the elms; detachments of blue wood-pigeons cover the fields as numerous and as tame as sparrows; mergansers and golden-eyed ducks haunt in numerous flocks the running waters; and wild geese flying down in the month of December from the Russian wastes, halt on their way to the waters of Persia, and mixed with swans, float in stately fleets on the shores of both the Euxine and the Caspian. The falcon hawk also is constantly circling over the hills and swooping down into the valleys; the eagle may be seen soaring above his eyrie on Elbrus or Kasbek; the rapacious vulture watches from the high overhanging points of rock the lower woods and pastures; the melancholy owl hoots through the night around the hamlets; and by the side of the lowly mountain-tarn stands silent and solitary the pelican of the wilderness. Only the wild turkey in the pine-tree's top is a mark for the rifle; or the pheasant, darting up out of the path into the overhanging branches, tempts occasionally the sharp-shooter; while, on the contrary, woodcock and snipe bore for worms in every marsh and mud-bank, undisturbed by setter or by pointer.

'The wild-boar hunt is the chief sport in Circassian venery. This animal frequents the banks of the rivers over-grown with reeds, and the ravines of the mountains filled with thickets. Both the valleys and the marshes adjacent are ploughed by his snout; nor is the farmer's stock-yard entirely secure from the crunching of his tusks. He is hunted with dogs, generally resembling a cross between the grayhound and the colley of the Scottish highlands. When found, the furious beast will sometimes stand at bay, ripping up and tossing in the air a pack of enemies; but generally with horrid gruntings and snortings he plunges down the ravine or canters over the marsh, big almost as a Highland cow, driving aside the tall reeds or saplings as if simple spears of grass, a black monster, bristled, with projecting tusks, and eyes blood-shot. But the well-directed rifle-ball pierces at last his tough flanks: the enormous mass reeling rolls over in the mire; and the unclean carcase is left to be feasted on by vultures and prowling wolves.'

We have in this volume, beside a full account of the personal history of SCHAMYL, his education, accomplishments, etc., incidental chapters upon the

Russian and Circassian modes of warfare, the siege of Akhulgo, SCHAMYL's proclamations, with many other matters of kindred interest. The work is excellently well printed.

THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS: or Living in the Country. By FREDERICK S. COZZENS. Illustrated by DARLEY. In one Volume: pp. 328: New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON.

IT seems to us, looking back upon the incident, through quite a vista of events, if not of time, to be about nine years, since, one pleasant October afternoon, at our old office in Nassau near Beekman-street, a young gentleman called to ask if a little poem, left with the publisher to be handed to the EDITOR, had reached that functionary. We heard the answer that 'it had, and he expressed himself very much pleased with it indeed.' We stepped into the front-office, and for the first time encountered the round dark-gray eye and youthful face of the gentleman known as Mr. SPARROWGRASS in the very handsome volume before us. His first communication was soon followed by others, of constantly increasing excellence: until that most musical piece of versified reminiscence, the '*Babylonish Ditty*' and other '*Prismatics*,' were followed by '*Captain Davis, a Californian Ballad*,' and '*The Sparrowgrass Papers*' were begun in the KNICKERBOCKER, continued in PUTNAM'S '*Monthly*,' and concluded in our pages. We can recal no papers, in any native work, for years past, of a higher order of *various* merit than these last named. The style is simple, easy, delightful; the incidents replete with a genuine humor; the observation and descriptions of nature unwontedly accurate and *vraisemblable:* while the occasional touches of pathos and true domestic feeling leave absolutely nothing to be desired by the most fastidious critic. While we ask our readers to put full faith in our judgment of these qualities in this book, we shall proceed to invite attention to two or three brief extracts, such as our limited space will allow us to present. Let us begin with a musical passage, which, 'what time when the even was come, he played upon a wind instrument:'

'I HAVE bought me a bugle. A bugle is a good thing to have in the country. The man of whom I bought it said it had an easy draught, so that a child could fill it. He asked me if I would try it. I told him I would prefer not, as my wind was not in order; but that when I got out in my boat, the instrument should be critically tested. When I reached home, I could scarcely finish my tea on account of my bugle. The bugle was a secret. I meant to surprise Mrs. SPARROWGRASS. Play, I could not, but I would row off in the river, and blow a prolonged note softly; increasing it until it thrilled across the night like the dolorous trumpet of ROLAND, at the rout of Roncesvalles. I slipped away, took the hidden instrument from the bushes, handled the sculls, and soon put five hundred feet of brine between me and the cottage. Then I unwrapped the brown paper, and lifted the copper clarion to my lips. I blew until I thought my head would burst, and could not raise a toot. I drew a long breath, expanded my lungs to the utmost, and blew my eyes almost out of their sockets, but nothing came of it, saving a harsh, brassy note, within the metallic labyrinth. Then I attempted the persuasive, and finally cajoled a faint rhythmic sound from it that would have been inaudible at pistol-shot distance. But this was encouraging — *I had gotten the hang of it.* Little by little I succeeded, and at last articulated a melancholy B flat, whereupon I looked over at the cottage. It was not there; the boat had drifted down the stream, two miles at least; so I had to tug up against the tide until I nearly reached home,

when I took the precaution of dropping an anchor to windward, and once more exalted my horn. Obstinacy is a Sparrowgrassic virtue. My upper-lip, under the tuition of the mouth-piece, had puffed out into the worst kind of a blister, yet still I persevered. I mastered three notes of the gamut, and then pulled for the front of the cottage. Now, said I, Mrs. SPARROWGRASS, look out for an unexpected serenade.

'Gnar-ty, Gnar-rra-rra-poo-poo-poop-en-arr-ty! Poo-poo-ta! Poo-poo-ta! Poo-poo-ta-rra-noop-en taa-ty' Poopen te noopan ta ta! 'np! 'np! Graa-too-pen-tar-poopen-en-arrty!'

''Who is making that infernal noise?' said a voice on the shore.

''Brra-ty! 'traa-tar-poopen-tarty!'

''Get out with you!' and a big stone fell splash in the water. This was too much to bear on my own premises, so I rowed up to the beach to punish the offender, whom I found to be my neighbor.

''Oh! ho!' said he, 'was that you, SPARROWGRASS?'

'I said it was me, and added, 'You do n't seem to be fond of music?'

'He said, not as a general thing, but he thought a tune on the fiddle, now and then, was n't bad to take.

'I answered, that the relative merit of stringed and wind instruments had never been exactly settled; but if he preferred the former, he might stay at home and enjoy it, which would be better than intruding on my beach, and interrupting me when I was practising. With this I locked up my boat, tucked the bugle under my arm, and marched off. Our neighbor merely laughed, and said nothing.

> 'THE man who hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus:
> Let no such man be trusted.'

'When I reached my domicil, Mrs. SPARROWGRASS asked me who that was, 'blowing a fish-horn?' I have in consequence given up music as a source of enjoyment since that evening.'

The sketch of '*Children in Town and Country*' will remind our city readers of a most natural and well-painted picture by BALLOUS, of Boston, called '*The City Visitors*,' which we have recently seen so many admiringly gazing at in the window of a print-shop in Broadway. We pass, however, to the following: and if we have any friend who does not agree with us in considering it most admirably told, we have very little in common in our perception of genuine word-painting. *Apropos* of that last word: DARLEY has contributed a very laughable sketch of the entire scene:

'WE have put a dumb-waiter in our house. A dumb-waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have company, every thing can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble; and, if the baby gets to be unbearable, on account of his teeth, you can dismiss the complainant by stuffing him in one of the shelves, and letting him down upon the help. To provide for contingencies, we had all our floors deafened. In consequence, you cannot hear any thing that is going on in the story below; and, when you are in an upper room of the house, there might be a democratic ratification meeting in the cellar, and you would not know it. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement, it would not disturb us; but to please Mrs. SPARROWGRASS, I put stout iron bars in all the lower windows. Beside, Mrs. SPARROWGRASS had bought a rattle when she was in Philadelphia; such a rattle as watchmen carry there. This is to alarm our neighbor, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first, and make inquiries afterward.

'One evening, Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing, when it struck me a glass of ice-water would be palatable. So I took the candle and a pitcher, and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump, in the kitchen, is more convenient; but a well with buckets is certainly most picturesque. Unfortunately, our well-water has not been sweet since it was cleaned out. First I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement-hall, and then I went to the kitchen-door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her, and slept with it under her pillow. Then I retraced my steps; bolted the basement-door, and went up in the dining-room. As is always the case, I found, when could not get any water, I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I

would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well, but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet-doors, there was no water there; and then I thought of the dumb-waiter! The novelty of the idea made me smile; I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb-waiter, got in myself with the lamp; let myself down, until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below, and then let go!

'We came down so suddenly, that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult; it broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at mid-night, with no fire, and the air not much above the zero point. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent; instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five. My first impulse was, to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen-door, it was locked; I tried to force it open; it was made of two-inch stuff, and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If I ever felt angry at any body, it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. SPARROWGRASS. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

'I laid my cheek against the ice-cold barriers and looked out at the sky; not a star was visible; it was as black as ink over-head. Then I thought of Baron TRENCK, and the Prisoner of Chillon. Then I made a noise! I shouted until I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving-kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened: it was Mrs. SPARROWGRASS calling to me from the top of the stair-case. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal dogs united with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Beside, there were two bolted doors and double deafened floors between us; how could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it? Mrs. SPARROWGRASS called once or twice, and then got frightened: the next thing I heard was a sound as if the roof had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. SPARROWGRASS was springing the rattle! That called out our neighbor, already wide awake: he came to the rescue with a bull-terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern, and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window, he shot at me, but fortunately just missed me. I threw myself under the kitchen-table and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up every body around, broken in the basement-door with an axe, gotten into the kitchen with his cursed savage dogs and shooting-iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me — and then, he wanted me to explain it! But what kind of an explanation could I make to him? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the whole matter fully. But he never would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you, in your own house, as if you were a jail-bird. He knows all about it, however: some body has told him. *Some body* tells every body every thing in our village.'

The different chapters upon purchasing and keeping a horse in the country, are not excelled by any thing in the work: but these, with the genial criticisms upon old books, old authors, old customs, etc., with many other good things, we must pass wholly by, and commend the volume to the *affections* of our readers, alike in town and country. It is inscribed to another most esteemed friend and popular correspondent, in this brief and tasteful dedication:

'To

'ONE OF THE GENTLEST OF HUMORISTS,

TO

'THE REV. FREDERICK W. SHELTON,

'AUTHOR OF

''LETTERS FROM UP THE RIVER,'

'This Volume

'IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.'

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC: a History. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. In Three Volumes: pp. 1788. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS, Franklin Square.

THERE is too great an amount of laborious research, of patient investigation of various materials, and of clear synopsis of the same, in these three very beautifully-printed volumes, to be dispatched in a simple 'literary notice.' Contenting ourselves for the present, therefore, with an imperfect *resumé* of the work, we await the proffered verdict (an act of simple and candid justice) from a true 'Son of SAINT NICHOLAS,' to mete out adequate praise to Mr. MOTLEY's performance: a work that does him infinite honor, and which, little as he doubtless dreams of it now, will long be cordially remembered in connection with his name hereafter. Sons of SAINT NICHOLAS! Brother MOTLEY must be one of 'Us!' By-and-by, in the way of authentic Dutch history, perhaps we may say, 'MOTLEY is our only wear.' An old fellow-steward may say so much, let us hope, and meet with a general response. Before adding a word more, we propose Mr. MOTLEY for immediate membership among the true 'Sons of Saint NICHOLAS.' 'The motion is carried!'

We ask attention now, in advance of an elaborate review of this elaborate work, to a brief exposition of its character and completeness, as presented in the succinct and comprehensive preface of the author:

'THE rise of the Dutch Republic must ever be regarded as one of the leading events of modern times. Without the birth of this great commonwealth, the various historical phenomena of the sixteenth and following centuries must have either not existed, or have presented themselves under essential modifications. Itself an organized protest against ecclesiastical tyranny and universal empire, the Republic guarded with sagacity, at many critical periods in the world's history, that balance of power which, among civilized States, ought always to be identical with the scales of divine justice. The splendid empire of CHARLES the Fifth was erected upon the grave of Liberty. The ancient streams of national freedom and human progress, through many of the fairest regions in the world, were emptied and lost in that enormous gulf. It is a consolation to those who have hope in humanity to watch under the reign of his successor, the gradual but triumphant resurrection of the spirit over which the sepulchre had so long been sealed. Out of half-submerged morasses, in an outlying corner of that vast dominion, a rational and conservative republic is slowly evolved; born amid blood and fire, but dilating daily through storms and darkness into more colossal proportions. From the hand-breadth of territory called the province of Holland rises a power which wages eighty years' warfare with the most potent empire upon earth, and which, during the progress of the struggle, becoming itself a mighty State, and binding about its own slender form a zone of the richest possessions of earth, from pole to tropic, finally dictates its decrees to the empire of CHARLES.

'So much is each individual State but a member of one great international commonwealth, and so close is the relationship between the whole human family, that it is impossible for a nation, even while struggling for itself, not to acquire something for all mankind. The maintenance of the right by the little provinces of Holland and Zealand in the sixteenth, by Holland and England united in the seventeenth, and by the United States of America in the eighteenth centuries, forms but a single chapter in the great volume of human fate; for the so-called revolutions of Holland, England, and America, are all links of one chain.

'To the Dutch Republic, even more than to Florence at an earlier day, is the world indebted for practical instruction in that great science of political equilibrium which

must always become more and more important as the various States of the civilized world are pressed more closely together, and as the struggle for preëminence becomes more feverish and fatal. Courage and skill in political and military combinations enabled WILLIAM the Silent to overcome the most powerful and unscrupulous monarch of his age. The same hereditary audacity and fertility of genius placed the destiny of Europe in the hands of WILLIAM's great-grandson, and enabled him to mould into an impregnable barrier the various elements of opposition to the overshadowing monarchy of LOUIS XIV. As the schemes of the Inquisition and the unparalleled tyranny of PHILIP, in one century, led to the establishment of the Republic of the United Provinces; so, in the next, the revocation of the Nantes Edict and the invasion of Holland are avenged by the elevation of the Dutch Stadholder upon the throne of the stipendiary Stuarts.

'To all who speak the English language, the history of the great agony through which the Republic of Holland was ushered into life must have peculiar interest, for it is a portion of the records of the Anglo-Saxon race, essentially the same, whether in Friesland, England, or Massachusetts.

'A great naval and commercial commonwealth, occupying a small portion of Europe but conquering a wide empire by the private enterprise of trading companies, girdling the world with its innumerable dependencies in Asia, America, Africa, Australia; exercising sovereignty in Brazil, Guiana, the West-Indies, New-York, at the Cape of Good Hope, in Hindostan, Ceylon, Java, Sumatra, New-Holland; having first laid together, as it were, the grandest of the Cyclopean blocks, out of which the magnificent British realm, at a later period, has been constructed; must always be looked upon with interest by Englishmen as in a great measure the precursor in their own scheme of empire. For America the spectacle is one of still deeper import. The Dutch Republic originated in the opposition of the rational elements of human nature to sacerdotal dogmatism and persecution; in the courageous resistance of historical and chartered liberty to foreign despotism. Neither that liberty nor ours was born of the cloud embraces of a false Divinity with a Humanity of impossible beauty, nor was the infant career of either arrested in blood and tears by the madness of its worshippers. 'To maintain,' not to overthrow, was the device of the WASHINGTON of the sixteenth century, as it was the aim of our own hero and his great contemporaries.

'The great Western Republic, therefore, in whose Anglo-Saxon veins flows much of that ancient and kindred blood received from the nation once ruling a noble portion of its territory, and tracking its own political existence to the same parent spring of temperate human liberty, must look with affectionate interest upon the trials of the elder commonwealth. These volumes recite the achievement of Dutch independence, for its recognition was delayed till the acknowledgment was superfluous and ridiculous. The existence of the Republic is properly to be dated from the Union of Utrecht, in 1581; while the final separation of territory into independent and obedient provinces, into the commonwealth of the United States and the Belgian provinces of Spain, was in reality effected by WILLIAM the Silent, with whose death three years subsequently, the heroic period of the history may be said to terminate. At this point these volumes close. Another series, with less attention to minute details, and carrying the story through a longer range of years, will paint the progress of the Republic in its palmy days, and narrate the establishment of its external system of dependencies and its interior combinations for self-government and European counterpoise. The lessons of history and the fate of free States can never be sufficiently pondered by those upon whom so large and heavy a responsibility for the maintenance of rational human freedom rests.

'I have only to add that this work is the result of conscientious research, and of an earnest desire to arrive at the truth. I have faithfully studied all the important contemporary chroniclers and later historians, Dutch, Flemish, French, Italian, Spanish, or German. Catholic and Protestant, monarchist and republican, have been consulted with the same sincerity. The works of BOR (whose enormous but indispensable folios form a complete magazine of contemporary state papers, letters, and pamphlets, blend-

ed together in mass, and connected by a chain of artless but earnest narrative,) of Meteren, De Thou, Burgundius, Heuterus, Tassis, Viglius, Hoofd, Hararus, Van der Haer, Grotius; of Van der Vynct, Wagenaer, Van Wyn, De Jonghe, Kluit, Van Kampen, Dewez, Kappelle, Bakhuyzen, Groen Van Prinsterer; of Ranke and Raumer, have been as familiar to me as those of Mendoza, Carnero, Cabrera, Herrera, Ulloa, Bentivoglio, Peres, Strada. The manuscript relations of those Argus-eyed Venetian envoys who surprised so many courts and cabinets in their most unguarded moments, and daguerreotyped their character and policy for the instruction of the crafty Republic, and whose reports remain such an inestimable source for the secret history of the sixteenth century, have been carefully examined, especially the narratives of the caustic and accomplished Badovaro, of Suriano, and Michele. It is unnecessary to add that all the publications of M. Gachard, particularly the invaluable correspondence of Philip II. and of William the Silent, as well as the '*Archives et Correspondance*' of the Orange Nassau family, edited by the learned and distinguished Groen Van Prinsterer, have been my constant guides through the tortuous labyrinth of Spanish and Netherland politics. The large and most interesting series of pamphlets known as 'The Duncan Collection,' in the Royal Library at the Hague, has also afforded a great variety of details by which I have endeavored to give color and interest to the narrative. Beside these, and many other printed works, I have also had the advantage of perusing many manuscript histories, among which may be particularly mentioned the works of Pontus Payen, of Renom de France, and of Pasquier de la Barre; while the vast collection of unpublished documents in the Royal Archives of the Hague, of Brussels, and of Dresden, has furnished me with much new matter of great importance. I venture to hope that many years of labor, a portion of them in the archives of those countries whose history forms the object of my study, will not have been entirely in vain; and that the lovers of human progress, the believers in the capacity of nations for self-government and self-improvement, and the admirers of disinterested human genius and virtue, may find encouragement for their views in the detailed history of an heroic people in its most eventful period, and in the life and death of the great man whose name and fame are identical with those of his country.

'No apology is offered for this somewhat personal statement. When an unknown writer asks the attention of the public upon an important theme, he is not only authorized, but required, to show that by industry and earnestness he has entitled himself to a hearing. The author too keenly feels that he has no further claims than these, and he therefore most diffidently asks for his work the indulgence of his readers.

'I would take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to Dr. Klemm, Hofrath and Chief-Librarian at Dresden, and to Mr. Von Weber, Ministerial-rath and Head of the Royal Archives of Saxony, for the courtesy and kindness extended to me so uniformly during the course of my researches in that city. I would also speak a word of sincere thanks to Mr. Campbell, Assistant-Librarian at the Hague, for his numerous acts of friendship during the absence of his chief, M. Holtrop. To that most distinguished critic and historian, M. Bakhuyzen van den Brinck, Chief-Archivist of the Netherlands, I am under deep obligations for advice, instruction, and constant kindness, during my residence at the Hague; and I would also signify my sense of the courtesy of Mr. Charter-Master De Schwane, and of the accuracy with which copies of MSS. in the archives were prepared for me by his care. Finally, I would allude in the strongest language of gratitude and respect to M. Gachard, Archivist-General of Belgium, for his unwearied courtesy and manifold acts of kindness to me during my studies in the Royal Archives of Brussels.'

Thus much we have considered not only proper, but just, that our author should be permitted, in his own behalf, to say in our pages. Of the excellent use which he has made of his most abundant *matériel*, so industriously acquired, so judiciously sifted, and so clearly and comprehensively aggregated, it will be our province more adequately to speak hereafter.

THE NEW PASTORAL: By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. New edition: revised by the Author. Philadelphia: PARRY AND MCMILLAN.

OF the Pastoral poem, according to the standard of THEOCRITUS and VIRGIL, we should regret to see a revival attempted by an American author of so much promise as Mr. READ. The traditional subject and method of that class of composition, place it among inferior orders of verse, admitting only of a tame, artificial treatment. The stereotyped platitudes of the DAPHNES and CORYDONS, could not be vitalized even by the genius of POPE or GESSNER; and, indeed, this species of poetry has been completely superseded by the great descriptive writers of the last century, who departed from the insipid conceptions of primitive rusticity, and clothed with the grace of true feeling the actual forms of rural life. Mr. READ's adoption of the term must therefore be understood with this qualification. Our visions of Arcadian felicities suggested by his title, vanish as we recognize in these eclogues the vivid portraiture of our own times and manners.

The writer who, in these days, will attempt a work of classic simplicity; calm, graceful, perfect in outline and finish; without seeking the temporary effects of startling innovation and broad extravagance, must be satisfied to dispense with a considerable share of immediate popularity. His chance of enduring fame may be none the poorer; but for present success he is less wise in his generation than the children of this age. It must be confessed that there is ground for the criticism of strangers, that with us literature, eloquence, and humor, are characterized by a strong tendency to exaggeration. When a poet, introducing a work peculiarly American in theme and treatment, can refrain from giving us a metre constructed expressly for the occasion, or from broaching an entirely new theory of the purposes and methods of poetry, we old-fashioned critics are consciously grateful, and admire the humility that condescends to use the blank verse and the Saxon idiom of the olden times. But we may not expect for our poet the applause that hails the last patented measure, or the newest literary *tour-de-force*. We must quietly bide with him the verdict that will place his work among our Western classics.

The conception of this work is more ambitious than its title. To depict the features of our inland scenery; the active life of the frontier settlement; the novel and diverse elements that make up the civilization of the new world; to do this in a sustained and comprehensive poem, is what no American author had yet successfully undertaken; and in accomplishing it, Mr. READ has done much toward laying the foundation of a national literature. A close observance of nature, and of those simple habits of life which he best loves to portray; an artist's keen perception of minute particulars, grouped always with artistic taste and discrimination; a deep sympathy for truth and goodness; these are qualities of which Mr. READ had already given full proof in a number of shorter compositions of much merit, and which have been fully acknowledged by the public.

In the New Pastoral, an introduction and prelude — the latter an ode of

consummate beauty — bring us to the opening scene: the time, a quiet Sabbath morning; the place, a rural district of Pennsylvania:

> 'From hillside homes and hamlets in the vale,
> One after one, in Sabbath garb arrayed,
> Their mantles breathing of deep oaken drawers
> And antique chests, the people throng, and take
> The various pathways which converging lead
> Here to this quiet shrine among the elms.
> O happy hour! beloved of peace and heaven!
> Around and over all the white calm lies
> Flooded with perfume and mysterious light;
> So sweet, so beautiful, it seems a day
> Lost out of Eden!'

Among the church-goers is introduced Master Ethan, the principal character of the poem:

> 'A man not deep in books, but in research,
> Among the hidden lore which round him lies
> Most practical; and all the neighborhood
> Holds him an oracle, and reverence pays,
> As well they may; for he, within these bounds,
> Has held the keys of knowledge many a year,
> Teaching in yonder rude house in the grove.'

Olivia, the fair daughter of the country school-master, and Amy, her bosom-friend, supply the love-thread of the story, which otherwise revolves around the peaceful employments of the farmer's life. Both of these are delineated with exquisite feeling: the former,

> 'Her blonde hair waving round her gentle brow,
> A face to be remembered, and methinks
> Not easily forgotten: for that eye,
> So deep and blue, where starry truth abides,
> As in the fabled well, once on your own
> Falling, with its miraculous pure light,
> Stays not upon the face, but to the heart
> Looks in, as through a casement, and the soul
> Then feels as if an angel, going by,
> Had glanced within, and left its smile in passing!'

Nothing could be more perfect of their kind than the successive pictures of homely yet not unpoetic scenes so graphically presented in these admirable life-studies. Furnished by a poet-painter, we know not whether to ascribe their beauty to the skill that guides the pencil, or the genius of song. Take for instance this interior view of the farm-house kitchen, at the moment when

> 'The busy matron, o'er the floury tray
> Kneads the huge loaf; or on the snowy board
> Rolls the thin crust and crimps the juicy pie.
> Then, from the paddle broad, the pan and dish
> Glide grating to the heated cave to bake.
> By noon the ample tables and the shelves
> Groan with the weight of swollen loaves embrowned,
> And pies arranged to cool; and all the air
> Is redolent with the delicious scent
> Which wakes the appetite with expectation,
> And whets the watery tooth.'

But ere long the scene removes from 'fair Pennsylvania's mid-land vales, to the depths of the forest and the rude settlement of the remote frontier 'Loud Rumor's voice entices to the West;' the 'infectious fever' of emigration spreads through the rustic community: and

—— 'Ere the spring comes in,
On many a tree which at the cross-roads stands,
And at the village tavern, and the store,
And on the blacksmith's wall — in staring print,
Or in coarse written lines — unnumbered bills
Proclaim the dissolution near at hand.'

The caravan is formed: the leave-taking, the departure, are thus narrated:

'Frail Master Ethan, with his pilgrim-cane,
Leading the wondering grand-child by the hand;
Then, next, the wagons. First, the well-shod team,
Bearing the blacksmith's household; following this,
The wheelwright, full of magisterial pomp,
Directs his steeds, holding himself the centre
And spring of all the movement.

'Anon they gain
The summit of the height, and turn to gaze;
And, gazing, heave the sigh, and breathe adieu,
While many a rough hand feels the farewell grasp.
At length the long leave-taking is all o'er;
The train descends: and lo! the happy vale
Is closed from sight beyond the mournful hill,
And all the West, before the onward troop,
Lies in the far unknown.'

We add but a single citation from the closing portion of this poem. Sickness and toil have consumed the strength of the pioneer, and Master Ethan, with his diminished household, returns to the home of his youth:

'Behold,
On yonder brow beyond the crossing roads,
The little wagon rises, and stands still.
The weary horses droop; the harness hangs,
Along their lank sides, awkward and awry;
The careless rein drops, coiling, to the ground;
The dusty wain is loose and out of joint;
The cover soiled and warped. A dreary sight!
And not less woful, in their way-worn garbs,
The melancholy group whose tearful eyes
Take in the landscape dearest to their hearts.
And while they gaze, their joy is half-rebuked
With wonder why they left so fair a spot.
Yonder, within its little knot of trees,
The sacred homestead smiles; and there the fields
Which called them to the harvest; but, alas!
The stranger in their native door-way stands,
His scythes along yon clover-pasture sweep,
And all the acres hold his waving crops.
The unknown mower wipes his reeking blade,
And, whistling, whets its sun-reflecting side;
The pleasant odor steals along the breeze,
Sweet as from out the hay-fields of the past;
The cow-boy, singing on the distant slope,
Turns home the tinkling herd. There springs the smoke
From long-remembered hearths. Some stranger-smith
Awakes the ringing anvil; and from far
The giant hammer of the steam-worked forge
Throbs through the air its old familiar beat.
There gleams the chapel on its Sabbath-hill,
Where now some foreign pastor wakes the desk;
And in the lowland, by the winding stream,
Flashes the mill-wheel; but who tends the mill?
Here, by the highway, the elm-shaded school
Lulls the soft air with murmurs; but within
What faithful master fills the sovereign chair?
Such are the sights, and such the thoughts that rise,
Till each heart throbs with mingled joy and pain.

Their feet, forgetful of long travel past,
Receive new impulse, and descend the road,
Taking fresh vigor: as if even the dust
Which held their foot-prints in their younger years,
Gave back the lightness of those brighter days.'

The fact that Mr. READ is yet among the youngest of our authors, leads us in closing to predict for him the attainment of a high rank and an honorable renown.

THE LOST HUNTER: A TALE OF EARLY TIMES. In one volume: pp. 462. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON, Number 119 Nassau-street.

THERE is much in what the Italians call the *salsa del libro* — the 'sauce of a book;' meaning thereby, a good preface. The volume before us has, in the first place, that recommendation; and it deserves the much greater praise of in no respect disappointing the reader as he advances, from title-page to colophon. As a *coup d'essai*, which we understand the volume before us to be, it is not only one of eminent *promise*, but it is in itself an excellent *performance*. The style is fluent and unforced; the descriptions of character well limned; and the pictures of scenery forcible and felicitous. There is a natural convengence of incidents to the *dénouement;* and the reader closes the volume with an increased regard for the talents and spirit of the author. Commending the work heartily to the perusal of our readers, we proceed to present such brief extracts as our somewhat circumscribed limits will allow. Our first shall be a picture in words, which could be as easily transferred to canvas as from a finished study in drawing and composition:

'AT the door of this cabin, and at the time we are describing, stood a solitary figure. He was a gaunt, thin man, whose stature rather exceeded than fell below six feet. The object about his person which first arrested attention was a dark grizzled beard, that fell half-way down his breast, in strong contrast with a high white forehead, beneath which glowed large dreamy eyes. The hair of his head, like his beard, was long, and fell loosely over his shoulders. His dress was of the coarsest description, consisting of a cloth of a dusky gray color, the upper garment being a loose sort of surtout, falling almost to the knees, and secured round the waist by a dark woollen sash. His age it was difficult to determine. It might have been anywhere between forty-five and fifty-five years.

'The attitude and appearance of the man, were that of devotion and expectancy. His body was bent forward, his hands clasped, and his eyes intently fastened on the eastern sky, along the horizon of which layers of clouds, a moment before of a leaden hue were now assuming deeper and deeper crimson tints. As the clouds flushed up into brighter colors his countenance kindled with excitement. His form seemed to dilate, his eyes to flash, his hands unclasped themselves, and he stretched out his arms, as if to welcome a long-expected friend. But presently the rays of the sun began to stream over the swelling upland and light up the surface of the river, and fainter and fainter shone the clouds, until they gradually melted into the blue depth away. It was then a shade of disappointment, as it seemed, passed over the face of the man. His rapt expression faded, he cast a look almost of reproach to heaven, and his feelings found vent in words.

"Hast THOU not said: 'Behold, I come quickly?' Why then delay the wheels of THY chariot? O LORD, I have waited for THY salvation. In the night-watches, at midnight, at cock-crowing, and in the morning, have I been mindful of THEE. But chiefly at the dawn hath my soul gone forth to meet THEE, for then shall appear the sign of the SON OF MAN in Heaven, and they shall see HIM coming in the clouds of Heaven, with power and great glory. And HE shall send His angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together His elect from one end of Heaven to the other.'

'His eyes glared wildly round, then fell and fastened on the ground, and for a few moments he remained immovable as a statue, after which, with an air of dejection, he turned as if about to enter the hut. At that moment the report of a gun from the shore close by was heard, and looking up, he saw a man fall from the sloping bank upon the beach.

'If there had been any appearance of weakness or infirmity before in the Recluse, it now vanished. Nothing could exceed the promptitude and energy of his movements. To rush to the water, to throw himself into a boat, to unfasten it from the stake to which it was tied, and with a vigorous push to send it half-way across the channel, was the work of but an instant. A few dexterous and strong strokes of the paddle soon sent it grating on the pebbled shore, and with a bound he was by the side of the prostrate man. He lay with his face to the ground, with one arm stretched out, and the other cramped up beneath his body. Near him the leaves and grass were stained with drops of blood, and at a short distance a gun was lying.'

We are aware that we stimulate without satisfying curiosity in presenting this passage, but that is precisely what we wish to do: for subsequent events, consult the work itself. Take another description, in which natural scenery is scarcely less forcibly depicted:

'It was a clear star-lit night, and on the placid [bosom of the water shone one star larger and brighter than the rest, as if to light him on his way. But it was all unobserved by the Indian. He had no eyes, no ears, no senses, except for the crime he was about to commit. To him, no crime, but a heroic act. Slowly, and measuring each step as though a thousand ears were listening, he proceeded in the direction of the canoe, untied it, and softly pushed it into the stream. As he took his seat the dip of his paddle made no sound, and thus, stern as an iron statue, and almost as still, he paddled on.

'And now Ohquamehud approached the island. He stopped his paddle and held his breath, and listened. Not a living sound was to be heard, not even the cry of a night bird; nothing save the soft flowing of the water against the shore. Like an eagle circling round and round before he pounces on his quarry, the Indian cautiously paddled around the island. From one of the windows, before concealed, he saw a light. Keeping at a distance, so that the rays should not fall upon him, he stole around until he had interposed the hut between himself and its beams. Then, apparently satisfied there was nothing to be feared, he directed the canoe toward the island, and slowly advanced until its bottom touched the sand, when he sat still and listened again. Hearing nothing, he left the canoe, and crouching down, crept toward the cabin. Having reached it, he applied his ear to the side and listened, and again advanced. Thus slowly proceeding, some little time elapsed before he found himself at the window whence streamed the light. Without venturing to touch the wooden boards, as if fearful they might communicate a knowledge of his presence, he raised himself almost imperceptibly at the edge of the window, until he obtained a view of the interior. Holden was sitting at a distance of not more than six feet, near a small table, on which a single candle was burning, and in his lap lay a large opened book, on which his folded hands were resting. He seemed lost in meditation, gazing into the wood-fire before him, toward which his crossed legs were extended at full length.

'The Indian slid his hand down to the lock of the gun, and drew back the trigger. Cautiously as it was done, he could not prevent a slight clicking sound, which, perhaps, struck the ear of the Solitary, for he turned his head and moved in the chair. The Indian slunk to the edge of the window, so as to conceal his person from any one within the room, and remained motionless. Presently he advanced his head, and took another view. The Solitary had resumed his former position, and was buried in profound thought. The Indian stepped back a couple of steps, so as to allow the necessary distance between himself and the window, and raised the rifle to his shoulder.

'At that instant, and just as he was about to discharge the deadly weapon, a large rattle-snake, attracted by the warmth, or for some other reason, glided from the opposite side of the hut toward the outstretched limbs of Holden, over which it crawled, and resting its body upon them, with upraised head seemed to fasten its eyes, glittering in the fire-light, full upon the face of the startled Indian. The effect was instantaneous. The rifle nearly dropped from his uplifted hands, a cold sweat burst from every pore, his knees shook, and his eyes, fixed on the snake by a fascination that controlled his will, felt bursting from their sockets. After preserving its attitude for a short time, the snake, as if taking Holden under its protection, coiled itself around his feet, and lay with its head resting on his shoe, looking into the fire. As the snake turned away its bright eyes the spell that bound the Indian was dissolved. An expression of the deepest awe overspread his countenance, his lips moved but emitted no sound, and cautiously as he had advanced he returned to the canoe, and was soon swallowed up in the darkness.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — There is a lesson in the following, which, carefully heeded, will be found fruitful of salutary monition: also a 'bit' of local description, which gives to a stranger a vivid idea of at least one of the prominent features of the 'City of the Prairies:'

'Eight squares west of the lake shore, the Chicago River forks, the two branches running north and south. The city is thus tri-sected. The three divisions are connected by draw-bridges. The vicinity of these — and especially of the two which unite North and South Chicago — usually presents a very animated scene. A large amount of shipping daily passes up and down the river and its branches; and when the wind is favorable for the entry of vessels into port, the bridges are kept open nearly all the time. The law permits no obstruction of the river. Priority of right is with the vessels, and when one approaches a bridge, the latter must immediately open; and if a second, and third, or more, come up before the first has gone by, they too must effect a passage before the accumulating mass of vehicles and men on each side of the river can be permitted to cross. A detention of ten minutes often collects a hundred drays and carts and carriages at each end of a draw. Policemen are present, whose business it is to see that these vehicles form into line, and come up in regular succession, but in spite of their efforts disorder is inevitable. The populace may have a becoming respect for the police, but frightened horses are ignorant of municipal authority, and for them the 'lone star' has no terrors.

'Let us stop a moment near one of the bridges. One or two vessels have passed, and the cry is still 'they come;' while the crowd grows larger and more dissatisfied. Scrutinize the faces of the pedestrians: men of business, anxious to get to their offices: clerks behind time, and every moment's delay risking situations much more easily lost than obtained: Norwegian women, loaded down with great bags of wood, carried on their heads, or strapped upon their backs. Here comes a brig, freighted with lumber, and nearly bridging the channel. Propelled by man-power hand-over-hand, it 'drags its slow length along' at a provokingly wearisome pace. It is a mystery to me how Young America can tolerate such a nuisance. But see, a wiry, long-legged, mercurial individual has leaped upon the boards, is running across the vessel, and now he has reached the other shore, and is off about his business. Most of the male bipeds 'follow their leader,' like a flock of sheep, and are soon safe 'over Jordan.' Safe over, except one, a carpenter, with a plane in his hand, who arrives at the farther side a little too late to leap the chasm, which, as soon as the vessel leaves the bridge, becomes too wide to be cleared by ordinary saltatory skill. Nothing daunted, he throws his plane upon the bank, jumps into the river, makes for a low portion of the wharf, recovers his

plane, and is off after his nose, and possibly after a late breakfast, in which case his courage is easily accounted for, as hunger makes heroes of the greatest cowards.

'The draw has at length closed. Get up on this pile of wood, so as to have a fair view of the spectacle. The scene is worthy of HOGARTH'S pencil. Here, at our side, a wheel has come off a wagon, over-loaded with baggage and emigrants. Emigrants and baggage are tumbled promiscuously into the street. The former, in no wise troubled by the accident, but grinning and chuckling — perhaps at the thought of being carried so far for nothing — shoulder their trunks and march. A few steps from us, the wheels of two wagons have become involved, and the teamsters are making vigorous but ineffectual efforts to disentangle them, assailed meanwhile by a deadly rear-fire of draymen's curses, and urged forward by the stentorian lungs of the bridge-tender, who, seeing more vessels already approaching, vociferates: 'Hurry up! vessels coming! bridge must open!' And see: a pair of enterprising horses, attached to a milk-cart, compassionating the numerous families, who, by reason of this detention, are drinking their coffee without the lacteal fluid, have taken to the side-walk, as presenting the only visible channel of egress from the sea of difficulties which surrounds them. Pedestrians retire into the stores and into the street, giving free right of way to their horse-ships, who are rapidly nearing the river, a plunge into which will cool their zeal and mix a little more water with the milk. One or two leaps from the brink of the pier, at the side of the bridge, their flight is checked, and they bring up against a store-front, to the consternation of the shopman, who is deeply exercised with fear that he may not be paid for the show-pane which has been shattered in the collision. The knocking down of a flaunting lager-bier sign is the only other injury done by the runaways, who are now quite crest-fallen and subdued, and meekly suffer themselves to be led away, wondering that there is so little appreciation of their efforts to expedite the business of the milkman, and relieve the wants of his customers. Observe that policeman. He is sending back to the very tail of the line a carter, who has been trying to steal a march, and get an advanced place in the procession. At the first street which cuts this at right angles, a man, hauling a car with a single horse, has stalled directly in the crossing, and is receiving *his* share of draymen's curses, which, however, he generously hands over to his *horse*, with blows into the bargain. Now the sign, 'Keep off the bridge!' is raised from a vertical to a horizontal position. Vehicles are instantly stopped, and if any driver ventures upon what is now forbidden ground, he is forced to take the 'back track.' The prohibition does not extend to pedestrians, who are permitted to cross as long as they think it safe to do so: and those at a distance, observing the sign up, and the draw in motion, quicken their pace, and come up to the bridge at a sharp trot, or more generally a full run. As the draw veers round, and a passage-way of only a few feet is left at the banks, and that rapidly decreasing, collisions occur, persons are knocked down, bonnets are stove in, hats fall into the river. See how composedly that hatless man moves on, without deigning a single look in the direction where his beaver went over-board. He takes for granted that it is ruined. But some 'wrecker' has leaped upon a canal-boat, fortunately moored near the scene of the disaster, and with hooked pole is trying to recover the hat, which 'rides the waters like a thing of life.' More serious accidents than this often occur. We leave them to graver chroniclers. A company has been formed for the purpose of tunnelling the river. This is probably the only effectual mode of remedying the evils to which allusion has been made. But the draw-bridges are no doubt charged with a great many delays which they have no agency whatever in causing. 'I was detained at the bridge,' is a standing excuse for boarders who come late to their meals, business men who fail to meet their engagements, and *especially* those 'lords of creation' who keep late hours, and must have some plea with which to prevent or mollify the wrath of their better halves. The following piece of gossip about one of the latter class, rests on good newspaper authority. A. B. lives in the North Division, and used to find it very convenient, when he had lingered too long among a lot of 'good fellows' on the other side, to plead *the bridge*. 'The *bridge* was open, my dear, and I could not get across.' Madam said nothing, but with the subtle deviltry of the sex, plotted revenge and a radical cure of her husband's

procrastinating tendencies. A few weeks ago, as he approached his residence, about the noon of the night, he observed a white dress, enveloping a figure not unlike his wife's, disappear within the door, while a man retreated hastily round the corner. The next night he was home early, but found his wife had just stepped out with a gentleman. On inquiry he learned that the escort was a 'handsome young fellow,' but could not discover his name. His jealousy was now fully aroused, and he resolved on a thorough investigation of the matter. He retired to a front room on the second floor, and pacing hurriedly back and forward, awaited the coming of his truant spouse, while dark suspicions and vague forebodings of impending evil filled his mind. The 'witching hour of night' came, and 'the wee short hour ayant the twal,' but still no wife. His agitation momentarily increased. At last voices are heard. The false one appears, leaning heavily upon the arm of her gallant, and looking up lovingly into his eyes. They linger a moment upon the step. His arm is thrown around her waist — and by JOVE, he 's kissing her! The injured husband rushes frantically down stairs, taking six steps at a time, tears open the door, and his wife coolly says: 'Are *you home?* Let me make you acquainted with my brother.' The brother had arrived from the East the day before, the wife having kept his expected visit a secret. A. B. good-naturedly joined in the laugh against himself, pulled his brother-in-law into the door, and begged to keep the joke quiet: but it leaked out. A. B. gets home in good season now, the bridge to the contrary notwithstanding. H.'

There 's a 'lesson!' - - - ONE among the most pleasant *inanimate* things to be seen — and *smelled* — as we pass rapidly back and forth from town to country, (on the 'ISAAC P. SMITH' or 'ARROW' steamers, both newly placed in perfect order, and ably commanded,) is the *Cedar-Ware*, from the extensive *Pail and Tub Factory of Storms Brothers, at Nyack.* Not a down-transit is made by those steamers without having on board more or less of this beautiful ware, with its smooth outer and inner surface, its bright narrow brass or band-iron hoops, emitting, moreover, a 'sweet-smelling cedar' odor, which so delights the human olfactory. But let us speak of another kind of factory. We visited the Tub and Pail Establishment of the Messrs. STORMS, on a recent occasion; and no similar 'institution' that we ever saw gave us more pleasure. The *matériel*, in the first place, is of the very best. The cedar is from North-Carolina and Florida; and the hoops, (cut and rolled to measure,) are made expressly for the factory by Messrs. BROWN AND BROTHERS, Waterbury, (Conn.) The machinery 'works like a charm,' in all its parts, and is propelled by the handsomest steam-engine, of twenty-five horse-power, that *we* 'ever set eyes on.' This is in part the *modus operandi:* The staves are first sawed out with cylindrical saws. They are then placed in a drying-room, heated with steam-pipes. Next they are cut to a proper width by a circular saw, then ploughed and grooved. The next operation is to place them around the *inner* circumference of a heavy iron hoop, which, when driven down, holds the staves together. The tub is then placed *over* a 'chunk,' and turned off *outside* in a few moments, and hooped. It is next placed *in* a hollow chunk and turned out, perfectly smooth, *inside.* The chine is then cut and the bottom inserted, almost as quickly as we could describe the operation. Bails and ears of pails, and handles of tubs are cut and fastened, and wooden button-knob covers turned, before your eyes, with the most astonishing rapidity and precision. Indeed, the whole process is worth going fifty miles to witness. The Factory supplies

orders from all parts of the Union, as well as from France and England. It employs twenty-three hands, and turns out from eight hundred to a thousand dollars' worth of cedar-ware weekly. Its ware, at the Great Exhibition at New-York, took the first premium-medal; and it took the first premium-medal also at the Paris Exhibition, the last held; an elaborate and tasteful work of art, which we were permitted to examine. Orders were received at once from Paris from the samples sent out, which were in no respect different from those turned out every day. The samples attracted so much attention during the exhibition, and so great was the demand for a portion of them, that the agent was compelled to distribute them to different parties, to be placed in the Museum and Royal Garden of Paris. Our notice of this most interesting establishment is already somewhat extended: but we wish to add one more fact, in justice to the proprietors, who are as modest as they are energetic: the factory, with all its machinery, was a 'total loss' by fire, on the twenty-ninth day of July, 1854. In three months from that day, at a cost of ten thousand dollars, it was in complete running order, all its complicated new-machinery at work 'like a house a-fire:' no, not exactly *that*, either: for the new building is all of brick, and mainly fire-proof. 'Enough said, for the present at least. - - - THE last number of that old and excellent bi-monthly, '*The Christian Examiner*,' is well filled with good articles; and among them is one which we think does no more than simple justice to DICKENS and THACKERAY, and their comparative literary merits. We subjoin a single passage:

'SINCE DICKENS and THACKERAY are often named together, though no two authors ever stood farther apart, we cannot resist the temptation to record our impression of some of the leading contrasts between them. Mr. DICKENS always keeps himself distinct from his characters, having his own way of speaking for himself, and endowing them with the peculiar forms of expression which belong to each. Mr. THACKERAY runs by the side of his men and women with his caustic remarks and his by-play. The former has a great literary plan, which he wishes to construct or evolve. The other has some pictures on hand which he is willing to show to the spectators. One, genial and glowing from a thousand vivid experiences, is perpetually surprising us with some delicate touch of common feeling, which opens the covered recesses of the past, and thrills the very soul. The other, with slow sympathies, but intent on the business before him, like a hitter engaged at a bout with single-stick, or like a gazer after something ridiculous from his club-house windows — almost hides from us that there is such a thing as soul in man. One, full of natural affections, the tenderest, widest, and most various, seeks in the wretched aspects of our race and world something to pity rather than to scorn. Believing, with SHAKESPEARE's Fifth HARRY, that

> 'THERE is some soul of goodness in things evil,
> Would men observingly distil it out,'

he addresses himself with an earnest heart to that wise and benevolent chemistry. The other picks open the fairest show of things to discover the ugliness within; and, professing to be an analyzer, would fain demonstrate some lurking elements of bitterness and pollution in the brightest waters. One, picturesque and impassioned, carries us away as much with his many-sided suggestions as with his affecting story, so that we pause every little while for fear of losing something, and often cannot read aloud without a tightening of the throat, or read in silence without a throbbing breast and a moistened eye. The other, coldly sarcastic or dismally jovial, has no more poetry, no more elevation or beauty in what accompanies his pieces, than there is in the subjects of them. One has an eye for all that is lovely and grand in nature, for all that is common and uncommon in the most familiar objects, and for all those subtle connections which they mysteriously hold with the thoughts and affections and lives of men. The other looks but at the downright thing before him, and a very mean and artificial thing it usually is. His stage has no scenery. One has enriched our literature with whole galleries of photographs that almost live upon the walls: sun-shadows of such tender

beauty as little PAUL and little NELL. But who cares to remember the figures which the other has dashed off by gas-light and in tobacco-smoke? Who could find any use in remembering them?'

THE subjoined poem may strike some readers as not being entirely original. A greater mistake could not possibly be made. *We*, at least, have never seen any thing *like* it anywhere: and whoso *has*, let him point it out:

—— 'PEARLS at random strung,
By future poets shall be sung.'

'THE night has come, but not too soon:
Westward the star of empire takes its way:
Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon!
Blue spirits and white, black spirits and gray.

'Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
Old CASPER'S work was done:
Piping on hollow reeds to his pent sheep,
Charge, CHESTER, charge! On, STANLEY, on!

'There was a sound of revelry by night
On Linden when the sun was low:
A voice replied far up the height,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

'What if a little rain should say,
I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
Ah! well a day!
Woodman, spare that tree!

'My heart leaps up with joy to see
A primrose by the water's brim:
ZACCHEUS, he did climb the tree;
Few of our youth could cope with him.

'The prayer of AJAX was for light,
The light that never was on sea or shore.
Pudding and beef make Britons fight
Never more!

'Under a spreading chesnut-tree,
For hours thegither sat;
I and my ANNABEL LEE:
A man 's a man for a' that.

'Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
In thunder, lightning, or in rain,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

'Tell me not in mournful numbers,
The child is father of the man:
Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
They can conquer who believe they can.

'A change came o'er the spirit of my dream;
Whatever is, is right;
And things are not what they seem:
My native land, good night!'

Is n't that '*original?*' - - - 'PERHAPS, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER,' writes a town-correspondent, 'you do n't set yourself up as a Postal Reformer.' (Well, we do n't, but are 'strong for the good cause,' nevertheless.) 'But I can tell you that in the annals of the POST, there are not a few rich scenes that would be found quite equal to any thing told in the varied pages of 'Old KNICK.' JOHN C. RIVES is responsible for the following. He said that when AMOS KENDALL was Postmaster-General, he took a tour to the South and West, partly on private business, and partly to get the film off of his official optics, and see how postal matters were conducted. Of course he did not make himself known on every occasion, but he always looked on at every turn in his post-route, and sometimes he learned something. At one place in Mississippi he stopped, while travelling in the stage-coach, at a rather insignificant village, but where there was a 'distributing office' of some importance. No one knew that he was the Postmaster-General. The postmaster of the place was away from home, as he had been for some months, and the business of overhauling, sorting, and distributing Uncle SAM's mails was in the hands of a 'sub.,' in the shape of an old negro woman. The post-office was kept in a pretty good-sized room, and on one side of it there was a heterogeneous mass that appeared something like a huge pile of mail-matter; and it looked, too, somewhat like a small tea-garden. There were papers, letters, large and small packages of books, etc., 'in huge confusion piled around.' The old black woman very deliberately unlocked the bags and emptied the contents out on the floor. AMOS looked on, and like SATAN marshaling his legions in Pandemonium, he 'admired.' The darkey, after emptying the contents of the bags in the 'pile,' commenced putting back, and in every pouch replaced a 'miscellaneous assortment.' The Postmaster-General had his eyes opened 'some,' and it occurred to him to ask 'AUNTY' if she could read. 'Oh! no,' said she; 'but I puts back jest about as much as master used to!' As the critic said of MACREADY, when he asked the Danish courtier to play on the pipe, and the courtier took him at his word, and played Yankee Doodle! 'Phancy HAMLICK's feelinks!' Fancy old AMOS! But his observations were not completed. There was an enormous pile of mail-matter that had been accumulating for months under the postal supervision of the sable 'sub.' It was after 'M. C.'s had learned the art of franking, and when their 'beloved constitooents' were in the habit of applying for seeds and other products at the agricultural bureau of the Patent-Office. The cucumber-seeds of those days were not *all* 'basswood,' as KENDALL can testify. The seeds in the moist, warm climate of Mississippi had germinated extensively, throughout this immense mass of 'mail-matter;' cabbages, beets, carrots, cauliflowers were there; potatoes had sprouted; while cucumber, pumpkin, and squash-vines had extended out of the heap, and run nearly across the room! It is supposed that the warmth of the political documents, stimulated by the fiery nature of Southern politicians, had added to, rather than subtracted from, the fertile nature of the postal compost!' Capital: but if the public will only sustain the far-seeing and indefatigable Mr. PLINY MILES in his labors for '*Postal Reform*,' there will be an end to such, or kindred scenes: and of this same 'postal

return more soon. - - - 'I have a modest friend in the western part of this State,' writes an obliging friend, 'and a lawyer, too, modest as he is, who now and then emits a literary spark from his brain-forge, solely for diversion. He has penned some capital verse-lines; and the following, which he wrote for the Knickerbocker many years ago, have been deemed creditable enough to be attributed, by several newspapers, to Longfellow. From simple justice to the writer, who would never dare to ask the correction himself, will you not republish the poem, with some typographical errors made right, and give the credit of it to G. H. McMasters, of Bath, Steuben county?' To be sure we will, and with pleasure. The lines were attributed to Mr. Longfellow, in the printed copy from which we quote:

'In their ample regimentals
Paced the red Commentals,
Testing out
When the grenadiers were hanging,
And like mad fell the plunging
Cannon-shot
When the flies
Of the foes
From the enemy night encampment,
Before the manner of the rampant
Enemy
Did grummer, grummer, grummer,
Round the field of the drummer
Through the morn.

'Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires:
While the balls whistled deadly,
And in furies flashing redly,
Roared the fires.
As the swift
Blast was drift,
Drove the dark battle-breakers
O'er the green sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder,
Cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracked amain!

'Then like smiths at their forges
Labored red St. George's
Cannoniers.
And the villainous saltpetre
Rung a fierce, discordant metre,
Round our ears:
Like the roar
On a shore,
Rose the horse-guards' clangor,
As they r[illegible] roaring anger
On our [illegible]ks;
And higher, higher, higher,
Burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

'Then the bare-headed colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder cloud,
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet-loud!
And the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper jackets reddened
At the touch of the leaden
Rifle's breath!
And rounder, rounder, rounder,
Roared the iron six-pounder
Hurling death!'

Is n't that Campbell-ish? - - - The *Death of a Good Man* is recorded below. It was our pleasure to know him intimately for more than twenty years. And it is an exceeding gratification to us to be enabled to say, that from the first to the last, not one unkind, or the *shadow* of an unkind word or thought, ever passed between us. But who, how close soever his ties of business or relationship, *could* engender or retain one ill thought against a man whose whole life was a life of affection — whose inculcations and labors were inculcations and 'labors of love' — who literally and truly 'went about doing good?' It is justly said of him by Mr. Bryant, in the '*Evening Post*:'

'By the death of Joseph Curtis the community has lost one of its most useful and beloved members. His activity of mind, which was extraordinary, was devoted to the noblest end — the good of his fellow-creatures — which may truly be said to have been the great object of his life. There was no humane and generous enterprise, whether it affected the physical or the moral welfare of his race, in which he did not take a deep

interest, and to which he did not give a cheerful and ready support. The practical cast of his mind made [illegible] counsels and his coöperation always desirable, and always effectual. He was one of the few persons we have known, whom age did not make less hopeful; whose enthusiasm in the cause of human improvement was not chilled and discouraged by the disappointments to which all human plans are subject. To him it never seemed as if any exertion in behalf of the best interests of society was wasted; and instead of praising the past at the expense of the present, as men at his time of life are apt to do, he dwelt with delight upon those respects in which society has improved, and always saw something in its present, compared with its former condition, on which to congratulate his friends. Of some of the principal events in this excellent man's life, the New-York *Times* gives this account:

'ANOTHER distinguished and venerable friend of education, Mr. JOSEPH CURTIS, died on Saturday, at twenty minutes to ten P.M., aged seventy-three years, six months, and seven days. He was a native of Newtown, Conn. He came to this city when sixteen years old, and has resided here ever since. He was an active member of the 'Manumission Society' in 1817, and received from the Society for his efforts in securing the passage of the Gradual Emancipation Act, two massive silver pitchers as a token of their appreciation. In this Society he was associated with PETER A. JAY, CADWALADER D. COLDEN, and Mr. SCLOSSON. He was an active operator in the establishment of the Society for the Prevention of Vagrancy, and was the leading spirit in developing our House of Refuge — an institution of which, at the time, Europe had not the like. In 1820 he established the first Sabbath-school ever instituted for Free Blacks: it was at Flatbush, Long-Island. For twenty years of his prime [illegible] was an active fireman, and was the first to introduce the firemen's torch. He first introduced hose-carriages to our city. He, too, first proposed and secured the use of our present ventilators for sewers.

'For thirty-three years Mr. CURTIS was a trustee of the Public School Society. He stood by the side of DE WITT CLINTON in 1804, at the opening of No. 1, in Tryon-row, the first Free School in this country, and that one, it may be remarked, an African school. For twenty years back he was the man who always gave out the certificates of merit to scholars on examination days of the public schools. In 1853, when the Old Public School Society was merged in the present system, Mr. CURTIS was one of the fifteen Commissioners chosen to represent that Society in the Board of Education. In that capacity he secured universal respect and affectionate regard.

'On leaving the Board he was invited by a unanimous vote to continue his visits to the schools and to neglect no opportunity to make such suggestions, especially with regard to ventilation, heating, etc., as should occur to him. During the past winter, he has attended most of the school-examinations, and visited most of the evening-schools, and given much encouragement by his presence and his brief and pertinent remarks. The last time he was out he attended the school-exhibition in North-Moore-street, on Friday, April 4, and there made some very appropriate remarks, which we reported at the time. Two years ago Mr. and Mrs. CURTIS celebrated their golden wedding: Mrs. CURTIS survives her partner. One of their daughters is the wife of Mr. L. GAYLORD CLARK, of the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine: another is the widow of Mr. TELFAIR, deceased, formerly of New-Orleans. Another remains at home. Mr. JOSEPH CURTIS, Jr., of Hyde Park, is his only son.'

WE take from the same journal the subjoined account of the funeral of Mr. CURTIS:

'THE funeral services of Mr. JOSEPH CURTIS were attended yesterday. The immediate friends of the family, the members of the Common Council, and of the Board of Education, met at his late residence, where a prayer was offered. The body was then borne to All Souls' Church, by the following gentlemen: PETER COOPER, JAMES DE PEYSTER, LINUS W. STEVENS, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, S. S. RANDALL, ERASTUS C. BENEDICT, WM. H. NELLSON, ANDREW H. GREEN, Dr. RABINEAU, and WM. B. MURPHY.

'At the Church, a very large congregation had gathered: every seat was filled, and the aisles were crowded. A solemn piece of music was given by the organ. Rev. Dr. OSGOOD made the opening prayer. Rev. Dr. BELLOWS followed with a biographical sketch of the deceased, and a most happy analysis of his character. As to his religious character, he himself furnished the clue when on his death-bed: 'If any body asks, my children,' said he, 'what your father's religious opinions were, tell them they may be found in the sixth chapter and the eighth verse of the Prophet MICAH: '*He hath showed thee, O man! what is good. And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?*'' These words Dr. BELLOWS took as the text of his discourse upon this occasion. . . . 'Will you love one another?' he said to his children when on his death-bed: 'there is no heaven but love.' After the services, the assembly defiled through the middle aisle toward the pulpit, in front of which the coffin stood, and then passed by the side-aisles to the church-doors. Hundreds were present who were attached to him by acts of kindness, and by whom he was equally loved and venerated.'

We understand that a biography of Mr. CURTIS, by Miss CATHARINE SEDGWICK, is in course of preparation for the press. - - - 'H. P. L.,' himself of late 'a-missing' in our pages, thus introduces a distinguished new contributor to the KNICKERBOCKER. We make instant place for the illus-

trious French exile: 'M. QUATREMÈRES DE SERIN has seen the KNICKERBOCKER — has determined to contribute an article to its pages. For ten years, he assures me, he has applied himself to 'the Literature English.' Is not his progress astonishing? An exile from his country, solely on account of *la Politique*, he fled from Caen in France only to encounter worse K. N.'s in America: he feels it his duty to enlighten these latter: he writes an article on shirt-collars. M. QUATREMÈRES DE SERIN desires me to say that a friend revised the spelling in this article, but the grammatical construction, the idioms, are just as they came from his own pen. Shall we not congratulate M. SERIN on his success not only as a writer, but as a composer? What startling originality! — what observation! With what cheerfulness he 'condemns himself to write English!' M. QUATREMÈRE DE SERIN is an Artificial Philosopher: not a particle of any thing Natural about him, as he has been pleased to observe. I have introduced him. I beg leave to retire, congratulating you on your new acquaintance, and begging you will not forget the older one:'

'The Philosophy of Shirt-Collars.

'BY QUATREMERES DE SERIN.

'BYRON offered, how many pounds for an idea? By good chance for him I was not born at the time, else my IDEA would have won the prize: however, my *amour propre* would not have permitted me to accept hard pounds; these *soufflets* of fortune I despise. *Moi!* I write for the fame, not for the feed! Ah! yes; I forget I am not writing of myself — for I write in English — let us speak of collars.

'The Scoop-Dish. — He is before us: regard him! That stout neck with its rope veins, so sturdily planted on the shoulders; it has need of a cover to prevent the peaceable citizen from reading its owner's character in his — neck. He hastens to conceal it. See, he catches hold of a tin basin, cuts out a quarter of its rim, and speedily he has a pattern that will do for him to masquerade in. The back of his neck now presents the upright linen rising above his coat-collar; it comes forward of the ears; it is called the Scoop-Dish; is very starched, and has met with an embodiment of success among these 'shoulder-hitters,' these butchers, these unclassical gladiators. Ah! these men with bullet-heads, sharp eyes, broad chests — see, their collars rise up like the combs of game-chickens; they are the fighting-cocks which give us 'the sport.' O my dear friend! the difficulties of the journalist! I but put up my pen to designate an idea, and see, I meet a Scoop-Dish round the neck of a Quaker! What atrocity, *sac* — Ah! yes; I must not allow myself to be transported; I am writing English. I accost that Quaker excessively politely, and ask him why he sports the Scoop-Dish? Absolutely he is so good he is dumb. I light him up as to my meaning; he comprehends perfectly, and says the collars were of his brother who voyaged to California. 'Ah! my dear friend,' says I, 'was he not of the shoulder-hitters?' Then I have more still explanations to make, then he comprehends. 'True, brother JEHUS was a hard boy,' he responds. Ah! see, am I not right again? The Scoop-Dish belongs to 'the sport.'

'The Roll-Over. — In old times the Roll-Over was BYRON-ical — how changed at this date! It will be ironical now to say so much of it; so much of those who employ it. But rest tranquil; it still displays the human nature far more than those beastly bumps of the head, which show nothing but hard knocks — that execrable belief of bumps! Ah! so well might one read this great country and its grand, furiously splendid nature by those 'bumps,' those mounds in the valley Ohio! The poet, he wears the Roll-Over, because — ah! why? I ask one of them, a great one — I have confidence he is

great, he is so much dirty — and he answers: 'Roll-Over collars follow beauty's line, the arch! If you would wear them standing up, procure the starch!' He says 'starch' is the *argot*, I mean to say 'slang,' for money. For this reason, the want of starch, all great poets accustom themselves to the Roll-Overs. So, I see I make discoveries. I am encouraged: I shall proceed.

'The Knife-Blade. — There is your wealthy man, the banker; his collars come up straight under his ears, shooting in advance like a pen-knife excessively sharp; they recede behind till they are engulfed in the black cravát, that abyss of darkness. They are always scrupulously white, neat, clean. Ah! so that monster of a Vesuvius has the most beautiful flame of fire at his top, but who comprehends what is in his inwards, his interiors?

'The Religieux. — Then those marvellously white, straight, precise collars of the ministers. Helas! I condemn myself to write English. Let us pass on.

'The Louis Napoleon. — The ribbon of paste-board collars that encircle so tightly the necks of those dear little *caniches* of the drawing-rooms, the foplings! For them a turning of the head is an impossibility, their voice is choked into an 'aw-aw;' this sound of junior jackasses is all they are allowed to utter. Let us leave them to sing execrably their own music.

'The Up-and-Down. — Well then, my dear friend, you have not seen them? You have not been in the country of Sundays, those charming days when the sun shines, and you can walk out without soiling your boots, and the small birds sing on the pump-handles? Go, then, and you will have great enjoyment — to get back in the city, my faith! I have been there myself, and seen these tall, serious, very much stiffened shirt-collars, and they were round the brown necks of great, strong, sober men, my faith! Not any one has more right to wear, to display so much of stiffness, for reason that they elevate the potato that causes this same starch. Now, you will know him the next time you meet this Up-and-Down collar.

'The Weak-in-the-Knees. — My patience suffers when I discourse of this subject. He has no enterprise; he comes at first out of the drawer in the morning, and he wears an air of grand promise, but he breaks it before an hour; he falls down on one side, he falls down on the other, he looks one week old in sixty minutes. He has no stamen, no starch! 'My friend,' said I one time to one who accustomed himself to this species of collar, 'why you invariably have such sickly collars?' 'Oh! ah! I never thought, but, oh! ah! the washer-woman does it!' 'My friend,' said I, 'just conscience! How many of the times does she bring to you such collars?' 'Always,' said he. My gracious! what stupidity. Then again, what use to complain? My friend was a Weak-in-the-Knees collar-man.

'The Horse-Collar. — In effect one would look at these 'jockeys,' these people of the race-course to find adorning them this style. Well, no; mostly have I noticed them round the throats of severe, quiet, stupendously deep 'eoves' — the Professors. Ah! but I must temper this assertion by the specification of the kind of professors; it is so necessary among you good Americans, where talent is so very common. *Parbleu!* my barber is a professor with grand practice, lots of clients. To recommence: this collar belongs to college professors, men of the languages, sciences, mathematics, and its form constantly revives a memory of the *pons asinorum*, for so it is something like the figure of the upper part of that jackassy bridge. It sweeps round from the back part of the nape of the throat, till it ends in round corners very far ahead of the chin underneath. Of a Sunday morning it is as a general, clean and much upright. Alas! on a Wednesday following he looks like the tail of a rooster on a very rainy day. I fear greatly these wise men clothe their heads to the detriment of their bodies; certain of their ideas are excessively outrageous.

'The White-Linen. — In England they wished me to make purchase of a 'jolly little tile,' at a hatter's where I entered to get a traveller-hat. I inquire what name was be-

moved on a very soft hat I wished to make the voyage to America in? And, my faith! the hatter called him 'Wide-Awake!' Ah! I purchased him; if he only had a handle, how useful he would be! For example: a collar goes with this 'tile,' a collar that fires up like a rocket, that flares out at the sides, that tolerates free motion of the head, that runs out of a flashy neckerchief, loosely tied. By gracious! you will see him on the race-course, at the combat of rats, the fight of dogs; he assists at those sparring-matches: he amuses himself mournfully!

'The Impossible.—I cast that word myself, and yet you shall know it when you see it; and you cannot help seeing it. He rises up round the head of the good man like Mont Blanc, so white, so straight up, so great of volume; he keeps the flies off the ears in summer; he shelters that firm, old head from the terrible winter wind. He seems to say: I run away from the rest of the linen, I go to climb up to the sky. Ah! my friend, you may confide in that collar; he has got 'the dimes,' he enjoys himself furiously.

'They are not all named; I know of a hundred still more collars. Before I was exiled—but the memory of Paris afflicts me to tears—I have remembrance of a shirt-collar magazine in Paris, where they exposed for sale one hundred and eighty-two different patterns! My faith! how many have they added since then? A kingdom, a republic, an empire; three different rules, three different schools of shirt-collars! The pen of the journalist backs out of the attempt to scratch down all these facies for the neck! As we part off man into four classes—the nervous, the bilious, the sanguine, and the lymphatic—so do we also do for shirt-collars. By preference, I hate lymphatic collars without starch, but I adore the nervous that has starch; I tolerate the sanguine, too, that has even excessively much, but the bilious—ah! take him away! I encountered a Sioux warrior once, when I was up in the Far West; he had, on my honor, a tremendous sanguine shirt-collar on his neck, of grizzly bear-claws, and his squaw had on a bilious one of amber-beads. Taste has so many legs, and runs round in such singular customs! Show me a shirt-collar, and you may bet your life on it I demonstrate the wearer—his character, his habits, all the little vagaries of his disposition. Ah! *ma foi!* But I shall look over a Greek dictionary, fish out a jaw-cracking word, and set up myself, QUATREMERRE DE SERIN, for a Professor of the Philosophy of Collars, and as you good Americans say: 'Go him! Neck or nothing—shorter!'"

Vice M. DE SERIN! - - - 'MISFORTUNES never come singly,' says the old proverb. Our friend and correspondent, 'J. C. M.'s loss of 'ROBERT-OF-LINCOLN,' so feelingly described in a late number, has been followed by that of another dear and cherished little favorite, as will be seen by the following:

'DEATH, cold and lonely!—thy frigid face is hateful!'

'ON a recent occasion in your pages I chronicled the sad tidings touching the death of a favorite bird of mine, ROBERT-OF-LINCOLN. Since BOB'S demise, grief has taken abode in the heart of 'Madame GRISI,' who was his companion in *cries*, and teacher in song. She has, like the ancient Celts, sung the wild requiem of heart-grief till death, too, has winged *her* to spirit bird-land.

'What the 'Madame GRISI' was to the world in song; what pleasure she gave opera-effervescent sons and daughters of New-York; what sweet melody, admiration *she* created; such also was this 'Madame GRISI' to *her* circle of admiring hearers; and she too hailed from the sunny South, from the summer-perfumed Canary Isles, where she learned her soprano, contralto, alto, and trill in Nature's school, from Nature's MASTER, in freedom.

'At an early age she arrived and became 'naturalized' in this republic by a settled residence of seven years within a cage. And here she attempted in song 'Hail Columbia' and the 'Star-spangled Banner,' but, like many other foreign singers, found them

too hard, and failed. Some years since she received the name of GRISI, which we thought very significant of her extraordinary resemblance to that wondrous cantatrice of modern times. The general characteristics of her style as a singer were those of great brilliancy and exquisite purity. She had a matchless gift of enchanting and moving the heart by that divine and native simplicity which could only be reached by the consummation of both art and nature itself. She was exquisitely formed, and quite remarkable for beauty of plumage. At times she might betray some little vanity on that account: she was, however, free from any appearance of artistical pride.

'Her death was sudden and produced by grief, aggravated by a bronchial affection: while in the midst of a sweet *rôle*, she suddenly fell from her perch, gave up her song and bird-spirit, and was no more! Many of your literary friends knew her well, and often listened with delight to her warblings: among these none heard her with more attention and pleasure than Governor NICHOLS, who sends the following pleasing tribute to her worth. When we missed her from the place she so long had occupied, a gloom fell on the whole household, and tears were plentiful. Young and all were grieved for the loss of one so beloved.

'With sad hearts, my children buried her beneath the shade of the altheas, by the side of her friend and companion, ROBERT-OF-LINCOLN.

'Euphonium.

ON THE VERY SUDDEN DECEASE OF G. C. MORGAN'S MUSICAL CANARY,

"Madame Grisi."

I.

'Spirits of music,
Sainted and blest,
Hail your sweet sister
Gone to her rest!

II.

'Withered the flower —
Music all mute!
Empty her bower —
Silent her lute!

III.

'Sweet was her music,
Poured on the gale;
Rainbows less lovely —
Scarcely less frail.

IV.

'Gay was her vesper —
Low the sun shone;
Seek her at morning —
Lo! she is gone!

V.

'Will she at noon-day,
Catch up her strain?
Welcome the morrow?
Never again!

VI.

'When in their slumbers
Loving eyes lay;
Angels of melody,
Called her away.

VII.

'There were the shining plumes,
There the sweet bill;
There was the little throat,
Voiceless and still!

VIII.

'Call for the matins
Of morn's early glow:
Call for the vesper-song?
Where are they now?

IX.

'Birds of the wild-wood,
On the spring's verge,
Sing for the lost one
Anthem and dirge.

X.

'Mournfully — trillingly —
Softly and strong;
Rapture and cadence,
Echo and song.

XI.

'Harmony, rhapsody,
Melody clear;
Gayety, tenderness,
Once were all here!

XII.

'Spirits of melody,
Lovely and blest!
Welcome the songster
Home to her rest.

JAMES W. NICHOLS'

'*Oak Cottage, April*, 1856.

What is the Spring-time without BIRDS? - - - WE had the pleasure of listening to the first rehearsal-performance of the new opera, '*The North-River, or the First Run of Shad*,' at Cedar-Hill Cottage the other evening. It was, in

every way, 'a triumph,' and was so pronounced by every musical *savan* and amateur present. It seems invidious to particularize, where the excellence of execution was so general: but we should be doing injustice to our own impressions, did we not mention, with especial commendation, the '*Trombone-Basso Solfeggii*,' (*S'fogato*, key of F sharp,) which so graphically depicted the '*First Run*.' It was a miracle of delicate instrumentation. The Trombone, in this instance, performed its perfect work. It was not merely a *sham* pretence of running the tube down the throat of the performer: he *did* it, and with an ease, a decision, a clearness, 'and so to speak,' a skill, which 'entranced all beholders.' The sounds came unencumbered from the very boots of the operator: and as the parlors were small, the mouth of the instrument was projected through a lattice upon the verandah: a thought of the artist, which we are not aware has ever before been carried out in any opera-house in this metropolis. It might well be imitated. There was an indistinctness, a *distance*, if we may make use of that expression, a faint dissolvingness, as it were, of sound, which conveyed the true shad-feeling to every by-stander. It is not for *us* to speak of a *solo* which (although indisposed, and our appearance pronounced 'imprudent' by our physician,) we nevertheless performed upon the '*Swinette-à-Piston*,' in the last scene, descriptive of the '*Frying of the First Shad*.' Sudden and sparkling effects, however, *were* produced, which met with (to make use of perhaps too strong commendatory and eulogistic expressions of praise, applause, commendation and clapping,) an enlarged and extended burst of enthusiasm. We must review this opera in our next. - - - WELL: '*Plu-ri-Bus-tah*,' by the famous 'DOESTICKS,' 'leastways' *edited* by him, as the fashion is now-a-days; and a very amusing volume, whether regarded in a literarily-executive or pictorially-illustrative point of view, lies before us. DOESTICKS himself describes the work as 'an inconsistent, impracticable, irreconcilable, paradoxical, trochaical romance; with a couple of ridiculous heroes, whose existence is undeniable, and whose final departure was unintentionally tragic: also a batch of impossible heroines, created for this occasion only, and who are unceremoniously disposed of. The characters were imagined by DOESTICKS, by whom also the facts were invented, and the principal events fabricated.' The pictorial sketches are many of them — and their name is legion — irresistibly diverting; coming nothing short of similar drawings which once gave such fame to the petite processional pictures of PUNCH and his assembly, or convention-al limnings in the same kind. These are 'by JOHN MCLENAN, who holds himself personally responsible therefor.' '*The Author's Apology*' is a little 'out of the common run' of such things. It is as follows:

'I REFUSE to apologise.
'When I began this work, I assumed the right to distort facts, to mutilate the records, to belie history, to outrage common-sense, and to speak as I should please, about all dignitaries, persons, places, and events, without the slightest regard for truth or probability.
'I have done it.
'I intended to compose a story without plot, plan, or regard for the rules of grammar.
'I have done it.
'I intended to write a poem in defiance of precedent, of prosody, and of the public.
'I have done it.
'I intended to upset all commonly-received ideas of chronology, and to transpose dates, periods, epochs and eras, to suit my own convenience.

'I have done it.

'I intended not only to make free with the heathen gods, and to introduce some of them into our modern 'Best Society,' but also to invent a mythology of my own, and get up home-made deities to suit myself.

'I have done it.

'I intended to slaughter the American Eagle, cut the throat of the Goddess of Liberty, annihilate the Yankee nation, and break things generally; and I flatter myself that — I have done it.

'If you are discontented with the story; if the beginning does not suit you; if the middle is not to your taste; if you are not pleased with the catastrophe; if you don't like my disposition of the characters; if you find fault with my imaginative facts; if you think the poetry is n't genuine; if, in fact, you are dissatisfied with the performance, you had better go to the door-keeper and get your money back, for, I repeat it, I refuse to apologise.

'What are you going to do about it?'

UNDER the caption of 'O my UNCLE!' from 'HAMLET,' the author is introduced to the stage: 'Non-committal applause by the curious reader, who don't know what to expect. Enter, to slow music, the author, sober and seedy. In the distance are seen the nine muses, smoking short pipes and eating pea-nuts. They encourage the bashful poet:' but he has very little to say, and nothing transpires concerning *him*, when out-speaks Mr. DORSTICKS:

'SHOULD you ask *me* where *I* found it?
Found this song, perhaps so stupid,
Found this most abusive epic?
I should answer, I should tell you
That 'I found it at my Uncle's,'
'Number one, around the corner,'
In a paper, in a pocket,
In a coat, within a bundle,
Tied up, ticketed, and labelled,
Labelled by my careful 'Uncle;'
Placed within a cozy recess,
On a shelf behind a curtain.
Here I found this frantic poem;
And 'my Uncle,' kind old 'Uncle,'
Told me that the hard-up author,
One day borrowed two-and-sixpence
On this coat, and on this bundle.
Months had flown, and still the author
Had n't yet redeemed his pledges,
Had n't paid the two-and-sixpence.
So 'my Uncle,' *dear* old 'Uncle,'
Kind, accommodating 'Uncle,'
Sold to me this precious bundle,
And this poem lay within it.
'This is where I got this epic,
Epic pawned for two-and-sixpence.
But, where is the hard-up author?
Whether writing, whether starving,
Whether dead, or in the almshouse,
I do n't care — nor does the public.
'If, still further, you should ask me,
'Who is this dear noble 'Uncle;'
Tell us of this kind old 'Uncle;''
I should answer your inquiries
Straightway, in such words as follow:
'In the Bowery and in Broome street,
Neighbor to the fragrant gin-shop;
In a dark and lonesome cellar,
Dwells the Hebrew — dwells 'my Uncle.'
You can tell his habitation
By the golden balls before it.
'Here 'my Uncle,' kind old 'Uncle,'
Dear, disinterested 'Uncle,'
Sits and sings his 'song of sixpence.'
'Sixpence here for every farthing,
Every farthing that I lend you
You shall soon return me sixpence;
And, that by the risk I lose not,
Ere I lend you dimes or dollars,
You shall leave a hundred values
Of the money which you borrow;
Which, if you do n't pay my sixpence,
Shall be forfeit then for ever.
Sixpence here for every farthing,
Every farthing pays me sixpence.'
'Here the painters bring their pictures,
Precious, beautiful creations;
Bring them to my kind old 'Uncle.'
He to cherish native talent,
And encourage home-bred genius,
Gives the artist, on his pictures,
Half the first cost of the canvas.
And the author takes his poem,
Which has cost him months of labor;
On which he has poured his life out —
Takes it to my kind old 'Uncle,'
Who, to cherish native talent,
Gives him what the ink has cost him,
What the ink with which he wrote it.
'But the poet and the painter
Are Americans, and natives
Of the land which leaves them beggars.
That 's the reason why they 're starving —
Why they need 'my Uncle's' sixpence.
This is how this naughty poem
Once was 'up a spout' in Broome-street:
This is all about 'my Uncle.'
Good-by, 'Uncle:' go to thunder.'
'Ye who love to scold your neighbors,
Love to magnify their follies,
Love to swell their faults and errors,
Love to laugh at other's dulness,
Making sport of other's failings —
Buy this modern Yankee fable;
Buy this song that 's by no author.
'Ye, who love to laugh at nonsense,

Love the stilted lines of burlesque,
Want to read a song historic,
Want to read a song prophetic,
Want to read a mixed-up story
Full of facts and real transactions,
Which you know are true and life-like—
Also full of lies and fictions,
Full of characters of fancy,
And imaginary people,
Buy this home-made Yankee fable;
Buy this song that 's by no author.
'Ye who want to see policemen,
Roman heroes, modern Bloomers,
Heathen gods of every gender,
News-boys, generals, apple-peddlers,
Modern ghosts of ancient worthies,
Editors, and Congress members,
With their bowie-knives and horse-whips,
Saints and scoundrels, Jews and Gentiles,
Honest men of ancient fable,
With historic modern villains,
Jumbled up in dire confusion,
Dove-tailed in, at once regardless
Of all place or date or country;
Making such a curious legend
As the world has never read of;
Headless, tailless, soulless, senseless,
Even authorless and foundling—
Buy this modern Yankee fable;
Buy this song that 's by no author.
'Ye, who sometimes in your rambles
Through the alleys of the city,
Where the smell of gas escaping,
And the odors of the gutters,
And the perfume of the garbage,
And the fragrance of the mud-carts
Do n't remind you of the country,
Or the redolence of roses;
Pause by some neglected book-stall,
For awhile to muse and ponder
On the second-hand collection:
If you find among the volumes,
Disregarded, shabby volumes,
One which answers to *our* title,
Buy it here and read hereafter—
Buy this modern Yankee fable;
Buy this song that 's by no author.'

We close (because we are obliged to) with '*A Single-Handed Game of Brag*,' which has one feature, common perhaps to rather *too* large a portion of the volume, a dash of satire which, rightly taken, will be found pungent enough:

'Long he toiled, with Peace to help him,
In the dim and smoky work-shops,
Oft he viewed his vast dominion;
Striving for its best improvement,
Having dotted all his country,
Full of thriving towns and cities,
He determined he would bind them
Firm, with iron bands, together;
Iron roads for iron horses,
Iron bridges for his lightning
Which should run on errands for him.
He commenced his rail-road building—
Building monstrous locomotives;
Through his land, in all directions,
Telegraphs and railroads made he,
Leaving, in each distant corner,
Some memento of the lessons
And the wisdom Peace had taught him.
'In the cities, Lathes and Foundries,
In the villages, great Factories,
And the Press in every hamlet.
By the streams, left spiteful Sawmills,
By the roads, the Forge and Anvil,
In the field, the Plough and Reaper,
By the sea-shore, Ships and Steamboats,
Wharves and Docks and sheltering Harbors;
Sending off huge fleets of shipping,
Far away to every country,
Far across the conquered ocean,
Carrying to the world his boasting.
This, his vegetable bragging,
Which he o'er and o'er repeated,
Oft, himself, his words encoring,
Chuckling to himself with pleasure,
Laughing with such vigorous pleasure,
That he often tore his breeches.
But of *this* he never wearied,
Wearied of this classic sentence:
Plu-ri-bus-tah is some pumpkins!'

Let us say, before we leave this volume, that clever as it is in portions, we hope it may tempt nobody else to write any more imitations in the measure and manner of Longfellow's '*Hiawatha*.' The truth is, the whole thing has been wofully over-done: the attempts have multiplied *ad nauseam*. Some twenty or thirty are in our poetical port-folio at this moment; but 'John Phœnix' and Mrs. Sigourney have entirely 'satisfied the sentiment,' so far as our pages are concerned. Plu-ri-bus-tah's portrait (a 'great head!') fronts the title-page to the quaintly-designed and excellently-printed typography. Livermore and Rudd, a new and very enterprising firm, at Number 810 Broadway, are the publishers. - - - 'Way down in the pine-forests of Michigan,' writes friendly 'Squib,' 'they had a donation-party some four

weeks since; and by way of inducement for 'Young AMERICA' to 'patronize them,' notice was given that there would be *a ball*, the proceeds to be applied toward the 'support of the Gospel.' After *tea* the 'elect,' accompanied by the worthy minister, betook themselves to another house; while the fiddles, having been tuned up to 'muley-saw' pitch, led the young folks a merry dance, which continued until the female portion were obliged to have recourse to 'tired Nature's sweet restorer;' whereat, beds being scarce, and the proceeds of the evening rather smaller than was anticipated, a number of the 'masculines' wound up by playing *poker* until breakfast-time; the proceeds to be applied, after deducting 'current expenses' (principally consisting of whiskey and dough-nuts) to 'benefit of clergy.' O tempora! O *Moses!*' So say *we*, if the story be veritable, as 'SQUIB' assures it *is*, in every particular. A bad precedent, which it is to be hoped may not *again* be followed any where *else*, 'way down in the forests of Michigan.' Such things 'cannot come to good.' - - - How forcibly comes to *us* an impression of the scene on board the '*Northerner*' on Lake Huron, in her collision at night with the '*Forest-Queen!*' Such a scene *might* have happened one dark night on the Huron, (in the neighborhood of Thunder-Bay,) to the old *Hendrick Hudson*, but for the watchful care of 'Capt. D. HOWE, Commander,' now deceased. Through the thick darkness, and amidst the rush of the ship and the roar of the waters, the CAPTAIN, as we were standing conversing together, suddenly started aside, ejaculating, 'What 's that?' 'AMOS!' he said to the pilot, 'How does she head?' 'No'th-east-be-No'th, half-No'th!' 'Give her a p'int *west!* 'Ay, ay, Sir!' 'Handsomely.' 'Handsomely, Sir!' And the words were barely out of his mouth, before a huge steamer, lights flashing in the long cabin, and red lights burning aloft, swept by us so near that we might almost have jumped on board! We have often thought what a narrow escape was that from a grave in the deep, cold, blue waters of the Huron! - - - IN an article in the April number of BLACKWOOD, entitled '*Scots Abroad*,' the writer speaks of 'our friend DEMPSTER, author of the '*Historia Literaria*.'' BURNS also has

'DEMPSTER, a true-blue Scot, I'se warrant:'

But give us '*our* friend DEMPSTER,' the charming vocalist, who has lately been winning new laurels and crowded houses, at his concerts, with songs and ballads, new and old. It was well said of him, in a Washington journal: 'DEMPSTER is here! plain, honest, *direct* DEMPSTER: with his open face and beaming eyes, that have a heart back of each of them: with that inimitable enunciation and clear, silver voice, through which he sends a sentiment to your heart as directly and unerringly as a ball from a Minie rifle.' Another editor, elsewhere, remarks, with equal truth, that 'Mr. DEMPSTER's ballads do not excite stunning admiration, or pique our musical appreciation, or set us to criticising. But they go straight to the sweetest, quietest, holiest places of the heart; and the singer's triumph is evidenced by the swelling bosoms and the suffused eyes of his auditors. He makes us think of dear homes away by the lake-side, or in the green valley; of absent sisters and sainted mothers, and of that 'nearer one still and dearer one.' He wakes

up with fresh, tender, rectifying life, those best feelings of our nature which business and the harsh contacts of the outer life are so apt to deaden. DEMPSTER is a moral benefactor. The beauty of his art is the twin sister of religion. It is the music of love, and of the heart: music for prayer, for our friends, and for our children.' - - - OUR friend DAVENPORT, the actor, (and an actor of great power and grace he *is*, too, who throws into his personations that naturalness and *abandon* which makes *him* seem the character he *depicts*,) sends us a couple of poetry-bills by a 'spoon' who called himself 'ADOLPH,' some years ago in Philadelphia — a kind of literary SHALES, whom the wags of the theatre made great sport of. He wanted to produce a play of his own, but there was one objectionable stage-scene in it, it was thought! A fair specimen of his verse is afforded in his '*Song on a Paper Kite*,' in which we honor his choice of subject; for a boy's kite was always our *specialité*, and we suppose always will be:

'I DO admire a paper kite
As I do a lady:
It is to me a pleasing sight,
When she flies so sweetly:

'The sweet bobs of a paper kite,
Often gave me pleasure:
It is a beautiful sight,
For the boys to endure.

'A kite may light upon a house,
Chance get fast to a tree:
The boy then trys his best and might,
And gains sweet liberty.

'He 's pleased to find his kite not torn,
And takes another run!
The thread is drawn, his kite flies on,
Begone! consternation.'

The lines '*To Amanda H*——' are not without style, certainly; but we think in force and rhythm the lines above quoted will generally be considered as bearing away the palm:

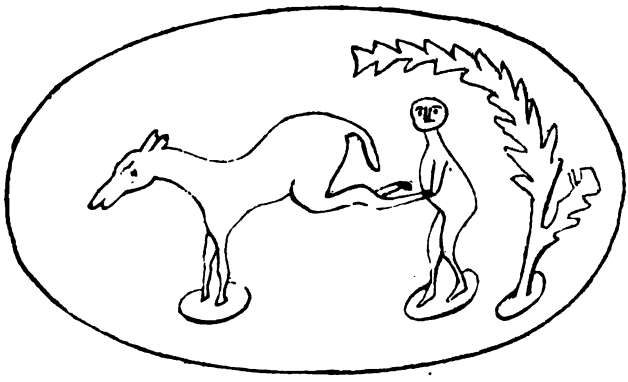
'OH! that smile upon thy rosy cheek,
Seemed to me so fair!
Dear girl, like thy graceful form, so neat,
I 'd share my kisses there.

'In Germantown township is thy home:
'Tis a good neighborhood:
Near a well of water, so well known,
With thee I one day stood.

'It was here I shar'd a fresh desire,
Near thy home, rejoicing:
The glass of water I did admire,
I drank all that was in it.'

'How hard it is to write good!' - - - THE following *Illustrated Epitaph* has been sent to us by an old and cordial friend. It was copied, he states, from a tomb-stone near Williamsport, (Penn.) We have not the slightest doubt of it. No one can look upon that picture, without being convinced

that such a kick from such an animal *must* have proved fatal. There is som tautology in the epitaph, but the facts are interesting: for example, the circumstance of the deceased boy's being '*friendly* to his father and his mother.' The expression is strong, certainly; but tomb-stones justify a little extravagance of language:



SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
HENRY HARRIS,
BORN June 27th, 1821, of HENRY HARRIS
and JANE his wife.
DIED on the 4th of May, 1837, by the kick of a colt
in his bowels.
Peaceable and quiet, a friend to
his Father and Mother, and respected
by all who knew him, and went
to the world where horses
do n't kick, where sorrows and weeping
is no more.

TAYLOR AND SHUCK.

TAYLOR AND SHUCK *sculpsit!* - - - THE following specimen of the '*Eloquence of the Bar*,' in a not-distant Western State, was actually delivered, as we know from a correspondent, as here reported in his notes. The case was the trial of a person on a writ of *inquirendo lunatico*. Which side the 'learned' and eloquent advocate was on, it is somewhat difficult to ascertain from his speech: 'The counsel on the other side, Sir, misapprehends the principle involved in this important case. Law, Sir, is very simple, if we understand its elementary principles. The principle of this case, Sir, is to be found in the horn-books of the profession. I hold in my hand, Sir, a volume of BLACKSTONE, Sir, the great author of the English law: yes, Sir, I hold in my hand, Sir, that glorious *magnus chartus*, the foundation and bulwark of English liberty, which was wrung by the illustrious King JOHN, suwoard in hand, from the bloody Barons on the banks of the pleasant Bonnymede, on that momentuous occasion! But, Sir, I did not intend to make a speech, Sir, and as I have not examined the question, Sir, I submit it to the Court with these few and incongruvial remarks.' - - - MR. WRIGGLEWORTH (having just concluded his breakfast) breaks open a newly-arrived

letter, and reads: 'I hope, my dear boy, you have n't *eaten* any of the eggs my wife sent your'n, as by some unlucky mistake they prove to have been *snakes' eggs* which CHARLEY found in the barn!' Mr. WRIGGLEWORTH was 'not strong man to be *angry*—he was *s-i-c-k!* ' - - - WE are sorry that we have not the conclusion of our esteemed correspondent's letter from Niagara Falls, begun in our May number. As the season is at hand when pleasure travellers will begin to move, we would say to those who are thinking which way they will go, by no means omit Niagara, and if possible stay a while at the MONTEAGLE HOUSE, at the Rail-way Suspension Bridge; itself one of the greatest works of man, spanning and commanding one of the most sublime works of GOD. The MONTEAGLE is kept—and who can doubt that it will be *well* kept?—by our old friend GEORGE W. VESEY, late of the 'Atlantic,' Newport, and the 'Pavilion,' Rockaway, and MARK H. WOOSTER, formerly of our 'HOWARD Hotel.' After sojourning in this locality a week or more, if your time will permit, go down Lake Ontario in one of those beautiful steamers, and down the St. LAWRENCE through the Thousand Islands, and over the Rapids: stop a day or two at COLMAN'S in Montreal; then take a boat again to Quebec, where you can spend two or three days and enjoy a new pleasure every hour. Then go on board the boat for the Saguenay with Captain SIMARD, who will take you to where the mighty St. LAWRENCE becomes an arm of the sea; and then up that silent, grand, and solitary stream, whose banks will fill you with amazement and delight: then you may say you have seen the NE PLUS ULTRA of travel in that direction. If you will then return by Lake Champlain and Lake GEORGE, stopping at either of the two good houses of our friends SHERRILL and GALE, you will have made a tour that will be a 'memory of delight' to you while life shall last.

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'SROOP down my thoughts that used to rise:
Converse awhile with DEATH:
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.'

WE thought of these (at that moment awe-full) lines, when on the evening of the twenty-ninth day of March, we saw Mr. JAMES H. BENNOCH, at his residence in Piermont, draw his last breath. Almost day after day, we beheld his manly form and once beaming eye fading away before the insidious approaches of that 'Stern WARRIOR,' to whom every human being must at last surrender. Mr. BENNOCH was beloved by all who knew him *well*, and warmly esteemed by all who had only the pleasure of his acquaintance. His urbanity of manner, springing from a natural kindness of heart, made him many friends. 'As a husband and father,' says one who knew him well, 'he was always tender, indulgent, and kind; as a friend he was true, faithful, and sincere. Cut down by the Destroyer in the very zenith of his manhood, his memory will long remain fresh and green in the hearts of those who delighted in the enjoyment of his friendship.' Mr. BENNOCH was a near relative of Mr. FRANCIS BENNOCH, of London, the constant and generous friend of Miss MITFORD, to the day of her death; a man of fine literary tastes; and moreover a poet of no mean order. 'JAMES' sleeps with his little boy, in the plat he sc

loved to ornament with his own hand, in the 'Rockland Cemetery:' and with him, as with the child, 'it is well!' - - - 'SECRETARY MARCY,' (said a certain Member of Congress who *shall* be nameless, to a certain correspondent of ours who *is* nameless,) 'is not only a distinguished statesman, but he loves humor, and is himself a wag of the first water. I had occasion to prefer a request to him for the appointment of a learned gentleman in some home or foreign office in his department. One after another the gentleman's credentials were opened: one setting forth his knowledge of Hebrew, another of Greek, a third of Latin, and so on, as letter after letter was examined, down to a perfect knowledge of all the modern languages. 'A most extra-*or*-dinary man!' said the Secretary, looking up from under his great shaggy, beetling eye-brows, and shoving up his spectacles upon his high, broad forehead: 'Why, Sir, that man *must have graduated at the Tower of Babel!*'' That was an old linguist! - - - WE recollect being asked, on one occasion, several months ago, the following question: 'I see in your last number a notice of '*N. Dodge's Anti-choking Arch Valve Pump-Boxes:* Do you consider this a *literary* subject?' To which query, knowing how long and with how much patience this great and simple improvement had been wrought out, we replied: 'It may not be *literary*, but it is *humane*.' And now we see that it is so. Captains of the first ships that go out of our port testify to their *perfect working:* delivering, at all times, even in the most fearful gales, grain, chips, coal, dirt, etc., that would have choked any ordinary pump. Captains of our best ships, on voyages from New-York to California, Callao, Liverpool, Calcutta, etc., and back, attest in the strongest terms the preëminent superiority of these pump-boxes. The New-York Board of Underwriters, by a *unanimous* resolution, express the same op in ion. 'The pumps gave out,' will be heard no more, in accounts of marine disasters, in any vessel in which N. DODGE'S very powerful '*Anti-choking Arch Valves*' are employed. - - - 'YOU asked recently,' says an Orange county correspondent, 'whether, after all, LAW was n't an *exact* science?' In order to show you that you are quite right, I vouch for the following: Some two or three years ago, a vagabond Indian was arrested and imprisoned, to await his trial for the murder of one of his companions. His case was brought up in the United States District Court at Detroit, and on the trial it was proved most distinctly, that the prisoner was guilty; but it was deemed doubtful whether the murder was committed *within* or *over* the border of the Reservation: whereupon the question arose: 'Which power had a right to try the prisoner? — the State, or the United States Court?' As the matter could not be satisfactorily determined, rather than try him in the *wrong court*, they *liberated* him: and for aught I know to the contrary, he is still free!' - - - WHAT a rich harvest of goodness and worth has been gathered from our midst into the garner of DEATH since our last number was issued! JOSEPH MCKEEN and JOSEPH CURTIS, kindred in their devotion to the great cause of education, sleep in their honored graves. The tongue of the eloquent OGDEN HOFFMAN is mute, and the eye whose glance could light up an assembly as by a flash, is dimmed for ever. And ROBERT KELLY, the fine scholar, the accomplished gentleman, the benevolent

public benefactor — *he* too is no more. All of these, with the exception of the first named, we knew well. Who that heard it can forget the eulogy which Mr. KELLY pronounced before the 'Century' upon the late DANIEL SEYMOUR? They were kindred spirits in life; and now 'in death they are not divided.' Ah! reader: 'DEATH is continually walking the rounds of a great city, and sooner or later, stops at every man's door!' Is it not wise often to 'think on these things?' - - - WE have received another admirable '*Letter from the Lake Shore*,' from our charming correspondent, 'J. K. L.,' which was only just a *little* too late for our present number. It will appear in our next. *Apropos* of this gifted and accomplished lady: we desire to call the attention of such of our town-readers as may drop in to see us at our publication-office, APPLETON'S Building, to step up-stairs, 'first floor from the roof,' to Mr. JEROME THOMPSON'S studio, and examine an exquisite female head, which he has just completed. It is most gracefully-disposed, and the coloring is in Mr. THOMPSON'S *very* best manner. A little low-crowned, jaunty, 'love-of-a' gipsy straw-hat, from which flaunts a light waving plume, transparently shades the fair forehead, arched brows, and deep, dark-blue (by our Lady, they might be hazel!) eyes, leaving the correspondingly-beautiful features below bathed in a subdued and pleasant light. It is a picture which, even as a fancy-sketch, would delight a Paris print-publisher. We have not *said* of whom it was a portrait, observe, for that might be a liberty; but we *may* say, that the picture is not less free and graceful than the writings of its fair subject. '*Now* do you know?' We commend it to the attention of Mr. D'AVIGNON, the accomplished artist upon stone, as a most attractive picture to be added to his popular lithographs. He could not possibly do a better thing. - - - WE find nothing to laugh at in the lines appended to a newspaper obituary notice of a little boy, sent us from Princeton, New-Jersey. The few errors of spelling are trivial; but the sad thought of the father, that he should 'hear no more upon the stairs' the 'tiny feet' of his little boy, nor the gentle rap of his small hand upon the door, is not a subject (we submit) to be made sport of. We have said as much once or twice heretofore. - - - A YEAR OR so ago, while the Olean Air-line, Wide-gauge Rail-road, was in contemplation, an old Dutch farmer, residing near Galleon, Ohio, visited Bucyrus, and driving up to the hotel where he usually got his 'beverages' when in town, he was saluted by the hotel-keeper with: 'Good morning, neighbor: what's the news?' 'Oh! goot newsh, goot newsh for Galleon yet!' said the old Dutchman. 'Ah?—what *is* it?' asked BONIFACE. 'Oh!' replied the old 'Deitscher,' 'we're a-goin' to hav der Julyaun Rail-rodt, Air-tight line, mit a six foot gouge!' Is the size of that *gouge* out of character for rail-roads generally?' Not for *some* of them it is n't, at any rate. - - - 'Do you know,' writes Meister KARL, 'who wrote that wild and wondrous '*Song of the Cholera*,' beginning:

'BREATHLESS the course of the Pale White Horse,
Bearing the ghastly form,' etc?'

We do not; yet we remember well the stirring lines. *Apropos* of the cholera: let us hope that, *should* it travel hitherward this summer, as is pre-

dicted, we may be better prepared for it than we are now. Our streets are in a sad condition to welcome such an awful visitant. Citizen GENIN should have been made Mayor or Street-Commissioner. His indefatigable perseverance and indomitable energy, already so effectually exhibited, would have given us cleaner streets, and averted pestilence. It will be his turn hereafter, or we shall 'lose our guess.' - - - 'I HEARD two 'nanekdoats' yesterday, which tickled me. Mayhap they have n't met your eye. A little girl, five years old, asked a younger sister to spell '*cat*.' 'I can't do it,' she replied. 'Well, then,' said the elder, 'spell *kitten*!' —— A Frenchman was tried for murdering his father and mother under very revolting circumstances; was found guilty; and finally brought up for sentence. The judge put the usual question, preliminary to sentence: 'Have you any thing to say?' etc. 'No, your honor,' was the reply; 'but I hope your honor will have mercy on a POOR ORPHAN!' Is n't that slightly *cool*, considering what it was that *made* him a 'poor orphan?'' Good for (and from) 'BOB!' Let us hear from him again. - - - *The Rockland County Female Institute*, of which we have heretofore spoken, situated on a commanding eminence near the pleasant village of Nyack, is now completed. It has elected a President, and all the departments are approvingly filled. The course of instruction will be thorough. There will be three terms, of thirteen weeks each, per year. The Institute it is expected will be opened about the sixteenth of the present month. - - - WILL some of our correspondents, who are 'great on grammar,' please to peruse, parse, and enjoy the following advertisement? It is authentic:

Notice: City Marshal.

THE undersigned having been induced and led to the conclusion by his friends and connections, that it would be more beneficial to attend to his present occupation, and refrain from the present pursuance. So, therefore, at their request, I do exonerate and resign from the following proceding; and wish Mr. HURLY a fair and successful pursuance, notwithstanding any favor I can do him, he is welcome to it in behalf of the present proceeding, if required. Yours, MICHAEL J. CONSIDINE.

Dubuque, March 14, 1856.

MICHAEL, it seems, was a candidate for the office of Marshal, but concluded to withdraw his name: and the above is his method of acquainting the public with the fact. He would have made a 'grand' Marshal, would n't he? His friends were quite right in giving his ambition a 'home-direction.' He had better continue his 'present pursuance.' - - - IT would almost seem impossible for us ever to remember, until we are informed of it, when it is too late, that we are closing volume of the KNICKERBOCKER; a circumstance which always clips us out of four pages of fine-type matter. Now, here we are with the first half of the last form made up, when there comes us word: 'Remember that the title-page, copy-right, and index, are added this time.' And it is indeed so; so that we may send down to our friend SOMERVILLE, (that prince of tasteful New-York book-binders,) the complete numbers of the *Forty-Seventh* volume of the KNICKERBOCKER! 'How old TEMPUS do fugit!' as the editor of the 'Bunkumville Flagstaff' would say. It may perhaps seem to our readers that our Literary Notices, with their attendant

extracts, are quite voluminous enough as it is: yet in the omitted pages are notices of very many of the following works, not a few of which were found worthy of warm commendation: Mrs. HEBER'S Memoirs of Bishop HEBER: Two New Volumes by DE QUINCY: APPLETON'S Cyclopædia of Biography: EWBANKS' 'Life in Brazil:' Madame PFEIFFER'S Second Voyage round the World: DE WETT'S 'Human Life,' etc.: 'Wan-Bun, or Early Days in the North-West:' 'Berenice:' 'Poems by the Hermit of St. Eirene:' DERBY'S Catholic Letters: BROUGHAM'S 'Irish Echoes:' 'Rachel Gray:' 'Ladies' Guide to Gentility:' 'The Second Marriage:' KINGSLEY'S Poems: WHITTIER'S 'Panorama, and Other Poems:' DORR'S 'Notes of Travel in the East:' SUMNER'S Addresses and Speeches: 'ABBIE NOTT, and Other Knots:' 'The Angel in the House,' etc.

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THE following publications have been received: Hon. HORATIO SEYMOUR'S clearly-written, excellent, and comprehensive 'Lecture on the Topography and History of New-York:' 'The 'North-American Review' for April: 'The Princeton Review and Repertory' for April: 'New-York State Library Report:' BILLINGS' 'Address before the San-Francisco Orphan Asylum,' (admirably written, and most tastefully printed:) Virginia 'Quarterly Law-Journal' for April: The 'American Journal of Education,' (most ably edited by HENRY BARNARD, LL.D., and now published bi-monthly at Hartford, Conn.:) 'The Illinois Teacher' for April: DICKENS' 'Household Words:' 'Oration and Poem before the *Delta Kappa Epsilon*' at Washington City: SPALDING'S 'Address before the Pittsfield Young Ladies' Institute:' 'Sketches of the City of Detroit, Past and Present:' HALSTED'S 'Demon of the Age:' with some other brief publications, of which we cannot take present notice.

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FINE ARTS. — It has been our purpose for some time past to call the attention of our readers to the improvements in 'sun-pictures,' constantly being introduced by BRADY at his splendid National Gallery, No. 359 Broadway. He is constantly producing pictures which possess every quality that constitutes works of high art. Bringing to bear all the facilities of chemistry, the choicest materials, the most scientifically-constructed 'operating rooms,' Mr. BRADY throws over the whole the charm that grows out of a highly-cultivated mind, enlightened by an intimate acquaintance with, and the sympathy of, the best artists of the country, and the most careful study of art associations in Europe. The consequence is, that a sitter to Mr. BRADY secures not only the best possible picture, so far as mechanism and choice materials are concerned, but also is disposed of in the picture, in the attitude and style best calculated to give a favorable likeness, and secure in the general design a perfect daguerreotype. To such an extent has this gentleman brought this indescribable charm, that recently many of his single figures and groups of figures have been engraved, and elicited enthusiastic commendation for their masterly disposition, seeming to have been copied from carefully-studied paintings rather than from creations of 'instant art.' Under his new style of *Ambrotypes*, which he has brought to unrivalled perfection, his triumphs are perhaps more extraordinary than even those achieved upon the metal plates. Under all circumstances, our citizens and visitors to our city from abroad, lose a rare intellectual treat if they do not visit Mr. BRADY'S gallery, and witness for themselves the many attractions which adorn his walls. To this gentleman the nation is indebted for his magnificent conception of a 'National Gallery,' which has secured to the present and future generations, correct likenesses of our heroes, authors, artists, statesmen, merchants, clergymen, and

others in whom the country take an interest; and the gallery alone, without any of the other multiplied attractions, is well worthy of the attention of all who take an interest in the advancement of whatever adorns our country, and elevates its intellectual character.

New Publications: Art-Notices, Etc.

LOSSING'S NATIONAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, with the 'Lives of the PRESIDENTS,' by the late EDWIN WILLIAMS, is a very valuable work, published by Mr. EDWARD WALKER, of which Mr. CHARLES T. EVANS is the General Agent. All who have read Mr. LOSSING'S great work, the '*Field-Book of the Revolution*,' (volumes of great value, which will constantly increase,) will have no cause to doubt the faithfulness with which his task has been performed. Few Americans but will know, that Mr. WILLIAMS was equally reliable as a collector and investigator of historical facts. Mr. LOSSING has furnished 'a rapid sketch of the history of the colonies prior to the Revolution, and a copious and well-digested narrative of the War of Independence. His contributions to the work also embrace an account of the great national establishments, including the public buildings at Washington, the Military Academy at West-Point, and the various custom-houses, mints, navy-yards, and forts of the United States. The 'Lives of the PRESIDENTS' from the adoption of the Federal Constitution to the present time are given by Mr. WILLIAMS, together with a great variety of historical and statistical documents, embodying much valuable information for the student of American politics. The work is illustrated by numerous engravings, representing scenes of historical interest, and several public establishments, with the portraits of the different PRESIDENTS. We know of no single work which comprises so great an amount of historical materials concerning the United States as is crowded into these volumes.'

'THE ATTACHE IN MADRID.' — This book, from the APPLETONS, presents a vivid picture of Spain and the Spaniards: 'The author possesses the necessary qualifications for the production of such a work. The Spaniards are a proud people; proud of their country and history; proud of their traditions and poetry; proud of their old romances and chivalry; proud of their churches and their religion; and proud of their manners and habits. With such a nation the *Attaché* could feel a deep and sincere sympathy. He was not so materialistic as to be haunted by the ghost of a ten-cent piece in the Palace of the Escurial. He saw every thing, from the private levee to the public bull-fight; from the moon-light dance of Manolas to the regal balls of the Duchess D'ALVA; from the needle-work of the Spanish maiden to the glorious paintings of TITIAN, VELASQUEZ, and MURILLO: and he has put upon paper all that was worthy of record, which came under his notice. But this is not all. He has given us a kind of political history of modern Spain. His book will make Spanish politics, and Spanish partisanship, as familiar to the American reader as the conchology of his own 'Hards' and 'Softs.' The account given of M. SOULE'S diplomacy, of his heroism, is not the least interesting chapter in the work; and the description of the Revolution of 1848, and of the flight of Queen CHRISTINA and of the San Luis Cabinet, is graphic, instructive, and interesting. It is evident that the relations of the author at the Spanish Court were at once delicate and intimate.'

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. — We are not critics after the manner of those who discuss alto, soprano, and every gradation of sound, from crotchets to the sixteenth part of a demi-semi-quaver; but we know the music we love, and we have some appreciation of the wondrous execution of those whose fingers dash over the keys like lightning over the forest-tops. If we had any idea of learning to play, we should give it up, after seeing GOTTSCHALK, to say nothing of hearing him. We should think it would eradicate

all conceit from the minds of embryo performers, to sit one evening amid the thrilling echoes which are awakened by his magic touch. Surely there is nothing in the feats of jugglers to compare with what he performs, considered as merely mechanical operations; and there can be no changes rung on C, D, E, F, G, A, B, which he does not produce. Every combination of which music is capable he combines, and delights us with the harmonies of earth and 'the music of all the spheres.' Of his peculiar style, of his merits as a scientific composer, or as compared with the great masters of the German, French, and Italian schools, we do not pretend to judge, but we have heard those who are familiar with all Europe, and all her musicians, say, GOTTSCHALK is destined to rival the greatest.

America is certainly beginning to appreciate the arts, and encourage her artists; and among the most gratifying proofs of her progress, is the composition and successful introduction of *La Spia*, an opera entirely American, with patriotism for its inspiring theme; and we hope one of the effects will be to attract an American audience, from a class that has kept aloof from performances which were not only in a foreign language, but exhibited foreign manners and foreign scenery, and kept us constantly amid all the pomp and pageantry of courts. The most constant attendants of the Opera we presume will be those who least appreciate the story and sentiment of *La Spia*; but there are multitudes in New-York and Boston and Philadelphia, who would fully appreciate the music, but would have no sympathy with the story and the *grand passion* peculiar to Italian representations. Let them now lend their influence to the effort being made to *republicanize* the stage, and purify it from maudlin sentiment and revolting familiarities. Here is an opera where we may enjoy all that is beautiful and noble and grand in music, without being called to witness any thing exceptionable in the eyes of the most fastidious. Ministers may go without disguise, and no lady need blush to confess she has been, night after night, to hear *The Spy*. The story is from COOPER'S novel; and honest HARVEY BIRCH is the hero, and sufficiently familiar to all readers of American history to secure interest and enthusiastic applause.

'LAURA KEENE and her Varieties,' do not properly come under the head of 'Music and Musicians,' though we are favored with some good singing as one *variation*; but we cannot forbear expressing the pleasure we have experienced in partaking the good things she provides for us. In the plays she is the principal attraction, and attracts principally by her utter forgetfulness of self, and complete identification with the characters she personates. Miss REIGNOLDS, in whatever disguise she appears, is so painfully conscious that she is Miss REIGNOLDS, and so desirous to secure admiration for herself, that she fails in every attempt to represent others. She is a very good-looking woman, but not a good actress.

The '*Varieties*' tableaux, etc., are usually well *got up*, and accomplish well their purpose, the purpose for which most people go to the theatre — to be amused; and if they have a good laugh, they are sure to think they have been amused. The young lady who sings has a fine voice, which she manages very well; but her dress is too thoroughly *Bloomer* even for the stage.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC. — As we write, the indomitable MARETZEK, the 'NAPOLEON of Managers,' is just closing a brief but very successful season at the ACADEMY. The frequenters of this delightful entertainment will share in our regret at parting, even for a time, with LAGRANGE, and other of the corps. We hope to see them in renewed health after the summer shall have passed away.

GOTTSCHALK, the great American Pianist, has given a series of concerts at DODWORTH'S Hall, which is not half large enough to hold the crowds who rush to see him.

WE have received from Mr. HORACE WATERS a number of his latest musical issues. We have only space left to say, that persons in want of the best instruments and the best music, will find at his store, Number 333 Broadway, every thing of the latest and best in his line.

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